

# CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 27, 1929

No. 10



SISSY SNIPKINS

## Sissy Says:

I am still excited over Susie's wedding. You know her name is Simper now. I received a letter from her, and she told me lots of news. She's our new Foreign Correspondent, now that she's abroad on her honeymoon.

If anyone had gotten me a "blind" for the President's Reception, I might have eloped, too. I asked several girls to get me dates, but they all told me that it was too late, and I couldn't understand it. One girl told me that she'd get me one if I asked her April First.

Susie has sent me a lot of news from the other side. Its all here in the Campus Crier. I heard some things of local interest.

I was walking in the old building and I heard someone say that Mary Ruth Seaman, Alice Gilmore and Mid Hayes were guests of Mollie Smith at her home in Montclair, N. J., for the week end. When I asked if they had a good time—well—such giggling.

Kay Knauss said that her week end guest Nan Kachline, did enjoy her visit to Beaver.

When I mentioned the week end to Nance Cooke she just went into raptures over the time she had at Martha Burke's in Pedricktown, N. J. "We went to Wilmington, too", she told me with that "far away look" in her eyes.

Ginny Cardwell and Helen Hecker cast knowing glances at one another when they told me that they had the "best time" at Helen's sister's in Newport, N. J., over the week end.

Mary Morgan expects to spend her Easter vacation with Vivian

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## The Calendar

- March 29—Informal dance (men and everything)  
April 3—Wednesday evening date night. Permission until 12.30.  
April 5-8—Trip to New York Dance at "Kit Kat Klub".  
April 10—Same as April 3.  
April 12-13—Prom (for no reason at all, but at the Ritz-Carlton).  
April 13—President Hoover to speak in Chapel.  
April 17—Same as April 10.  
April 19—Permission given to do as one pleases.  
April 20—Beaver become Co-educational.  
**BUT REMEMBER APRIL 1 Is APRIL FOOL!**

## Varsity Trims Local Coaches

Beaver successfully closed its basket ball season on Monday, March 11, by defeating a team of local coaches. The score was 39-21.

Miss Raab, who was appointed captain of the coaches' team and who has referred several eBaver games, played right guard and spent most of her time on the floor, literally speaking.

Mrs. Smith, president of Central Board of Referees, played side center and had two fouls called on her by Miss Shafer, much to the delight of everyone. In fact Mrs. Smith became so enthused that she wanted to have the last quarter last fifteen minutes.

No foolin', Beaver led from the very beginning and seemed to have no trouble in walking away with the game,—which all goes to show that just because you can tell someone how to do a thing is no sign you can do it yourself.

A crowd of rooters turned out for the game, among them the faithful Mrs. Ried, mother of our right guard, who is always present to weep or rejoice with the team.

The line-up was as follows:

Beaver	Coaches' Team
H. Hall.....	R. F. ....M. Riggs
F. Hall.....	L. F. ....L. Riggs
Cooke.....	C. ....Schlott
Shafer.....	S. C. ....Smith
Ried.....	R. G. ....Raab..
Wuchter....	L. G. ....Hays

Referee—Miss Roberta Shafer.

Subs—Beaver—Thomas for H. Hall, Tripp for Cooke, Barr for Shafer, Rose for Ried, Hays for Wuchter. Coaches' team—Robb for Schott, Robb for Smith, Smith for Rebb, Riggs for Hays.

## Art Notes

I had always wondered what was at the end of the corridor leading past the Social Office, and the other evening, just before dinner, I sneaked down there to see and discovered the Art studio. I didn't know whether I ought to go in or not, because my mother has always said that studios were very wild places, especially when there were parties in them, but this one didn't look wild, so I went in and looked at the funny white statues. There was a girl working in the next room—they do work so late!—and she asked me where I came from and why if at all. I explained and she said I could look around but not to break anything, for goodness sake.

There were lots of pretty pictures of people. I tried to recognize some of them but without much success; I guess they must be this modern art I read about. There were all different people; Peg Diack and Mrs. Oakley and Ruth Richardson and people I couldn't recognize at all, though she said they went to school here. Isn't that queer? Then I saw a nice big one of a girl in a brown dress, and I thought I knew her, but the artist said she did not even come here, but was a friend of Puffy's. I saw one of Gladys Cain that I thought was just grand, and she snorted "Naturally, Mr. Nuse did it". I don't seem to be so good at guessing games.

Then they have some pictures of groceries and stuff, which are called Still Life, and I admired the

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## Mere Man Scores the Patsy's Tactics

Girls! May a poor, unprotected male put forth a few humble words in the columns of your esteemed Campus Crier? I realize, after seeing the "Patsy" which the Expression Department presented last Thursday evening that the male population of Jenkintown and points East will have to watch its step in the future. Now I ask you—do you think it wholly fair to deliberately set out to "get your man" in the cold-blooded manner which Pat Harrington did? Haven't we enough to compete with now without having scientific methods against us in an effort to intrigue our beloved bachelorhood into the realms of matrimony? Better think it over and at least give us half a break.

As for the play—since there's no use crying over spilt milk because there's enough water in it already, and all the world's a stage and we are merely stage hands, and since we who are about to die salute you, we're going to do just that little thing. Pat's the girl of my heart all right, all right. She's a clever little youngster and as bright as a dollar. And I'd sure hate to be the villain in a play in which she was the heroine. Three rip roaring cheers for Pat. She's right there. And while we're cheering, how about one for the whole cast? They certainly deserve it after putting over one of the finest performances ever given by the department. Better watch Alice Wagner—she's only a Freshman but if a Freshman can carry off a part the way she did then Julia Marlowe had better watch out for her laurels. Bill Shakespeare has nothing on Lois Whitehouse either and if ever I could hate anyone more than Gladis Walgren in the play, "I mean" well, I'd keep away from myself. As for the others—give them all a great big hand for they have it coming to them. Every part was perfectly done and Miss Evans is to be highly congratulated. Here's hearing from you all again—and don't forget—man must have his little fun! Mere Man.

## Club Clippings

Attempts to fool the club reporter are vain. You may dodge and hide, or when cornered say, "I have nothing to say", or "See my lawyer," but the truth will out and it is useless to try to conceal facts from the wary reporter.

