

PERIODIC COPE

Issued Semi-Monthly By Beaver College Students

VOL. 1

JANUARY 15, 1926

No. 5

Final Examinations For First Semester Will Be Given Week of Jan. 26-Feb. 2—The Schedule

Final examinations for the first college semester will be held this year during the week of January 26 to February 2. The second semester will commence on February 3.

During examination week there will be no classes, no music lessons, and no practice teaching for those taking examinations. The finals will be given according to the schedule below. There will be no deviation from the schedule as announced.

The week-end privilege will be withdrawn during examination week, except for those students who have no examinations on either February 1 or February 2.

THE SCHEDULE OF EXAMINATIONS:

JANUARY 26

- 8.30—10.30 All 4-hour and all Monday, Wednesday, Friday 8.30 classes.
- 10.30—12.30 All other 3-hour 8.30 classes.
- 1.15— 2.15 All 1-hour 8.30 classes.
- 2.15— 3.15 All 1-hour 9.30 classes.
- 3.15— 5.15 All 4-hour and all Monday, Wednesday, Friday 10.30 classes.

JANUARY 27.

- 8.30—10.30 All 4-hour and all Monday, Wednesday, Friday 9.30 classes
- 10.30—12.30 All other 3-hour 9.30 classes
- 1.15— 3.15 All 3-hour 10.30 classes not meeting Mon., Wed., Friday.
- 3.15— 4.15 All 1-hour 10.30 classes.
- 4.15— 5.15 All 1-hour 11.30 classes.

JANUARY 28.

- 8.30—10.30 All 4-hour and all Monday, Wednesday, Friday 11.30 classes.
- 10.30—12.30 All other 3-hour 11.30 classes.
- 1.15— 3.15 All four-hour and Monday, Wednesday, Friday 1.15 classes
- 3.15— 4.15 All 1-hour 1.15 classes
- 4.15— 5.15 All 1-hour 2.15 classes.

JANUARY 29.

- 8.30—10.30 All 3-hour 1.15 classes not meeting Monday, Wednesday, Friday.
- 10.30—12.30 All 4-hour and Monday, Wednesday, Friday 2.15 classes.
- 1.15— 3.15 All other 3-hour 2.15 classes
- 3.15— 4.15 All 1-hour 3.15 classes.
- 3.15— 5.15 All 2-hour 8.30 classes.

FEBRUARY 1.

- 8.30—10.30 All 4-hour and Monday, Wednesday, Friday 3.15 classes.
- 10.30—12.30 All other 3-hour 3.15 classes.
- 1.15— 3.15 All 2-hour 9.30 classes.
- 3.15— 5.15 All 2-hour 10.30 classes.

FEBRUARY 2.

- 8.30—10.30 All 2-hour 11.30 classes.
- 10.30—12.30 All 2-hour 1.15 classes.
- 1.15— 3.15 All 2-hour 2.15 classes.
- 3.15— 5.15 All 2-hour 3.15 classes.

Examinations for classes meeting irregularly will be scheduled by the instructors concerned, and may be put on Saturday, January 30.

Will Enforce Silence in College Library

Ah me! I am wandering whether or not the noisy pests, who enter the Beaver College library each evening, have any idea as to what the word silence means. Webster says, "Silence is abstinence from speech or noise; a stillness." I see nothing whatsoever in that definition which could possibly confuse any human being, past the infancy stage. When a mother tells her child to be silent, she simply utters "sh, sh-Patsy." When a proctor in the library does likewise, some few immediately take it upon themselves to question her authority; others, utterly ignore the warning and continue to whisper in their soft, pussy-like tones of voice; still others, do obey, for they, perhaps unconsciously, talked too loudly, and realize the fact. It is not these last girls I am scoring but simply those who refuse to keep silent. These I should like to confine in some unknown place, wherein they might annoy—annoy and annoy to their heart's content. I am about to denounce all babbling reprobates!

