

THE PERISCOPE

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by the Students
of Beaver College

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LITERARY NUMBER

School Takes in at "Les Hirondelles"

How would you like to go to school in the old country—where girls are dark eyed and mysterious, and spaghetti is spaghetti. Where language is "lingo" and water is used only to wash in and to go under bridges. It's the only life to live—a life of fascinating charm.

The whole appearance, outside and in, of "Les Hirondelles" was extremely different from—let's say Beaver. The exterior was rugged in appearance and was of a greyish blue tint. Here and there a green vine was creeping and a large door behind several iron gates made an entrance that was conspicuous yet attractive.

Upon our entering, the gates were opened and carefully locked behind us by the eagle-eyed attendant, until I wondered if it would ever be possible to get out again. Was this a school for the wayward? No, indeed, for at that moment Mlle. M. came smiling and gushing up to me and put such thought out of my mind. She patted me on the arm, then jabbered French at me. I "oui, oui"ed this charming lady with her overcoming and truly terrifying language until my bags were brought in. Then we mounted the circular stone staircase.

My room was comfortably spacious with attractive furnishings that were evidently the pride and joy of Mlle. M. . . . She beckoned to the shy little maid to put down my bags; then left me alone to unpack and think things over.

The huge window at the front of the room attracted my attention immediately. I threw the curtains back—lo and behold!—the biggest and most beautiful mountains that ever existed, so it seemed, stood proudly majestic in their snow-capped splendor. "Were they going to disappear

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Spring Passes

Through Spring, I sat beneath her feet;
I humbly worshipped her and thought
Those cold, still lips were warm and sweet;
But—Spring has past.

For one has learned—ah, Love has taught
That bitter-sweet must be the cup
If those who loved, and loving, thought
That Spring would last.

Marian Chapman.

In the Autumn Twilight

Autumn and the brisk air seemed joyously to stimulate our very souls. How glorious it was to look up at the trees where the lead colored trunks and branches contrasted with yellow and scarlet leaves that merrily danced in the wind as though nothing could ever pull them off. Great flocks of birds were flying above our heads, loudly chirping to each other, preparing for their southern trip. The smell of burning leaves filled the air, from smoking heaps which old men were replenishing as fast as the flames devoured them.

Approaching Beaver College we turned into a path, covered with fallen leaves; it led us through a little alcove of tall trees and shrubbery that hid the campus from sight. Just as we reached the opening the sun was setting. A mist was rising from the moist ground, as it does in autumn dusk. In the sky, light gray and wintry-looking, a crimson hue still hovered above the clouds and gradually spread over the whole, forming a background for the row of poplars facing the athletic field.

Our hearts thrilled as we looked at old Beaver, reaching serene toward the sky, her windows lighted, laughter ringing within her halls.

Was it not a sight worthy of remembrance? Could we all have seen her as she stood there at dusk we would more unitedly strive to uplift her and make her the college that she should be.

Mary Theis.

A Letter From Quaint Quebec

Chateau Frontenac,
Quebec, Canada,
July 8, 1925.

Dear Polly:—

As I sit here looking over the old historical city of Quebec, a queer sensation fills me. I feel as though I were in a foreign country at last, that of old France!

The view from my window is breath-taking. It overlooks the broad St. Lawrence River, with every now and then a large European steamer coming into view. The Canadian Rockies in the distance loom up a deep purple across a cloudless blue sky. Across the river I can see many small houses built on a cliff, those of the Province of Quebec. The ferry is coming slowly over the water, carrying its load of curious tourists to crowd the hotels, shops and sacred places in the city.

Directly below me is a large promenade, the famous "Terrasse Dufferin," not unlike the boardwalk in our famous Atlantic City, but yet oh—so different!

In a raised pavilion on the promenade a military band is playing old operas. People are sitting on benches in a little square around the pavilion, and applauding loudly at each of their favorite pieces; a thrill of pride went through me when they played the "Star Spangled Banner," because after all the United States is the best country of all! At tables along the promenade men and women are listening to the music and drinking their good old liquors, for ale, champagne and all kinds of wines can be bought very cheaply.

The Canadian soldiers are stunning; but then every girl likes a man in uniform! You see the most foreign looking people imaginable. This is the most cosmopolitan city I have ever visited. People from all over the world brushing shoulders with one

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another.

The PERISCOPE

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FOR WOMEN

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Keep Up Your Work!