After much sleuthing around some astounding happenings among the clubs were disclosed. For instance, did you know that:

The Western club will give an exhibition of trick lasso-throwing and bronco-busting in the college gymnasium on April 1? The girls' pet broncos are being shipped from their homes in the far west and should arrive any day.

The Southern club girls are also proficient though along entirely different lines. It has long been known that the southern girls are especially gifted in the ancient and honorable (?) art of love-making. At the suggestion of the social directresses and the discipline committee, the Southern club girls have kindly consented to give an exhibition of their prowess—not in the gymnasium of the college however. Beaver has long been in need

(Continued on Page 3)



## Susie Says --

Dear Twin:

Well, here I am in Europe's Niagara Falls—the ideal spot for a honeymoon—only, dearie, my husband is visiting his Mother; that is why I am finding time to write to you. I am so happy! I think every Beaver girl should fall in love and elope. What fun! and what headlines! Why the Campus Crier could make a good story out of that.

Tell me what everyone is doing there—here the favorite sport is playing the game of "DO YOU KNOW?" The object is to get a mob of people from the United States together and ask 'em if they have ever met Mary Smith of Podunkville. You'd be surprised how many people know people. It isn't fair to make up names, because when you've been making believe that you know someone just to be important, and you get caught, you feel foolish.

And, as the Foreign Correspondent for the Campus Crier, let me tell you—

Feuer auf dem Dad

des Eden-Hotels  
Ceftern abend um 3-49 uhr geriet auf dem Dache des Oden-Hotels, mo befanntlid zur zeit Huttfdungsarbeiten ausgefuhrt werden, ein Bauzaun, in deffen Rahe ein Todenofen fand, in Brand. Die Madge Rantelftaze, unter Leitung von Dberbaurat Berg, lojdhte inner halb turzer zeit das feuer.

—Lokal-Anzeiger.

I didn't thing that it was possible

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## Calendar

- March 27—Allegro Club Party. Recital 4.30.  
March 28—Vacation.  
April 4—End of vacation.  
April 12—Freshmen Party.  
April 19—New York, New Jersey Club Cabaret.  
April 24—Organ Recital,—Estelle Wolf.  
April 26—Pentathlon Entertainment.  
May 2—Song Recital,—Gertrude Schwentker.  
May 7—Glee Club Formal Dinner.  
May 8—Recital,—Hazel Whelan and Marian Codner.  
May 10—Dance at Grey Towers.



# Campus Crier

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

Subscription	-	-	-	\$2.50
Single Copy	-	-	-	.10

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## Freshman Issue

MARCH 27, 1929

## Sophistication

Sophistication! What a delightful subject! For sophistication is—but we are told, “Never use a dictionary definition; it is trite.” Well, suppose we are not quite sure just what the word means and cannot be certain that the majority of readers will know the correct meaning, either. What does one do then?

Can't we easily remember how we used to admire our cousin when she returned from college in her freshman year? So sophisticated! The high school girls looked and sighed when the older girl appeared “Oh! to be as sophisticated as she—and as blase! I wonder if I shall ever be like that!” And you remember the adoration (or it might be envy) we gave her as she sat there nonchalantly, apparently oblivious of the commotion she was creating in our hearts.

But, now, (too late) you know the truth! She was undoubtedly posing. Perhaps you do the same thing now when you are at home. It is only human nature. It is such a nice feeling to know that others think you worldly wise. You can easily visualize your pride if someone should say to you, “You are so sophisticated.”

But imagine the blow to your vanity if they should continue further and say, “Do you know what sophistication really is? One has sophistication who is posing as a person of the world, who pretends worldly-wisdom, who acts nonchalant and blase!; but who, in reality is merely aping one who really is experienced in the affairs of life. There is a difference between being sophisticated and being worldly-wise. The former means acting falsely and the latter, not acting at all, but being natural!”

## As We Go to Press

A reporter stumbles down the stairs and hands in an assignment, gasping out “Here's the news”, and dying on the spot.

A procession of shining automobiles are passing along, each one occupied by a fellow and a girl, and sometimes two fellows and two girls—and no chaperones.

The faculty has invited everyone to an impromptu dance. Informal and no receiving line.

The college has placed an order for a screen to be put along the front of the campus to keep the dainty green lawn free from cin- ders.

Oh yeh? Well. April Fool!

## President's Reception

The President's annual reception at Beaver College took place on Friday night in the Green Parlors. In the line with Dr. Greenway and Mrs. Greenway were members of the Board of Trustees, Dr. Jesse Penney Martin, Mrs. Martin, Dean Virgil Ryder, Mrs. Ryder, Dr. George Oakley, Mrs. Oakley, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon C. Wallace, Dr. Matthew H. Reaser, Mrs. Reaser, Miss Bertha Pierce.

Following the reception the students and their escorts danced in the decorated gymnasium. There were about 400 present.

## Apology

Girls, did you ever see a man in tears? Well, take our word for it, it is one of the most heartrending sights any girl can ever see. And let us tell you what happened. We suppose you've all noticed the mistakes this time in the paper? No? Well, look again! Anyway, we walked in on our printer, and there he was with his head down on his desk, ruining two coming “best sellers” by weeping over our Campus Crier!

So we said to him, “Why, my goodness, what's wrong?”

And he sobbed, “My reputation's ruined. Look at all the mistakes in here (pointing a damp finger at the Crier). I'm sunk! (sob-sob). My public will call me a traitor and a ne'er-do-well. (Sniffle-sniffle). Oh my!”

But then we said to him real nicely, “Oh no, Mr. Printer, we are going to take the blame for all the errors. And I'm going to write a big sign and say so. Aw, come on, cheer up. Vina Delmar is waiting for the 101st edition of “Bad Girl.”

So we helped him mop up his desk and the floor around it, and the poor man smiled through his tears and the presses started again. The paper must come out!!

So—WE ARE TO BLAME FOR ALL THE MISTAKES!!

