

CAMPUS CRIER

Published Bi-Weekly by the Students of Beaver College

Vol. 4

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1929

No. 12

Tennis Tied

In spite of the windy and winterish weather a number of girls turned out for Varsity tennis practice on Monday.

Mildred Shafer, Sally Fox, Betty Mathews, Ginny Rose, Mildred Schwartz, Tommy Thomas, and Betty Welles tried out under the direction of Nance Cooke. Cooke, Schwartz, Thomas and Welles were chosen to play in the first game of the season against Ursinus on Thursday.

The Ursinus game, which resulted in a tie, 2-2, both sides winning one match of singles and one of doubles, was well attended. Beaver was cheered on from the back and side windows and all the fire escapes of the old dorm.

Nance Cooke was by far the most outstanding player of the day (her serve is really wicked) although Ursinus was well represented by Lois Strickler who was defeated by Nance in the first singles. Lois was so lucky in getting net balls over that some of her rooters accused her of concealing a horseshoe.

The next two games on the schedule are: William and Mary on Monday at Beaver and Moravian on Thursday at Moravian.

The score for last Thursday's game was as follows:

- 1st Singles—Beaver 6-2, 6-3.
- 2nd Singles—Ursinus 6-4, 6-3.
- 1st Doubles—Ursinus 6-2, 6-0.
- 2nd Doubles—Beaver 6-0, 6-3.

Pentathlon Minstrel

The Pentathlon Minstrel Show was held on Friday night, April 26, in the auditorium.

A large number of Beaver students turned out, seeing and hearing a real old-fashioned minstrel show, with end-men, an interlocutor, and one of the best looking choruses that has been seen in this neighborhood for many years. The audience was kept in a perfect gale of laughter by the witty remarks of the end men. It derived a great deal of real pleasure from the singing of the chorus and the special numbers.

After the minstrel show was over, Virginia Rose and Mildred Shafer put on a clever skit, showing how to make money by division and how to interest a bored, blase group of college women in the sale of a patent razor and potato peeler. The density of Slewfoot Johnson and the perspicacity of Hoss-face in selling out the valueless rights to the Patent Razor Corporation of America and Western Pennsylvania provided some very good entertainment.

Doughnuts and ice-cream were sold in the gymnasium after the entertainment, and there ensued the usual dancing. Altogether everyone enjoyed everything.

May Day Fete and Pageant

Friday is the day of the May Day Festival, sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. of Beaver College, which will mark the formal opening of Grey Towers, Glenside, as a part of the College, as well as being in itself one of the biggest events of the year.

As Grey Towers is early English in architecture, being in fact a replica of Alnwick Castle, England, it is quite fitting that an old English May fete be the first college event to take place on its stately lawns. The costumes and spirit of the affair are in keeping with the Castle itself, and the somber grey towers from which it takes its name should prove an ideal background for the colorful procession of the May Queen's Court.

The approach of the Queen is announced by three heralds on horseback, with trumpet and spears, who ride in advance to clear the way for Her Majesty. They are Irene Reid, Josephine Replogle and Virginia Henry. Following them come the long train of attendants to the Queen, in flowing medieval gowns, walking two by two. These twenty-eight girls, chosen from the most attractive in the college, are: Augusta Robinson, Ruth Bender, Catherine Hart, Jeanette Stuart, Marion Wasley, Ger-

trude Clark, Gertrude Schwentker, Betty Ann Evans, Adeline Dickey, Betty Welles, Anne Brown, Katherine Weaver, Betty Pierpont, Frances Ballard, Ireta Watson, Charlotte Puff, Arlyne Sharping, Phyllis Losee, Isabella Winter, Hazel Whelan, Laura Belle Kaylor, Filomena Console, Dorothy Robinson, Jean Richardson, Marion Wells, Alyce Shepherd, Gertrude Jones and Betty Matthews. After them come the flower girls, Helen Kent, Jeanette Plumer, Dorothy Stover and Ruth Household, who strew the path of the Ruler of the day with spring flowers. Dorothea Wuchter, the sceptre-bearer comes next, followed by Winona Burtch, bearing the crown, Helen Wenger, the Maid of Honor, appears, then—at last—the Queen, Carolyn Mulholland, in white and silver robes. Her long glittering train is supported by two little pages, Margaret Diack and Ruth Richardson. The procession is ended by the Guard of Honor, Margaret Parry and Marcia Williams. Not the least important is the Jester, Loma Mulholland, who adds a touch of comedy, lest Queen and Court become too dignified.

Once Her Majesty is seated on

(Continued on Page 4)

A Night in Bohemia

The date of the Night in Bohemia, the annual Fellowship entertainment in the studio, has been announced for Friday evening, May 24, and "bigger and better things" are planned. Janet Ellor is head of the committee of decorations. Janet Muir of entertainment and Eleanor Welles of the all-important "eats". With such capable girls in charge, and the increased size of the studio, surely this year's "Night in Bohemia" should even surpass the former memorable ones.

The winners of the charcoal drawing competition will be announced on May 9. The two prize drawings will be sent in to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, and entered in a competition there. The entire faculty of the Art department vote on them, and, as the various teachers arrive on different days, this election takes a week—a week of suspense for the budding artists. Meanwhile, anyone wishing to come to the studio and form their own opinion of which of the rows of charcoal studies lining the wall is most meritorius, is welcome.

Our Castle

Work on Grey Towers is progressing rapidly, according to Dr. Greenway, and the contractors have guaranteed that the Chapel will be completed for Commencement in June. The plaster is already on and Dr. Greenway has just purchased eight-hundred and fifty opera chairs and a new pulpit set, so things look pretty bright.

You may be interested to know that the students may now go over all of the property with the exception of the Castle itself. Take a stroll over sometime and get that feeling of pride when you view YOUR school.

Board Party

Three carloads of boardmembers both the old and the new, went to the Wayside Inn near Hatboro on Wednesday night, May 1. Mrs. Zurbuchen was a guest of the Board. After dancing and refreshments, the party went to the Keswick theatre.



The May Day Setting

Imagine yourself transplanted back in ye old days in ye Merrie England—at ye May Day in ye castle grounds—and you will have your setting for the May Day at Beaver College.

There'll be a long winding driveway, carefully guarded by a caretaker with an Irish terrier (in case some wayward tribe might get ram-bunctious and try to tear up the beautiful flowers and shrubs which surround ye castle. There'll be a miniature pool with snowy white ducks floating lazily along on the calm, drowsy water or flicking an eye-brow at you from the depths of a tiny pagoda far out from shore. There'll be a steam dirt-filing aimlessly across the grounds until it finally strikes out under a

(Continued on Page 4)

Debating

The Beaver College Negative Debating Team travelled to Albright last Thursday, April 25, and engaged the Albright affirmative in a heated battle of words. The negative team lost the fray with a decision of 2-1. The team made an excellent showing, and with a little practice, bids fair to becoming a really able debating team.

The speakers for the negative were Margaret Hall, Eleanor Shafer and Dorothy Adams, in the order of their speeches.

Another debate is being scheduled between Washington College and Beaver, and hope is held out for more favorable verdicts than have been rendered at the last two arguments.

Calendar

- May 10—May Day at Grey Towers. Reception and dance
- May 16 — Concert — Miss Whelan and Miss Codner
- May 17—New York-New Jersey Club
- May 18—Alumnae Day
- May 22—A. A. Banquet
- May 24—Art Fellowship. A Night in Bohemia
- June 1—Dedication at Grey Towers
- June 2—Baccalaureate Sunday
- June 3—Class Day
- June 4—Senior Dance
- Commencement June 5



Campus Crier

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Sport Issue

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1929

The Origin of Mayday

May day is really a continuance of former ancient pagan ceremonies. The belief is that it was first celebrated by rites offered to the Roman goddess Maia who was the goddess of fertility. The main feature of this was ritual marriage which was enacted by a man representing the human race and woman, dressed to represent the goddess, Maia. After the wedding there were songs and dances.

Later, it is known that the Roman goddess Floralia was worshipped. This started on April twenty-eighth, 241 B. C. because of a bad harvest. She was also a goddess of fertility. There was much feasting, everyone wore gay costumes; and generally, there were dramatic performances.

After a time it became more or less of an amorous ceremony. The young Romans would go on an expedition into the woods, bring home bushes, and plant them in front of their sweethearts' homes to honor them.

In Germany (the custom is no longer in existence) the young men of a village would go into the woods, and bring home the straightest and tallest tree available, strip it, and plant it in the public green. After decorating it with ribbands and garlands, they would paint it with brilliant colored stripes. It, then, became the center of amorous dances and games. It was called 'the May' or Maypole.

In England, it was the custom to start early in the morning to the forests and to return with flowering bows. Then there would be masked dances and games round the pole. It is supposed to show joy at the creative impulses felt in the Spring.

In smaller villages, they still dance the May dance which is represented in different ways. There is a Milkmaid dance. And also a dance around the Maypole by characters representing Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Little John, Tom the Piper, the Hobby Horse, and the Lord and Lady of May.



The Pessimist Discusses May Day

All this fuss about May Day is just a lot of tosh. A bunch of dizzy gazelles think they're having a wonderful time cutting up antics around a skinny pole that even a barber wouldn't use. Wasn't it a poet who said that in the spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love—or something like that? Well, no poet ever had any sense, anyway. Love and spring fever are the same thing—a good excuse to get out of doing something unpleasant.

Now, take this May Day thing you're going to have over at the Castle—it'll probably rain all day and everybody will get wet feet and the sniffles. And if it doesn't rain, what good will it do you? You'll watch some people play-acting, and play-actors always were crazy. And you'll walk around the grounds with your "dates" and gaze mooningly into their eyes and think you're in love. Most likely some poor fish will fall into the duck pond, too. But as for this love business, there's no such animal. The sign of true love in a woman is that she lets you spill cigar ashes on the rug and likes it. And they don't make any women like that—I know, because I've married four of them.

YALE MAN WINS DRAMA PRIZE

Leo Bryan Pride, Yale University, has been adjudged the winner of the \$1,000 prize in the college drama contest sponsored by the Graham-Paige Legion, an honorary organization of employees of the motor car company. Pride, who resides at 195 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, completed his course at Yale last June.

