

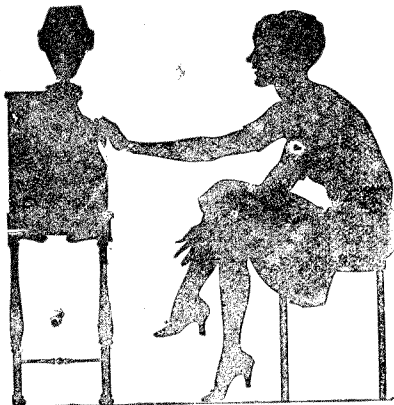
# CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1929

No. 9



## Our Radio

You must have seen our Atwater Kent radio in the Green Parlors. All eight tubes and everything. But do not be alarmed if you should chance to see one just like it in the lobby or in the gym; for our radio is very detachable and we have three aeriels for it.

Our own Prom Committee gave the money for it and William Greenway was kind enough to see that we got a great big discount on the very best machine which was available. It was certainly handy during the Inauguration.

A big vote of thanks to the thoughtful Prom Committee.

P. S. And we hear the new building has one now.

## The Little Sermon

Did you ever STOP To THINK When you and you and you. Oh, dear little students— Were huddled together Like those FOOTBALL HEROES, And you TALKED and GOSSIPED And GOSSIPED and TALKED; That the funny old world Was STILL going 'round And HADN'T stopped Like you THOUGHT It WOULD When you had heard The "LATEST."

The CURE for that Particular trait of GOSSIPING

That all seem to possess Is to stand on the TOP Of the highest mountain And look and LOOK At the valleys below And say to YOURSELF "Does my little gossip Even budge a LOOSE STONE?"

Do the things I say AFFECT any one— Except MYSELF?" And when some of the CALM Of the BEAUTIFUL HILLS Enters your soul Let it ever be WITH you When you COME BACK down And get into the HUDDLE That's giving the "LATEST."

I THANK YOU,  
Peter Knox.

## Middlebury Concert Followed by Dancing

The Middlebury Glee Club, which was so favorably received last year, will give a concert in the auditorium on Thursday evening, March 14, under the auspices of Beechbark staff.

This is one of the foremost choral organizations of the East. The National Glee Club association has officially ranked the Middlebury Club as the champion glee club of New England. Besides its numerous tours it has been featured in several radio concerts, especially WEAF, WJZ, and WNAC. It has been ranked as the fourth best glee club in the United States.

The personnel of the Club numbers forty men, and includes a violin soloist, a string quartet, and a large chorus. An informal dance will be held in the gymnasium after the concert. Tickets may be obtained from Nancy Cooke.

## College Life Exposed

Come One, Come All! Come and see "The Patsy," a three-act comedy to be given by the Expression Department in the college Chapel on Thursday evening, March 21.

You'll laugh as you've never laughed before. Patsy's ability to "slip" out of difficulties is almost uncanny. She's as modern as she can be, and FUNNY. Say, you'll just have to go there and see for yourself!

The cast also includes such well-known players as Grace McConnell, Lois Whitehouse, Betty Daventport, Gladis Wallgren, Loma Mullholland, Alice Wagner, and Alice Grey.

Don't forget, folks, Thursday's the night, The chapel's the place—and The patsy's the play of the year!

## Physical Eds' Exhibit

The Physical Education Department's annual exhibit is to be held in the gymnasium on Tuesday night, March 26, at 7.45. Three departments will be represented in this exhibit, the Physical Education, and some of the students from the Expression and Public School Music Departments who are taking dancing.

Miss Roberta Shafer and Miss Hedrick, who are in charge, have arranged a complete program which includes all kinds of gymnastics and dances. The program is as follows:

1. Tactics, by the entire department.
2. Free exercises, German, by the entire department.
3. Two Dutch Dances, Expression and Public School Music students.
4. Wand Drill, entire department.
5. Tap Number, McConnell and Trowbridge.
6. Swedish Lesson, entire department.
7. Apparatus, entire department. Intermission
8. Dances:
  1. Dance of the Elves-Junior Physical Ed.
  2. Joan-Freshman Physical Ed. and Expression Department.
  3. Morris and Country Dancing-Freshmen Physical Ed.

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## Basketball Team in Winning Streak

Three victories in one week was the trail of glory blazed by the Beaver basketball team. Last Tuesday Beaver met Drexel on the opponents' field and defeated them 32-12. It was a game to be remembered—the first one this season in which no fouls were called on the Beaver six.

On Wednesday the team, escorted by a large cheering section, drove to Bethlehem in a bus to play a return game with Moravian. This game was quite a contrast to the one played the day before. Excitement ran high throughout. At the end of the first half Moravian was leading 13-3, but Beaver rallied in the last half and cinched the game. The Hall sisters, (as usual), and Dotty Wuchter starred. There was a great deal of fouling; nevertheless Beaver returned with a score of 30-23, the second victory over Moravian this year.

The last game, against Albright, was played on the home field Saturday night. At the end of the first half the score was 16-11 in favor of Albright. During the third quarter Beaver tied it 22-22, and in the last quarter smashed through with a 36-27 victory.

The line-up for the three games was as follows:

BEAVER	DREXEL
H. Hall ..... R. F. .... Stone	
F. Hall ..... L. F. .... Henderson	
Cooke ..... C. .... Anderson	
Shafer ..... S. C. .... Titus	
Ried ..... R. G. .... Rust	
Wuchter ..... L. G. .... Bennis	
Referee—Mrs. Brown.	
Subs—Moravian, Lawrence for Stone.	

BEAVER	MORAVIAN
H. Hall ..... R. F. .... Russel	
F. Hall ..... L. F. .... Price	
Cooke ..... C. .... Oberholtzer	
Shafer ..... S. C. .... Walter	
Ried ..... R. G. .... Brown	
Wuchter ..... L. G. .... Smull	
Referee—Miss Fenner.	
Subs—Beaver, Watts for Wuchter, Moravian, Katz for Price, Sterrett for Walter.	

(Continued on Page 8)

## Club Clippings

If March came in like a lion it must have been a sea-lion for there has been plenty of marine atmosphere since the beginning of this most temperamental month. However, wet weather has not succeeded in dampening the enthusiasm of the various sectional societies, for there are many interesting plans in the wind. For instance, there is the New York-New Jersey club cabaret which will take place at some early date in April. This should be good news, for the cabaret is one of the most enjoyable of all Beaver's social events. The only information we were able to obtain was that it will be planned on the same scale as it has been in former years, that it will be held in the gymnasium, that there will be a good orchestra and—that there will be a very small admission charged.