Every girl who has so much as entered the "Hall of Fame," realizes that there is great need for silence. Unless, of course, she belongs to that class of students called "The Concentrators." Confusion bothers them not. But we unfortunates! We girls who come over, laden with books, and who can accomplish nothing amid a constant uproar, have decided to complain. So have the sturdy proctors. And why shouldn't they? Picture their fathers' and mothers' wrath, as well as indignation when they behold the reports of these very proctors! Marks low! Due, of course, to the fact that they have to spend their time "sh-shing" instead of plodding. It has reached the point where we students feel it is a waste of time to do anything but sleep. Gracious me! What high scholastic standing Beaver will have if we continue to let the few rule the multitude. However, we are revolting. There shall be no rest for the incessant babblers.

The majority rules here, as elsewhere. Furthermore, the majority of the girls do study. Then, why shouldn't they be given a fair chance to accomplish their daily tasks? Of course some of us study because we must, in

(Continued on Page 3)

The PERISCOPE

Published Semi-Monthly At
BEAVER COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN
JENKINTOWN, PA.

Editor

MABEL BEAVERS

Managing Editor

MARGARET E. TAYLOR

Sports Editor

DORIS DEUPREE

Music and Art Editor

ALMA ESPENSHADE

Literary Editor

MARY WELKER

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FIVE CENTS THE SINGLE COPY

Are You With Us?

As we near the end of the first semester, having survived the trials and tribulations as pioneer editors of a college paper, we wish to thank our friends and contributors for their support in this new enterprise.

Each issue requires careful planning. First, we decided what material we might have for Periscope; then we have to scout around and get it. When we ask someone else to write for us, and they agree, it usually requires a certain amount of follow-up to get the material on time. Then all that we have to write up ourselves! We are constantly on the lookout for news, and have to rush around and get it, wherever it is to be found. After the news is collected, it all has to be read; then it must all be type-written. Then it is taken to the printers, where it is set up in type and "galley" struck off. These galleys are then brought to the Editor-in-Chief, who picks her assistant, and the "dummy" is laid out. It must all be fitted, so that there is enough material to fill up the paper, or when we have too much, which is usually the case, we go thru a lengthy process of elimination, deciding which material can most easily lie over until some future issue, and which must be used now. Then the dummy is presented to Dr. Harris for O. K. Afterward it is printed, and turned out to you. You would be surprised at the work this

The Periscopic View

January 15, Mrs. John H. Wells, illustrated lecture on Turkey and Near East.
January 19, Basketball, Ursinus, (away).
January 23, Swimming meet, Darlington, (here).
January 29, Basketball, Moravian, (away).
January 30, Geneva, (home).
February 2, First Semester Ends.
February 3, Second Semester begins
February 4, Basketball, Cedar Crest, (here).
February 5, Annual Promenade.
February 12, Darlington (home).

all amounts to.

When Periscope was first put out, we asked you for criticisms. We still want criticisms, good, bad or otherwise, but what the Staff does resent is personal criticism of people on the staff. If you don't agree with us, or don't like an article, or do like an article, write it down and put it in the contribution box, but when remarks are broadcasted concerning persons on the staff we draw the line.

To the "Official Knocker" we wish to say that we do not appreciate anything of the sort, and for the enlightenment of those who do not understand, we are taking this space to explain to you just what's what. Getting out each issue of Periscope is no tiny job, and each member of the staff works just as hard as the other fellow, and we all do our share and then some. We do not claim to be martyrs, but we would like some appreciation.

We said we want to make this the best of school papers and from outside comment we seem to be heading for success, but when you have any comment, tell it to us, not to someone else. It's your job to help us out; so let's snap into it and quit knocking—Boost. Once more—Are you with us?

To Visit Public Ledger

Through the courtesy of the Philadelphia Public Ledger a group of students of Beaver College will be taken on a visit through the newspaper plant on Wednesday afternoon, January 20.

The trip will be conducted by the Journalism Class directed by Miss Taylor. Following the tour of this large enterprise, the group will be photographed by the staff Photographer of the Ledger.

Those wishing to take this trip sign at the social office immediately. From this list the names of the girls to make the trip will be chosen.

The train leaves Jenkintown station at 1.57. The group will return to college in time for dinner.

Bethany Temple Choir to Give Recital

The choir of the Bethany Temple, under the direction of Charles H. Martin, will give a recital in the auditorium Tuesday night, January 19. The program will consist of light numbers. Miss Carrie Livingston will be the accompanist. The Rev. Walter B. Greenway, D. D., will give a short address.