Grover A. Whalen, police commissioner of New York City; Zoe Akins, one of America's best known dramatic writers; and Norman-Bel-Geddes, the noted artist and designer, were the judges of the contest, which sought to obtain the best dramatization of the spirit of the Legion, and its ideals of honor, integrity and unity of purpose. There were 67 entrants from colleges in America and Europe, and the manuscripts submitted included plays, sketches, pageants, and nearly all other forms of dramatic expression.

As Woman to Woman

The Artist's Criticism of a Too-Clever Etching May Be Applied Usefully to the Development of Pleasing Personality

The artist was criticizing an etching.

To the rest of us, who knew only as much as other average people, it looked like a perfectly good etching.

And the artist thought it was good too.

But he made one big criticism which surprised us.

"It's a good etching," he said, "but it's too darn clever!"

But then he explained what he meant.

The etcher had resorted to tricks for effects.

Instead of putting down what he saw, simply and sincerely, he had suggested this, emphasized that, faded out the other thing, until his finished piece of work was artificial.

It was too artistic.

And the artist laughed a resounding laugh as he completed his explanation. "Why, if that etching was a girl," he said, "you'd be afraid of her!"

Cleverness is a dangerous asset. Just the least little bit too much and it is harmful.

Just the least little bit too little and it is futile.

You have to have just exactly the right amount.

But it will do if you have enough to know just exactly how much to seem to have.

A girl as obviously clever as that etching seemed to the artist might fool a great many people.

But a great many others would be wise enough to see those signs of cleverness and walk carefully.

The truly clever girl is careful not to look clever.

But that's hard to do, too.

It's hard for the person who is smart, and knows it, to gauge the right amount of amiable stupidity to assume.

And it's just as hard to assume the opposite—if it doesn't come naturally.

The safest thing to do about cleverness is to forget it and be just as the artist wanted that etching to be—honest, simple and sincere.

Not tricked up in fancy manners, or decked with artificial looks, or faded out in one respect, overemphasized in another.

Just as you are.

Then if you have any natural cleverness it will show. If you haven't it won't make so much difference.

Whatever impression you make—and after all what we all strive for is to make a pleasing impression upon other people, whether we know them or like them or not—nobody will be able to put you down as unpleasantly artificial, or "too darn clever."

Nobody will be worried for fear you are not what you seem to be.

There's a sort of warmth about sincerity that draws people more

We Nominate For Our Hall of Fame

Margaret Parry, because she is president of the Y. W. C. A. and has had the chief work and responsibility of May Day on her shoulders. Because she is secretary of the Glee Club. Because she has a beautiful voice and often sings in chapel. Because she also sings in minstrel shows and glee club concerts. Because she's a hard worker and a good friend.

THE SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS OF 1929

Because Miss Winona Wave Burtch is President of the Class

Because "Winnie" represents the Class in starting traditions for the Senior Classes to come.

Because Miss Elizabeth Ellen Matthews is Vice-President of the Class

Because "Betty" represents the publicity for the Class (and is author of this article!)

Because Miss Catherine Virginia Hart is Secretary of the Class.

Because "Kay" represents organizing ability for the Class

Because Miss Edith Mae Darby is Treasurer of the Class

Because "Dibbs" represents enthusiasm and spirit for the Class

Because these girls represent the finest Class ever graduated from Beaver College

And, lastly, because they head the ANNIVERSARY CLASS of Beaver—that is, the first Class to attend Beaver College for four years since its removal to Jenkintown.

than any clever effort at making friends or at being attractive.

Perhaps one reason why simplicity and sincerity are so pleasing is that, having made it impossible to fall back upon as a support, they make it necessary to develop everything worth while and interesting that can be found in one's nature.

They create a personality where one did not exist before.

Like the etching that is honest and free from cleverness, this made personality depends upon the intrinsic value of the qualities which have brought it into existence for its charm.

And gains infinitely by that very dependence.

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The Bethany Temple Presbyterian Church choir of Philadelphia, presented a concert in the Beaver College auditorium on April 29.

The choir is conducted by Charles H. Martin, who so capably directed the Beaver College Glee Club. The program presented a pleasing variety. The opening number was a piano and organ selection by Margaret Dietrich, Helen McClellan and Edna May Allen of Beaver. The readings by Gertrude Cleveland Haring were well received as were the vocal solos by George Shaffter. The audience expressed its appreciation by the attentiveness and hearty applause it accorded the choir.

Gertrude Marie Schwenker, soprano, accompanied at the piano by Helen Williams, gave a song recital on May 2 in auditorium. Miss Schwenker possesses a charming and most flexible voice. Her selections brought out both its sweetness and power. On all sides were heard expressions of admiration for the singing of this artist.

Miss Helen Campbell Williams, pianist, and Miss Isabella Byrer Collins, reader, gave a recital in the auditorium on Wednesday evening, May 8.

Miss Hazel Whelan, graduating piano student will give a recital in the auditorium on Thursday evening, May 16. She will be assisted on the program by Miss Marion Codner, soprano.

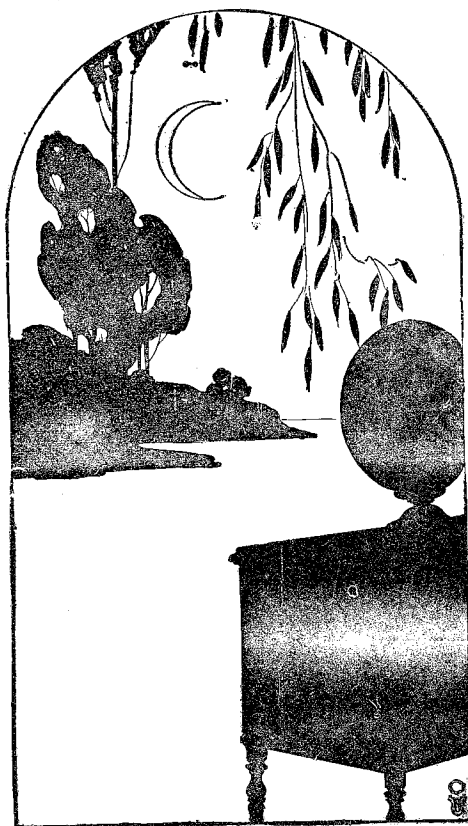
The Little Sermon

DEAR students perhaps you are tired of old Peter Knox, perhaps it's SPRING and you'd RATHER fall in love THAN take advice. I don't BLAME you, perhaps this old Peter is TIRED of himself, perhaps he is in love I can't figure out, but LOVE or NOT the MAIN thing is we've got to PUSH on PETER must write YOU must study don't let OLD MAN SUN make HAY out of you.

By the way—the EDITOR asked me to write about MAY DAY but my pencil strayed and almost talked of LOVE and LIFE. I'd just like to say in my HUMBLE way that MAY DAY will be BEAUTIFUL at GREY TOWERS. Funny, black WORDS wouldn't do justice to the QUEEN and her COURT.

remember—KIDDIES PUSH ON; THAT is LIFE.

I thank you
Peter Knox.



FRIDAY NIGHT

Lost and Found

Lost—A silver earring. Please return to the Social Office of the New Building.

Lost—a black fountain pen. Finder please return to 32 annex.

Lost—A football with C. G. Stetson. Please return to 211, New Building.

Lost—A small pearl ring. Return to the Social Office of the New Building.

Lost—A pair of grey suede gloves. Return to the Social Office of the Old Building.

A number of things have been found and turned in to the social offices. It is getting near to the end of the year. Please claim your articles.

It has been a custom at Princeton since 1904 to pick men at graduation who seem to the class "the most likely to succeed." A recent survey has shown that this honor augurs well for the receiver for practically every Princeton man to receive it has "made good."

The local authority on early rising is the milkman. By happy chance, we are at the end of his route, so that I may enjoy matutinal moments of his peripatetic philosophy. I am pleased to report that this experienced authority has no real love for early rising. He does not get up to greet any rosy-fingered morn nor to bathe his freckles in the glistening dew. He gets up because the cow insists on it. A cow likes to get her day's work done before breakfast and spend the rest of the day in contemplation of the cosmic urge, and no amount of civilization seems to teach her consideration for her unfortunate personal attendants. Therefore at the time when I am girding myself for another day, the milkman is already sitting down for a quiet evening. He has, of course, his moments of reckless dissipation, when he stays up as late as 9 o'clock, and is consequently haggard and worn the next morning, and on his rare vacations he is positively profligate and lies abed until 7. But normally he is at the beck and call of the cow.

PUBLIC OPINION

Last fall it was announced that archery would be taught at Beaver, whereupon girlish enthusiasm was aroused and we each lavishly ordered \$12 worth of Dan Cupid's equipment. Then we waited and waited, but by the time the bows and arrows finally arrived about two weeks remained of the archery season. So we packed the nice new bows in moth balls to wait for spring. And at last in the due course of time spring rolled around all green and pink and slightly damp, but do you know what? Archery isn't going to be given anymore. Is that nice? We have our hand bows and arrows which we don't even know how to use. We couldn't make a bull's eye if we had to. The only thing left to do is join the Camp Fire Girls, cruel fate of fates. But seriously speaking, since we have the archery equipment, let's have archery.

A HINT

Wouldn't it be nice if the girls from the outside houses were given a little more recognition when elections are being held, committees chosen, etc? We know we're apart from the swim but is that wholly our fault? Wouldn't it be nice if some of the upper classmen would look up the new girls in the outside houses and see that they were given a chance to meet the girls in the main dormitories? After all, Beaver is one big school and we're all a part of it. Perhaps if more students were acquainted cooperation would be easier.

Club Clippings

To the New England club went the honor of entertaining for the first time the members of the new Student Board, and, for the last time, the members of the old Board. They chose an informal dinner, on April 25, immediately followed by a reception as their greeting to the new organization. Pink rose-buds and informality insured the success of the dinner as nothing else could have done.

Dottie Reheard, president of the Pennsylvania club, hints that it is highly probable that the annual coffee-hour will be given by that club some time after May day. This sounds mighty good and we hope that this isn't just a rumor.