## The Jazz Hound Goes Mad

Dear Rose Marie:

ONE DAY IN JUNE, THE SHEIK and I went strolling down MEMORY LANE. “BELOVED,” he cried, “SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME! DEAREST Little WILD FLOWER, I will be so BLUE if you refuse me! Gee, EVERYBODY'S GOT A GIRL BUT ME. You're a WONDERFUL GIRL, and although I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, we can be happy in just a little LOVE NEST; we'll make it a regular little BLUE HEAVEN. I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW that I LOVE YOU. IF I HAD YOU, I would do ANYTHING YOU SAY. SWEET-HEART, I feel like CARRESSING YOU. IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG IN THAT? LET'S MAKE BELIEVE that we're SIT- TING ON TOP OF THE WORLD, and LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY.”

I'm SO TIRED, CHARLIE MY BOY,” I exclaimed at last, GROW- ING WEARY. Please SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME. RE- MEMBER, I'm NOBODY'S BABY. I haven't yet found MY MAN. Whoever marries YOU, I suppose, will be a LUCKEE GIRL, but as for me, I must first LOOK AROUND. MAYBE I'm just a POOR BUTTERFLY, and if I never find THE SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS, COME BACK AND LOVE ME AGAIN. Mean- while, BABY YOUR MOTHER.

“OH BABY, DON'T BE LIKE THAT,” said the boy friend. “I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU. I'D RATHER BE BLUE OVER YOU THAN HAPPY WITH SOMEBODY ELSE. But now, YOU TOOK MY HAPPY DAYS AND LEFT ME LONELY NIGHTS. I HATE TO LOSE YOU, but WHAT'LL I DO?”

“WHAT DOES IT MATTER? OH LOOK, it's starting to RAIN!”

“DON'T MIND THE RAIN. NO- BODY LIED when they said IF YOU WANT THE RAINBOW YOU MUST HAVE THE RAIN! But AFTER YOU'VE GONE, it wont matter to me whether there's RAIN OR SHINE.”

Listen, LADDIE BOY, I've GOOD NEWS for YOU. There's going to be a STORY BOOK BALL tonight, and we can both make BOOM BOOM. What's say? C'MON LET'S MAKE WHOOPEE! But DEAR ONE, why are you BLUE? DON'T BE LIKE THAT! THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL AWINDING, so let's start for that LITTLE OLD SHACK THAT I

CALL HOME, AT THE END OF THE ROAD.”

That night, ME AND MY BOY- FRIEND went to the STORY BOOK BALL. There we saw ROSE MARIE, a BROADWAY ROSE, doing the BLACK BOT- TOM. Around her, in a group was THAT OLD GANG OF MINE. ANNIE ROONEY was there, hold- ing A GLAD RAG DOLL. CHAR- MAINE, ROMONA, MARGIE, SALLY, MISS ANNABELL LEE, SHIRLEY, and SWEET ADELINE all formed a ring around a snappy COLLEGIATE who was DOIN' THE RACCOON. THE SWEET HEART IF SIGMA CHI was danc- ing a VARSITY DRAG with a BARNEY GOOGLE. A SHOW- GIRL was WHISPERING sweet nothings into SONNY BOY'S ear, but he was not paying attention, for he was LISTENING to MR. JAZZ HIMSELF playing THE SONG I LOVE it's called THAT PRECIOUS LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE. MOTHER MA- CHREEE was there telling a SWEET LITTLE LADY about her SCHOOL DAYS. They both wished that they could live again in THOSE HAPPY GO LUCKY DAYS. PETER PAN was dancing with a SECOND HAND ROSE who had BROWN EYES and a BABY FACE, but I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW that SHE KNOWS HER ONIONS! AND OH, HOW SHE COULD DANCE! She had all the poor boys FALLING IN LOVE with her. ALL ALONE, SITTING IN A CORNER, was MARY, who was EVERYBODY'S SWEETHEART, BUT NOBODY'S GAL. As I was leaving the ball- room to go and look at the MOON- LIGHT AND ROSES with MY BUDDY, I began STUMBLING, and I FAW DOWN AN' GO BOOM! “Say, if you feel like spoiling the place,” SOMEBODY yelled at me, “GO BACK IN YOUR OWN BACK YARD and fall down!” I was SO UNHAPPY that I went out in the MOON- LIGHT—Just ME AND MY SHADOW. I was UNDER THE MOON when I heard some one singing THE INDIAN LOVE CALL. I stood there LISTENING and then THE SWEETHEART OF ALL MY DREAMS came out and sat with me. IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT, “ALONE AT LAST!” he exclaimed “NOW SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME.” And there IN THE GLOAMING, he gave me a KISS IN THE DARK, and I wanted him to KISS ME AGAIN. At last the GOLDEN DAWN appeared, and AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER, ME AND MY BOYFRIEND went SWINGING DOWN THE LANE at THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORN- ING TO THE ROAD TO HOME SWEET HOME. When at last we reached that LITTLE COTTAGE SMALL, my BUDDY exclaimed, “YOU DARLING YOU, I knew that you loved me all the time. Now SAY THAT YOU LOVE ME!” I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, is all that I can say. I love you, I love you the same old song I'm singing in the same old way.”

And now, WE'RE SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD, SIDE BY SIDE, AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD—and after our HONEY- MOON we're going to live in DIXIE.

Yours Sincerely,  
PRETTY PEGGY.

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow!

Say, in the summer-time, where does it go?

The light, the light, the pretty bright light . . .

Where does it go when it goes out at night?

The moon, the moon, the silvery moon . . .

If it weren't for it, say how could we spoon?

The trees, the trees, the large shady trees,

The flowers, the grass, the sweet bumble bees.

The school, OUR School, our won- derful school—

Is this a pome? Oh no, April Fool!



The student recital in the auditorium Tuesday evening, March 19, surpassed all expectation. Paderewski, who came all the way from Poland to hear this remarkable exhibition, was overheard to say that never in all his experience has he heard such legatura di voce musicians. All of the prodigies, he went on to say, were so leggiadramente, so fughetto, so utterly and so divinely corona and da capo al segno, that he never again expects to hear all at once so many gifted passacaglio artists.

Luella Judson, bass; Margaret Dietrick, harpsichord soloist, and Loma Mulholland and Lois Whitehouse—longsuffering students of the Expression Department, gave the inhabitants of Melrose, Pennsylvania, quite a treat on March 5, when they rendered lard at a tea in the parish house.