Those who attended Beechwood last year will be delighted to know that Mrs. Gertrude Cleveland Haring, reader, will be with the choir again. Everyone will remember her enjoyable readings of last year, and it is believed that there will be a popular demand for her "Baseball Story."

After the recital there will be an informal dance in the gymnasium, limited to members of the College Glee Club.

There was once a pious young priest,
Who lived almost wholly on yeast;
"For," he said, "it is plain

We must all rise again,
And I want to get started at least.

Jean Harter.

Tryouts For Reporting

There will be an opportunity for every member of the student body to tryout for reporting on the Periscope.

These reporters will be chosen by best "write-ups" of the Junior Prom to take place February 5 and all "stories" must be in the Periscope contribution box by Monday night, February 8.

The stories will be judged according to style and clearness, choice of words and interest aroused.

There will be four reporters selected. Their names will appear on the staff of the Periscope. Entries are open to all!

Take in the Prom and give us your snappiest write-up of the affair.

Good Sportsmanship

What is good sportsmanship? The winning of games? The making of teams? Indeed no! Good sportsmanship is best described alphabetically, so I have endeavored to make an alphabet for each of us to go by in playing this great game of life:

Ambition is to succeed.
Best that each of us has to give.

Courage to face defeats whether on the field or at work.

Discipline not only from the others but from yourself.

Endeavor that helps to win.

Fun the aim of each game. Enjoy life.

Goals the deciding factor we strive for.

Honor that each game calls forth.

If, that word used so often but really mistreated.

Jury of public opinion, hard on the slackers.

Kindness toward weaker opponents.

Love of good playing and for the game itself.

Many are the number who play and each has his chance.

News that travels so fast; keep it clean.

Opinions we have; let them be fair.
Plans that must be made.

Questions that must be answered; let them be honest.

Reasons innumerable of playing the game square.

Spice that makes the game fast.

Truth the best guiding light.

Umpire is our conscience; heed well its twinges.

Victory we strive for and hope to attain.

Worth, of which each one possesses at least a wee bit.

X the unknown that makes us play on.

Youth, that glorious time when we're leaders of life.

Zenith of happiness, being true to all men.

And so in ending, I will add just a few lines from a poem that seems to sum it all up:

"Play up, my boy,

Play up and play the game."

D. W. S.

Back Stage

Have you not often wondered, as you watch characters perform on the stage, just what kind of people they themselves are, and just what sort of lives these people lead, off the stage? The beautiful prima donna with her fascinating eyes, her charming personality, her pleasing smile, and her melodious voice that stirs you to the depths of your soul—have you not had an ardent desire to know her personally, to hear her life history, and her present day life?

Well, I'll tell you in many cases this same prima donna off the stage is just as she appears on the stage, only much more human than one would ever suspect for such a fair damsel. She is interested in the love affair of the maid and chauffeur, enjoys a hot dog and a soda pop. In some cases this attractive lady was reared in a small town in the West, and, although having lived in this luxurious environment for a number of years, she has not forgotten the things that were pleasant and enjoyable when she was still a school girl.

One afternoon after a performance as I was driving to the hotel with Miss La Charmante through a side street I was astounded to hear her exclaim:

"My dear, this street looks exactly like the main street of my home town. Let's get out and walk and look in those store windows."

Of course I instantly agreed, and off we went, the prima donna making comment on the most ridiculous things. She was like a child. Her excitement was so intense that one would suppose her to be having the most wonderful time of her life.

The Ten Cent store seemed to fascinate her more than any other. We went in and she purchased everything from toys to cooking utensils. So you see this marvelous creature who possesses so much talent, poise and dignity, is after all just as genuine and real as we.

The comedian is often very different. You have been laughing constantly at him and think him the cleverest, funniest man you have ever heard. He has just come back stage with the most serious face, with not a word to say to anyone. And what do you suppose he does? He removes from his pocket a book of Browning's poems and reads until his next number.

Although on the stage the chorus girls perform in unison, off the stage do you think they do? No, each one has a different hobby, and each likes different things. For instance, one lights a cigarette and nonchalantly puffs away and looks as happy as a young school girl; another is embroidering a bed spread; then there is one who is deeply absorbed in conversation with the chorus men; and yet another who is crying violently because she got out of step in the last number and the manager has just told her that for her stupid act she will lose a night's salary; and there in a corner of the room is a girl gazing into the mirror, arranging her hair more effectively and putting an extra dab of rouge on her lips. She is thrilled, for in the audience she has discovered her sweetheart whom she had not the least idea of seeing.