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May Flowers for May

Not all of us can claim the "May-flower" as our ancestors' rowboat, but the majority of us can claim May Flower as one of our favorites and everyone of us who hails from Maine can claim it is their very own state flower. The south calls it by the inelegant term of "Ground Laurel", but the north calls it "Trailing Arbutus" and no Mayday is complete without its delicate clusters of rosecolored and white blossoms.

Just to walk into the woods on a spring day and catch the unreal sweetness that comes from it, is compensation enough to make one forget all about his uncomfortably wet feet and the long, tired tramp home. For Arbutus were made just to make all the world forget everything but the utter gloriousness of springtime, and catch its breath in wonder at the eternalness of it all.

THE MAY DAY SETTING

(Continued from Page 1)

concrete bridge and falls rippingly into the lake. You will wander in and out among whole forests of sturdy trees—all sizes, shapes, and descriptions. Near the lodge you will discover a grove of cool fir trees and perhaps you will stop to refresh yourself at the curbed well near by.

No doubt you will be impressed by the great fields, which, if you were still of the Twentieth Century instead of the Seventeenth, you would agree were ideal for tennis, hockey, golf, or any other of the popular sports. If you were not expected to be a dignified, very-much out of the picture lady of the times, you might imagine a winter night with a huge orange moon and lots of snow piled up on the hill along side of the property—of sleds coasting down and being dragged up again by gaily dressed Youth.

And, as you turned to leave with a thoughtful expression on your face—for nature is wonderful, isn't it?—you would be sure to swing on the iron chain which should be stretched across one of the openings in the high stone wall surrounding the castle—and then trudge on down the highway to places less grand.

Early rising, as a rule, involves going early to bed, which is a lost art. One goes to bed because one has nowhere else to go. The old proverb has been revised to suit the times. "Early to bed and early to rise, and you won't meet any prominent people." The evening hours are no longer chilled by the cold of night and lit alone by candle light; they are warm, friendly and illuminated. The days are rarely long enough, so some hours may profitably be stolen from the night, and the cares that infest the day give place to the preferred stock of human happiness. The rooster, it is true, goes to rest at dusk so that he may be ready and able to crow his head off at the dawn, but no one can prove that the result is worth the sacrifice.

May: The prof asked me who Jupiter's wife was.

Bell: Juno.

May: No, but I thought I did.

MAY DAY

(Continued from Page 1)

her throne, and crowned amid the rejoicing of her subjects, the May Pole dances begin and the ribbons are twined around it in the time-honored way. The villagers taking part in these dances are: Ruth Helm, Sarah Nagle, Amy Swain, Katherine McLanahan, Joan Boose, Jean Swartz, Lucy DeForest, Dorothy Knight, Isabel Soper, Mildred Lanzara, Virginia Rose, Alice Rutledge, Cathleen Fowler, Charlotte Boutcher, Eloise Page, Frances Layman, Margaret Bitterman, Pauline Leopold, Thelma Thomas, Elinor Good, Helen Traubman, Alice Gray, Mary Mytton, Jane Barr, Mildred Hayes, Millicent Underhill, Virginia Stockwell, Winifred Tracy, Dorothy Adams, Mildred Hargadine, Lorena Rogers, Betty Harris, Doris Woolridge, Mary Patterson, Marian Wolf, Harriet Thompson, Mabelle Stanton, Edith Darby, Pauline Lewis, Mary Elizabeth McCormick, Arlyne Johnson, Louise Beaman, Elinor Rice, Dorothy Brown, Lottie Malone, Grace Drum and Margaret Detrick.

After the dances are over, a selection from Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" is given before the Court, by the Expression Department. The part of Titania is taken by Lois Whitehouse; that of Oberon, by Dorothy Campbell; Lysander, Alice Wagner; Demetrius, Alice Gilmore; Hermia, Gladys Wallgren; Helena, Virginia Young; Bottom the Weaver, Betty Davenport; Quince, Grayce McConnell; Snout, Claude Read; Puck, Bessie Teplitz; Peas Blossom, Isabel Soper; Cobweb, Virginia Rose; Moth, Mildred Lanzara; Mustard Seed, Norma Lanzara. A band of Fairies also dance before the Queen, led by Mildred Shafer, and including Alice Rutledge, Cathleen Fowler, Charlotte Boutcher, Eloise Page, Frances Layman, Margaret Bitterman, Pauline Leopold, Thelma Thomas, Elinor Good, Helen Traubman, Helen Brown, Alice Gray and Mary Mytton. And the six pages who have acted as ushers and helped the audience to find places all this time should not be forgotten; they are Dorothy Dean, Dorothy Reheard, Regina Larson, Ethel Bell, Frances Brown and Marion Codner.

May Day itself ends the return of the Court to the Castle, but that isn't all. The Spring Dance will take place in the ballroom of the Castle the evening of the same day commemorating the opening of the addition to the College, and finishing a memorable day in the annals of the students, to say nothing of the faculty and guests. Guests at the dance will be by card only.



Court Scene

Monday, April 22.—(Special to the Crier)—City Hall was invaded today, not by an army but by a flock of budding journalists armed only with powder puffs and one or two stray pencils. Twelve students and two instructors, all from Beaver College, Jenkintown, marched, bravely into City Hall and then threw themselves on the mercy of a guide. The guide being kind-hearted consented to escort them to the very feet of "Billy" Penn where, at a breathtaking rate he pulled the usual line: "on our right we have"—etc.; "while to our left you see"—etc. It was cold and windy, however, so the girls decided that they would rather go down below where it was nice and warm and where they could see the stunning lawyers.

Their entrance into the courtroom served only to disturb the assorted jurors who were all comfy and noisily enjoying their afternoon siesta. The case being tried involved a foreigner who was accused of setting fire to his own property in order to collect the insurance. The two wise virgins who had brought pencils along assumed the proper journalistic attitude—pencil in hand, paper on the knee and ears to the front. The rest argued more or less quietly among themselves, whether the man was guilty or not. At the adjournment of court they avarmed in a body to the bar. Their efforts were rewarded when the lawyer for the defense greeted them joyfully. It was also noted that the court reporter, being a young man pleasing to look upon, had become suddenly popular and the visitors could not think up questions to ask him fast enough.

In a flurry of smiles, giggles and whatnot they left City Hall once more bleak, gray and cold assuring themselves and everyone in the vicinity that the expedition had done them a world of good.

Gems

BY Famous Men

Success or failure is caused more by mental attitude even than by mental capacities.—Walter Dillscott.

There exists no cure for a heart wounded with the sword of separation.—Hitopadesa

A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which one is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.—Henry Ward Beecher

Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do to-day.—Franklin

God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens, and to look upward to the stars.—Ovid

Human nature craves novelty.—Pliny

There is a chord in every heart that has a sigh in it if touched aright.—Quida

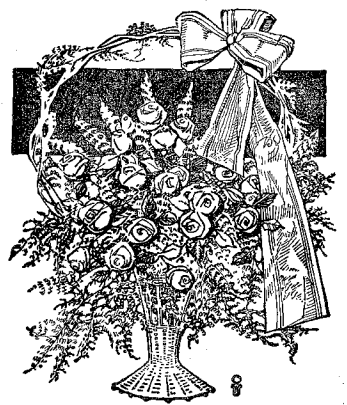
Sleep hath its own world, a boundary between the things misnamed Death and Existence.—Byron

Every man has his secret sorrows, which the world knows not; and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad.—Longfellow
He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—Shakespeare

Snobbery is the pride of those who are not sure of their position.—Berton Braley

Laws are not made for the good.—Socrates

The ladder of life is full of splinters, but they always prick the hardest when we're sliding down.—William L. Brownell



Origin of May Baskets

Did you ever fill a basket with colored bon bons and decorate it with crepe-paper garlands and leave it coyly on the doorstep of your best-beloved? And then run like the dickens? Maybe not—because after all it is the male prerogative to do the choosing, but it might have been leap year. Anyway, in merry old England and Ireland and in our own New England it is a favorite May Day custom. It is a rather sweet way of expressing those peculiar emotions usually experienced in the spring, tra la. The boy in the case fixes the basket as artistically as his aesthetic sense will permit, and leaves it dripping ribbons on the doorstep of the girl in the case. Of course, the party of the second part must be somewhere in the offing, and when she sees this tender offering, she must chase the party of the first part. And when she catches him—my DEAR, she must KISS him. So naturally she has a terrible time catching him. And everybody's happy.

The origin of this quaint custom is rather foggy—it's mixed up with an old Roman festival and St. Valentine. The Romans celebrated spring—the rebirth of all living things, by a festival in honor of Maia, goddess of fertility. One part of this celebration was a nocturnal visit to the forest, from which the men brought back boughs of trees heavily laden with blossoms, to put on the doors of their sweethearts. Some men even went so far as to bring back whole trees, although these must have been rather cumbersome and unwieldy. It was left to the Irish to think of using baskets—slightly dancier and certainly more appreciated than boughs and things. It came about in this way—St. Valentine was unjustly imprisoned, and the people who loved him brought him baskets of food. When this was no longer necessary people still kept the custom, making it a charitable one by which the poor people pruned in the spring. And after that, the baskets were filled with candy. This is the completed custom as we have it today—it's rather complicated but you may get the general idea.

Flopper—Do you love me darling?

Flapper—Why of course I do, Edward!

Flopper—Edward? My name is Arthur!

Flapper—Why so it is! I keep thinking that today is Monday!



LITERARY PAGE

The present contributors to our page have turned their attentions to writing short short stories. How do you like the idea? Respond through the Campus Crier Public Opinion Column.

Page Editor.

Brothers

It was September, 1919, and the sullen booms of the guns formed a barbaric rhythm, to which the flashing lightnings of the sky seemed to move in perfect harmony. A great drive was on, and the wounded lay on the field; enemy faced enemy and found consolation in the mere nearness of another human being; thoughts of destroying were blotted out in the awful inevitableness of being destroyed; Germans shared canteens with Englishmen, and Austrians broke their only cigarettes in two to share them with the hated "Frog." It was a time when Death's muffled tread drowned the undercurrent of hospitality and all men became brothers.

On one side of the field lay two men, alone, isolated from the rest of the wounded by a low wall that, by some miracle or other, had weathered the rain of steel and still stood sturdy and defiant.