All grades were requested by Dean Ryder before November 27. We have been wondering, just how our efforts have been valued by the instructors, and not long from now this information will be given out. As to whether we will or will not be pleased in the result, is the thing that bothers now. This semester is passing swiftly and there are few enough days until Christmas. Note-books and term papers will be in demand pretty soon and the sooner these are completed the more time we shall have to do a much more pleasant work, that of packing trunks to return to our homes for the Christmas vacation. This is a thrill that ordinarily happens only a few times in a college year, and each time seems as exciting as though we had never experienced any thing of its type.

Keep up with a feeling of having finished assigned work and allow your mind to be susceptible to other forms of thought.

Knowledge

Knowledge sits at the helm and guides the universe. With knowledge comes the clear appreciation of what education means; of what literature teaches; and the true glory of arts. It is the great and glorious accumulation of years of studious habits and pleasures.

Shelley's philosophy was: that man became virtuous through knowledge. This may or may not be true, but one thing is certain, that thru years of training knowledge enables one to grasp the higher thoughts of life and attain spiritual satisfaction.

In the first place knowledge is of

the earthly mind. In order to enjoy the greater things of life one must have organized knowledge and only when genius is married to science can the highest results be produced. Knowledge is gained only through personal effort and detailed study. Knowledge develops the mind so that one is able to combat the moral issues that each is sure to meet. As Tennyson has said, "Knowledge comes and wisdom lingers."

In order to succeed one must have a practical understanding and one must have skill—and what is knowledge but the result or product of knowing? Memory is a form of knowledge—without memory familiar acquaintance derived from practice or experience could not be retained. Human knowledge may be classified as (a) science, (b) art (c) literature.

Knowledge should be the ideal of our hearts and the ideal of our education.

Staff Loses Member Through Illness

A sad and teary farewell was said on Sunday evening to our beloved boyish bobbed "Ruffie" Rhoades, known sometimes as Dorothe Scott-Rhoades.

"Ruffie" caught a severe cold about a month ago which was carefully nursed but seemed to get no better. Quinsy developed and "Ruffie" spent over a week in the Infirmary. A visit to the hospital proved that her throat was in bad condition and that an operation would be necessary as soon as possible.

So "Ruffie" packed her trunk and left for Fort Worth, Texas, her home, where she will be cared for by her family. The student body and the Periscope Staff hope she will improve and have no more such trouble. But, girls, we'll miss her—won't we?

Home Ecs' Letters to Santa Claus

Dear Santa:

Will you please bring me a dozen dark brown, cap shape hairnets?

And oblige.

"WINDY PEEPER."

Dearest Santy:

I am sadly in need of a pair of white rubbers to wear Practice Teaching every Thursday. I wear size 6½ shoes, so Santa dear, will you please try to get these rubbers to fit me? Thanks just heaps.

Lovingly,

GERTRUDE McMASTER.

Fortunate people who Practice Teach Thursday and Friday. Our fellow passengers on the 5.17 must surely have missed us while we were enjoying our Thanksgiving holidays.

Eunice May Miller.

Famous Partnerships

Romeo and Juliet
Corned Beef and Cabbage
Lots and Florida.
Ham and Eggs
Dances and "Chaps"
Cheese and Mustard
Dates and Men
Beaver and YOU.

Contributed by Betty Payes,

Day Student.

World Court Student Poll

(Conducted by THE NEW STUDENT co-operating with the COUNCIL OF CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.)

PROPOSALS

1. For U. S. participation in the World Court under the "Harding-Hughes-Coolidge Terms."

(The U. S. not to be connected with the League of Nations or bound to any obligations under the League Covenant; not to be bound by advisory opinions of the Court on questions not voluntarily submitted by the U. S.)

2. For U. S. participation under the "Harmony Plan" of thirty peace leaders.

(The U. S. to join the Court under the "Harding-Hughes-Coolidge Terms" but to withdraw after five years unless a code of international law has been adopted outlawing war and the Court given jurisdiction.)

3. For U. S. participation under the "Borah Terms."

(The U. S. not to join the World Court until international law has been codified outlawing war, and the Court given jurisdiction; the U. S. not to be thereby connected with the League of Nations.)

4. Against U. S. participation in the World Court.

Each student is urged to cast her vote for one of the above proposals. Please drop in Periscope box a slip of paper bearing the number of the proposition you favor; thus those favoring "Harding - Hughes - Coolidge Terms" will mark slips "No. 1." those favoring the "Borah Terms" will vote "No. 3," etc.