So goes the life Back Stage. There

is always something interesting and amusing going on; even the stage hands have their little dramas of life. If you ever have an opportunity to go Back Stage be sure to take it. Its great stuff, and always different.

Doris Deupree.

Junior Class Elects

The Junior Class held a meeting to elect officers. Marguerite Soars was elected president; Emily Theis, vice president; Miriam Mervine, secretary and treasurer.

Though there are only twenty-three girls in the class, they are planning great things.

Unusual Recital to Be Given

A Costume Recital will be given Thursday evening, January 21, in the Beaver College Auditorium, by voice students portraying character songs and folk songs of Japan, Germany, Russia, France, Ireland and the American Indian. A quartette song cycle "The Little Sunbonnet," will be sung. A large audience is expected.

A Toast to Beaver

Here's to our old college days,
Here's to the girls we love,
Here's to the colors of red and gray,
Long may they wave above!
Here's to our faith in our ideals,
May we to all be true,
Here's to all that stands for good,
Old Beaver—here's to you!

Virginia Beavers.

Les Miserables

Within there was light and warmth,
Without it was night and cold;
Within there was joy and music,
Soft music that crept across the night
Even to the stone bench
Where they sat huddled.

Within beautiful ladies in soft gowns
Were swayed by men well groomed
and rich.

Without she trembled—a mere half
frock against the night.
How long since they had eaten?
Hours before she had shared with him
A few wafers
And the dregs of a strong cup.

The call of insect life by night
And then drear silence reigned.
At last she stirred—rose to full height
Pushed his arm from her shoulder,
coughing,
"Come on in, this must be the last
dance."

—The Gargoyle.

Something Permanent About It

"Why," said one girl to another—
"why on earth do they call it a permanent wave?"

"Because," said the other girl, "once you've started waving it you have to keep on and keep on waving it permanently." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dear Old Lady—How do you like school, my little man?

The Little Man—I like it closed, lady.—Passing Show.

Silence in Library

(Continued from Page 1)

order to keep up with the work in our various classes. Others study, e'en though they loathe the very thought. Still others study because they have a great desire to do something worthwhile.

This very minute I sit here, books to the right of me, books to the left of me. Yes, I must study. Several brave attempts have I made, but in vain. I am not exceptionally brilliant, nor can I concentrate with ease, so I am at sea. Yet the work must be accomplished, or zeros will haunt me while I slumber. Close by sits a fair-haired maiden. In the background are scattered numerous other feminine creatures. At intervals a loud buzzing is heard. The busy bees are making sundry articles; one, a gingham dog; another, a fluffy, lacy, pink pillow; another a linen towel. They feel that they must exchange ideas as well as numerous bits of gossip! I am simply the old drone, with much to do, but no ambition. Suddenly I realize that time is flying; that I must get to work. Again my attempts prove futile, for who can study while from below, sounds issue forth in the most guttural of tones, bringing with them the most agonizing of discords? Yes, someone is practicing lesson number three on the organ; first one wherein she uses hands and feet together. Just then a giggle is heard, whereupon the proctor arises, pushes her chair aside with a bang, and commands silence. Otherwise will she call Elinor Lyne for assistance. Whereupon silence reigns supreme for a time. It seems that these talkative, bothersome sisters of ours delight in keeping the proctors alert, up and doing at all times. Likewise do they enjoy preventing the brighter girls from studying. Indeed is life made miserable for everyone in general because none of us like to allow the day's news to escape our ears; nor do we like to study while others are making merry.

It has reached the state where there must be quiet. If each and every girl does her part by working with a good will for Beaver, our goal—a peaceful library wherein to come with all trouble—can be reached. Co-operation between the girls and proctors is a necessity. Then must come the realization that college is a place of learning, and that our library is a source of gaining this knowledge.

Of course, if you wish to, we can have silence, simply by keeping the library closed. Shall we consider that?

Emily Theis.

Some people evidently have not heeded Periscope articles—viz., one published recently on "Manners and Courtesy"—considering the excess noise made during a recent recital.

