

JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST WON BY HELEN UHRICH

Wins First Place Over Lloyd James And Grace Poff In Meet Held On Monday Night In Chapel

SUBJECT: "BUILDERS ALL"

On Monday night in the College Chapel, Helen Uhrich won first place in the Junior Oratorical Contest held by the Junior Class for the purpose of contesting for the prize of fifteen dollars offered to the winner of this contest by Charles S. Kelchner, who had been for many years professor of modern languages and at the head of the Physical Culture Department of Albright.

Before the night of the meet it was expected that there would be at least a half dozen orations delivered but when the time came for the contest there were only three contestants appearing on the platform. These three persons were Lloyd James, Helen Uhrich, and Grace Poff.

The subject of the winning oration delivered by Helen Uhrich was "Builders All." Lloyd James had as his subject "America's Future," and Grace Poff spoke on "True Happiness."

It was announced at the close of the last oration that the winner would not be made known until Commencement, but the judges conferred immediately to choose the winner and after consulting them, Prof. Zener, who acted as chairman of the contest, decided that the winner should be announced now rather than to wait until Commencement when the prize will be awarded.

The judges, Chester Hartzler, Principal of the Myerstown High School, Harold Landis, Banker, and S. P. Beekey, Merchant, convened for quite some time before they came to a decision as to who won the contest because all three orations were of

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1929 SPECULUMS ARE GIVEN TO STUDENTS

Toy Shop Theme Worked Out Very Well In Every Detail—Many New Ideas Introduced

Again we have with us the Albright Speculum and what a "wow." The theme of the book, the Toy Shop, is an entirely new one to the Albright Campus and new to every other campus. The editor has kept secret during the year much that last year was aired to the school. The book is full of wonderful ideas and uniform in every respect.

The dedication to Dr. Theodore Sottery, although not an entire secret comes as a surprise to many of us. He as a new member of the faculty in comparison with the rest of the faculty has won for himself a new name on the campus. He has been devoted to the interests of the class and the school in a way that has carried by storm the students of the school.

The usual activities are recorded in an entirely new fashion and with a show of talent and conservatism. The colored inserts and the campus scenes are in contrast with the theme and the beauty of the school respectively.

Albright College has always been a successful producer of a year book and each year seems to attain a greater success. The book this year would do credit to a much larger and prosperous school than Albright, and should be a wonderful advertisement for the school in more than one respect.

The credit for its successful completion must be divided among the

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CLASS OF '26

Do not forget the reunion to be held on June 2nd. A fine program is being arranged by those in charge. See May 18th issue of Bulletin for entire program.

ASPER HEADS NEW STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Men's Student Senate For Next Year Elected Last Week—Paul Hangen Chosen As Vice President

Last week the Men's Dormitory Students met and elected the men's student senate, and the officers of that body for the year 1928-29. The members of the senate are as follows: Gunther, Asper, Clemens, Miles, Hangen, Kunsman, Peckham, Hahn, and Horn.

The officers are: President, Asper; Vice President, Hangen; Secretary, Hahn; Treasurer, Gunther.

KAPPAS GIVE DINNER AND THEATRE PARTY

Banquet Served At Chef's Place After Which Fraters Motored To State Theatre, Harrisburg

The annual Spring Party of Kappa Upsilon Phi has again passed into history. It was a wonderful party and certainly enjoyed by all the fraters and their friends and guests.

The parties are always looked forward to with a great deal of anticipation. This particular time the members and guests had dinner at Chef's, and after a social hour in the dining room they attended the State Theatre in Harrisburg. The trip was made by automobile.

Frater Rodney Steltz and Mrs. Rodney Steltz chaperoned the affair in their usual good manner.

Those in attendance were: Fraters Harold Frock, Glenn Garrett, Douglas Brown, Newton Reitz, Jay Flory, William Shaw, Harold Miles, George Bowman, Elwood McGuigan; Guests: Cecil Hahn, Alvin Horn, Gerald Vickory, Fred Maurer.