"Water, comrade, a little water, in the name of God!" Demanded a feeble voice in agonized entreaty.

"Sure, I'll give you water. Here, I think I can still crawl a little. Coming, brother, coming."

Slowly the wounded man crept nearer the other and raised his head to give him a drink. Then he dropped the head as if it had burned him, and drew away.

"Otto, you ask me for water. I told you last year when you wouldn't join the good army and would come over here to help the Fatherland which never did nothing to help you like the United States did—I told you that no matter what happened I never would give you nothing. Water! Hmm, well I guess not. Here, I drink it myself."

"Herman, I'm your brother, and I'm dying. Just one drop. You couldn't drink it all and not give me any. Just a drop. Herman!"

"Brother! Don't speak that name to me, you Traitor! I'll drink American water if I want to and if were you I'd be too ashamed to ask for it."

"Water! Your brother, Herman!"

"Brother—Brother—well, you'll not get any water. But you're right. I'm hurt, too, and dry as dust, but I couldn't drink it and not give you any. Here it goes!"

"Herman!" and the precious drops were emptied. The greedy ground drank them up as if it, too, were wounded and parched with thirst. And so the two lay separated by only a narrow piece of ground, but miles apart in loyalty, allegiance, and sentiment, gazing up at the stars until help arrived from their respective trenches.

Otto murmured a weak moan for water, but Herman laughed harshly and said, "Yeah, he'd drink U. S. water but he wouldn't help to keep it U. S. watter."

And the two ambulance sergeants winked and nodded. Just another man raving. They were used to it. But Herman said, "After all, he was my brother."

May Baskets and Playing Hookey

May is a dreamy month in the South. The little school child's mind wanders far away from long division and spelling bees to sailing boats and going barefoot. Like Tom Sakyer he feels all feverish and his clothes scratch him. The little girl too day dreams at her desk of being a fairy princess, with a throne built of honeysuckle bowers. The faint perfume of wild arbutis and jassimine floats in the open window of the country school house. It is not unreasonable that nature's call takes away the interest of the class room.

And so it is that the children of the southern country schools have established a custom of presenting a May basket to their teacher and then running away. Several days in advance a collection is taken up among the pupils for the purpose of furnishing the May basket. One child is put in charge of buying the contents for the basket, while several others have charge of decorating the basket to the best of their ability. The contents reflect the admiration of the pupils for the teacher. If the teacher is popular, it is filled with candy, cakes, and fruit. The basket for an unpopular teacher is filled with chewing tobacco, onions, and cheap perfume.

Always the baskets are covered in strips of fancy crepe paper of pale orchid, yellow, pink, or blue. A blanket of roses, snowballs, and daisies screens the candy or tobacco, whichever it may be, from the sight. Lastly a handle of ivy, or Virginia creeper, or fox gloves is attached.

The fastest runner of the school places the basket at the door of the teacher, then knocks and runs. He meets his classmates at their hiding place and together they run as swiftly as they can from the teacher. If the teacher finds them, they return immediately to the school. Otherwise they spend the day happily roaming through the woods or swimming in some little stream.

Young Poets

Cresting life's ecstasy,
Wearing its woe,
Gallant though broken
The young poets go.

We call them moody.
What else could they be—
Who rise to white skies
From the Gethsemane.

They must know sorrow,
Have death pass their way,
Yet each tomorrow
Must find their hearts gay.

Their songs when we read them
Are breathless and real—
Young poets know
How Life and Death deal.

The Sea

The sea as it appeared to me,
Was tossing very leisurely,
And from the boardwalk up above,
The sea and I, we fell in love.

Behind the Headlines

"Yaas, Mawdaam, those are genuine rose quartz beads. Yaas, Mawdaam, I will take them out and show them to you if you think you'd like to see them. They're very expensive." Here the bargain counter replica of Clara Bow behind the showcase cast a scornful look at the black satin slenderness of her customer. She knew that the rose quartz beads were the most valuable things in the entire jewel filled case but she did not know that the very simplicity and slenderness of "Mawdaam's" gown had cost the most famous designer in Paris hours of careful study and the most famous broker in New York a very great many dollars. "Mawdaam" took the beads. "I'll carry them," she said, but at the Fifth Avenue entrance they slipped out of her purse and fell to the street while she tripped on unheeding and drove away in her limousine.

Down the Avenue walked another figure, not clad in black satin but in navy blue serge that was shiny in the wrong places, and in his pocket he jingled exactly two dimes and a nickel. He jingled them for two reasons. Because they were all the money he possessed in the world, and because he had a very important present to buy and was feeling blue that twenty-five cents will buy so little when one loves a girl so much. Before him on the pavement was a small flat package like a jewel box. He stooped, picked it up, opened it. There lay the very thing he wanted. Rose colored beads like those she had wished for in the costly jeweler's window. Further down the Avenue he turned and proceeded to the street of elevateds, "Sixt Avenoo," where he spent his quarter for a single rosebud and some asparagus fern. The jewel box slipped out of his hand and fell to the pavement. He grabbed it up, opened the package hastily to make sure the precious gift was not broken, and then thrust it into his pocket. He was in a hurry, for it was past supper time and Joan would wonder why he did not come. A burly policeman noted his haste and the shiny spots on his blue serge which did not go with rose quartz beads in a Fifth Avenue Jeweler's case, and he made mental note of the fact.

In a small two rooms on the wrong side of Central Park, a wan, frail young girl rocked back and forth in a venerated rocker gleefully displaying a string of rose colored beads to a woman who sat across from her laughing in sympathy. A rosebud and some asparagus fern bloomed softly in a vase on the table, and propped below them was the ledgend "To Joan honey from her own Lover." The girl was laughing too as she held up the beads. "He thinks I really believe he bought them at Tiffany's because the case says 'Tiffany's' on it. And I wouldn't let him know for the world that I know he got them at Kresge's. You see, he wanted so much to give me something nice on my birthday because I've been sick so long and I'd sooner die than make him feel bad, but I seen a whole lot of them down at the Ten Cent store and I know he didn't have only a quarter. I'll keep 'em for little Joan to play with when she gets bigger. No, I can't imagine where he found the box he gave 'em to me in. Yes, he went out just a while ago with a policeman. He had to testify for an accident he seen while he was coming home. He said he'd be right back."

Only a few people on the sub-

way stopped to wonder at the picture in the "Graphic" of a tired young man in a shiny serge, with the caption.

"YOUNG HUSBAND HANGS SELF IN CELL"

Dark Dawn

Tonight at half past twelve
I walk the Avenue
Trying to hurry time before my
train steams out
At quarter of—
Last night at half past twelve
I slip't through moonlight in a silver roadster,
Far in the sleeping hills—
There were white stars overhead,
And cold dew on the clover,
With the burnt tobacco smell of a cigarette
Glowing orange in the darkness—
And love rode through the night beside me
In the silver roadster—
But that was last night,
And it is tonight now—and I am here
Waiting—

Some night I shall peer back on
Life and see
The scarlet and the purple of it dulled
To mediocre hues
Because the sun upon them was too bright—
Then, even these will go,
Just as last night with its white stars
And moonlight shrouded hills
And love—has gone—
And I shall say of Life,
"That was last night,
But now it is tonight
With darkness drawing close—and
I am here
Waiting—

Witches

Who would think that in a town of 150,000 population, in a busy section, surrounded by people of the business world, there could be a family that believes in witches? Such a family exists. Time and time again the mother had cautioned her children not to go near or look at a certain old hag of a woman living a short distance from them. This hag had a bad reputation in that section, was unkempt, unclean, had a beard, and was very old and wrinkled. Her appearance was enough to frighten anyone, and this superstitious parent believed she was a witch. One day the son went to the store to make purchases, and found himself standing near the "witch". She began talking to him, while he stood as if hypnotized. When the hag moved away, he dashed out of the store and home, which he reached in a state of nervous prostration. The mother put sand and water in a glass jar to take away the evil effects of the "witch," supposedly the charm which quieted him after a time. This just proves how the imagination can work on one, how this boy's imagination had been stirred so much by his mother's warnings that the mere sight of the old woman had the power to hypnotize him.

What are superstitions but the products of the overworked imagination, which tend to make appear as sound belief that which is utterly contrary to science, and natural laws?

LITERARY PAGE

Shakespeare's Origin of Midsummer Night's Dream

"I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in each cowslip's ear."

—Such are the scintillating threads with which, in the year 1600, Shakespeare wove that fairy fabric, "Midsummer Night's Dream."

With patterns snatched from many and varied sources he fashioned a cloth that shimmered, rippled and was rosy and soft. Skillfully he combined these patterns and blended, one into another, the aerial tints until the whole cloth fell from his hands, one great elfin design. A few vague threads he borrowed from Chaucer's Knight's Tale and with these he wove a lovely picture of the betrothed Theseus and Hippolyta.

Perhaps he enriched the figure of Theseus with some threads from North's Plutarch. Then, borrowing a few strands from Ovid and a few more from the "Legende of Goode Women," he created the pathetic little sketch of Pyramus and Thisbe. Puck was a dash of unruly color thrusting itself recklessly in and about all the other images. He, it is said, was inevitable and symbolic of the popularity of a certain prankish Robin Goodfellow who figured prominently in the literature of Shakespeare's day. Oberon, a Titania and their fairies were gold and silver threads taken from mythology and used by Shakespeare to give an ethereal air to his fascinating fabric.

His cloth was surely a dream cloth fashioned as it was from wanton threads and interspersed with musk-roses, fairy's wings, moonlight and morning dew. Perhaps that is why he called it "Midsummer Night's Dream." Why it should be called the dream of a midsummer night cannot be fathomed for the principal events took place on May morning—the marriage morning of Theseus and Hippolyta. It may be that the comedy was first presented on Midsummer night which was a time of general rejoicing and festivities, and thence derived its name. It suffices to say that "Midsummer Night's Dream" has no parallel in literature and that as a child of fancy it drifts its way into the hearts of all who are romantically or imaginatively inclined.