A complete file of the issues of the Periscope are kept in the College Library for reference at any time.

The truck's granddad is the "One Hoss Shay,"

The kite and airplane are kin—

And the swift Pierce A—and the Hankkoopay,

Are brothers under the tin.

Phi Eds

The Phi Eds got going strong with their initiation party to the freshmen. The party was in the form of a dinner given in the small dining room and the freshmen were made to appear as undignified as possible and much amusement was derived from their discomfiture. The freshmen initiated were Thelma Ryder, Virginia Schoeffer, Hazel Guebb, Elinor Krips, Natalie Franz, Mary Sherwin, Nancy Cook, Marguerite Paul and Susan Morrow. The three absentees, Pete Ried, Marguerite Dunn and Catherine Sheets were taken care of later. A good dinner was had by all and during the dinner jokes were told and several of those good voices were asked to sing. Miss Seguire and Miss Hedrich were present and added to the jollity of the party.

The freshmen gave a return party to the upper classmen the Monday before vacation which was as thoroughly enjoyed as the first. The freshmen derived great amusement from requesting the seniors to come off their dignity and perform. A few recitations were given and some dancing was exhibited by Misses Seguire, Everhart and Studwell. A very charming solo was rendered by Miss Seguire.

On Thursday night after our return a Welcome Party was given Miss Walton, new head of the department.

NEVER, NEVER NEWS AT REASER HOUSE

Mrs. Reaser without the dog.

"Windy" Pieper with something to say.

"Lil" Allis not painting.

"Binny" Baum not eating.

"Polly" Hill without a date.

"Jean" Schipper without a pill.

"Girt" Clarke not studying for Miss Lane.

Ann Kutcher not keeping track of her toothpaste.

"Buddy" Lotte in her own bed.

"Charlie" Tonis not reciting.

"Betty" Matthews not giggling.

Grace Merritt taking gym.

Southern Girls Organize

Thirty girls of Beaver College from below the Mason-Dixon line had a meeting a few weeks ago and organized calling themselves "The Southern Club of Beaver College." Jessica Trussel was elected president, Kathleen Riddle vice president and Frances Gilkey treasurer and reporter.

The girls expect to stage some good old Southern parties soon.

Beaver College

B eaver's spirit!
E ach one faithful.
A lways ahead.
V aliant teamwork.
E ver alert.
R enowned for superiority.
C onquerors always.
O nward forever.
L ove for our school.
L oyalty supreme.
E agerly advancing.
G allant red and grey.
E clipping all.

Virginia Harman.

Alumnae Notes

Word is still coming to us from our former classmates. Many are following the teaching profession and many are joining the married ranks. Several being even "Old Married People."

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Dodds are proud parents of David "Buddy" Dodds, born last spring. Mrs. Dodds will be remembered as Pauline Bussard, '24.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Campbell (nee Viola Fox, '23), of Beaver, Pa., are also proud parents of a seven pound boy.

Laura Henly, '25, is teaching history in the Austin High School, Austin, Pa. Isabel Zehner, '25, is assistant orchestra instructress in the New Castle High School, New Castle, Pa.

Sara Brown, '25, is teaching in Reynoldsville High School, Reynoldsville, Pa.

Ethel Schmidt, '25, is attending the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

Helen Bradshaw, '25, now Mrs. Waldo Tipper, is living in Meadville, Pa.

Katherine Conley, '25, of Ellsworth Falls, Maine, is teaching in the Princeton High School, Princeton, Pa.

Elizabeth Laughlin, '25, of Shippingport, is teaching art in the Beaver schools.

Frances Magee, '25, is teaching music at Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Mildred Darby, '25, of Woodlawn, Pa., has a class in expression there.

Aileen Smith, '23, is teaching physical education in the public schools in Norfolk, Virginia.

Alta Smith, '23, was married to Jack Williams in October, 1923.

Lucille King, '23, has begun her third year as dietitian in Allentown Hospital.

Evelyn Freeman, known to many as "Dink" has announced her engagement in the Grand Rapids papers and expects to be married in the spring.