The ladies were: Misses Kathryn Yeager, Margaret Catherine Flexer, Frieda Homet, Eva Laucks, Dorothy Kreider, Catherine Steltz, Rachael Painter, Mae Cooper, Blanche Seibert, Martha Higgins, Evelyn Bowser, Irene Wolf.

E. V. HANEY'S MOTHER DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS

On Monday news was received that Mrs. Haney, the mother of E. Victor Haney, '28, died at her home during the previous week-end. The death was the result of a long illness.

The Bulletin wishes to express its deepest sympathies for E. Victor at this time of affliction.

DR. WEBER ADDRESSES LARGE AUDIENCE IN YORK

Last Sunday, in the Grace Evangelical Church, York, Pa., Dr. H. F. Weber delivered a very inspiring and interesting sermon on the subject of "The Royal Challenge." A large and attentive audience showed kindly their appreciation of this sermon by Dr. Weber, who presented so well the Royal Challenge of Life and Youth. Rev. H. R. Wilkes is minister of this church in York, and several of the students of Albright were there to hear Dr. Weber.

—Remember Alma Mater! The best you have is not too good for her.

—June 5—A happy day for alumni.

SENIORS DEFINITELY DECIDE PLAY DATE

Tuesday Evening, May 29, To Be Production Date of "Adam And Eva"

The Senior class has pushed away all difficulties, overcome all obstacles, and has at last found a suitable and convenient time to present its play, "Adam and Eva". Those who have been anxiously awaiting this event will be permitted to witness its reality on Tuesday evening at 8:00 P. M., in the College Chapel.

MEN'S GLEE CLUB GIVES HOME CONCERT

Make Annual Appearance In College Chapel—Special Instrumental And Vocal Numbers Feature

The Albright College Glee Club presented an excellent program to a large audience last Saturday evening in the college chapel. This concert marked the end of a very successful year for the present organization. It was also the final appearance for the following seniors: Glenn Morris, Glenn Garret, Bernard Zener, Jonathan Swope, Leon Hood and Russel Loucks.

The program was divided into two parts. The first part consisted of: A Song of Fellowship—Gaul The Club.

Quartette—Selected. Garret, Morris, McGuigan, Wilkes Vocal Combat—Buck Angelus—Lieurance The Club.

Solo—Selected. Garret—The Club.

Vocal March—Brackett Swing Along—Cook The Club.

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ALBRIGHT CO-EDS HAVE GET-TOGETHER WITH SCHUYLKILL GIRLS

First Meeting Between Women Of Merging Schools Reveals Fine And Friendly Spirit

A Get-Together-Party, the first of its kind between Albright and Schuylkill Colleges, was held in the Reception Room of the Girls' Dormitory at Schuylkill, Tuesday evening, May 15, immediately following the Albright Girls' Glee Club concert.

Miss Shaffer, the Dean of Women and an Albright alumna, met the girls, introduced them to a number of the Schuylkill girls, and then took them through the Dormitory. After being shown through the buildings and over the campus, several hours were spent in a social way, singing songs, playing games and telling stories. As a fitting conclusion to this jolly time, a luncheon was served to the Albright girls who responded fitly with the "Broom Yell" for Schuylkill.

ALUMNI MEETINGS HELD IN HARRISBURG AND YORK

A few weeks ago several sectional meetings of the Albright College Alumni were held, one in York and another at Harrisburg. Dr. J. A. Heck, president of the Alumni Association gave a helpful and inspiring address at both meetings on the future of Albright.

Harrisburg Meeting

The Harrisburg meeting was held Friday, May 11th. After a luncheon the members of the Alumni were entertained at the home of Rev. A. K. Koch. The following were present: Rev. Lyman M. Dice, '94, Mrs. Ruth Harris Trout, '09, Rev. S. M.

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ALBRIGHT MAY DAY FETE IN SPITE OF WEATHER PROVES A GREAT SUCCESS

Mohn Hall Campus In Carnival Regalia Is The Scene Of A Most Colorful And Interesting Pageant Presented By Girls—Large Crowd Braves Clouds To Witness The Festival.