Back Home Again

The Town was decorated; the people buzzing; little girls in clean gingham stared open-mouthed at the canopied walk before the church; little boys with dirty hands in crammed-full pockets walked past with disdainful faces and eager eyes; lucky young ladies walked with quivering earnestness into the church through



the shadowy passage; old ladies remembered their youth, and smiled reminiscently as they trudged up the few steps to the rectory. Of course, it was a wedding—and such a wedding! On the eve of "Old Home Week" it was, and this is why.

In the earlier days of the Town, Agnes Miller was a pretty young girl, and John Renier was a handsome, spirited lad of eighteen. They fell in love. They stayed in love. Two years passed, and still Aggie was to John as the perfect moon to the summer night. And then came misfortune to John. And catastrophe to Aggie. After the crash John had to leave town taking with him all the glow and romance, all the beauty and color of existence. To Aggie in a relentless monotone, every street noise seemed to say over and over again: "John is going! John is going!" A few days later the monotony became "John has gone! John has gone!"

He was gone, and nothing remained for Aggie but memories of the last long kiss in the shadows of the station; the last lingering handclasp as the train was pulling out of the station; the last sight of his beloved face smiling as her in good-bye.

Years passed as pass they will, and the correspondence between the lovers dwindled away into nothing because of some slight disagreement which time and distance had augmented to a glaring quarrel. But Aggie never married. She sewed for other women in the town, making them their bridal dresses, and clothes for their babies. She sewed, and she dreamed of what might have been. John's name was not spoken but something hidden away under her veneer of complacency cried "John John!" until sometimes it seemed the name must be forced from her trembling lips. But she kept her secret thoughts, her secret longings hidden under business talk of pleats and shirrings—and the Town did not guess.

Then came the sudden real-estate boom, and overnight a rising city sprang from a somnambulist

town. It grew and grew, and then some energetic organizer thought of an "Old Home Week".

The first to arrive in the Town a whole week ahead of time, was John—the different John. He stepped from the train at the new station which had replaced the old frame building of his youth, and for a moment he forgot that he was a successful business man grown stout, and grey about the temples. He was a boy again—and he thought of Aggie.

That night he met her, and the night after, and again the next night. During the day he phoned her at the houses where she was working, making clothes for the celebrations of the coming week. Thus the days before "Old Home Week" passed, and Saturday morning when Mrs. Spencer called to inquire why Aggie had not arrived, she received this startling reply, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Spencer, but I'm not working any more—for other people. I mean, I'm making my wedding dress now".

Monday morning, every "good" family in the Town received a neatly engraved invitation to the "wedding of Agnes Miller and John Renier" which was to be solemnized in Grace Chapel. Of course, the Town was thrilled, and of course, everyone went to the wedding, and of course, everyone complimented the bride and called John a "lucky man".

But after the couple had left the church and left the swarm of laughing friends, and were riding down Main Street, Agnes turned to John and said, "Look, dear, it seems as if the whole town were decorated for us".

And John replied, "Well, Agnes, it's for 'Old Home Week' and it was 'Old Home Week' that brought me back and showed me what a lot I'd missed by not coming back sooner".

And she smiled happily and leaned closer to him as car bore them swiftly thru the avenues of gay bunting to the bedecked railroad station. There the populace in exuberant mood, cheered lustily as their honeymoon train pulled slowly away.

In the Dark

I

Far away on a cloudy horizon
Somber, ashen, but yielding;
A picture forms,
Figures, abstract, yet mighty.

II

Kindness, slight as a willow
sprite
Her form bended in a bow of
grace;
Truth nearby, comely too
Proportioned as so, but more erect,
Face uplifted, a challenge serene.
Courage, e'en more stalwart
Pronounced and vigorous
Rapturously gazing, breathless in
glory.

III

Sully the picture
Hovers cloud's dark garments
To unfold the brightness
And take it from view.
Clouds of faces, harsh and unreal
Each as the other clamorous in
zeal—
Falsity, deception, faithlessness,
and folly.

IV

But ah! the darkness
The glorious night
Stars above, each a vibrant light.
Truth, courage and kindness loom
in their midst
The picture! it is there.
Always to live
Looking—beyond
In the skies.

Sob Stuff

Dear Molyneux,

I have come to you with a proposition for the manufacture of a certain kind of fashionable article. I expect to receive 70% commission on all of these articles sold and this is the idea—

There are ear-flaps, so why not nose-flaps?

Noses get even colder than ears in the winter time.

The nose-flap could be made like the false noses bought at Halloween. It should fasten behind the ears with string or wire.

There would be a great market for these in America especially. It would save many embarrassing situations. People's noses become red with cold, causing other people to look at them more coldly, askance and with suspicion.

People already having red noses could wear them to disguise the fact.

These nose guards could be made decorative, fur to match the costume, silk, serge, etc., in fact any sort of material that would harmonize with the costume, face, or nose.

People with oddly shaped noses could profit by this also, for it would effectively hide the contour of the odd nose from public gaze. Shall we say nose-flaps, then?



SISSY SNIPKINS

Sissy Snipkins Says - -

Since all these girls have been going away, I thought I would like to join the merry throng and go, too. How they do it is more than I can see. I went and here it is the middle of the week and I am still limping. I can't understand how they get away with it. I am all in. Dr. Thomas says, "Too much week end." He must know. Well, here's what some have been doing—

First of all, I went to a lovely bridge party on Saturday afternoon was a gypsy fortune teller who told each guest's fortune. I was belle Winter by her aunt, Miss Mason at her home in West Philadelphia. The surprise of the afternoon was a gypsy fortuneteller who told each guest's fortune. I was missing when it was my turn. I was afraid of being disappointed. Dorothy McCormick was the lucky one to win first prize and Louise Carlucci received the consolation. The other guests included Betty Pierpont, Shorty Ellis, Peg Parry, Goodie Good and Marian Wolf.

And I rode home on the train with a few girls who were looking forward to a glorious week end. Helen Crum was on her way to her home in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Virginia Blachly was going to visit her home in East Orange, N. J., and Dottie Brevoort, after lunching with Caddie Merritt (former Beaver Journalist, now a real one on a real newspaper), was going to her home in Lodi, New Jersey.

Lois Whitehouse with sighs of ecstasy told me that she attended the Gettysburg Interfraternity ball while visiting her home in York, Pa.

"Don't put it in," she told me, but still I thought you might be interested to know that Gladys spent a most exciting week end at her home in Englewood, N. J.

Barbara Beard spent a week end in Philadelphia at her sisters. She attended an informal frat dance Saturday night.

Betty Matthews and Virginia Blachly visited their home in East Orange, N. J., for the week end. They attend a hop at West Point Saturday night.

I asked Ruth Bender if she had done anything interesting over the week end. "Well, yes," was her reply, "I visited Leidy at her home in Glenside and we went to the Penn Relays Saturday afternoon."

I was glad to see Isabelle Gallagher back after her six weeks absence in El Paso, Texas, where she stayed with her sister who was seriously injured in an automobile accident.

Kae Spratt has been visiting her grandmother in New York.

Florence and Helen Hall wouldn't tell me much about their week end but I do know that they drove back from their home in Valley Stream, Long Island, in all the rain with Nanabelle Wise and Mildred Schwarz as companions. Nanabelle and Mildred spent the week end at Mildred's home in Brooklyn, N. Y. Anyway, I have discovered that Helen and Flo certainly can giggle when you try to ask them just a few sensible questions.

Nance is still trying to "land a

job", she told me when I asked her what she did during the week end that she spent at her home in Maplewood, N. J.

Alice Roof spent the week end with friends in Philadelphia. She had quite a busy time attending a dance at the Bellevue-Stratford as well as the Ivy Ball.

Ireta Watson visited friends in Gettysburg for the week and was entertained at the Gettysburg Interfraternity Ball. "What a wonderful time I had," was all she would say.

Ruth Richardson visited her home in Albany, New York, for the week end.

Elsie Rinkenberger and Mildred Shaffer were guests of Elsie's sister in New York for one week end. Millie also visited Dutch Brown, a former Beaver student, at her home in Plainfield, New Jersey, over a week end.

Dotty Dady is another one of these girls who blushes. She spent a "glorious" week end with friends in Philadelphia.

Anne Brown, Joanne Boose, and Johnny Nagle visited friends in Wilmington, Delaware, and "well, that isn't the half of it," Johnny told me in private. They attended the Sigma Nu Informal at the University of Delaware. They all talked at once, each trying to prove to me that she had a better time than the other. I guess they enjoyed life.

Mrs. Mable L. Anderson had as a week end guest Miss Ena Hill at her home in Fort Washington.

Maree Barlow said that she had a wonderful time visiting Helen Brown in Boyertown, and you should have seen the dreamy look in her eyes. I think that's funny because I was in Boyertown once and no one was wonderful to me.

Grace Drum returned from New Britain, Connecticut, and offered me some pretty roses and carnations that Bob gave her, But Sally Fox said that it would be a shame to take them out of the vase, so I didn't get them.

Janet Schertz told me that she had the best time at a big frat dance in Atlantic City.

Esther Schadt and Betty Sherman had a grand time in Allentown. They saw the tennis matches between Penn and Lehigh, and Esther said something about some West Point cadets.

Edith Gleason visited Mary Mytton at Morristown.

Alice Knauss gave me some good cake that she brought back from Nazareth. She said something about "Fritters" too, but they say that's the name of the boy she saw.

Kay Foster attended a party at Relays at Philly and had a big time.

"Fritters" too, but they say that's the name of the boy she saw.

Julia Griscom entertained her sister, Marion over the week end.

Eleanor Tafel, Reggie Foster, Henri Watts, Sis Prentzel, and Marcia and Christine McKinney spent one day last week at Beach Haven, New Jersey. They all said that they had loads of fun.

Teddy Foster attended a party at her home in Stamford, Connecticut, last week end.

Dottie Edwards went to the Penn Relays at Philly and had a big time.

Dot Stone saw some good shows over the week end. She described the art pictures at the Mastbaum, and even I could tell that she's an artist.

Teddy Thorne and Kay Clark attended the Ivy Ball at the Penn A. C. in Philadelphia.

Someone said that Ginny Henry was negotiating business at Trenton, New Jersey.

Dottie Brown, we're really sorry. We didn't mean to wise-crack about your sitting still so seldom, but we DID want to express our appreciation of your doing for us. No foolin', we're honored!