Then we found that the much post-poned Southern club party

(Continued on Page 7)



## Susie Says --

I am terribly nervous and excited to-night, because it's my first trip to College and I've heard some funny tales about College girls.

Susie would have been here to-night only she went to the Prom and with a "blind" and eloped; I'm hoping they have another Prom soon so I can go with a "blind", then maybe I'd have a chance, provided he was awfully blind.

As I said, I was nervous, I actually shook, but then I promised Susie I'd do it for her because she's on her honeymoon and I wouldn't want anything to spoil her honeymoon, because I wouldn't want anything to spoil mine.

It took me quite sometime to get ready because I wanted to look just as nice as the other girls. I wore my best hat—my large black straw turned up with the garden pinned on. From the way everybody talked about it, I think they liked it, because when I passed everybody said, "Oh, look at that hat!" I wore my galoshes, it wasn't really raining, in fact it didn't look like rain at all, but I was told it was collegiate to wear them.

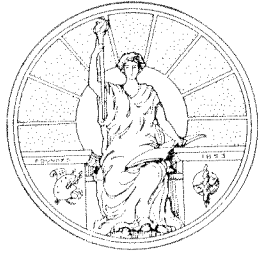
I stopped in the Social Office and saw Mrs. Palmer. When I asked her for news she said she had "nothing to say", but this is what she told me before I left.

Mrs. Palmer just returned from a delightful trip to New York. Mrs. Zerbacken also went to New York, but not at the same time. Mrs. Palmer said it's much nicer in Philadelphia than New York as the weather is terrible—mud, slush, rain, snow or what have you. She just purchased a new pair of rubbers at Wanamaker's but she forgot to take them with her so she had to buy another pair. Oh yes, she also said if we print all she said she'd die. She said, too, that she'd look forward to seeing the Campus Crier.

As I was leaving the Social  
(Continued on Page 3)

## Calendar

- March 14 — Middlebury Glee Club Concert.
- March 19—Student Concert
- March 20—Physical Education Exhibition.
- March 21—"The Patsy."
- March 22—The President's Reception.
- March 27 — Allegro Club Party.
- April 12—Freshman Party.
- April 19—Pentathlon Entertainment.
- April 24—Estelle Wolf—Organ Recital.



## Campus Crier

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### Prom Issue

MARCH 15, 1929

### Bargain-Counter Knowledge

Bargains, bargains, and more bargains. Why is it that we try to get something for nothing? No one ever got anything for nothing, though most of us spend half our time trying to do that very thing.

However, there is always someone gullible enough to think he can accomplish the impossible, the man who laughs and thinks he is getting a bargain—something for nothing. The supreme egotism of it! To save a few pennies, people will waste priceless energy and time, only to find that they have bought an inferior article. That is one of the infallibilities of these fallible animals of man.

They carry it even further and try to buy their knowledge at bargain counters. It has occurred to me, in this respect, that knowledge is very much like a rope of pearls, we bargain for the pearls and after we have obtained them at a deliciously low price we find we have bargained for a string of little paste beads. The woman who cherishes a dream of a rope of perfect, creamy pearls knows she can never hope to bargain for them. They are real and the real things in life must be bought. True knowledge is as priceless as a string of perfectly matched pearls. Its lustre is eternal, its quality without match and its worth beyond mortal powers of evaluation—but the price must be paid.

"Learn French in ten short lessons" and what have you? Just what you have paid for—nothing. The only real way to learn anything is by experience, and you always pay for it—in fact you pay and pay. Knowledge that comes cheaply is cheap in every aspect. It is cheap in quality as well as in cost. Everyone knows that paste pearls lose their lustre!

You who read this have three square meals a day, a bed to sleep in and ready money in your pocket. But thousands of people who do not read this are starving, physically and mentally, spending the night in public houses, and begging in the streets for a few pennies.

Today we heard a lecture about these latter persons. A lecture by Colonel Alice C. Herron, Commander of the Volunteers of America.

This organization is similar to the Salvation Army in origin and purpose. It was organized in March, 1895, by Commander and Mrs. Ballington Booth, second son of the well-known William Booth of Salvation Army fame. It at present maintains sixty hotels where free lodging and meals may be obtained for those out of work, a free hospital in New York and many homes for friendless girls.

Colonel Alice C. Herron, the director of this body, visits orphan asylums to comfort the children, speaks before theatre audiences in order to raise the money to carry on the work, and goes into the houses of paupers, drunkards and incorrigibles trying to bring to them the love of God and their fellow men whose love they need as much.

In 1896 the Volunteers of America numbered but a few persons but such was the interest and industriousness of these few that the order grew rapidly. With the able and inspired work of Colonel Herron the organization will doubtless continue to expand at this same rapid pace.

### We Nominate For Our Hall of Fame



HAZEL DALTON

Miss Hazel Francis Dalton, because she is Vice-President of the Student Government Board; because she is President of the Junior Class; because she is Assistant Chairman of the Prom Committee; because she is a wonderful swimmer; because she is a spontaneous humorist; and lastly because she is our "Shorty"; and because she will undoubtedly reach great heights.

### Did You Know —

—that out of the one hundred and fifty-eight Beaver graduates of last year, every one applying has received a certificate, and every one who wished to teach is at work in some school.

—that the college has just received a magnificent gift from a woman to reconstruct one of the large buildings of "Grey Towers" into a chapel, seating 800, a gymnasium 120 ft. x 46 ft. and class room ample for the entire student body of 560.

—that on June 1 the new property will be formally dedicated, and on June 5 the Commencement exercises will take place. Regina Larson's uncle, Governor Morgan Larson of New Jersey, will be the speaker at Commencement.

—that Dr. Greenway is going to Washington with Senator Reed of Pennsylvania and Congressman Barrow to secure Senator Borah of Idaho to deliver the dedication.

—that Mr. Wallace and Dr. Greenway are buying furniture for the Castle and when the Harrison family vacate the Castle on May 4, Beaver with its new furniture will be ready to move in.

—that the May Day celebration will be held on the lawns of the Castle. The pageant will commemorate the 75th anniversary of Beaver College.

### "The Reign of Terror"

It happened Thursday night, February 21. Maybe it has happened before but it was Thursday night that we became aware of it.

The first sign of anything amiss was that the lights went out before the 10:30 bell rang. This caused confusion and annoyance.

And then we heard footsteps in the hall at eleven o'clock but they weren't his footsteps!

So we asked somebody, and somebody asked somebody else and finally we knew that Mr. Brennan, our good night watchman, wasn't on duty and John was taking his place.