SUSANNA HEINZE IS STATELY QUEEN

The annual May fete held on Saturday afternoon, May 19th, on the Albright Campus, was a brilliant affair. At 5:00 o'clock the court emerged from the Reception Hall entrance; the heralds in blue and white, the little flower girl dropping flowers in the path of the beautiful May Queen, dainty and sweet in white satin and old lace, carrying a bouquet of white roses and daisies, her long train held by two small boys in white; the Maid of Honor, charming in lavender taffeta, and carrying a huge bouquet of lilacs; the attendants; their pretty flowered dresses and wide-brimmed hats, and carrying lilacs; and the Queen's Dancers in Colonial costume. To the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march they passed slowly across the campus to the throne under the trees.

The lattice work entwined with wisteria and morning glories made a pretty background for the charming scene that followed; the Maid of Honor placed the crown of pale sweet peas, and lilacs-of-the-valley upon the head of the Queen, as her attendants stood about the throne.

After the Queen's Dancers danced the Minuet, Mother Goose's children continued the entertainment, and in their eagerness to please the Queen, tumbled out of the shoe they called home, in such haste, poor Mother Goose could scarcely whip them back in again until their turn came.

The herald announced each number with a mother goose rhyme, and in their turn they came before the Queen and her attendants to dance; Bo-Peeps, Boy-Blues, Queen of Hearts, Miss Muffets, Jack Horners,—to the delight of Humpty-Dumpty who got so excited he fell off the wall, and the Simple Simons could scarcely lift him onto their wheelbarrow and take him away. And the Simple Simons! What a jolly bunch they were—with their freckles and tiny straw hats and ragged clothing—they amused the Queen with their impromptu dances and vain attempts to imitate the special dances. Of course Jack and his wife were there with their little act.

Mother Goose was satisfied with the performance of her children, and let them all take part in the May

FRESHMEN RESUME WINNING STREAK

Dump Seniors 22-8—Juniors Likewise Squelch Sophs 6-1; Frosh And Juniors Tied For First Place

The Seniors put up a stiff battle at the beginning of the game with the Frosh, but soon weakened under the heavy hitting done by the Yearlings. It looked at first as though the Seniors would pull up a notch from the cellar position, but their hopes were soon gone when once the Freshmen got started. They had a regular batting spree that netted them enough runs in the first few innings that they were never in danger of being overtaken.

Both teams seemed to be able to connect with the sphere, but the Seniors lacked cooperation, and a great many errors were made that gave the Frosh a number of their runs in the early part of the game. The Frosh also made errors, but at a time when there would be nobody on base. This helped them a great deal in piling up the score that they did, and winning a lopsided victory.

There were many outstanding plays

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Pole Dance, which they enjoyed immensely.

The Grand Procession which followed, marked the climax of the May Day Fete.

The success of the May Fete was due in large part to the efforts of Ellen Miles, who was directress, and just before the May Pole Dance the Queen's Heralds called her before the court and presented a beautiful basket of flowers to her from the girls, who appreciated all she had done.

Catherine Seltz, chairman of the decoration committee; Clara Wilkes, who had charge of the dances; Lenora Hemstreet, chairman of the costume committee; and Emma Heffing, who directed the making of the flowers deserve considerable credit for the part they had in making the program a success.

—Program—

May Queen—Susanna Heinze. Maid of Honor—Elizabeth Bittle. Flower Girl—Mary Elizabeth Moyser.

Heralds—Grace Poff, Pearl Ansel, Pauline Swonger.

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RED AND WHITE SINKS MORAVIAN IN EASY GAME

Wellermen Walk Away In Year's Softest Game By Tune of 13-3—Hamil Has No Trouble To Hold Down Bethlehem Nine

Playing the second game of the season on our home grounds Albright came through with a blazing victory over the boys from Moravian, with a slugging match that ended in a one sided score of 13-3.

"Pat" Clemens the slugging lead-off man for Coach Weller's boys "blipped" the third ball that was pitched to him for a home run. It was a nice hit, going far over the right center field fence. Besides this, he collected three runs, enough to tie the visitors' score, and pounded out another hit that scored men ahead of him.