THE REPORT OF THIS BALLOT HAS TO BE IN NEW YORK BEFORE DECEMBER 10. THEREFORE CAST YOUR VOTE EARLY.

Book Review

"OH WELL, YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!" BY IRVIN S. COBB
VS.

"ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A MAN," BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Here we find Mr. Cobb expressing and maintaining some strong ideas about women and their ways. Some one has said of his plain statements about the fair sex, "If you are a man when you read this, you will say, 'He's hit the nail on the head.' But when a woman reads this double-back-action account of herself, she will say, 'Isn't that just like a man to write that!'"

To counter balance this Mrs. Rinehart has taken a turn at men. She has made a life study of these grown-up boys, and not only has a husband but also three sons, so she really ought to know.

Therefore, once again, we find one of Mrs. Rinehart's and Mr. Cobb's agreements to write contradictory articles resulting in a truly humorous game in which both score home-runs!

—Mildred E. Phelan.

CALENDAR

Dec. 6—Lecture, Rev. Young.

Dec. 12—A play "The Cricket on the Hearth," presented by the Delesophic Society of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dec. 16—Toy Shop Entertainment.

Dec. 18—Christmas Holidays Begin.

Jan. 4—Classes Resume.

Injured At Gay Party; Is Improving

Jim, the "family skeleton," is slowly recovering. He is a victim of the last Hallowe'en party. The saddest part of the accident was that on the above mentioned evening Jim had made his first appearance in Beaver society and the broken arm received on this occasion was disastrous.

As the new girls filed into the darkened gymnasium between two lines of ghosts, a horrible wail arose and a light was flashed on Jim, who was dangling from a beam in the end of the gym. His arms and legs moved slightly and a horrible grin was on his face. He was probably suffering from nervousness on the night of his debut.

During the evening Jim seemed to enjoy himself and his behavior was unusually good for one of so little social experience. Then, the awful accident occurred. It was about twelve o'clock and the party guests were leaving. Jim was being taken down from his beam and in some unaccountable way his arm was broken, just below the elbow. Hypodermic was given immediately to relieve his pain, and as soon as possible medical aid was obtained. He is now in the hospital and it is hoped that his recovery will be speedy. Jim will probably be unable to participate in any further social functions this season. We are very sorry although we realize that family skeletons do not customarily appear in public.

"Les Hirondelles"

(Continued from Page One)

like fairy hills?" was the first thought that entered my awe-struck mind. I stood there watching and waiting but strangely enough they simply stayed there seemingly making no attempt to escape from reality—after all there really were Alps in Switzerland and this was Switzerland; so that solved it.

As I was in the midst of my day dreams I heard the door softly open and upon turning—oh ye gods! before me stood Gerta. Gerta my future room-mate. A two hundred pound, full-blooded German. She waddled rather than walked toward me, her attitude friendly yet curious. Then in her broken accent stumbled over some English words of welcome. I carried on a rather fatiguing conversation with her of signs with an English word thrown in now and then, for about an hour, after which I had made an absolute decision that our tastes were decidedly different (limberger cheese being one of them).

After an eternal period of time, so it seemed, a gong sounded down stairs, and feet, sixty of them, came up to the steps, entered my room and stood there ready to be introduced (not the feet, my dear, but the girls). They were young, old, redheaded, yellow headed, dark headed, googly eyed, cross eyed, and dewey eyed, some pretty, some homely, but all foreign

to me. There was a brief silence on their entrance in which I was carefully surveyed from head to foot. Then they all began talking at once and in different languages with an abruptness truly startling. They bounced on me and almost shook my hand off. After this I was whirled down the stairs into a very cheery room, "la salle a manger." We sat down at one long table covered with a red and white checkered cloth. The walls were decorated with brightly colored swallows (les hirondelles) carved from wood, and a fire crackled merrily in the large open hearth at the foot of the room.

Then the wide iron kitchen doors swung open and little Swiss boys in green aprons hopped in with trays on their heads—they quickly served the dinner and then hopped gaily out again and the room was as calm as before.