We were pale with fear for Mr. Brennan. We went down to the Social Office under the pretext of handing in a late card, and we asked casually, "Where is Mr. Brennan tonight?"

"Mr. Brennan is sick," was answered.

"But for how long," we asked breathlessly.

"Oh, a day or so."

We went back up stairs. We worried. Until Saturday night.

Then everything turned out all right, for who then did the rounds. Mr. David Brennan, Esquire!

### FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Smith College Weekly, Smith College, North Hampton, Massachusetts. The College News, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. Wellesley College News, Wellesley College, Massachusetts. Swarthmore Phoenix, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Connecticut College News, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut. The Mills College Weekly, Mills College, Mills College P. O., California. The Schuylkill News, Schuylkill College, Reading, Pennsylvania. The Campus News, New Jersey College for Women, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Martha's Mirror, Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia. The Hilltop, Mars Hill College, Mars, Hill, North Carolina. The Tatler, Highland Park Junior College, Highland Park, Michigan. Vassar Miscellany, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York. Skidmore News, Saratoga Springs, New York. Goucher College Weekly, Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland. The Scroll, Washington Seminary, Washington, Pennsylvania.

The Campus Reflector, Cumberland Valley State Teacher's College, Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. The Hi-Po, High Point College, High Point, North Carolina. The American Eagle, American University, Washington, D. C. The Fortnightly, Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri. Wacoan, Washington Collegiate Institute, Washington, North Carolina. Indiana Penn, State Teacher's College, Indiana, Pennsylvania.

One of the big problems before colleges is the smoking question. From our exchanges we have the following:

Dr. Henry Noble McCracken, president of Vassar College, has a strong faith in the modern girl. "Apart from cigarettes, profanity, summer beaches, and the like, when we look deeper into ethics and religion, which are essentials of her honor and decency, we find the young woman working for herself certain standards of her own", he declares.

Hereafter men students at the University of California will not have to share their favorite smoking nook in the Memorial room of the Stephen's Union with co-eds. Berkeley women decided they would not smoke there and passed a resolution to that effect. To the surprise of everybody, two men objected to the resolution, although their vote was overruled. They based their objections on the belief that the day has come when smoking is a universal practice among both sexes and that there is no reason why a room should not be set aside as a place where women could gather to enjoy an occasional cigarette.

It is interesting to note that U. C. L. A. women have always prohibited smoking on the campus or in University buildings, and it was not until late last year that the regulation banning smoking in

(Continued on Page 4)

### Lost and Found

Handkerchiefs, gloves, fountain pens, vanity cases, a belt and a pearl choker are in the Social Office of the New Building.

In the Old Building Social Office there is a bracelet, a pen, a cuff link and a buckle.

Your coming to claim your belongings will be greatly appreciated by the Social Directresses.



Helen Williams, pianist, Gertrude Schwentker, voice student, and Miss Isabel Collins reader, entertained at Gaston church, Philadelphia, on Thursday afternoon, February 21.

Geraldine Ruch, marimba player, Gertrude Schwentker, voice student, and two pupils in the Expression Department, Loma Mulholland and Lois Whitehouse, assisted in a Colonial program at the Presbyterian church, Edge Hill on Friday evening, March 1.

The public student recital will take place on Tuesday evening, March 19, in the Chapel. A fine program is planned with soloists and duets, both voice and instrumental.

Miss Rondinella, lecturer and musician, gave a descriptive talk on the life and works of Schubert on Monday evening, February 25, in the auditorium. The lecture was illustrated by vocal and piano solos, and (it seems to be a growing habit with them) the lights went out in the midst of the affair. We think that drastic measures should be taken, for no matter how far above us they may be, even lights should not be so regardless of the conventions.

At the concert of the Penn Hall Harp Ensemble on Wednesday evening, February 20, we were late and consequently set in the back of the chapel. From there, we could see the arched golden necks of the instruments and ethereal hands in floating draperies. It really wasn't necessary to see anything: hearing eight harps at once is probably the nearest some of us may ever get to heaven. The program presented a variety of composers, among them Miss Elsie Sorelle, director of the ensemble. We liked her "Prisoners' Death March," "Ame Solitaire" and "L'Espagnole" were no less expressive.

A private student recital in which pupils of all the music courses participated, was given Thurs. afternoon, Feb. 28, in the chapel. A public recital of the same kind has been planned for the near future, but no definite date has been set.

Boss: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy: "Sure, I read it inside an' outside. On the inside it said 'You are fired.' On the outside it said 'Return in five days.' And here I am!"

Mrs. Weston: "Is this letter for you? The name is obliterated."

Marie: "No, it can't be, my name is De Prisco."

Lazy: What do you grow in your garden?

Bones: Tired.



**An Obituary**

**A Few Touching Remarks Upon the Decease of our Late Friend Time**

It was a fine spring day, a glorious day, and all the little blades of grass were green and eager and the sun was warm and mellow, the air was brisk and the earth just oozed life.

But it was Tuesday, I mean it was any time in the near future and Jo and Jean and Joan and Ann and Ruth and I were campused with other lesser persons. So we decided to kill Time because we had nothing else to do, for we had read all the room mates' latest magazines and the old ones too; we had done our lessons, we had read all the books we intended to read and never got a chance to, we had played games—and we had amused ourselves by waiting at the postoffice for hours for no mail at all, so now we decided to kill Time.

Time, you know from Alice in Wonderland, is a Dormouse and he is terribly beaten and wasted by every one. Many people have said they were going to kill Time but no one was ever desperate enough to do it. No one was ever as desperate as a group of College girls deprived of their afternoon soda or daily visit to the Five-and-Ten-Cent store.

So we decided to kill Time and we did. We used no drastic measures. We simply took Time wherever we went. We walked him around the campus, we played games with him, we took him knitting, yes, we even did that, we knitted to kill Time, and Time died of boredom or ennui, if you prefer the French. (personally I don't but you might).

Time died, indeed he did—he did so!

And now there is not Time enough. Studies are left undone, the strolls up and down the campus are short and hasty. No one reads, every one rushes and nothing is ever done—because we killed Time—or maybe we didn't kill Time; maybe Time just died a natural death by boredom.

If there was any Time now, we'd find out.

*Ina Minute.*

"I heard the other day of the most conceited man on earth."

"Who was that?"

"This fellow sent a telegram to his mother congratulating her on his birthday."

**Susie Says --**

*(Continued from Page 1)*

Office Mrs. Palmer asked me if I was as dumb as I looked. Can you imagine that?

Carolyn Mulholland was in the office. She looks awfully tired out; I heard some one say she's been having a strenuous time lately.

Dorothy Cox hasn't been anywhere but she'd like to go somewhere.