Albright collected fourteen hits off the deliveries of the opposing pitchers, while the best Moravian could do was to gather four scattered hits off the offerings of Hamil, and Day.

One of the reasons for the visitors' defeat was that their infield failed to function at the times when seconds counted most in a fast play. Five errors were to a great advantage in the scoring column of the Albright boys.

Harvey Hamil pitched a beautiful game, allowing only two hits and striking out ten men before he was replaced on the mound by Day, the Freshmen find. Besides holding the Bethlehemites in check Hamil gathered in two hits for himself, one of them going into deep left field for three bases.

Hartzell caught a nice game, coming in with two hits, one a nice three bagger that went far into deep center field. Every man on the team that played the greater part of the game got at least one hit apiece, some getting two sacks, while some only went for one base.

By the exhibition that the Red and White put up last week against the Moravian team they looked like a team that is going to come through

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ALBRIGHT BULLETIN

The Albright Bulletin is published in the interest of Albright College, Myerstown, Pa., by the students, and contains items of interest to Albright students and Albright's friends.

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EDITORIALS

OUR POLICIES

1. Fair treatment for all.
2. Full support of all student enterprises.
3. Athletics for all.
4. Progress in all respects—curricular and extra-curricular.
5. Increased student activity and honor.
6. An Albright Individuality.

WHEN WE THINK OF COMMENCEMENT, the thought of alumni, parents and friends always accompanies it. This year however, we are making an especial effort and are looking forward to a greater commencement than ever. The campus has very good prospects of being filled, when we remember that the reunion of the class of '26 is to take place next week-end, just previous to Commencement. The program which has been presented by the college authorities will be very interesting, but a call goes out once more for the alumni to return to their Alma Mater and make Commencement week a huge success.

FRESHMEN RESUME WINNING STREAK

(Continued From Page One)

on both sides that would bring the crowd to its feet time and time again. The game was interesting all the way through.

The standings for first place remain the same with the Juniors and Frosh still tied for first place, with the Sophs in second place and the Seniors holding undisputedly, the cellar position.

Playing a brand of ball that the Sophs couldn't break through until the final inning the Juniors took the under-classmen over to the tune of 6-1. Starting right from the first inning the Juniors began collecting runs from a series of hits.

The Sophs fell down at the critical times when they needed runs to score. Each team had seven hits apiece, but the Juniors hits came in the pinches when they had men on base and could score them. What helped to beat the Sophs was the fact that they had seven errors behind them. These accounted for part of the runs that the Juniors were able to pile up.

The Juniors weakened in the final inning and allowed the Sophs to score one run. Walking one man and the next one hitting the Sophs were able to get a man on third. A hard hit ball was driven at the third baseman and he muffed it. This placed a man on each base. The next man up made a hard drive to left field, and the fielder misjudged it. On this play the Sophs slipped a counter across the plate for their only tally of the game.

Both teams were pretty evenly matched so the game was one of interest from start to finish. It was more or less of a pitchers duel between Hangan who twirled for the Sophs and Gibbons, who heaved them across the plate for the Juniors. The

following is the line-up and box score:

Juniors		R.	H.	E.
James, 1ss.		2	2	1
Brunner, 1f.		2	1	1
Gibbons, p.		0	1	0
Asper, 1b.		0	1	0
Gunther, c.		0	0	0
Thomas, cf.		0	0	0
Wilkes, 2b.		0	0	0
McGuigan, 3b.		0	0	0
Coward, rf.		2	1	0
McCracken, lf.		0	1	0
Totals		6	7	2

Sophs		R.	H.	E.
Peckman, 1f.		0	0	0
Malone, 3b.		0	2	0
Lundy, rsc.		0	0	2
Fasold, 2b.		0	1	2
Sprague, cf.		0	0	1
Youse, 1b.		0	1	1
Houseal, 1ss.		0	0	0
Hangan, p.		0	1	0
Servey, rf.		0	0	0
Kunsman, c.		0	0	0
McLain, lf.		1	0	0
Totals		1	7	4

RED AND WHITE SINKS MORAVIAN IN EASY GAME

(Continued From Page One)

with a good many more wins before the season closes.