My mind was in a state of confusion at the evidently friendly attempts at conversation of the others. Then a sweet looking youngster leaned over to me, and what did I hear?—nothing less than the musical sound of the humble word "Hello." Poor distracted me literally blurted at her: "Oh bless my soul, you are an American." She smiled and nodded and in a hushed voice said that we were not allowed to speak English. Then she went on raving with the rest. I was lost but the newness had not worn off yet so I wasn't altogether unhappy. After dinner the girls talked and studied and I was led around like an idiot, being able only to grin feebly at the others.

It was just before I went to bed that I got a truly "woozy" sensation. Gerta and I were eating chestnuts and bologna when the door was thrown open, and a dark-haired, wild-eyed girl entered, dashed over to me, shook my hand then sat down to get ready for bed. First one shoe was hurled under my bed and then the other shoe fell an inch from my shin. Then to my terror she drew a sharp little dagger from her stocking. I wondered if she was going to throw that at my head or my heart but to my surprise she put it under the pillow on the third bed that had, up until now, been a mystery to me. I was as meek as a lamb in the presence of this wordless Amazon and longed for the peace of an American school, with its victrolas, ukes, and banging doors. All of this time Gerta sat munching chestnuts in a maddeningly calm manner.

Finally the dark and dashing lady bounded into her bed, turned her back on us and was off to the "land of Nod."

That night how I wished I had spent a better life, but finally, regardless of the snores of Gerta and the terror at

my left, I slept and dreamed of the wonderful year to come that I had started thusly.

Mary Welker.

"Quaint Quebec"

(Continued from Page One)

The Chateau has gorgeous rooms like the Traymore and atmosphere like the Continental in Paris.

Yesterday we took a sight-seeing tour through Quebec in the funniest, old-fashioned carriage you can possibly imagine, accompanied by an old English guide "straight from Lunnion in the 'eart of the city—don't you know"—to point out the places of interest—and there are a great many. If you remember General Wolfe and the English army, surprised General Montcalm and the French army, at dawn, with a terrific attack, forcing them to surrender to the English; from that time on Quebec has been an English province. In the city we passed the beautiful old Parliament House, wonderful statues, quaint and beautiful cathedrals, the garrison, the fort and loads of other wonderful things.

We went through a cathedral called the Church of Perpetual Adoration. Here there are always nuns at prayer. It was a magnificent place of worship, and very inspiring. Such beautiful work the nuns do! We saw some handsome embroidery that must have taken nearly a lifetime to complete. This is sold, and the proceeds all goes to charity.

The city is full to overflowing with Roman Catholics, priests and monks dressed just as in the old pictures we saw at school. They walk solemnly through the streets with an expression of peace on their faces as though the troubles and worries of the world were already beyond them.

The streets are narrow and dirty. The French as a whole live like pigs, with shutters closed to keep out evil spirits, no baths (they don't believe in using water), and dirty, ragged clothes. How they keep healthy is more than I can understand. The children are taught to run after carriages and beg for money. Really they are a pitiful sight.

We went through such a narrow street that we could have almost reached out and touched the walls on each side. This street is called "Under the Caves." It was horrible and the people reminded me of the mobs in the French Revolution. They really haven't advanced much further. Dreadful looking old women, diseased children, crying and begging. Indeed it is too sad to talk about—and we may thank God for everything that we have.

All here is French—ninety-five percent of the people in Quebec are French, and you see nothing but French signs, hear nothing but the French language spoken and see some of the oddest old French characters. I can read most of the signs like "Tout le Monde fumes le Tabac" and "Ne Stationez Pas Ici," but do not try to talk except for a few words.

Whenever we pass a machine with a Pennsylvania license we all wave and exchange greetings. It is loads of fun! Can you just picture everyone doing that in Philadelphia?

We leave for Montreal today so must hurry and pack.

CARLOTTA
(Ethel Martin)

Beaver Victors Over Darlington 5-4

Beaver kept her old time spirit and fight Tuesday, November 17, at West Chester, when she defeated one of her staunchest rivals, Darlington Seminary by a score of 5-4.

Speed and accuracy from start to finish featured the game, the team tearing fiercely across the muddy and slippery field. The Darlington field presented a double problem to the Beaver girls, not only being muddy but a new one to them.

At the end of the first half the score was 2-2, and odds were divided for the winners of the struggle. Darlington then scored two goals—Beaver, as though only teasing before, snapped out of it and made her other three goals.

Jenks made two goals, White two, one in each half, and Everhart one in the last half.

Doan and Clayton, of Darlington, each scored two apiece, each getting one goal in each half.