Janet Muir and Harriet Williamson will be the guests of Mrs. S. R. Church of Brookline, Pa., for the week end. They will attend the dance to be given by the "Men-about-Town Club".

Kay Weaver went to Washington College for the week end. She said she had a dull time; not often you'll find them admitting it, I imagine.

Gretchen Fahr was the guest of Peggy Frech at her home in Maplewood, New Jersey, for the week-end.

Gertrude Schwentker entertained Marion Codner at her home in Bywood, Pa., over the week-end.

Clara Wiles will be the guest of Miss Anna Brooks of Philadelphia for the week-end.

Virginia Winkler left for New York suddenly. Her sister is in the hospital and she's going to be operated on.

Grace Bowker had as her guests, Leonore McCloskey and Lillian Bittinger at her home in Medford, New Jersey. Grace will spend this week-end as the guest of Leonore McCloskey in New York.

Peg Mathers visited Betty Hardisty at her home in Swarthmore over the week-end.

Marjorie Maisch says she never goes anywhere, she just studies Spanish. She asked me if Spanish is spoken in Spain. These College girls must be dumb. Don't you suppose she knew that? She is having Martha Johnson of New Rochelle, her ex-roommate, as her guest at Beaver this week-end. I think she is going to be treated to a party on Friday night. Sixteen guests.

Ruth and Elsie Olson are going to New York for the week-end. I think they're going to have a good time by the glances they exchanged.

Miss Peck, with Beatrice Hart, Marjorie Sheppard, Dotty Stover, Phylis Arnold, Huddy Randolph, Janet Schmetz and Eleanor Rice

**PUBLIC OPINION**

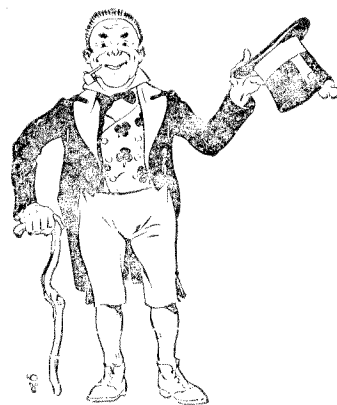
I think entirely too much space in this publication was given to announcing and discussing the Prom. There were some people who did not go. I was one of them. I stayed home not because I didn't like the idea of a dance or a man but I had already overdrawn my account twice and the third time you're out, so they say. Naturally I am annoyed whenever I hear the Prom mentioned. I am annoyed now.

But seriously, why not devote more time and space to the Home Ec. students who scarcely get mentioned at all. Every now and then they do some interesting things, such as going to an ice plant or a cookie factory or swiping wood alcohol from the laboratory. You might even give them a special corner. They really work awfully hard. In this special corner you could print recipes (just in case all the cook books should be lost) and tell of some of the comical happenings in Home Ec. classes. For instance the time Janet Plummer and Pete Ried made cream puffs that didn't puff, and how they almost fried oysters but the oysters didn't come.

The Expression Department too deserves a little mention. Three of their members are student-teachers and they're going to give a play soon—the "Patsy". Why haven't you been playing that up? And why on earth not mention the Kindergarten and the Secretarial Departments?

As for the Physical Eds and the Musicians they get entirely too much publicity anyway. And the Journalists seem to know better than to let themselves be known. They are a crafty bunch.

*Grouch.*



Mr. Intellect: If Shakespeare were alive today, wouldn't he be looked upon as a remarkable man?

Miss Goodtime: Boy, I'll say so, he'd be over three hundred years old.

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**FRANK IRWIN**

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## Exchanges

(Continued from Page 2)

sorority and fraternity houses was lifted.

After voting on the question in each of the dormitories, Radcliffe has passed an indoor smoking rule. For the first time a room in each hall is to be set aside as a smoking room for most of the day.

At Mills College, California, coeds may smoke on the campus, but if any girl is found smoking within a radius of five miles from the grounds, smoking will be forbidden altogether.

Resourceful students at the University of Utah are getting around an edict against smoking on the campus by smoking on stilts. Twelve inches are considered to be a legitimate distance off the campus.

From the Wellesley College News: "Smoking, by virtue of the fact that it has been put under a ban, has reached an exaggerated importance in Wellesley which, in itself, it does not deserve. However the consequences that the existing rules have led to, create a situation which must be remedied. Border line smoking is "within the law", but without the standards of decent taste. That College Government is bringing the matter before the student body with the anticipation of some change is to be applauded as a wise move.

"The shift in the angle from which the College viewed the question four years ago as compared to the outlook now is rather suggestive. Three years ago at a C. G. mass meeting there were two sharply defined attitudes pro and con on the controversy "to smoke or not to smoke". These who then

argued for smoking as a matter of taste now find their attitude has become fairly universal. Smoking need no longer be argued on moral grounds.

"It being recognized that a certain percentage of the college smokes, what must be decided by the students today is 'how and where to smoke'. As was pointed out by the president of C. G. in a letter to the News, the lack of good sense on the part of some members of the community means that there must still be some restriction to forestall the abnormal behavior of college girls who would not smoke on the sidewalks of New York or any other village, but would gaily puff in Wellesley Square. This is no new collegiate standard of conduct. 'Town and Gown' riots began in the Middle Ages because of the same student bravado.

"What we have done by our legislature is to sweep our sins into the next county, and this has meant little more than raising a cloud of dust—or rather of blue haze. What we should do now is to legislate in such a way as to prevent not smoking, but smoking which is objectionable."

At a meeting of the Self-Government Association, held during Chapel hour on Tuesday, an amend-

ment to Resolution X was passed to allow students to smoke in tea houses in the village. In regard to this, the question was raised as to whether such a rule applied to the College Inn and it was emphasized that all tea houses in Bryn Mawr were included by the resolution, but that very naturally, no smoking was permitted on the village streets.

The recent suggestion of a smoking room for the women of Denver University met with a storm of disapproval from the sorority women on the campus.

## Susie Says - -

(Continued from Page 3)

attended the inauguration ceremonies at Washington on Monday.

"Pete" Reid will be the guest of Betty Mathews at her home in East Orange, New Jersey. She's going to raise something. I don't know what.

Janet Schmertz spent last week end at her home in Atlantic City. She said it was raining a lot. A bridge was given in her honor Saturday. She doesn't go home much—that's why they make such a fuss over her.

Florence Dyer will visit Mrs.

Cronley at her home in Lansdowne Pa. She'll tell later what she did.

Pinky (be sure it's spelt with a "y") Pinkus has an idea that she's going to Wilmington, Delaware. That is if her uncle will take her. If she gets there she's going to a dance. She asked me to come see her again.