The Middlebury Glee Club, singing in the auditorium Thursday evening, March 14, executed some well-known numbers very thoroughly. Services for the deceased will be held at their respective homes, only the intimate families being present.

### The Little Sermon

I could WARN you not to BITE at any APRIL FOOLishness nor turn around and try to CATCH some other NUT who is just as DUMB as you, you could go around YOURSELF and spill the beans and let the JOKERS see their capers are not WISE in such a place as COLLEGE HALLS

I could SAY this you could READ this but we'd both shout APRIL FOOL and nonchalantly walk up to the very same guy who made us run to WYN-COTE to see a great big FIRE that WASN'T there and we'd play him a trick that he'd have to admit was BETTER than his. The whole WORLD laughs at the fools; Even KINGS loved FOOLS

I thank you

Peter Knox.

The bride and groom were visiting in St. Louis. A flip young waitress waited on them:

"Would you care for some honey moon salad?" she asked.

"What is it?" asked the confused groom.

"Just lettuce alone," replied the waitress.

### Embarrassing Moments

Well, girls, the glass necktie we told you about in our last edition of the Campus Crier stays with the editor, for she has had the most embarrassing moment. Imagine her embarrassment when she went to the contribution box to collect all the Embarrassing Moments, and found—None!

We thought there would be at least five hundred, but it seems that our fair readers were never embarrassed in their lives, for not ONE E. M. was in the said little contribution box.

Better luck next time—MAYBE. The prize for the NEXT E. M. will be a stunning hand painted paper-stretcher. C'mon now, girls, let us hear some of our Embarrassing Moments. We would like to, you know.

### Advice to Anyone

Dear Editor:

My man he has been sick with the colic, and he asks me to write and ask you what is good for it? And also please tell me why the sour pickles which my husband likes so good have all went out from the jar when I aint et any. Could it be cats?

M. G. B.

Dear M. G. B.

Just perhaps there may be a slight connection between hubby's colic and pickles' disappearance. Give hubby a lecture on how many pickles one man can eat without any evil effects. No, cats don't eat pickles. Come again.

The Editor.

Dear Editor:

I am a pretty college girl of 19, but I somehow am not popular. Please tell me what is wrong.

Beautiful.

Dear Beautiful:

Take some courses in French, or Costume Designing by mail, or "Music in Ten Lessons" and then try a "What to Say and When to Say It." If all these fail, come in and see me, and we'll be lonesome together.

The Editor.

Public school and college statistics, as revealed by federal government figures, show that the educational systems of the United States have been benefitted by prohibition, and they show, also, that the increasing number of persons in the schools and colleges afford additional opportunities for the spread of the truth about prohibition, contends Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, general secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism.

### Sissy Says:

(Continued from Page 1)

Ray at her home in Providence, R. I.

Bobby Bowker entertained Lillian Bittinger at her home in Mount Holly, N. J., for the week end. We're glad that they arrived back safely.

Cici Trippe will spend her Easter vacation with friends in Glens Falls, N. Y. She also expects to visit Shorty Ellis at her home in West Grove, Pa.

What a time Marian Anderson and Ruth Cornhelisen expect to have during the Easter holidays! Marian is visiting Ruth for the vacation.

Helen Smith motored to her home in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for the week end. I asked her if she had any guests and she said in a low voice, "Joe was there".

The faculty isn't to be left out when it comes to going places. Miss Thelma Sykes and Miss Gladys Evans motored to Miss Sykes' home in Scranton, Pa., for the week end.

Kate Spratt has just returned from a long absence in New York where she was staying with her grandmother who has been seriously ill. She expects to divide her Easter vacation between her grandmothers' and Kay Clark's in New Briton, Conn.

Jeannette Plummer visited a friend in Collingswood, New Jersey, for the week end. She must have had a good time because she was smiling and when I asked her what she was smiling at she said that she was thinking of last week end.

Johnny Nagle was the guest of her aunt in Penns Grove, N. J., for the week end.

Dorothy Cox spent the week end with friends in Philadelphia.

Elinor Shaffer spent the week end with friends in Logan, Pa.

Olive Prentice was the guest of friends in Philadelphia, Pa., for the week end.

I'll let you in on a little secret. If Susie doesn't return from her honeymoon soon, I am going to keep her place here as Assistant Society Reporter. Maybe I'll get my date at the Prom next year! Then I'll have my picture in the paper.

**What the Jenkintown  
worthy public needs—  
we have at  
214 YORK ROAD  
What? Fine CAKES  
and PASTRIES.**

## PUBLIC OPINION

Next year, of course, most of the students will move to Grey Towers, which has a gorgeous campus and everything, but think of the girls left on this side of the railroad tracks! Couldn't something be done about fixing up the campus over here? It might become terrible in our sight just by comparison with the new one. And there are lots of good suggestions in "The House Beautiful"—it wouldn't be necessary to spend a lot of money on an expensive landscape gardener.

We think—of course this is just a hint—that a sun-dial under the largest tree on the lawn would look too cute for words, and sun-dials do look so continental, don't you think? And a few bird baths would help, along with some of those funny little Christmas trees. We like little waterfalls. The chapel could be painted a nice bright color to make it a prominent spot. And oh yes there really should be cushions at least two inches thick on the auditorium seats. And a tea house and pergola at the bridge.

During the warm school months, awnings and wicker sets in orange, preferably, could be put on the veranda of the main building and scattered about the campus. And big fat swinging couches, too, overflowing with lots of plump pillows. Then the new dormitory shouldn't be neglected but shrubbery would fix that up.

These few improvements would help quite a lot, we think, and they really wouldn't take much time or money. It's surprising what can be done with some glue and a few daubs of paint.

### CLUB CLIPPINGS

(Continued from Page 1)

of something of this kind as "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing right".

The Manuscript club has a great project under way. They are writing, in collaboration, an original novel entitled "Why College Girls Leave College". This book, when completed, will probably make a great sensation in the literary world as the girls are revealing all the inside facts of college life and are concealing nothing.