Book Review

"LOVE"

An entirely possible and probable novel in this era of face-lifting and monkey-gland rejuvenation. Delightfully written by a very well-known author, "Elizabeth," who also wrote "Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

What woman of forty-six, who had a daughter married to an elderly minister, wouldn't snatch at the last vestige of her youth? Catherine Cumfirt did. A rash, impetuous, red-haired, twenty-five-year-old boy adored her, so of course she married him and realized later that it was a great mistake.

The author seems to be pleading her cause. Age makes no difference to love. Love is omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent.

After many trying circumstances the twenty-five-year-old hero and the forty-six-year-old heroine, incidentally a grandmother, decide "to take care of each other."

A truly delightful book if one cares for "Elizabeth."

—Sarah K. Heywood.

There was an old man with a beard,
Who said, "It is just as I feared!—

Two owls and a hen,
Four larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard.

Jean Harter.

Save Your Money

"A fool and his money are soon parted, so take care! Spend wisely."

This was father's parting advice. And how those very same words have haunted me day and night, for the past forty-eight hours! How futile all advice is now, for have I not been reduced from a moderately-circumstanced damsel to a poverty-stricken one, whose conscience refuses to give her one moment's peace? I am in the depths of despondency, because I realize that this money has been spent most foolishly, but oh! 'tis too late to be remorseful!

I know that I have not done the right thing. Why should I, a helpless bit of humanity, incapable of earning my living, even think of squandering my allowance in any but a beneficial way? Yet, my money has vanished. What benefits have I reaped? Not any. I have simply satisfied my own selfish desire, which was to have sticky cinnamon buns, candy, sandwiches of all descriptions and coca-cola at my command.

Nor did I alone have this great desire! A fair-haired roommate proved a willing and able-bodied companion, much to my sorrow. Each day did we stalk down to Wyncote or up to Jenkintown, simply because we had to have one or more of the luscious goodies mentioned. Instead of buying with a thought for the morrow, we had just bought, and bought, and bought, most recklessly. Then did we scurry home and to our room, wherein we utterly devoured this same food. Gradually have our allowances disappeared, until we have reached the last stage—that of extreme poverty. However we have taught ourselves this one lesson, "Eat to live, not live to eat."

Now what else do you suppose has happened to us all too unhappy creatures? Each one has gained ten pounds!

Emilie Theis.

Sharp Points

In the Palace of Delight there are no clocks.

You should never ask people not to tell—it puts the idea into their heads.

A good woman is not necessarily wise, but a wise woman is necessarily good.

When women speak of love—how they love to speak.

Earth has no sorrows that flattery cannot heal.

When woman won't take time, time will take the woman.

The girl who thinks no man is good enough for her, may often be right, but she is more often left.

No man can be gallant enough to the mother of a pretty girl.

It is better to make mistakes, than not to live at all.

To shine never gives offense—unless you scintillate at the expense of your friends.

There are two kinds of women—the experimenting and the experienced.

The automobile constantly is reducing the number of pedestrians.—

Secrets are hardest to keep when no one knows you have them.

Suite Talk

Christmas has come and gone, we have now resumed our studies and are now ready to start the new year off with hard work, and try our best to accomplish much and make this our very best year. Here's hoping that 1926 will be the most successful, prosperous and happiest year of our young lives.

Most everyone went home for Christmas and of course they were overjoyed to see their families. From the looks of the new jewelry, clothes and what-not, Santa Claus certainly treated us all well.

Several girls did not go home but visited during the holidays were.

Helen Cambern visited Sally Maynard of Richmond, Va. Evidently Helen received a big rush, as she is now supporting one of the little southern boy's fraternity pins.

Lillian Richter spent the vacation with Leonora Seemore.

Eduina Calallero was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Pons of Red Bank, N. J.

Yoshi Kasai went home with Pinkie Hansell.

Doris Deupree was the guest of Louise Jenkins of "Palo," Fairfield, Conn.

Laura Ray Heins spent part of her time in New York and the rest of the time she remained here.

The student body welcomes Miss Walton, the new Phi Ed teacher, and Miss Harper, of the secretarial office. Miss Walton is a graduate of Oberlin and of the post graduate course at Harvard. She taught the Teacher's Course in Physical Education at the Bloomsburg State Normal School and was for three years Physical Instructor for Women at Bucknell.

Miss Romans of the secretarial department has resigned to take a position in a high school.

Miss Hedrick has also resigned.