—FROM OUR EXCHANGES

Herbert F. Geisler, a blind student at the University of Chicago, has been elected president of the senior law class.

Dartmouth College has more faculty members listed in the 1928-29 "Who's Who in America," than any other educational institution of college rank and size in the country.

Robert M. Hutchins, 30-year-old dean of the Yale Law School, became the youngest head of an American college when he was named president of the University of Chicago the other day. He graduated from Yale in 1921. His wife, who has achieved considerable distinction as a sculptor, is a graduate of the Yale School of Fine Arts.

**And I Said —
And He Said —
"Lindberg's Engaged"**

The glaring headlines of the paper I was reading announced to the world that its popular hero had gone the way of all flesh and got himself engaged. I felt the need of someone with whom to discuss this sudden development, and so I left to discover His whereabouts. Of course, I found Him, after a little while, and He too was reading the announcement.

I said: "Hello there. How do you like that piece of news? Just think of all the broken hearts around the world this morning."

And he said, "Yes, but just think of all the thrills that one girl is getting. Imagine having all the women of the world envying you and making catty remarks about you. That must be a social triumph worth waiting for!"

And I said: "Well, of course. But how would you like to be in Lindberg's shoes? He can't even smile at his bride-to-be without a thousand cameras clicking, and a thousand mothers smiling at 'love's young dream.' Believe me, if I were he, I'd take my girl up above this earth somewhere and talk all I wanted to without having someone listening in."

And he said: "Well, the life of a man of the world is hard, you know, but they'll be all right after they settle down. No one will bother them then."

And I said: "Oh no? Well, I'll just bet that Lindberg's children get as much notoriety as his trans-Atlantic flight. Oh well, then Lindberg's popularity ought to be able to withstand even the announcement of his engagement."

And he said: "Oh yes, I guess so. There's always the chance of a divorce, you know. And now-a-days one doesn't mind playing second fiddle. Everyone labors under the impression that 'mature thought is better thought' you see. And anyway, Miss Morrow has him now, and the rest of the girls can only just wait and hope. I say, three cheers for Miss Morrow. I admire her pluck, taking him right from under the noses of a million other girls. She must have a lot in her."

And I said: "Well, yes. But as long as he is engaged, I guess I'll go send him a wire of congratulations. Good-bye. I'll see you again when there's some other event of importance to discuss."

The Philadelphia Settlement

If you got a kick out of the circus in your younger days, you would like the Settlement. It's really only a more mature circus—with more reality and less sham. As you near South Street an assortment of odors is wafted to your nostrils—onions, and bloaters, and the reek of too much dirty flesh, and many unclassified smells that are just smells. But if you can poke your nose a little higher in the air and not breathe too deeply, a visit to this part of Philadelphia is a good lesson in how one part of the world lives.

Life here is a mad scramble—to get enough to eat, with maybe a little over for the "movies." All down the street are stores—one shoved up against another, mere stalls—holes-in-the-wall. But most of their goods is brought out into the street so that people can get a better view of it, and dumped in great bins along the curb. And if you can't get what you want outside, the proprietor will inform you that there is just as "good business" inside. There is always a great crowd of people milling around—quibbling over pennies with the "merchants." Down there, a penny will go a long way—it has to.

**IDEAL WIFE NEED NOT COOK,
BUT MUST BE CUDDLESOME**

Maybe present-day girls aren't good cooks, who cares?

Out of 1000 questionnaires in the "Ideal Home Mate Contest" of the Chicago Own-your-own home Exposition, only two men showed the slightest interest in woman's culinary skill.

Specifications for ideal mates stressed the following points:

The ideal wife: She doesn't have to be a good cook if she is handy with a can-opener; she must be "cuddlesome" at least part of the time; she must not nag; she ought to know how to darn socks; she must be neat and sensible—"and beautiful, if possible."

The ideal husband: He must understand; he must be a comrade; he must wash dishes with a smile; he must be kind to the dog and the neighbors; he must clean the bathtub after using it; he must give "unexpected gifts" and not brag about it afterwards; he must be tolerant of millinery bills, and he must admit his wife to partnership in the business of homemaking.

—Reprint.

Ignoramus

Whether first, the egg or hen?
Tell me, I pray you, ye learned men.

First Scribe

The hen was first, or whence the egg?

Give us no more your doubts, I beg.

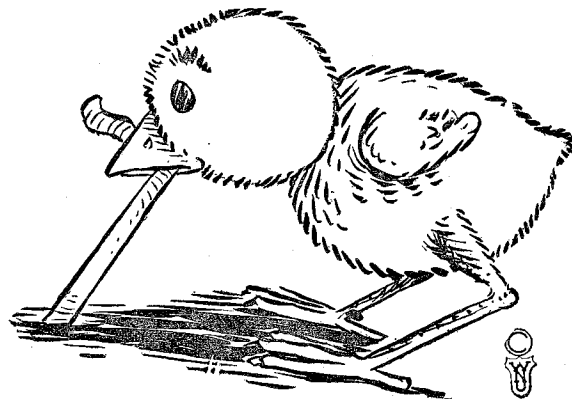
Second Scribe

The egg was first, or whence the hen?

Tell me how it could come, and when?

Husband—No dear, I'm afraid that we can't go to the shore. We must think of all the bills we owe.

Wife—But dear, cant we think of them down there?



Palm Reading — Our Newest Sport

"Oh say, Pat, won't you read my palm? Am I going to have many love affairs? Is that so? And what does this line mean—this little one, oved here? Do you really mean it?" In the classrooms, the lobby, in the dormitories, they read palms. What does the future hold in store for them? Personally, the palm-reading germ had so gotten a hold on me that I determined to have my future investigated and by a "professional!"

One of the fortune-tellers in school said that I was going to have a long life, unblemished by any illnesses. My mind was alert and I had musical talent. Another told me that I was going to have a love-affair before my marriage and that my marriage would be broken up because of this affair. I was becoming quite interested. As long as I was going to have these thrilling experiences, I wanted to know more about it. I tried another. She listed a number of initials, saying that some were my friends, others I should beware of. Naturally, after naming about sixteen initials, she was bound to strike an occasional correct letter. But I wasn't satisfied with the "amateur" palm readers at college. I was going to see a "real" one. She would know all about it. So into town I went.

I was ushered into a dimly lighted, very luxuriously furnished room. The fortune-teller was garbed in characteristic gypsy fashion, only she seemed to have overdone it. She looked too gypsy to be one, if you get what I mean. Nevertheless, I was very much excited and could scarcely wait my turn.

Oh yes, there were some others who were interested in their futures. One girl especially struck my attention. She was one of those painted dolls, with a wad of gum in her mouth. After her conference, she came over and told me all about her experience.

"Gee, she's swell! She told me the name of my boy friend and that I was goin' to marry him. Gosh, ain't it wonderful how they do it? It's sort of skeery, though. And another thing, she said that he was goin' to make a lot of money after we was married. Uh huh! She sure is great. I got to go and tell my Joe about it. He'll be tickled pink. Oh yes, he's nuts about me. Well, so am I, so we're even. All the girls are wild about him, he's that handsome. But they're nothing to him. I'm the only pebble on the beach for him, he tells me. Ain't you got a boyfriend Well, you sure are missin' somethin'. You know, my Joe's a phil—phil—that's it, a philosopher, and he tells me that 'Love is the thing that makes the world go round.' Now ain't that Now ain't that some philosophizin'? I'll run along now. See you some more. S'long."

I felt rather sorry for her. The kid, for she couldn't have been over seventeen, really fell for the gypsy's line. The multi-colored

sleeve was beckoning to me. Well, here was my turn. I walked toward the table, trying to affect a scornful, defiant air. Uneducated girls might believe this palm reader, but I was a college girl. I wasn't one of those all-beliving gossipy fools. The gypsy sensed my thoughts, for, before starting to read my palm, she said:

"You no believe thees what I tole you. You theenk it all fake—put up. I no fake. I tell you the troot."

I felt rather uneasy and somewhat embarrassed as she took my palm. I didn't like her piercing eyes and her manner of speaking. She had a superior attitude that made me feel quite insignificant. She started to speak.

"You are a veree smart ladee. You like it to write. No?"

At her last remark, I started. How did she know what I liked to do? I gave her my undivided attention.

"You got it a goot head. You make goot in ev'rytheeng what you do. You do not do theengs right way. You theenk. Unnerstan? You make lots monee. You maree maybe four, five years. You husban' he have monee. He be veree smart, too. You be veree, veree happy. You unnerstan? You have leetle trouble, not mooch. You have

hapee life. You got lots frens. Be careful of your frens. Some goot; some not so goot. You weel meet a man soon who maybe you theenk you love. He love you. Do not maree heem. You weel not be hapee other mens, but waid for at least four year. Do not be in a huree. You plenty yung. I see veree hapee life for you. Thees ees a furst reading. For two dollair, I geeve you compleet reading. You not got it two dollair? Maybe you come back some day soon? I tole you lots goot theengs, didn't? I Good-bye."

Well, as far as I was concerned, weeth heem, Unnerstan? He goot man but not for you. You meet my future was complete. I didn't have anything to worry about. I was going to have money. My husband would be a great fellow, and, all in all, I ought to rest and take things easy. What was the use of worrying? Everything was just going to be great. Of course, I'd have an occasional love-affair. It would flavor the otherwise colorless four or five years that I had to live through before tackling the game of matrimony. According to the gypsy, my marriage would be unusually successful and being free from outside troubles, I really should look forward to a marvelous future.

En route to college I met some friends on the train, and, was going to tell them of my experience when I began to feel foolish. I looked around me at the nice sensible people on the train and began to feel more foolish. Then I thought of the atmosphere at the "studio" the unusual type of "gypsy" and the various types of persons I saw, and I did not consider my time entirely ill-spent and, surprisingly enough, I did not grieve for the money spent for my entertainment.

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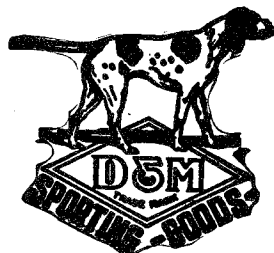
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"The Bible and Education"

By Walter B. Greenway, D. D.,
President of Beaver College

There are two ideas abroad in certain educational circles concerning the Bible; one is to omit the Bible, the other is to discredit it. To omit or to discredit it is not a sign of cultural progress, but rather reveals an ignorance of the course of true culture. The Bible is the textbook of general education. It advocates education.