Peggy Lloyd was the guest of her uncle at his home in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.

Frances Schiebness of Maplewood, N. J., will have as her guest for the week-end Mary Hartzell.

Louise Carlucci goes to classes at Beaver—she told me so.

Ginny Rose and Tommy Thomas drove to Atlantic City during the week-end.

Nancy Cooke told me she wouldn't even want to go anywhere.

Ireta Watson was the guest of Dorothea Hemiller at Bethayres for the week-end.

Betty Evans was the guest of Catherine Chapman of Baltimore.

Mary Jarrett and Dot Cox went to Mary Jarrett's sister's and had a nice time oh gosh, so they said and Mary lost an only pair of week end stockings and I lost two pairs of gloves one gray and one brown pair suede. I can't say it in the lost and found or they might have another search.

Florence Engelman who was

(Continued on Page 6)

Reader: "And I suppose your stories flow from your pen?"

Writer (looking at a faulty fountain pen): "Sometimes the whole blamed story comes out at once."

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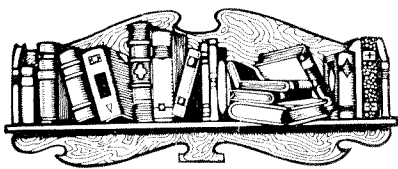
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# LITERARY PAGE

Recently, we have had more prose and less poetry for our Literary Page. Some of our poets are budding into short story writers. Would you like to see their achievements in print?

Page Editor.

## To a Little Boy

Little boy with eyes of blue  
Are you building castles too  
You build yours on sandy shore  
Mine are dreams . . . and nothing more!

Little boy with "mud-pie" hands  
Do you dream of foreign lands?  
Yours is life with little rain,  
Mine is Storm—ne'er on the wane.

Little boy with sorrows few  
Do your dreams e'er trouble you  
Are you sad when castles fall?  
Does it grieve you not at all?

Oh, to be a little boy!  
Life all crowded, full of joy  
Running calmly as the streams  
Troubled not with joyous dreams.

## Every Man His Price

At a boarding house in Los Angeles, there was a woman who d.d "bits" in moving pictures. "Bits" as they call them, are small unfeatured parts, more than the extras but far below the stars. The name of these players never appear except upon their pay checks. To the movie fan they are "that man," or "that woman."

She was flabby, fat and fifty. And possessed of one of those low-down faces. I mean she looked tough. Whether she was or not, I don't know. But she was entertaining—and the best talker you would find in many moons.

She had "trod the boards," as the stage folks say, for years, and she was making her last stand in Hollywood. She had a low pitched but loud voice and she would talk about anything at any time. What she thought she said in no uncertain terms. She didn't spare anybody, including herself, but she fairly oozed personality and wit, and homely as she was, she could attract an interested audience, when some of the best looking flappers on the lot couldn't attract any one but the office boy. As with many theatrical people she had a big heart; bawling someone out one minute and lending him ten dollars the next minute.

The pictures paid her twenty-five dollars a day when she worked. That last is important. Perhaps she averaged one dollar or two dollars a day throughout the year. But she owned a couple of small houses which she rented, and cleared enough from them to be independent. She would not work a fraction of a cent under twenty-five dollars a day; twenty-five dollars was her price and she stuck to her vanity.

But the point of the whole story is this: In a picture the other night, "The Docks of New York" there she was;

It was the first time she had crossed my memory in a year.

She was the slatternly owner of one of those old-time water-front dives, which blotted the wharves of big cities before prohibition. This place was downright hardboiled and she, by eternal vigilance, kept the whooping sailors and the "girls" from running too loose.

Whenever a particularly drunk customer became too belligerent and wanted to tear the house apart, she put two fingers to her mouth and a couple of long blasts brought two waiter-bouncers, who ejected Mr. Noisy by the seat of his pants and his collar of his coat. It was a choice place but my old friend played the part to perfection. She brought a warm glow to my heart, me 'way off here in the East!

And I'll bet she was getting her twenty-five dollars per.

## Beauty Bought

It was a placid Buddha  
of fragile, cool jade  
from an Indian temple.

He held it  
in his thick,  
unseeing fingers

And thought,  
"Such a little thing  
for a thousand guineas—

Mustn't drop it."  
And he tightened  
his clutch upon it.

(O man, Beauty  
is not reckoned  
in dollars and cents.)

He glanced complacently  
around the room.  
There was Beauty  
everywhere.

Beauty bought.  
He knew the price  
of each treasure.

Someday  
he would say  
to some distinguished  
guest,

"Yes, a rare old print  
from the Japanese. I think.  
Pretty, is it not?"

But he would  
not be thinking  
that it was pretty—

He would be thinking  
that it had cost him  
a king's ransom.

For to him,  
Money meant more  
than mere Beauty.

And as he looked,  
his smug smile faded,  
and he wondered vaguely

Why the room,  
full of such costly things,  
seemed so empty—

## Forest Fragrance

Did you ever go into the woods after a rain and revel in the clean freshness? To smell the sharp spice of pine trees, the tang of resin, and the bitter odor of spruce, is a rare privilege.

To draw deep breath-hulls of the warm, moist, smell of dead leaves, to catch a whiff of the choking sweetness of wild honeysuckle in the pure rain-washed air, will make you friend of the forest as nothing else can.

You will linger over the fragrant, luscious odor of wild berries on the path, pause long where the wild flowers crushed under foot fill the air with an intangible perfume—and you will find and know the Spirit of the Woods.

## Heart Hunger

I thought it was the blue of skies  
I wanted—but it was your eyes.  
And when long hazy, lazy days  
Called down inviting gypsy ways,  
I thought 'twas these I missed, the  
white

I was just lonesome for your smile.

I thought it was the grey of seas  
And hills—but it was none of these.  
Because I found that they were  
dear

Only because you had been near  
And shared them all—and then I  
knew  
My heart was hungry just for you.

## White Brilliance

In the wings of the stage she stood—a bit of white fluff and gold—poised on one toe like a young bird that knows it must fly and is, somehow, afraid. There were so many people out there in the boxes. People who had traveled too far, and had seen too much, and who did not smile easily. They were the "first nighters" of New York, and they belonged to the cruelest city in the world.

The little danseuse began to tremble violently. A chill ran through her body yet her hands felt hot and sticky. They were waiting for her there—waiting to condemn, and to mock for too quickly if she should fail. And "up town" in his apartment waited Jimmie—hoping, hoping that she would not conquer—hoping she would lose and come back to him.

A messenger boy clumped up to her with his grimy black book open in his hand. Mechanically she signed. Oh, how *could* she go out there and win with Jimmie against her?