Phone, Ogontz 1129

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She Covers the Police Station

(Mary Welker, member of the Journalism Class, during her vacation at Chambersburg, Pa., succeeded in securing an assignment from the local editor, the story appearing in a subsequent issue of the paper. Following is her version of her experience in covering her first story.)

"Mr. Blank, are you the Managing Editor?"

"I am", growled the man, looking suspiciously at me over his horn-rimmed specks. "What do you want?"

"Do you have any assignment I can cover?" I squeaked as I clung uneasily to the edge of a very hard chair. "You see, I'm a Journalism student at Beaver, and I was told to ask for an assignment while here."

He pushed his hat still further back till the brim rested on the back of his neck and swung around to face me.

"No, I don't believe I have. Well, let's see, maybe so. I'll call you—give me your phone number—if I can use you."

I sputtered a "thank you" and leaped for the door.

I waited—till eleven-thirty the next day, then the telephone bell rang. Boy! the ting-a-ling was from the editor himself. I flung a hat over one ear and was off on my first job.

The office might have appeared the same as the day before to the ordinary eye, but to me it was enchanted. Mr. Blank smiled and said:

"Young lady, can you write a thousand words on the new Juvenile Court room?"

"What and where is that?" I asked. "Go to the Police Station and find out," was his helpful reply.

They were cleaning house up at the Station. Dust was flying. I ducked and flew, thrilled again that my journalistic career had begun.

The Chief of Police greeted me most cordially. He too wore his hat, and he smoked. He told me the details of setting aside a room for runaway youngsters wherein they could stay until their parents or guardians were located, then he showed me through the jail. Shiverin' shakes, it was a hard boiled place! And so were his stories—all but the juvenile side, and that was full of pathos and kindness.

Afterward I labored for two hours before I had my fat envelope ready for the postman.

And Mr. Blank accepted the story and will be henceforth and forever a friend of mine.

The Jenkintown Rotary Club will be guests at luncheon at Beaver College at an early date.

Motorist: "It's preposterous, I'm an expert driver. What I know about driving would fill a book."

Policeman: "And what you don't know would fill a hospital. Name and address please."

A teacher was instructing her class in the use of antonyms. "Now, children," she said, "what is the opposite of sorrow?"

"Joy," shrieked the class in unison. "What is the opposite of pleasure?"

"Pain."
"And what is the opposite of woe?"
"Giddap."—The Outlook.

The Faculty Corner

The Curriculum Committee has been at work on the courses of study, in preparation of the catalogue for next year. This committee consists of Dr. Harris, Dean Ryder, and Dr. Thomas.

Dean Ryder has been confined to his bed with an attack of quinsy and has been unable to meet his classes.

Dr. Martin has returned to the college, having undergone an operation for the removal of his tonsils during the holidays.

The Faculty Bridge Club will meet this Friday, January 15, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Wallace.

Rev. Francis Palmer of Grace Presbyterian church, Jenkintown, preached on Sunday night at the college chapel. Dr. Harris of the college occupied Mr. Palmer's pulpit on that evening.

Mlle. Wallon spent Thursday of this week in New York City.

Sympathy is extended to Dr. Thomas in the loss of his sister by death during the holidays.

Miss Reed is still at her home in Erie, where her mother is critically ill, having suffered a stroke.

Mr. Wallace and Dr. Reaser have been enjoying a gunning trip, shooting ducks on Chesapeake Bay.

Dr. Harris will deliver an address at the annual meeting of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, to be held on Monday, January 18.

Book Reviews

"THE FRIENDLY ROAD"

David Grayson gives a philosophy of life in his book, by relating his experiences among the people with whom he came in contact, along his journey on the "friendly road."

The preface of the book tells the author's purpose and explains how the title was finally fixed after much consideration of other titles.

The book deals with the wanderings of the author during a certain two or three weeks when he leaves his farm and journeys along the open road. It tells of his experiences, and how people confide in him, telling of their lives and troubles. He meets all kinds of people from the very poor in worldly goods to the very rich, and the beggar who at times travels with him until he steals his possessions and flees. All during his walks he encourages people along the pathway of life, and makes new friends everywhere. On his return home, he ponders and comes to the conclusion that it is a good plan to get away and to see what other people are doing and how they are living.

—Ruth E. Hall.

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