The Allegro club will perform the opera "Carmen" some time next month in the auditorium. After giving the opera before the students they will accept an engagement with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Miss Light has been ill. The students extend wishes for a speedy recovery.

Miss Fahl and Miss Streeter entertained at a St. Patrick's party on Monday night, March 18. There were twenty guests.

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THE BETTER GROCER

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**Susie Says - -**

(Continued from Page 1)

sible. Also I picked up a story about:

**JEAN M'FARLANE'S ILL-LUCK**

Neebor Wives.—Is this no' been awfu' weather for ootside workers we hae haen o' late? Ay, an' a wheen o' oor men hisna been able tae wark awa wi' the frost an' snaw.

An' min's ye, it's no easy daen wi' thae lads whan they're no' workin'. An' mony a time ye hae tae tak' them oot for a dauner jist as a cheenge an't lat them hae a look at the shop windows wi' a' their bargains lyin' oot.

I've had John at the fireside for mair nor a week an' a bonnie cerry on the rascal's haen. Of course, I tae him oot, but that wis waur, for the thrawn deil wis aye for gaen intae a pieter-hoose, an' I had jist tae gang tae pleese him.

I wad jist like tae lat ye ken hoo I wis dune in be oor John wad day this last week. Secin' he wis sittin' lawin' maist awfu' at the fire side, I proposed that the twa o's wad hae a bit walk to see the shop windas an' what wis tae be seen as I wad like tae lat ye ken that whan my man's in the hoose A'm a prisoner. Oh, ay, I daurna gang ootside the door whan John's in the hoose or it's a maist terrible faut wi' him.

JEAN M'FARLANE.

—Glasgow Daily News

Then, when I was last in Paris I found a bit of news for you:

**UNE SEPTUAGENAIRE ASSASSINEE CHEF ELLE**

Vesoul, 27 fevrier. — Telegr. Matin.—On a decouvert hier, dans une maison situee un peu a l'ecart

de Fretigney, le cadavre de Mme Cartenet, 75 ans.

La septuagenaire etait etendue sur le parquet de la salle a manger et ne donnait ylus signe de vie; ses jambes etaient attachees au poele et une cordelette lui enserrait le cou. La piece etait dans le plus grand desordre; un coffre-fort avait ete pille.

—Le Martin.

I have to go now—but write real soon since I am just a little bit lonesome for night-slipe and gay college life.

Yours in love,  
Susie Snipkins Simper.

**ART NOTES**

(Continued from Page 1)

lemon in the left hand corner of one, but she said I'd better not tell Kay that. I wonder why. It was a nice lemon. I rubbed another picture with my finger, and she said—well, never mind, but just because a little paint came off. I thought maybe I'd better go away from there, but I still don't see why they never did Susie's portrait while she was here. She looked so different from every one else. I asked the girl who was working if she would do mine some time, and she looked sort of dazed, but said she'd try anything once.

Home Ec.

**We Nominate For OUR HALL OF FAME**

Miss April Foist . . .

Because a fool is popular;

Because she is imitated;

Because she has so many kin folk;

Because she is laughed at, yet manages to laugh last;

Because the world loves her under many different guises;

And lastly, because sooner or later we all fall for her, whether we enjoy it or not!

**Lost and Found**

The faculty has been having a hard time lately—everything going out and nothing coming in. For instance:

Dean Ryder's derby is gone out and not come back. Finder please return between the hours of 8 a. m. and 4.30 p. m. with an hour out for lunch.

Miss Shafer dropped her "r's." Anyone finding them please return to the Social Office, N. B.

Miss Squires lost her balance and Miss Zeeb her equilibrium. As both ladies value these highly, please return immediately.

Miss Taylor's Ford!!! Will the finder please send in his name and address so that she can properly sympathize with him?

**"In the Spring —"**

He stood in the moonlight awaiting the coming of the one who, at that moment, meant more than life to him. And as he stood, his heart pounded with insufferable joy until his whole body shook like an aspen leaf. Under his breath, he murmured sweet nothings to the silvery sphere that was the moon, and he opened his arms to embrace the image of his beloved.

She came! Pounding down the street with heavy feet beating a quick tattoo, she came. She was tall, very tall; her hair was bobbed and hung in dark strings over her long, pale face; her eyes were squinting, her mouth drooped with the weight of years. Her nose deserves a paragraph all its own; its size was appalling, its shape amusing. This monstrosity of a head was placed crockedly on a neck so long and thin that it was constantly bending and swaying under the weight thereof.

The young man rushed to meet her and drew her skinny length into his manly arms—He was an "April Fool"!

Teacher—Now, Jimmie, I want you to write a rhyme. Make a verse using the word Marie.

Jimmie—There was a girl and her name was Marie. She fell in the water clear up to her ankle.

Teacher—That doesn't rhyme at all, Jimmie.

Jimmie—I know it don't, the water wasn't deep enuff.

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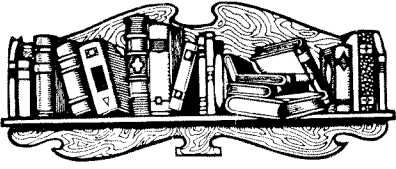
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## LITERARY PAGE

### BEAVER IN 1950

It is April 1, 1929. How wonderful it is to sleep late in the morning and not have to think about getting up for an eight-thirty class! At last we are free from the worries of school life. But it is April Fool's Day and we may get fooled on this. No sooner do I turn over for my second morning nap than I begin to dream of Beaver. It is Beaver, but what a funny Beaver! It is so strange; so different from the Beaver I know.

It is now 1950. I find myself in an airplane circling above a beautiful castle and estate. We fly lower and as we do, I discern a lovely formal garden with people strolling about. The airship pushes her nose even closer to earth. I look down and I see that the persons are young ladies dressed in soft garden party frocks. Before I am able to collect my thoughts, I have landed. It is then that I notice the sign "Beaver College Landing Field."

"What!" I asked myself. "Why they never allowed us even to have automobiles when I went to school."

As I got out of the ship, I heard a voice say gaily, "Well I'm catching the air."

"Pardon me, young lady," I ventured, "I think I'm in the wrong place, could you tell me the way to Beaver College?"