Last Saturday Albright was scheduled to play P. M. C. at Chester, but due to wet grounds the game was cancelled. P. M. C. called the Albright manager early Saturday morning, stating that it was raining hard there, so the trip was called off.

To-morrow we play St. Bonaventure here, so let every student be there to help the boys win as you did last week. A good crowd means a lot toward winning a game and as this is expected to be a tough game, let Albright be there with a loud cheering gang.

The box score and line-up:

Moravian		R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Stockton, 2b.		0	0	2	0	1
Trumbauer, 3b.		1	1	2	3	1
McDevitt, 1b.		0	0	7	0	0

"Parrakeet's Prattle"

Parrakeet was so happy last Saturday when he could sit in the trees and see the beautiful Queen of May hold sway in her court. He watched for a long time while she slowly advanced to the throne. Someone placed a crown on her head and then everybody clapped and seemed real delighted. Parrakeet tried to clap too and almost fell off the limb he was on. There were groups of boys and girls who entertained the queen. Some little B-Peeps came in and Miss Muffet and the Queen of Hearts and Jack Horner. They danced and bowed while the queen smiled with pleasure. Simple Simon was so funny and honest—Parrakeet nearly died laughing when Humpty Dumpty fell off his wall. Anyhow—Parrakeet wants to tell everyone how much he enjoyed it all and gives his congratulations.

The other night, Parrakeet was awakened from a sound sleep by the honking of horns, and by yelling and talking. There was a terrible fracas about something someone yelled, "Bring forth the King—Hail the King of May." The fellows threw buckets of water on him when he did come out (which Parrakeet didn't think very respectful). Parrakeet was so skooked he flew away and hid under a roof until dawn.

Dearie me—Parrakeet wanted to tell about all the new cases this week. There are so many however, he can't promise to remember them all. You know folks, the Kappas banquet last week makes those fellows responsible for such popularity. Parrakeet watched the cars drive away with the couples, and oftimes he had to look twice to believe what he saw. There was May and "Mac", Eva and "Newt", "Evie" and "Vic", "Peg" and "Peep", "Rajah" and "Put" and "Tiny" and Fred—goodness, heaps more too, but don't tax Parrakeet's memory so heavily. Everybody had a wonderful time—so they said. And how!

Sh—sh—Parrakeet hears that all the time. He couldn't imagine why until he remembered exams will begin the 28th. Everybody got so ambitious all of a sudden and started some honest-to-goodness studying. Oh dear—what strange things do happen! Parrakeet had better study too or he will feel like a dumb-bell.

Highhill, ss.	1	0	0	3	1
Thomas, lf.	1	0	3	0	0
Himmer, rf.	0	1	2	0	0
Speck, p.	0	1	2	0	0
Phillippi, p.	0	0	0	0	1
Clark, c.	0	1	4	2	1
Keimer, cf.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	3	4	24	8	5

Albright

	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Clemens, cf.	3	2	3	3	0
Sherid, rf.	0	2	3	1	0
Haney, rf. 1b.	0	0	0	1	0
Waikus, 3b.	1	2	2	0	0
Shoop, 1b.	2	4	2	2	0
Hartzell, c.	2	10	0	0	0
Brown, lf.	0	0	1	0	0
Slaughter, ss.	1	2	0	0	2
Karlip, ss.	1	1	0	0	0
Hamil, p.	2	2	4	1	1
Way, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Wentz, 2b.	2	1	2	0	0
Totals	13	14	27	4	3

Albright 1 0 1 4 3 2 2 0 x—13
Moravian 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 1—3

Insurance Agent (gloomily)—Madam, you should get your husband to take out a life insurance policy.

Young Wife—But he has a policy against fire.

Insurance Agent (still more gloomily)—But fire insurance wouldn't help any if he passed away.

Young Wife (anxiously)—Not even if I had him cremated?

Remember Alma Mater! The best you have is not too good for her.