It was almost time now. A hush, expectant and involuntary hung in the air. She could feel it even back here behind the scenes. That eager thrill of anticipation that held all the theatre seemed to go through her, and she knew, even though she could not see it, just what was going on in front of the great curtains' protecting velvet. Now the glaring gold of the lights was fading to a yellow flame, mingling into murky orange—now it hesitated, and was engulfed in the blackness. An intangible, breathless something swept over her, told her the audience was straining forward, listening, looking in that one intense moment of darkness. The orchestra had begun her entrance number now. The crash of it, the sound of its brass and traps beat against her as she watched the curtains slip back—silently—slowly—

Another instant and she would go on.

She looked at the slip of paper in her hand. The words were hard to read in that jumble of light and shadow. "I love you and I'm waiting for you out front." It was from *Jimmie!* *Jimmie* was out there watching! *Jimmie* wanted her to win! The spot light caught at the gold and white fluff of her, and with a sudden flashing grace of movement she was on the stage. But the sophisticates in their brilliant boxes were forgotten. She was dancing for *Jimmie—Jimmie*, who loved her—and all at once the little danseuse looked into the face of the cruelest city in the world, and smiled.

## Warning

Never lift your face to moonlight,  
In the soft darkness  
Of the night, never dream.  
Of the lotus of enchantment,  
Of the wine of ecstasy,  
Do not sip. These are but libations  
To the gods of Disillusion.  
Low music of murmured vows—  
pretty lies—  
Chuckling waters, deep shadows,  
All of these —  
Designed by Circe and the son  
of Bacchus,  
Are traitors, and haunted  
By the ghosts of murdered dreams.  
They'll blind you with rosy dew,  
And trip you with star-beams.  
And moonlight is sharp—  
It can slip along any throat  
Like a glittering blade  
With death in it.  
O, never lift your face to  
moonlight.

## Pawn-shop

His name is Abraham or, more familiarly—Abie. Could it have been anything else? He sits in a back room of his tiny niche and shuffles sticky, limp cards when he isn't fondly inspecting some of his favorite or newest acquisitions or haggling over the dusty counter with some worried, unkempt woman who insists that the parlor clock is worth fifty cents more than Abie is willing to give her for it.

Did someone suggest that his life is a dreary existence? Just drop in his shop some day on the pretext of examining his wares and see *life* as it can be seen only through the eyes of such a one as Abie. Life with its lights and shadows, its kaleidiescopic hues and its horrible darkness. Life read in the bewildered eyes of youth and in the tragic eyes of the disillusioned. All this, yes, and more passes daily through the doors of Abie's miserable little pawn-shop. They come from places as varied as are the people themselves and diverge from Abie's threshold to places just as diversified. Perhaps to homes, thrilling with life; to prisons and long years of regret; or to theatres and the bright lights of excitement. Who knows, it may be the nearest bridge and the sanctuary of the hushing river.

## Book Reviews

### Silver Virgin

Ida A. R. Wylie

The war—a man—a woman. The war—a cruelly maimed body—a woman. The war—disillusionment, distress, disgust, but still the man and the woman. Lives attempting to adjust themselves to new conditions and failing horribly. Then the inevitable separation, the placing of true values upon bare facts, and then a war with self. Finally, a great light—a great awakening—and no war—just a man and a woman.

### Eminent Victorians

By Litton Strachey

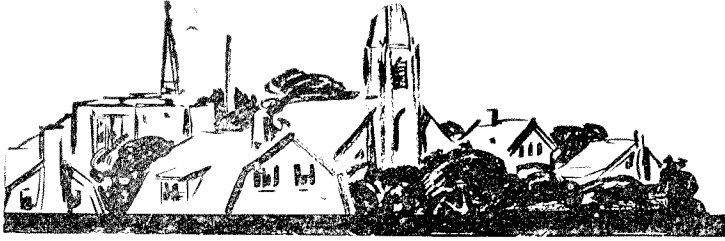
It covers the well hashed subjects of religion, education, military and humanity elements, etc. All these are found in Strachey's accounts of the spectacular lives of General Gordon, Cardinal Manning, Dr. Arnold and Florence Nightingale.

### The Closed Garden

By Julian Greene

Adrienne Mesurat's mind is a closed garden from which she can find no escape. No matter where she goes or what she does her morbidity follows her. All the drab reality of her life, the oppressions of a tyrannical father (whom she later kills) the selfish self-centeredness of her invalid sister, the strange love affair with a man to whom she has never spoken, and her resulting madness, form the frame-work for one of the most powerful yet depressing novels of the year.

The young American author, Julian Greene, has caught the true force of character study. We feel ourselves transplanted into the very minds of the provincial Mesurat family, feel ourselves experiencing the same emotions which they experience.



## Up and Down the Campus

By the way, Dr. Faries just remarked at supper that he'd been down to the Penn A. C. the morning after the Prom and hadn't seen any signs of fire or anything. "O," answered a feminine member of our faculty very demurely with her characteristic little giggle, "But all the fires weren't visible, Dr. Faries."

We wonder how a certain Prom date would feel if he knew his girl friend left him cooling his heels in the lobby on pretense of a long distance phone call, when she was really trying to find someone to stand him for the rest of the evening. Finally one courageous soul volunteered and asked what his name was so she could surely find him. "His name" answered the would-be truant. "His name—O, yes, why let me see, I think it was—but then again—"

She said: "Oh, no; this isn't a new hat—I've been wearing it off and on all winter." (Editorial

Little Bobbie always had difficulty in pronouncing the word "olives". He always said "Obbles". One day his mother promised him a penny if he would say it as she said it. "Say 'olives,' dear," urged the mother.

"Obbles" said Bobbie.

"Oh, I'm sure you can say it if you try hard," said the mother.

Little Bobbie was growing tired. "S'no use tryin' to make me say at, muvver, he said, "I can't never say olives, I gotta allus say obbles."

Marion: "Look here, waiter, this coffee tastes like mud."

Waiter: "Well, it was ground this morning."

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query: How does she wear it off.")

Well we got Hoover inaugurated even though it did rain and now everybodys happy lets go—

There is an aviator who flies over Beaver every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. His number is Star Co. 999. Who is he and why

Because her coat is in the shop for repairs, my room-mate borrows my pony to wear practise-teaching in the Settlement. As she entered the class room in the House of Industry, one of her pupils inquired, "Teacher, is that your coat." "Yes, it is." "Well, it's made of dog hair, isn't it? We have a dog that looks just like it."