Solomon said, "Get learning. Get understanding." It is generally admitted that Dr. Elliott was one of the greatest educators the country has produced. When he announced his five-foot shelf of books, to the surprise of everyone the Bible and Shakespeare were omitted. When asked why he did this he said he took it for granted that every educated person knew the Bible and Shakespeare, that a knowledge of the Bible and Shakespeare constituted in itself a liberal education. The heart of all education is literature. The heart of the best literature is the Bible.

Milton set the Bible to music and sang it. Shakespeare quotes the Bible freely in thirty-seven of his plays. Browning, in his longest poem, quotes the Bible five hundred times. In his "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" he quotes the Bible one hundred and thirty times. Victor Hugo said, "The Bible is my book." When dying Scott said, "Bring me the book." When asked what book he replied "Need you ask? There is but one." Tennyson quotes the Bible more than five hundred times. James

Anthony Froude says, "The Bible thoroughly known is a literature in itself, the rarest and richest in the departments of thought." Charles Dickens wrote to his son, as follows: "I put a New Testament among your books because it is the best book that ever was or will be known to the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty can possibly be guided." One can not find in the literature of Germany, France, or America any work that has lived for centuries and that still speaks to the life of mankind that does not show positively that the Bible has been a tremendous factor in the education of the authors. One can not find a code of laws or a constitution of government of any civilized country that is not founded on the scriptures.

Some say and some teach in our present-day schools and colleges that the Bible and religion based on the Bible have been clogs to progress. Such speak and teach in ignorance. If one studies history, he will find that all through the nineteen centuries of Christian history progress has followed the Bible and liberty has been the lot only of those nations that have thrown open the Bible. It is the most compendious book in the world, the most entertaining history that was ever published, and contains the most ancient antiquities, strange events and wonderful occurrences. It will instruct the accomplished mechanic and the most profound artist. It teaches the rhetorician, it creates the best philosopher, it exposes the subtle

sophist. It is a complete set of laws, a book of biographies, a book of travels, and a book of voyages. To understand it is to be wise indeed. To be ignorant of it is to be destitute of wisdom. It is the school boy's spelling book and a learned man's masterpiece. It is the ignorant man's dictionary and the wise man's directory. It is its own interpreter. It is a maker of morals and a coiner of character. Without this, education is not only worthless, it is dangerous. Roosevelt spoke correctly when he said, "To educate a man in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society."

The Bible is to education what the heart is to life. Stop the heart and you destroy life. Stop the Bible in our educational processes and you destroy the very purpose of education. In addition to all else that may be said, the Bible is life's chief protection against all ills to which the race is heir.

In his old age Gladstone wrote, "If I am asked what is the remedy for the soreness of the heart, what a man should look to chiefly in his progress through life as a power to sustain him under trials and make him manfully to comfort his afflictions, I must point to something which in a well-known hymn is called 'THE OLD, OLD STORY,' told in an old, old book and taught in an old, old way." It is the greatest gift and the best gift ever given to mankind."

It is the book that gives the best instructions. It exhibits life and immortality and shows the way to Glory.



PUBLIC OPINION

More Oranges

"Oyez! Gyez! Oyez! The cry of a people in distress! More oranges! Hear, all ye who love gold. What can be more golden than the wrinkled cheek of a ripe orange? Ye, who covet beauty—where lies greater beauty than in the tightly, even compactly modeled interior of a California or Florida orange? Ye, who long for sunshine—what is there sunnier than the beaming sphere, or even half-sphere, laughing up at you from your breakfast table? Ye, who seek after health—find it in the mellow juices which are so lavishly outpoured from the generous orange! And ye who seek after that purely prosaic pursuit, the satisfying of a hearty appetite—ye, too, eat oranges and find in them the very essence of good food!"

How about it girls? Shall we have, let's say, bigger and better oranges—and more of them. And with tears in their eyes, the grateful Beaverites gather round and give thanks for their morning orange.

Charms

The youth of today is not superstitious; it is usually the parents and grandparents who carry them the little superstitions that were handed down to them by their parents in the days when science and investigation had not thrown aside foolish beliefs. The College girl of today often carries some little charm with her; not with the supreme faith her parents had in the power of the charm to ward off evil, but laughingly and sheepishly, as it is considered an ignorance to be superstitious nowadays.

One girl wears a lead ring, made out of a bullet that was used by her grandfather in the Civil War. It seems that the Northern soldier had come suddenly upon an enemy officer in the open field, and had frantically shot this bullet at him, felling him instantly. Then the Northerner had gone over to the body and cut the bullet from him, had carried it with him as a good-luck charm in his future encounters, coming through them all safely. So he had brought it home, and had had a ring carved out of it, with a miniature bullet on the outside, as a power against evil.

One girl says she would die if she forgot to put her little ivory elephant on its small gold chain around her neck in the morning. The elephant represents a battle of wits with a pawn broker who finally changed his original price of \$2.50 to fifty cents after due argument.

Perhaps you have seen the medallion with its sacred figures that one of the girls would never be without. It was given by the Pope to sanctify the divorce of her grandmother. She believes that, since it came from the Pope, it will always protect her from harm.

One brilliant young lady—a collitch goil—says she always carries a change coin around with her—it's the lucky piece that gets her

most anything she wants.

Then there's the girl who always carries a silver dollar with her. She says she has no reason to believe it lucky but she never had one before and so won't spend it.

One Southern girl has a rabbit's foot that she never fails to carry in her hat box. When asked why she did this, she laughed and replied, "Just carryin' out the instructions of my old negro mammy. When I left for school she took me aside and gave it to me. 'Honey, she said, 'yo tak dis here rabbit's hind paw anyouse always goin' to git 'roun without bad luck. If any folks does you some wrong, yo jist tak dis here paw an' shake it right in der face'."

Another student owns a little gold forget-me-not baby pin. This holds the place of honor over more valuable jewels in her jewelry box. "I just have a better feeling when I have it," she explained. "I guess it is because I've lost it many times and it never fails to come back to me."

"Pete" Ried has one of the most interesting lucky pieces—it is a small cross made of "faery stone"—it came from Barbara Fretchie's house. The stones are from Richmond, Virginia. "Pete" claims that she believes in it.

"Hattie" Briedis confessed to an elephant charm of good luck;—a gift of six years ago. She says, "Anything I ask of the elephant, I get; it never fails me!"

Betty Mathews has a charm made of the stalactite material from "Endless Caverns", Virginia. She rather thinks it is good luck to her. But she carries a rabbit foot also. That isn't fair to either.

"Kay" Hart has the oddest charm—a real horse chestnut, from N. Y. State. She always carries it for good luck.

"Peg" Hall believes that the key to her diary is good luck, and keeps it on her person. Is it lucky or is she just careful?

Millicent Underhill wears a charm locket—a couple picture within.

Other common charms are worn

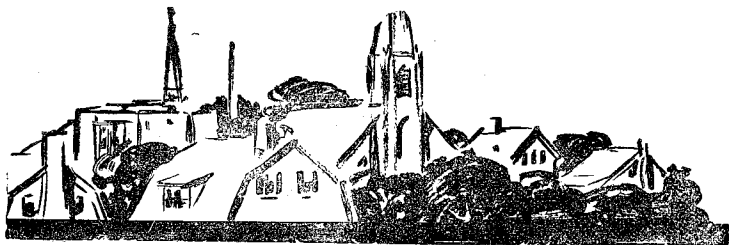
around the neck, such as gold pieces, odd pieces from India, Sphinxes, and dogs made out of celluloid, a pin that is the shape of a black cat. Black cats are ordinarily supposed to bring bad luck, but this girl wears it always on any style of dress, and with a grin said that it was the cause of her being so lucky. Bracelets are thought by some to ward off evil, and are sometimes in the shape of snakes to keep away enemies. Ring in the form of snakes, are considered in the same light.

In the main, though, these charms are worn merely as curiosities and novelties, and not as essential to one's good-luck.

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Up and Down the Campus

What would May Day be without the gauzy costumes of the dizzy gazelles that leap and bound from blade to blade. What I mean is, don't they look just awful nice?

It will probably rain. Maybe all the villagers had better prepare for villaging in the rain. And YOU had better get in good with the weather man, May Queen.

Among our other troubles at this season is an instructor who tries to stir us up a bit, arouse discussion in the classroom and then promptly squelches us. 'S tough life.

It is curious that no one ever burst forth with donations for old Beaver but many people are helping to beautify Grey Towers. As

we read in Beaver's Handbook "To him that hath it shall be given."

Our sociology professor was discussing things—"Misfits" he said—"I didn't hear the question, Dr. Kaufman." "Misfits"—continues our professor, "entirely oblivious, are of course a social problem—" Much laughter.

Studio definition of an optimist: an art student who also takes a business course in order to learn to take care of the money she will make as an artist.

We have heard of an enterprising journalism student, who, lacking news, made some by distributing about the campus a few things belonging to her roommate.

University of Nebraska—(TP—The University of Nebraska has instituted a course in lip reading for persons with any degree of deafness. Classes have already begun, and enthusiasm is being shown in the classroom.

Members of the faculty of the University of California wrote 1,223 books, articles, and reviews during 1927-28.

Students at the Hau College, China, have decided to rule their own school regardless of instructors. They are determined not to accept any teacher that is not satisfactory to them.

About 18 girls are trying out for the Senior play, "Smilin' Through."

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May Day in Other American Colleges

The majority of the colleges observe May Day with some celebration. Pennsylvania College celebrates May 11 combining May Day with the annual Mothers' Day celebration.

At Swarthmore the Queen of May, who is chosen by popular vote, has four attendants. The celebration begins at six o'clock in the morning when each of the four classes give their May-Pole dance.

The Rosemont College May Fete and Bazaar was held to help raise money for the rebuilding of one of the older buildings on the campus. Alumnae, friends of the college, and undergraduates had tables for the sale of articles. The Junior Prom was the feature of the evening.