CHAS. B. HOLTZMAN

—Dealer in—
KODAKS AND SUPPLIES
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EAST MAIN STREET

SCRAPS :-

From a Sophomore English Note Book
"Nebuchadnezzar was a mule whom the nigger claimed was gentle. Then one day he awoke up where Nebuchadnezzar had kicked, a week later."
"—He was frying his ribs which he carried in his satchel."

Dorothy, the little daughter of Mrs. Landis, head of the Expression Department, was saying grace before dinner.

Her daddy, absently: "Yes."
"Dotty", slyly: "Are you Jesus?"

In the Spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of men, 'Til she finds they're all alike
And her thoughts come back again.

Notice!

Will the person or persons who rubbed Danny Loophole the wrong way, please reverse the action? Liberal reward for such service rendered.

This is What Happens at Harrisburg
Flavoring extract salesman to Norma Michael (who, by the way, was accompanied by Harry Wray): "Here, smell this, Missis."

What we need is indelible chalk and a new blackboard each day for the tennis schedule. Or don't we?

After listening to Servey for about an hour Williams (representing the distracted Bulletin Staff) wondered if there was a law against murdering cornetists.

"THE CIRCUS" IS COMING TO TOWN

From the thumping praise drums of Hollywood and the suave typewriters of Times Square come advance notices of a new movie, "The Circus", which comes to the Myerstown Theatre, this Thursday, Friday and Saturday. In this glorification of the capophonous pageant of every childhood there is paradoxically, no noise; for it is of the silent drama. "The Circus" was written, produced, directed and acted in its chief role by Charlie Chaplin.

Recently, sophisticated magazines have been telling in droll paragraphs of a visit made by Chaplain to New York, last summer, when he became acquainted with the Fettelbaums and looey of L. M. Mile Gross. They do say, too, that Chaplain and Gross sat in a Sixth Avenue restaurant and talked into the latest hears and that the result of their converse was an invitation from the comedian to the comic artist to sit in as advisory counsel on "The Circus."

This is Charlie's first picture in two years, the last being "The Gold Rush." Critics everywhere have acclaimed it as his greatest.

:- Poets' Corner :-

MEMORIAL DAY

Forgotten? Who says they're forgotten, the soldiers who died in France to the lullaby croon of the enemy guns;

Who dares to insinuate we have forgotten the Huns

Or will forget ever the sight of the Mothers who cried

And placed in their windows a star for the boys over there.

Or who could forget when they read on the honor roll list

The names of the boys who so valiantly kept their last trust—
Just who could forget them I'm asking, who'd dare?

Yes! Over in Flanders the poppies bloom silently now,

And murmur endearments against the stiff wood of each cross.

So blossoms a flower from the depth of a wound and a loss,

And we who would pluck in the Spring from the blossoming bough
May laugh with our lips, but the heart of us broken will be,
Yet someone dares murmur forgotten because they can't see.
—Blanche McCauley.

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J. WENDELL BERGER HAS BEST SHORT STORY

The Freshman Class has quite a bit of talent along literary lines as has been demonstrated by the Freshman edition of the Bulletin, as well as by the number of Freshman on the Bulletin Staff for the coming year.

When it came time for short stories to be written for Miss Garlich's English class this talent was again marked and several stories showed special merit.

However, the one really considered best was "The Scrap of Brown Paper" written by Wendell Berger, which you will find printed below.

A SCRAP OF BROWN PAPER

Life is an old chemist, always mixing emotions in a human test tube. Strange reactions take place; things are always different, new compounds are made, all by a combination of the old, old elements. So let us take up Life's old "lab manual" and turn to the page dealing with the experiment on Jean Carnot. Here, Life tried a mixture of Greed, Hate and Love-of-Life. Perhaps the test may be interesting—let us see.

The experiment was performed with two substances, Jean and Philippe Carnot, the acids Greed, Hate, and Love-of-Life, a catalytic agent, Lawyer Chairtrain, and a piece of old brown paper, a will.