"Three steps ahead," she retorted.

"Do you by any chance go to the college?" I continued.

"I certainly do," came the reply. "I'm sorry, but if you'll excuse me—I'm out for the varsity flying fleet and I must be on my way."

I felt strange and out of place. I wished that I had wings so that I could fly away. No sooner had I wished this than I found myself sailing again in my aircraft. On I flew over all the great and imposing buildings of the Beaver College of 1950. Suddenly my airship began to fall and with a big crash I took a nose dive out of my bed.

*Frances Ballard.*



CHAMPION SWIMMING TEAM

### TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

By Marjorie Foster

(FROM BEECHBARK OF 1921)

The five o'clock train pulled into the Jenkintown Station and two women emerged from the end car.

"Oh my," they both exclaimed, "What changes have taken place since we were last here."

"Look, Peg," said the one, nearly pulling her companion off her feet, "at the new station. Do you remember how old and dirty the one was twenty years ago?"

"They seem to have enlarged it and I do believe those are students crossing. My, but didn't we dress differently."

The two women stood looking up as four or five of the girls passed by. They were clad in the latest Fifth Avenue models.

"Peg, it all seems like a dream to me. Who ever thought that twenty years would bring such changes? Come let's walk to school."

"Do you remember, Dot, my telling you about a letter I received the other day?"

"Yes, from your room mate wasn't it?"

"Right, and she said we would have the surprise of our lives when we turned up the walk."

"Let's hurry, Peg, I can't stand the suspense any longer."

As they reached the first landing and turned towards the East, they saw before them a large building of gray stone. A porch extended around three sides, half of it being enclosed in glass. Palms and flowers filled the windows, while bird cages hung from the ceiling every few feet apart.

To the right was another stone structure half the size of the main building. This the two Alumnae judge was the Gym., Auditorium, and Class Rooms. To the left was still another stone building. It was

a Chapel. Here and there and everywhere could be seen flower gardens, tea houses, and in the center of the green lawns was an artificial pond where a fountain in the middle threw sprays of dew drops that glistened like diamonds in the sun.

Dot looked once more toward the beautiful buildings and grounds, and suddenly her eyes were attracted to a group of girls walking slowly across the lawn. They were clad in exquisite evening gowns, and looked as if life were just one big bore. She turned to Peg.

"What time is it dear?"

"Nearly time for the next train. Here it comes now."

"Let's catch it, I begin to feel as you do."

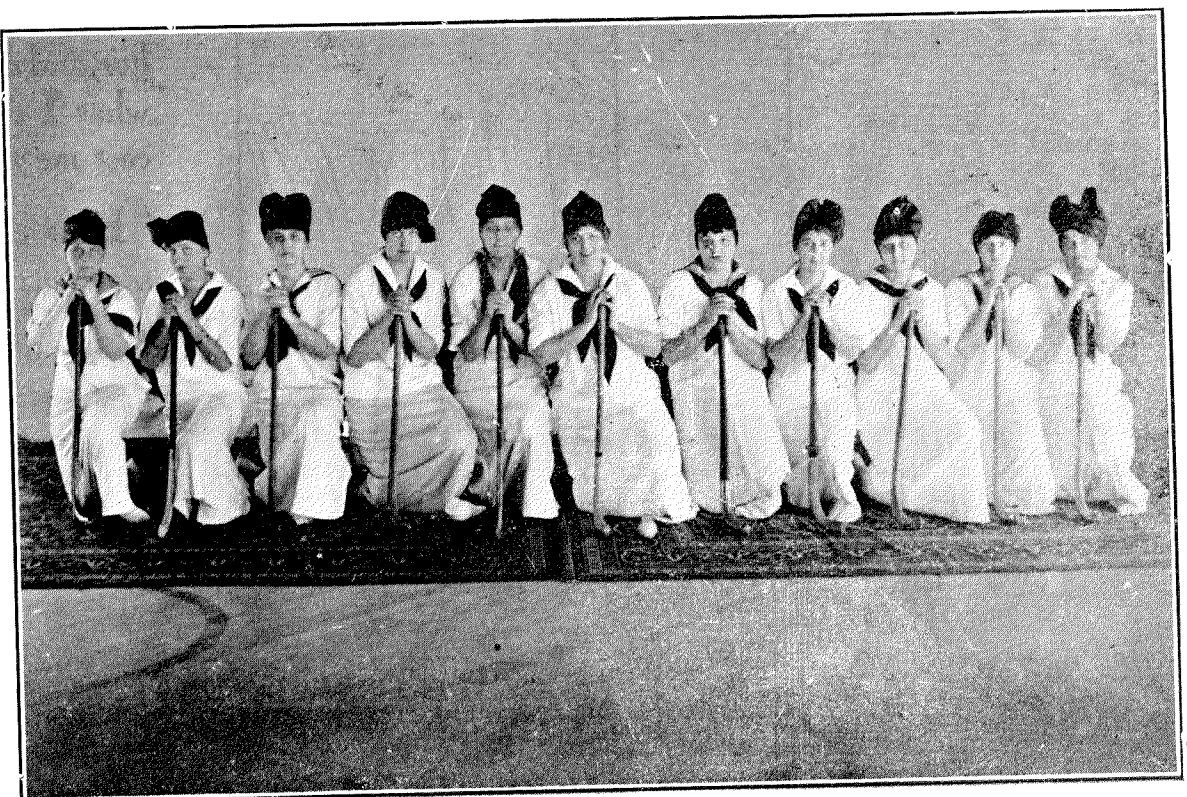
Patronize your advertizers.

### PRIVILEGED SENIORS MAY CUT CLASSES

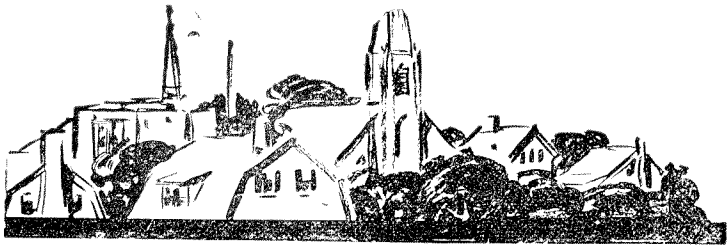
Manhattan, Kan.—The privilege of absenting themselves from class whenever they see fit will be extended to 178 Juniors and Senior students at the Kansas State Agricultural college this fall, F. D. Farrell, president announced recently.