The 'Cub Reporter was sent to cover a basketball game and was so excited over the whole affair that she came back with the startling announcement that she "went to a fire and the place burned down!"

Two Irishmen were talking in a restaurant one day, when the wife of one happened to sit at the same table. Said one Irishman to the other:

"Let me presint me wife to ye, Mike."

"No, thank ye;" answered Mike with emphasis. "I have wan av me own—an' wan is twice as many as I need!"

### Susie Says - -

(Continued from Page 4)

studying Journalism at Columbia College returned here for a hurried visit.

Pricilla Mellon who is doing nothing most efficiently (she said so) was here lately, you just can't help returning to this place. Because Charlotte Hatton was here too and Evelyn Johnson and Alice Ryder, now Mrs. Chang-Kan Chien, who is on her honeymoon. She leaves for Shanghai on the 14th of March.

Ginney Rose is taking a much needed rest after all the Prom activities.

Francis Ballard said her mother was here and oh, Dibbs Darby is engaged or do you know.

And Luella Judson's mother was here and Ann Brown's mother and Mrs. Shafer, and the two McKinney kids' mother who took them to New York with her. I mean just the two McKinney kids went to New York.

While I was on first floor Main I heard that Peggy Pate, Betty Evans, Sis Prentzel, Jerry Kough, Kripsie, Reggie Foster, Henri Watts, and Ree Watson are all going to Hawaii this summer or sooner. The objects of this trip are to see the world, found a permanently elevated collegiate society and write home about it! Dear me what big words they use!

And I heard that Ena Crichton, now student dietician at Hahneman Hospital, is laid up in the hospital because of scalded legs acquired when a kettle of hot milk boiled over on her.

Puds Well's father and mother were here lately and Dorothy Stover's father was here.

Eleanor Good's mother and little sister stayed a while and Willemina Rippe's mother came too.

Jerry Kough has a pig tail. I saw it.

And someone pulled the door off

the hinges and threw it in the hall. No not the door, the pigtail. Jerry was going to tell me all about it but something happened so I had to leave. I did hate to leave.

And Ginny Cardwell and Helen Heckerman know a Yell crew or do you know?

Janet Plummer went to THE doctor this week end.

Flo Lockery, Kay Krouse, and Ruth Household went to Philly.

Jean Roy, Joan Boose, and Ann Brown went places and did things.

And Marion Anderson went somewhere. And here is some exclusive news—Beaver College is having a few permanent residents for the next four weeks. Mary More came back a long while ago but my sister did not mention it.

Ruth Richardson visited Ruth Green of Haverford. She went to an A. T. O. dance at the U. of P. What's an A. T. O. dance? Like a fox trot?

"Bill" McCormick will be the guest of Leonore Clemmer for the week-end. Friday night she's going to a theatre party, and Saturday she and Sis Beaman are going to the luncheon Polly Hartman will give at her home in Wyncote.

One of the girls wanted to borrow my hat for the week end. I didn't want to be mean, but honestly I hate to lend my clothes—especially my best ones.

I had no idea College life was so trying. My, but I'm tired, Tired but happy. I hope I can come back again to see the girls. Real soon too!

Mrs. Henpeck: "But why do you want to resign, haven't I always treated you like one of the family?"

Maid: "Yes, an' I ain't goin' to stan' it no onger!"

"God save the king!" yelled the bridge player, as someone shoved a trump on his ace.—Pelican.



"Oh, Beth...

what does 'reversing the charge' mean?"

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

telephone ads

... it means that you can call home and it won't cost you a cent.

"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



**New Fellowship Members**

The Fellowship initiated eight new members at the usual studio ceremony Monday afternoon, March 4. The pledges, who have been undergoing initiation for a week, are: Charlotte Ament, Olga Henning, Eleanor Welles, Dorothy Stone, Helen Brown, Marion Groff, Alyce Sack, Janet Muir. Fellowship members are chosen for ability, interest in art, and general attitude of sportsmanship. They must be taking the full time Art course.

The Fellowship is greatly honored in having as honorary members Mrs. Andrade, Dr. Greenway, and Dean Ryder. Mrs. Andrade is a charter member of the famous Fellowship of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, on which the Fellowship of the Beechwood School of Fine Arts is modeled.

**Club Clippings**

(Continued from Page 1)

really will take place. The date is still very indefinite but it will be given at the first possible opportunity. The committee in charge consists of the Misses Kaylor and Kremer.

The New England and Pennsylvania clubs have nothing planned at present. They deserve a little respite, however, on the strength of their past performances.

To the Western club goes the honor and, may we suggest, pleasure of entertaining at dinner on the evening of the Middlebury Glee club concert. They intend to give the boys from 'way up North a taste of real Western hospitality. Not stopping at this, the Western club is planning to have a party too. They have not set a date but in all probability it will take place some time in the early part of April.

\* \* \*

Miss Rose de Mey, secretary of the Crescent H Bar Ranch Camp at Buffalo, Wyoming, was the speaker at the weekly Y. W. C. A. tea Thursday afternoon, March 7. Miss de Mey's descriptions of ranch life in the Northwest were most absorbing, and the listeners left with a firm resolve to visit Wyoming in the near future.

**And We Second It—**

When I graduate from the Journalism course and get a job and prestige and rich I'm going to rewrite Dante's Inferno.

In my Seven Hells I'm going to put—

1. College students who lock the door against their suitmates.
2. Fatties who use the reducing machine in the gym and blow out the fuse.
3. Graduates who don't hand in their personals.
4. Those who spill sardine juice and jelly on desk blotters.
5. Proctors who "SHUSH".
6. People who cut classes when I go to classes.
7. All who are "too busy".

**Embarrassing Moments**

What was your MOST EMBARRASING MOMENT? Not to be person'l, but will you let us know? The Campus Crier will award a scrumptious prize to the fair reader submitting the Most Embarrassing Moment. The first prize is a glass necktie and the next best prize is a beautiful, serviceable paper saucepan. Won't you enter this contest? C'mon, girls, let us know what your most Embarrassing Moment was all about. It happens in the best regulated families — Embarrassing Moments, we mean! (And listen girls, this is strictly confidential) If you don't submit some Embarrassing Moments, then there'll be Embarrassing Moments for us.

The contribution Box is in the post office, in the old building. And you will be doing something grand and glorious if you will drop your E.M's in said little Box. Let's get going!

WE Thank YOU.

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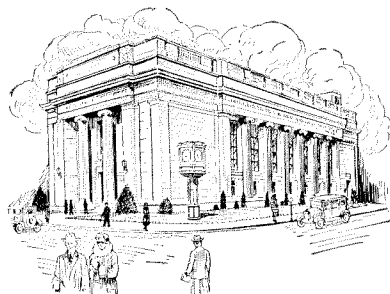
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### Alumnae Notes

"Pat" Anna May Diabler, '28, is at her home in Thelthensburg assembling her trousseau. She is to be married soon.