The process was to mix the two substances on a catalytic agent, then add Greed and Hate, while the reaction was at its peak Love-of-Life was poured on, and the following result was obtained:

Away in the silent fastness of the Canadian Wilds, upon a hill, sat an old chateau. There it had sat like an old eagle brooding its young, from the days of its feudal builder, Le Marquis de Hautmont, Henri Carnot, who at the heels of his intrepid countrymen had cast his fortunes to the then very new, New World. He gathered about him villages, and built a great chateau which towered a replica to his old ancestral castle in France. His wealth grew and grew, so that when he died, he left his son the richest estate in all New France. His son increased the inheritance and left still more to his son, and so it went until it came into the hands of Francois Carnot.

Francois had two sons, Jean, a handsome, wild living youth whom the countryside called Le Bon Diable, yet with all his faults, kind and generous even to extravagance, and his brother Philippe, Le Silent, the assistant of his father, the manager of the estate, a canny schemer, outwardly a Puritan, inwardly we shall see. Each, of course, disliked the other. Jean, the dreamer, the wit, the sparkling wit, could not see how Philippe, the statistician, the cold, serious planner could enjoy life, and Philippe could not see why life should be enjoyed. Life to him meant—get; to Jean—he wasn't sure. So they lived on the old estate, the one loved, the other respected by their old French father. One an ideal, perhaps, the other a fact.

But most unfortunately for Jean, the inevitable happened. After a four day's illness, old Francois went to join his illustrious predecessors. Of course, Jean would have gotten over that, but something else came in—Greed.

On the night of the death, two black figures huddled in the sickly light of a flickering candle. They looked, shrouded and shaded as they were, like two old wizards brewing devilish poisons. One was Philippe, calm and sinister (Jean was prostrated by his father's death) and a small, moat eaten man who might have passed unnoticed had it not been for a glimmer of two narrow, evil coal black eyes—the Lawyer Chairtrain. From a dusty bottle Philippe poured some dark spirits, and whispered into his companions ear, as if to keep his secret away from those stygian ears of the walls.

"50,000 francs, my friend, novis,

just destroy the will and stick to my story."

"Which is?"

"When my father first took sick, he called for you telling you to bring the will. You say you brought it. Jean was in the room. My father said he wanted to make a new will, leaving all to me instead of half to Jean. He took the old one and put it under his pillow. You were to draft the new one within a week. Meanwhile he died and the will disappeared. See?"

"Yes—!"

"Jean of course shall be blamed. Remember Jean was present. So, Jean will have to leave the country, and the estate—mine, and you for just that—50,000 francs."

Chairtrain sipped his wine slowly. Perhaps it was the light, but it seemed a smile flitted across his mouth, and shone over his eyes as he answered, "Yes, I will destroy the will, yes, I will surely destroy it, bien!"

And so the brew of the wizards spread through the villages. Le Bon Diable became LeDiable—damed. Bewildered at first, he tried to fight back. No avail, so to wine; a drunken sot was finally driven out into the night with a week's food by a band of good and just peasants. Le Chateau de Hautmont, thus lost Jean Carnot, and his brother took his turn to augment the name and lure of his house.

(A year later Chairtrain with a few papers left town at the request of the same good and just peasants for exploiting divers widows and the like.) Somewhere Jean reached civilization. Through his mind a song of hate, hate, HATE, ran like fire. His soul like a desert wanderer's called aloud for the water of revenge. To hear of his brother drove him blind with blood. Finally, he reached Australia, a cruel, hard man, living only for himself and his hate. He lost his lust for pleasure, his dormant sense for power awoke. A new Chateau Hautmont rose from the wool of countless sheep, and the flesh of myriad steers. It was like his ancestral home in Canada, except it was called Le Chateau Sangfond, Jean became M. de Sang.

One day a dirty, dust stained way farer, who save a pair of narrow glittering, black eyes, would have passed for a bundle of rags and flesh, came to the Chateau. The cook gave him shelter, a few clothes, and a shave. Out of the debris came Chairtrain.

One twilight he was standing, watching the sun send its last bloody rays to earth, and his mind wandered back to a Chateau in Canada that looked so much like this. Suddenly his reverie was broken by footsteps behind him. He, curious, turned to see who it was. Then, his face blanched; he stepped back; what was this apparition he saw in the bloody light?—"Mon Dieu, 'est Jean."