Poor Pinkie! It seems as though the opponents always try to take their spite out on her. This time she received a blow in the shoulder which was already sore from the last game.

The line-up was as follows:

Clayton.....	Rt. Wing	Knecht
Doan.....	Rt. Inside	Everhart
Carter.....	C. Forward	White
Graham.....	Lt. Inside	Jenks
H. Burt.....	Lt. Wing	Jacoby
Braunstein ..	Rt. Halfback	Cross
Ross.....	C. Halfback	DeGarve
D. Burt.....	Lt. Halfback	Studwell
Yetter.....	Lt. Fullback	Ried
Erwin.....	Rt. Fullback	Shafer
Likin.....	Goal Keeper	Hansell
Referee—Miss Casey.		

Pentathlon Society

Hockey season closed with our Ursinus game on Tuesday, November 24, and to the eleven members of the team this last game was an event in itself! To every one of these members who have taken part in at least half the games the varsity "B" is awarded and one hundred valuable points are available for Pentathlon Society. Have they made Pentathlon yet? No! But having made a varsity team, they have a splendid chance. For the benefit of those to whom the Pentathlon Society is not yet clear I'll endeavor to explain it briefly.

Pentathlon is an honor society for those who have achieved success in athletics, scholastic ability and good sportsmanship. Not only then, may one make the society through athletic qualifications but her scholarship and character must be up to the mark as well.

In detail then how may one make the society. The requirements are as follows:

1. A girl must have won her varsity letter, either in hockey, basketball, swimming, dancing or tennis. This entitles her to a "B" and 100 points toward Pentathlon.

2. In addition, a girl must have 150 points which may be earned through class teams or in any of the numerous

activities, including gymnastics, dancing, hiking, riding, tennis or swimming.

3. Posture rating must be at least "B."

4. No girl may enter the society if her scholastic average is not up to 80 percent.

5. A girl must be a good sport. She must be fair, a good loser as well as a good winner, and her ideals must be such that in character she rates high in the regard of her associates.

In summing up let me make clear the following points:

A girl must be "all-round" in athletics. She cannot hope to gain membership simply because she is a good swimmer, a good dancer or excels in basket ball. She must be interested in other sports as well. Every girl has an equal chance to make Pentathlon. Since there are so many sports to choose from the extra 150 points are not hard to gain. A girl may not be a good hockey player, but she still has basket ball, tennis, track athletics, swimming and dancing to look forward to.

Surely then, according to our above requirements, Pentathlon should stand for the best physically, mentally and morally, and a girl by making that society her aim may, upon gaining membership, consider it an honor and well worth the attempt and with this honor she can't help but have pride in its accomplishment with the knowledge that she has done something and done it well.

I. S. S.

Those Week Ends!

"Where did you go to this week-end? What kind of a time did you have?"

"Oh perfectly lovely! and, Honey, I saw the most wonderful football game. Did I get any mail?"

Such exclamations ring through the dormitory corridors late Sunday evenings as Beaver College reassembles from its week-end outings.

By Thursday excitement again fills the air. The class periods refuse to go fast enough. No four walls confine our thoughts. Our wrist watches are consulted far more than the pages of the book. We know just how a prisoner feels—waiting his parole. All that day the phone booths are busy. The fortunate ones are planning what to wear and what train to take, and are wondering: "Would it be possible to cut the last class on Friday afternoon?"

Friday afternoon arrives! In the lobby over the backs of chairs coats and hats are piled. In the corners and less obtrusive places, bags and hat boxes are grouped, ready to be grabbed up at the last moment.

At dinner that evening the tables look almost forsaken. By Saturday the dining room has become still more barren. Sunday noon brings a ray of light. Only a few more hours and the crowd will return. That night after "lights" exclamations and laughter, ringing through the halls, prolong the gayety of the outings until the proctor's "Hu-sh!" brings silence over all.

Lois Mingle.

First Impressions

The twenty-third day of September is a red letter day in this year, for then I arrived at Beaver College.

I came into the lobby, a stranger, amidst many laughing, chattering girls, whose greeting to each other increased my loneliness. However, I did recognize one thing, and that was the staircase, which I had looked at so often in the catalogue, and then had thrilled with the thought that I too, would some day walk up and down those steps.