At Wilson the undergraduates tie bouquets of pink and orchid orchids on the doors of the senior girls' rooms. A breakfast is held on the front lawn of the campus at 5.30 in the morning.

Bryn Mawr has a gala celebration once every four years. The May-Pole is dragged in by a yoke of oxen, and after it is set up the May Queen is crowned. All four classes dance to old English ballads.

JOKES

Have You Heard These Before? If So, Don't Admit It

From "Harper's Weekly" 1857
"Papa, have guns got breeches?"
"No, my son."
"How do they kick, then?"
"With their breeches, my son."

A little child in church, observ-

ing the minister to be very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out:

"Mother, why don't they let the man out of the box?"

Snigglethrifts—"Will you have some of the butter?"

Guest—"Thank you madame, I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong."

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we Frenchmen always fight for honor?"

"I suppose," replied the Switzer, "that each fights for what they lack most."

"Why is venison like a lost friend?"

"Because it is the deer departed."

Sambo—"Say, Bo, which do you all reckon am de mos' useful ob de comets—de sun or de moon?"

Caesar—"Wal, ah spect do moon orta take fust rank."

Sambo—"How you figger dat out?"

Caesar—"Wal de moon shines in de night time when we mos' needs de light, an' de sun shines in de daytime wen de light am ab no consequence."

Professor:—Miss Take, this is the third time you've looked on Miss Fitt's paper.

Miss Take—Yes sir, you see, she doesn't write very plainly.

One—You're son just threw a stone at me!

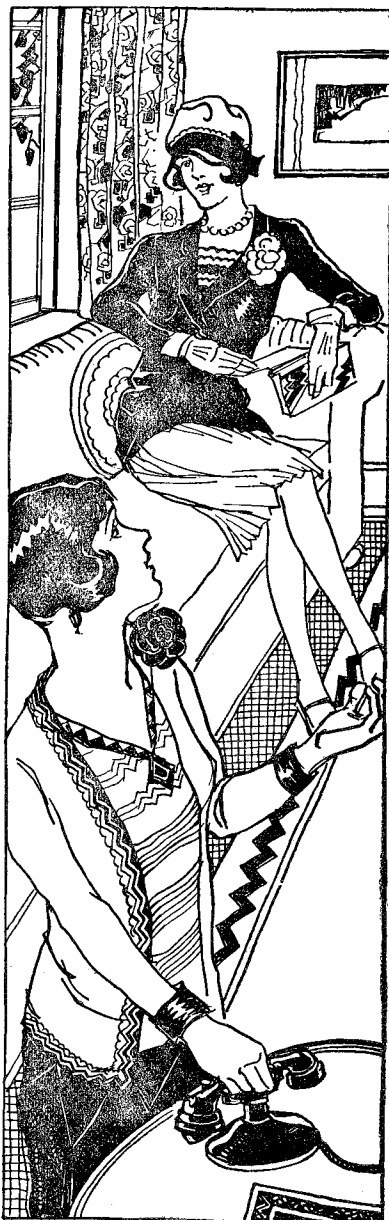
Two—Did he hit you?

One—No.

Two—Then it wasn't my son.

Her—Before we were married you told me you were well off.

Him—Yea, I was, but didn't know it.



First College Woman

(CHANGING UP TELEPHONE)

"I've just finished talking with Mother and Dad. My DEAR, it's simply heaps and heaps of fun!"

Second C. W.

(FINGERING HAND-BAG)

"What did you use for money?"

First C. W.

"I used my head and told the operator to reverse the charge."

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

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



Prizes

THE AMERICAN MERCURY offers two prizes, each of \$500, for articles by college graduates of this year, discussing their experiences in college. One will go to the best article received from a male student, and the other to the best from a woman student. The conditions:

1. No article should be less than 3000 words long, or more than 8000.

2. Each must be the original work of a student graduating from an American college with the class of 1929, and taking the A. B. or its equivalent.

3. Each must bear the full name and address of the author, the name of the college attended, and a statement of the course followed and the degree to be taken.

4. Each must be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for its return in case it is not accepted.

5. The Editor of THE AMERICAN MERCURY will be the sole judge of the competition.

All MSS. entered for the prizes should reach this office not later than July 1 next. The two prize-winners will be printed in the issue for September. In case others are received that seem to be worth printing, offers will be made for them. But no contestant will be obliged to accept such an offer. There are no other conditions.

The aim of the competition is not to bring forth learned treatises on the higher education, but to obtain records of personal experi-

ences. How do the four years in college strike an intelligent young man or woman—and only the highly intelligent will be able to formulate significant verdicts—immediately after they are over? Does the time seem to have been well spent? How much was learned? What was gained in other directions—by social contacts, and so on? How many of the instructors encountered seemed to have anything genuinely valuable to impart? Was life, in general, pleasant or not? Is there any feeling at the end that equipment has been improved? Does college arouse a desire for further learning, or do the four years seem enough?

The contestants will be expected to name their colleges, and to give the names of any teachers they may discuss, especially those who have struck them as competent. The final day for sending in MSS. has been put beyond commencement time, so that frankness need not imperil diplomas. The MSS. submitted will be judged by their honesty, their intelligence, their freshness of viewpoint, and their interest as human documents. The competition is open to the students of all American colleges of good repute. Contestants will be free to discuss all of the matters suggested, or any one of them, or anything outside them. It is desired to give them the utmost practicable freedom. MSS. may be sent in at any time before July 1. The names of all contestants save the prize-winners will be held strictly confidential.



NEXT AND LAST ISSUE OF CAMPUS CRIER WILL BE THE COMMENCEMENT NUMBER



FROM OUR EXCHANGES

New York—(IP)—In 1868 when William Cullen Bryant Kemp was a freshman at Columbia University, a relative bequeathed him \$2,500 a year so long as he remained in college.

Kemp had a practical mind, and so, when he died on February 4, he was still a student at Columbia University, having done not a lick of work but study for 60 years.

Besides one degree not listed in the catalogue (D.P.M.—Doctor of Perpetual Motion, donated by students with whom he was popular), and three B.S. degrees, Kemp had the following degrees:

M.D.; A.B.; A.M. LL.M.; LL.B.; Ph.D.; C.E.; E.E.; Mech. E.; E.M.; Phar. Chem.

Columbus, Ohio—(IP)—One of the customs of Ohio State University is that, on the eve of big events, such as the junior prom, and the Home Coming Game, journalisticly inclined boys and girls issue nonsense newspapers one of the most ambitious of which is Prom Prattler issued by the co-eds.

The Junior Prom being scheduled for one night last week one of the "lead stories" in this production was a long gripping tale—entirely fictitious, of course—that the Neil House, where the Prom was to be held, had burned down.

Other tidbits included such fabrications as that the president of the junior class had been secretly married for 13 years to Greta Garbo, and that Charles A. Lindbergh had enrolled in the College of

Agriculture for the purpose of learning to know onions.

But it seemed that the girls had forgotten to make formal application at the office of President Geo. W. Rightmire for permission to sell the paper inside the college buildings.

So, faced with a technical violation of the rules, William C. McCracken, superintendent of buildings and grounds, issued a bull, forbidding further sale of the Prom publication. William North, campus bailiff and traffic enforcement director, told the girls they would have to move.

Seeing the girls escorted off the campus, students immediately suspected that something really hot was in the Prom Prattler and threw discretion to the winds as they rushed up High street to buy up the Prattler.

The publishers, members of Theta Sigma Phi fifteen minutes later had sold the last of 1,500 copies and were grateful. They had \$150 in cash.

For the first time in the history of American education regular academic degrees will be conferred on the high seas, according to announcements from the home office of Floating University at 11 Broadway. While the students and faculty of this co-ed travel university are steaming from Penang to Calcutta, the news is made public that a revised charter enables Floating University to confer degrees, beginning with the college year 1929-30.

Captain Clifford "Biff" Hoffman, fullback on the Stanford football team, is versatile.

In addition to his gridiron ability "Biff" is a wonder with the shot and discus, and by way of earning a living owns and operates Palo Alto's largest cafeterias.

Furthermore, Hoffman possesses a splendid baritone voice, which occasionally is heard over the radio, and two phonograph records soon will be released of his making.

The Radio Commission has granted permission for construction of a 50,000 watt broadcasting station for what is asserted to be the first university of the air, to be located about forty miles from Los Angeles. George W. Alexander, manager of the Pacific-Western Broadcasting Federation, which will erect the plant, stated that \$2,000,000 will be invested in the enterprise.

Don Cooper, star halfback on the University of Kansas football team, studies by day and is a policeman at night, according to Associated Press dispatches. He is in charge of the Lawrence police headquarters every night and earns more than enough to pay his school expenses. As Lawrence is a peaceful city, Cooper has a few hours every night for study and sleep the dispatches state.

For the first time in the history of Stanford University a student shot academic par throughout his scholastic career. Arthur F. Scotten has graduated

with a straight A grade in every unit of the 180 required for a diploma. Scotten made the varsity fencing team and was a member of the Phi Beta Kappa. His home is in Pasadena.

The president of Columbia University, Nicholas Murray Butler, has 30 academic degrees. He has had the degree of Doctor of Law conferred on him 17 times. In other words he is doubly a Doctor of Philosophy and five times a Jurist Doctor.

From an investigation conducted at Washington and Lee University, it appears that the average Washington and Lee student spends twelve times as much for movies, eight times as much for tobacco, and two and one-half times as much for shoe shines in the course of a year as he gives to the church, the Y. M. C. A., and other causes.



At Columbia University, which offers a course on how to make leisure profitable in terms of culture, the members of the men's faculty club have passed a year and a half out of the last eight years, playing bridge. Some mischievous person found a book containing the scores, which revealed that at least 25,00 rubbers, at a rate of thirty-five minutes each, had been played in the preceding eight years—making a total of 500 days.

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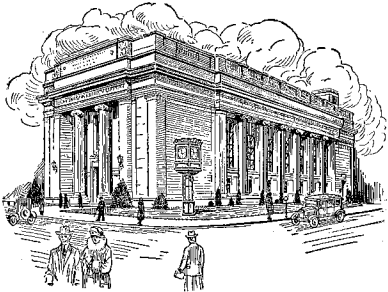
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