Dorothy Smith, '28, is teaching Home Ec in Farrell, Ohio.

Evelyn Macball, '27, is teaching Home Ec at Beaver Falls in the Junior High School and anticipating June, 1931, when Eddie will graduate from college.

Marjorie Miller, '28, of Chambersburg, is teaching Home Ec in Camden, N. J.

Anita Silverman, '27, is assisting her father in his store at Uniontown, Pa.

Elinor South Loehr, '26, is in her new home in New Martinsville, W. Va. Elinor's Johnny, Jr., is now nine months old.

Dot Bugle is teaching music in Pittsburgh.

Ernestine Arnold, '28, is married and is living in Illinois with "Till" who is still going to school.

"Dot" Hathsteiner, '28, is married and living at Telle City, Ind. Sarah Newmark was married on Thanksgiving day.

Fay Kardan Pavitt, '28, is at home in Westover Apartments, W. Philadelphia.

Jessie Smith, '27, is teaching Kindergarten at Pottstown, Pa.

Helen Mantz, '27, is conducting her own private kindergarten in Hackensack.

Katie Sheets, '28, is a student teacher in Ashland College.

Peg MacDonald is teaching kindergarten in Greensburg, Penna.

Hazel Grubbs, '28, of Williamsport, Pa., is attending Wheaton's Expert Training School.

Miriam Mervine, '26, of Lock Haven, Pa., has received her degree from the State Teachers' College at Lock Haven.

Ruth Kessler, '28, of Tyrone,

Penna., is teaching Home Ec and History in a high school near Reading.

Charlotte Milliard, '28, of Mount Carmel, Penna., is spending the winter at home.

Ann Kutcher, '27, is teaching kindergarten in Carteret, N. J.

"Babe" Hoy, '27, is teaching kindergarten in Perth Amboy, N. J.

Jean Smalley, '28, now Mrs. Elmer Rinhart, of Hillside, N. J., has a daughter, who has been named Jean Robin.

Waiva Herst, '28, of Watertown, N. Y., is spending the winter at home, following a recent illness.

Mildred Andrew, '28, is at home in Norwood, N. Y.

Kathleen Murphey is working in a bank in N. Y. C.

Betty Delehanty, '27, is teaching sewing in the grade school in Fall River, Massachusetts.

Emma Groves Maine, '28, is living in Ithica, N. Y., where her husband, Bob, is continuing study.

Lena Seymour, '27, is an instructor at the Woman's Hospital in Baltimore.

Pooly Ryder, '27, is teaching Physical Ed. in York, Penna.

Catherine Manns, '26, is reported to have gone in training for a nurse at John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

The former Charlotte Hatton, '27, of York, Penna., was a recent guest of Valda Chapin.

"Mac" Lomerson, '28, is teaching Home Ec. in Jersey City.

Elinor Steinbaugh, '28, of Johnstown, Penna., was a recent guest of Thelma Sykes.

Lillian White, '26, now Mrs. Wilbur Drake, has a daughter, born July 13, 1928.

Lillian Castle, '28, is working in New York City.

### CLUB CLIPPINGS

(Continued from Page 1)

The Chemistry Club held a meeting in the Laboratory. At the meetings to come every member will give some entertainment. The program following the business meeting was:

"Science Prescribes Our Diets by Chemical Groups" by Sophia Caprio  
"Behind the Microphone" by Gertrude Clarke

After the program, refreshments were served.

\* \* \*

Misses Dorothy Hutchins and Helen Crum were admitted to the Manuscript Club at a meeting held on Wednesday, February 13, in the News Bureau. It was announced that "Still Life," a poem by Virginia Henry, a member of the Manuscript Club, had been accepted by the Art Digest magazine.

\* \* \*

The Varsity Debating Team holds a meeting every Tuesday and Thursday evenings opposite the Library. The team is now working on Briefs, which are nearly finished. It will debate with Ursinus College on March 7 on the subject: "Resolved that the Jury System should be abolished in the United States." The teams are:

Affirmative—Oliver Prentiss, Bernice Pinkus, Ethel Lee; negative—Margaret Hall, Eleanor Schaffer, Dorothy Adams.

### MANUSCRIPT CLUB PARTY

A surprise birthday party for Peg Matthers was given by the Manuscript Club on Wednesday, February 27, in the new dining room. There were sixteen at the party. The decorations were in yellow, and the cake was decorated with green shamrocks. Miss Matthers is president of the club.

A Manuscript meeting followed the party. At the meeting it was decided that the Club will give its annual affair in the Spring, the plans for the affair being secret.

\* \* \*

Misses Mildred Schwartz and Nana Belle Wise were pledged at a Pentathlon meeting held on Thursday, February 27. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

### PHYSICAL ED'S' EXHIBIT

(Continued from Page 1)

4. Kate Greenaway Polka—Junior Physical Ed.
5. Shadow Dance, Freshmen Physical Ed.
6. Tulip Time, Junior Physical Ed.
7. Group of English Dances, Freshman Physical Ed.
8. Japanese Parasol, Junior Physical Ed.
9. Virginia Reel, Freshmen Physical Ed.
10. Gypsy Dance, Junior Physical Ed.

### BASKETBALL

(Continued from Page 1)

BEAVER ALBRIGHT  
H. Hall ..... R. F. .... Deck  
F. Hall ..... L. F. .... Dettlerline  
Cooke ..... C. .... Youse  
Shafer ..... S. C. .... L. Deck  
Ried ..... R. G. .... Painter  
Watts ..... L. G. .... Wilkes  
Referee—Mrs. Smith.  
Subs—Beaver, Wuchter for Watts, Albright—Stauffer for Painter, Haugen for Wilkes.

### Greek

For those who studied their French lessons

Frenchy—"Dites-moi, s'il vous plait."

Yank—"What the Deuce did you say?"

French—"Ou se trouve la mairie?"

Yank—"Whatever you say is Greek to me!"

French—"Donnez-moi du feu".

Yank—"I don't know what you said, do you?"

French—"J'ai grand appetit".

Yank—"Bud, it's all K. O. with me."

French—"Qu'est-ce que vous avez?"

Yank—"Oh yes, nice day, we have to-day."

French—"Vous plaisantez, n'est-ce pas?"

Yank—"No, I ain't nobody's pa".

French—"Au revoir, mon cher ami".

Yank—"S'long ole top, glad to be rid of ye!"



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