A college devoid of lectures, textbooks and examinations is the Ashland School for Adult Education which will be conducted from July 30 to September 8, near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Teachers and students will work side by side for the solution of personal problems.

The course of study will include the problems of sex, marriage and the home. In the charge of the experimental school will be Dr. J. E. Kirkpatrick, whose book, "The American College and Its Rulers", forced his break with formal education.



CHAMPION HOCKEY TEAM



## Up and Down the Campus

As I was walking past the P. O. in the Old Building I stopped and extracted all the contributions to the Crier from the Contribution Box.

I found one news item, one poem, one nail, three cents, and one prune pit. The item of course was a big help and the poem was interesting. The three cents were immediately used by the editor to buy sticks of chewing gum which same, the editor is now chewing. The nail will be kept as a trophy in the News Bureau. When the contributor who placed same in the contribution box tells us what the object was (if any) we will forthwith use it to its intended purpose. We suspect it was to accompany the poem, or the item, so that the editor would see the point.

Now about the prune pit. Perhaps there is some significance to placing it in the box. Perhaps the donator was thinking of "prunes to the prune." Perhaps the idea is to start a little prune orchard so we could have prunes for breakfast much, much oftener. Perhaps, and I think this is most likely true, the gratuitous giver was stimulated by the same impulse that makes people put buttons and plugged nickels in a collection plate.

However—whatever the motive, whenever you give to us—we thank you.

"My boy, you were out after ten last night; a thing you shouldn't have done."

"Oh, no. You're mistaken quite old man, I was only after one!"

Come on out and cheer your team!

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Please be prepared for a shock, girls. Our little friend, Pete Ried, used that expression of ours "She's funny that way" as her pet phrase way back in 1925 (See Beechbark of that date).

"Lost and Found: If the person who took the photograph signed by 'Jim,' from the Annex during Prom week-end, will apply to the rightful owner, she will gladly supply his name and address."

John, the faithful night watchman, while attempting to do his duty thoroughly, became involved in an Embarrassing Moment. He stopped a girl and a boy at 10.30 on the campus with his little whistle, and then he found that Alice Wagner was returning from a dress rehearsal with Dot Adams—and it wasn't a date after all—you remember—Alice was the heavy lover, Tony, in "The Patsy."

"Did you ever see a grizzly bear?"

"Gosh no! they've always got fur on 'em."

—N. Y. Medley.

Thelma Harrison: "If what they cannot see won't hurt them, why not let them see it?"

Cinnamon buns for hungry Beavers.



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*"I'll never get  
that dress . . .*

*in time for the hop; why,  
Mother won't get this let-  
ter for two or three days."*

*"Why don't you . . .  
telephone*

*her, and save time? That's  
what I did, and it didn't  
cost me a cent."*

*"How can I do it?"*

*"Just give the operator  
the number and tell her  
to reverse the charge."*

*"Nancy, dear, you're  
such a help!"*

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

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

## Nursery Rhymes for Kollege Kids

Little Miss Muffet  
Said "I will bluff it  
In my History test today".  
There came a succession  
Of unstudied questions.  
Poor Miss Muffet, she just passed  
away-

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to  
the cubbard  
To get for her daughter a book.  
The girl with great fright  
Said "No lessons tonight,  
I've a date." To her heels, she then  
took.

Little Bo-Peep doesn't get any  
sleep  
Her roommate has fallen in love.  
Just let her rave on  
About her Don Juan  
She'll come out of it soon, ah, by  
jove!

O  
nce  
upon on  
a tim e  
there was a  
little lass

who  
went  
to

Beaver College.

She was a girl who  
always studied her

lessons, even as you and I. She was a very old fashioned  
girl; she had to be, for there wouldn't be anything new to  
write, if she hadn't been. Now, listen folks, read on, for

this is a heartgripping tale of  
little girls at college, and the  
many feats they accomplish,  
such as writing things like  
this for their deer college  
poipers. Have you got this  
far? Good! "Press on, a bet-  
ter fate awaits thee!" Let's  
see, where were we? Oh, yea,  
we were tellin how old fash-  
ioned she was . . . well,  
one day her papa sent  
her to the store to buy

him a paper  
and the little  
girl went; she

had to go, or we  
wouldn't have any-  
thing to write about.

Well, anyway she went  
to get the paper, and  
on her way to the store

she met a very rich girl  
who had a lot of munney

and when our heroine asked  
her how come she got that  
rich, the rich girl who had

a lot of munney said, "Made  
my munney writing for  
the Campus Crier." Only

the highest type of  
materials are used  
in that paper, so

if you don't see this  
here piece of lit-

erature in the Campus

another kind  
of kick comin'  
and it aint the

kind to write home  
to mother about.  
Say if you've been

able to read this  
far, you're far better  
than good. Yea, you

are worthy of a medal,  
for all are not gifted  
with a patient spirit

such as yours, or is it  
just curocity? But

keep on readin, it's written  
for you. Shall we go on talking  
about the little girl who always  
did her lessons, or shall we talk of  
something interesting You want  
to know more about the girl?

Very well, you shall hear!  
at the end of four

years she grad-

Crier, you will know  
that it's because  
the other kids had  
something that  
really had a  
kick to it,  
but I feel

ated from  
college.  
Now after  
all trouble,  
what's it  
you?

MORAL: Be careful of what you read on April Fool!

"Where are you going, my pretty  
maid?"

"I'm going to Beaver, sir", she  
said.

"May I walk with you, my pretty  
maid?"

"As far as Wyncote, sir", she said.

"What is your father, my pretty  
maid?"

"My father's a policeman, sir" she  
said.

"When is your next dance, my  
pretty maid?"

"I don't go to dances, sir," she  
said.

"Then I won't walk with you,  
pretty maid."

"Nobody asked you sir," she said.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner

Doin' his chemistry.

He saw a co-ed

With a flaming red head.

"Hooray, that's my sugar", said he.