The following days were nothing but a wilderness of new faces, new sights, troublesome unpacking, and tiresome enrollment for classes. The first week passed. Every day I met new girls, every day something new, something strange, happened. I was in that dreadful uncertain state of mind, always fearful of doing what I ought not to do—perhaps I did some things which were wrong, but since every one was rushing and hurrying, it was not noticed apparently.

By the end of the second week I was more sure of myself and had fallen into some of the habits of the old girls, the most outstanding one being that of living from mails to meals and from meals to mail. I also learned to grow tired of the voice of the proctor and even grew bold enough to stay up after lights. Going to Jenkintown or Wyncote every afternoon soon became as natural to me as eating.

Nature had made Beaver at this time of year exceptionally beautiful by the foliage of the trees, not only on the campus but as far as one could look.

I feel acquainted now, and the first week has grown rather hazy. The days are passing more quickly and the Thanksgiving vacation has already gone by, so the homesick feeling has gone and I have decided that I shall be happy and contented here.

Dorothy Thompson.

Book Review

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH"

Margaret Kennedy's "The Constant Nymph" is an unusual story of a family of musicians known as "Sanger's Circus." There are many types of people in the story, but the two most pleasing are Tessa Sanger and Lewis Dodd. Albert Sanger, the father of the family, was not prominent as far as music was concerned, but he was known by all as a perfect host. The description of both characters and country is very good. The book does not start out with an exciting beginning like most modern novels and the ending is very unexpected and unusual. The story in all is well written but it is not realistic.

—Virginia Beavers.

Friendship

Friendship is a chain of gold,
Shaped in God's all-perfect mold.
Each link a smile, a laugh, a tear;
A grip of the hand, or a word of cheer.
As steadfast as the ages roll,
Binding closer soul to soul.
No matter how far or heavy the load
If the links be true the chain will hold.

Aida Walker.

Our Every Day Manner

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

—Tennyson.

Manner is one of the principal external graces of character. It is the happy way of doing things, adorning even the smallest details of life, and contributing to render it as a whole agreeable and pleasant.

It has a great deal to do with the estimation in which individuals are held by the world; and it has often more influence in the government of others than qualities of much greater depth and substance.

While rudeness bars doors and shuts hearts, kindness and propriety of behavior, of which good manners consist, act as an "open sesame" everywhere.

Without some degree of self-restraint in society one would be found almost insufferable. No one has pleasure in holding intercourse with a person who is a constant source of annoyance for lack of restraint, which has made lives miserable and rendered success impossible by one's own cross-grained ungentleness; while another may be much less gifted, achieving success by simple patience, equanimity, and self-control.

The first and last school of manners as of character is always the home, where woman is the teacher. The manners of society at large are but the reflex of the manners of collective homes, neither better nor worse. Yet with all the disadvantages of ungenial homes, one may practice self-culture of

manners as of intellect and learn by good examples to cultivate a graceful and agreeable behavior toward others.

The respect that one has toward a classmate will be shown by some expression of courtesy, of trying to be kind and thoughtful toward each other.

Politeness goes far, yet costs nothing. It is the cheapest of all commodities. It is the humblest of the fine arts, yet it is so useful and so pleasure-giving that it might almost be ranked among the humanities.

Contributed.

PITTSBURGH ALUMNAE ACTIVE

A letter received from our Pittsburgh Club states, "We have been carrying on very nicely this fall—have been having meetings at the different girls' homes. The meetings have been in the form of benefit bridges, the funds of which will go to the Alumnae House. We have had an average of seven tables at every meeting." That's the kind of club we want. All girls living in or near Pittsburgh—and we're sure you want to belong to this club—give your name and address to Alma Espenschade, room 35. There will be a luncheon held in Pittsburgh during the Christmas holidays and we would like to see every Beechwood-Beaver past and present, at this luncheon. If your name is handed in at once you will receive an invitation telling you when and where.

A piano recital was given Monday evening, November 23, in the Beaver auditorium, by Matilda Soper. Miss Soper was assisted by Dagmar Sjostrom, violinist. Edna May Allen accompanied Miss Sjostrom.

Lynette Baldwin, dramatic reader, entertained the student body with a recital Thursday evening, November 19 in the Beaver auditorium. Her program included excerpts from famous dramas and poems. She was presented with two lovely bouquets.

NO BIRD

Pat: "How much is thim plums?"

Grocer: "Ten cents a peck."

Pat: "Shure, wot do yez thing Oi am? A bird?"

—"Progressive Farmer."

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