Dickery, dickery, dare,

Our Prof flew up in the air;

It made him quite mad

When he found some one had

Put a great big tack on his chair!

Goofy goofy Philanderer

Whither dost thou wander

Spending dough

Like I don't know—

Thy purse will soon be slenderer.

Storekeeper—"I don't like the  
ring of this half-dollar."

Customer—"What do you want  
for fifty cents—a peal of bells?"—  
Williams Purple.

Life would be dull if we knew  
what it was all about.

One way to make the punish-  
ment fit the crime would be to  
have every man who criticizes the  
modern apparel of woman senten-  
ced to spend one hour every day  
looking through the old family al-  
bum.—Louisville Times.

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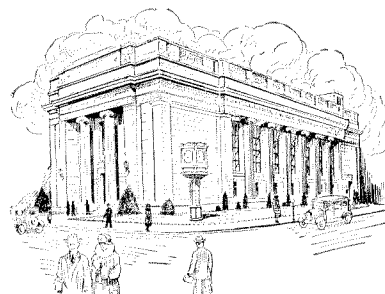
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# BOOK REVIEWS

Elsie Dinsmore by one who  
"NO'S"

Here is the typical collage girl—a virtuous maiden who suffers in noble silence for a worthy cause. Carrying countless burdens far too heavy for her frail shoulders, bearing patiently innumerable afflictions and injustices, Elsie determines to do or die—she does.

If you are a student at Beaver and want to see yourself as others see you, read this book. If you're too busy getting signed out for the week end, don't bother. Just go on the week end. You'll have a better time.

"The Five Little Peppers and How They Stew," by A Red Hot One

An extremely clever satire on a modern American family life. It is quite evident that the author doesn't approve of apartment house love and tea for only two. She (we weren't sure just which gender to use)—anyway—SHE wants everything to be a real family affair. If you're sporting a left-hand, solitarie this little story will be a great help to you.

"Raggedy Ann," by Nobody  
We Know

(For obvious reasons the author wishes to withhold her name)

Just another story of a good little girl gone wrong.

"She'd an eye for men,  
A tooth for sweets,  
And a character founded  
On corners of streets."

(No, she wasn't a U. of P. coed). You'll like this book. It's the real thing. Even MacFadden Publications couldn't have done better. Read it by all means but it's not exactly the thing to allow Mother to have.

"Dotty Dimple Out West"

One of the best books of the year. Very intelligently written. It gives accounts of a young lady's travels to Indiana, her experiences on the train, and the delightful visit that followed at her cousin's home. On the whole, a charming, dainty book, well worth reading.

"Prudy Parlin at School"

This book deals with the life of Dotty Dimple's older sister and should be read in conjunction with the other story. Thrilling details of snow-storms, dogs, cats, and other children should serve to lend interest to the narrative. Your education will never be complete until you come to know Miss Parlin.

"The Bobbsey Twins in the Country"

One of a series of books dealing with the lives of the Bobbsey family. Especially good, because of its descriptions of fishing trips, parades, tea-parties, and the like.

"Tom Swift and his Aerial Warship"

The "wonder boy" presents the world with another marvelous invention—a warship that flies through the air. Don't fail to follow Tom Swift's career as he leaves the earth to carry on his warfare in the clouds.

"The Radio Boys Trailing a Voice"

The author has seen fit to use the radio, that most modern invention of science, as a theme for an exciting story. Four boys, listening in, overhear messages in code, and being boys of unusual intelligence, they proceed to follow the voice to its source, and so apprehend a band of desperate criminals. Their adventures form a thrilling and intensely interesting tale.

## From Our Exchange

Added to our list we have:

Glasgow Weekly News  
Le Matin  
The London Times

A Penn State co-ed recently chewed her way to a hot dog crown, by devouring twelve of the sandwiches at one sitting. When the bell rang for the close of the contest, the conquering co-ed rather nimbly ran away for her evening meal. May the gods help her future husband who may attempt to keep her.

Pour commémorer le cinquiesme centenaire de la delivrance d'Orleans, l'administration des postes a emis a l'effigie de Jeanne d'Arc un timbre-poste qui sera mis a la disposition du public au cours de la premiere semaine de mars.

Cette figurine, dont la valeur est de 50 centimes, remplacera pendant six mois le timbre de meme valeur a l'effigie de la Semeuse, qui garde toutefois son pouvoir d'affranchissement.

"Was it worth it?" asks a University of Florida senior of the editor of *The Alligator* in a letter regarding the dates he has had since he entered the university. According to his statistics, he has lost 2,578 hours on dates, 1,649 miles traveling to and from them, lost 17,893 hours of sleep, gargled 236 bottles of listerine, and purchased 3,479 "dopes," rushed 14 girls, recovered 56,837 hairpins, and bailed her brother out of jail four times. On the other side of the ledger, he has received 73 heart-rending, and 18,439 indifferent kisses, 19,511 tender embraces, chronic insomnia and the loss of a good fraternity pin.

Woman witness at City Court—She said "A" was two faced." A'd rayther hae twa faces like mine ane like her's only wey.

Professor will, head of the Journalism department at Rutgers, has had some difficulty in making his Senior Journalism students arrive on time for class. One aspiring cub habitually arrived one-half hour late due to a late breakfast—the tardiness being inspired by a collegiate hangover, cureable only by sleep. After having had the matter called to his attention by Professor Will, the offender devised a plan of coming to class on time and breakfasting as opportunity offered—and as the Professor was not looking his way.

Professor Robert Desmond of the Journalism department at the University of Minnesota, has been faced by the same problem. His latest experiment was to lock the door at one and one-half minutes after the bell rang. The other day one and one-half minutes after the bell rang, Professor Desmond had failed to arrive. The students who had put in an appearance took charge and, upholding the practice established by Professor Desmond, proceeded to lock the doors. When the ten-minute deadline was reached, the students took advantage of the University rule and filed out—by way of the fire escape.

Sleep in the form of an afternoon siesta is an important item of the college girl's curriculum, according to Stephen's College officials. Each afternoon from 1 to 2 o'clock 600 Stephens girl students sleep. The law has an effect of appreciable scholastic improvements, members of the faculty report.

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