"Yes!", the words bit like icy steel. "Yes, it is Jean, your own Jean"—welcome to mon Chateau Sang! His hands went out to the throat of the palpitating lawyer. The sun was sinking, its red was merging into black, but a last glare bathed those two in blood.

Jean's hands tightened. The devil looked through his face, and he laughed a wild maniacal laugh, like a laugh: the peasants hear in the ghoul haunted Lac Non. Speech failed him, he just laughed and squeezed. Chairtrain's face turned red, blue and purple. In wild despair, he barely whispered, "I—can—de—live—broth—er—to—you. I—have—the—w—ill.

Like a flash Jean's hate for Chairtrain left him before that hellish desire for vengeance on Philippe. He cursed Chairtrain to the ground where he grovelled, gasping for breath in wild sobs.

"You have the will? Where?!", imperious, eager, "Give it to me, Ah, give it to me!"

Crafty Chairtrain saw he was safe. His confidence returned, he s'rowly said, "For 50,000 francs I will give it to you. I hoped to make more out of your brother, but—" So saying, he drew from a rotted wallet a scrap of dirty brown paper.

Several months later a solitary figure tramped thru the Canadian snows. Not by rail did he go, but

REV. BOYER GIVES HIGH SCHOOL BACCALAUREATE

The Baccalaureate Service for the graduating class of Myerstown High School was held in the High School Auditorium. Rev. Boyer, Albright's Professor of Bible and Public Speaking, delivered the sermon. The service was dignified and simple, and evidently made a profound impression upon those to whom it was primarily directed. Rev. Boyer's theme was the "Conservation of Time." He pointed out the necessity of this conservation in every line of human activity. "Thorough education," says Rev. Boyer, "we can obtain this conservation." The program was embellished by several musical numbers which featured Albright students. Eva Loucks sang an unusually fine solo, and a quartet of the Misses Strasser, Wilkes, McCauley, and Gross, also sang. In all the service was most impressive.

as he left that country so he came—on foot thru the snow. It was not far now. His food was gone, but that burning in his breast fed him better than any food. Friends played his heart strings in wild paeans. "Revenge—blood, revenge—kill," they shouted. Huh! Only a few miles. The flame of a life time of hate burst forth over that face—it was the devil himself lighted by the fires of Hell.

As Jean pushed on he failed to notice that the sky was becoming a dirty gray. A wind left up, howling wildly thru the trees. Soon snow began to fall, gently at first, then faster and heavier. It became a slashing blizzard. In it one lost sense of distance or direction. On Jean plodded, the wind cut like a knife, the snow grew deeper and deeper. Night fell and still no Hautmont. Fatigue came, he had to rest. No one can rest in a blizzard without a fire, and no fire can be made in a blizzard. On—

The snow stopped—he was lost. He must rest—so tired—a fire—with what? Wood he found, but nothing to start it with but one match. That he couldn't risk on twigs. So tired—must have fire—no paper. The will! Never, die before that, that—all that is left of a life of hate. No! The will? No! The Will? The Will?

His soul was like flesh seared with red hot irons. Torn between life and what life had to offer—revenge! With fire no life—without the will no revenge. That piece of brown paper was dearer than a wife and family. Could he part with it? God!

The Will? The Will—Life. Slowly he drew it from his pocket.

No! Never! The cold was creeping on him, he could feel its silent talons. Fire!

Slowly he laid the paper down. His face was like a death mask. Some twigs, all is ready! The only match, will it burn. Siss—! It burst into flame—carefully he held it to the paper. It flickered, then burned.

Dumbly he watched it as life ruddily crackling there at his feet—all gone. Life was empty—nothing—broken—yes, yes, but—oh well—he dropped off to sleep.

Such were the results life had tabulated for Jean Carnot. Such was the reaction of Greed, Hate, and Love-of-Life, and a scrap of brown paper.

ALUMNI MEETINGS HELD IN HARRISBURG AND YORK

(Continued From Page One)

Short, '12, Prof. P. B. Smith, '15, Rev. A. A. Koch, '16, Dr. J. A. Heck, '16, Prof. Frank E. Wray, '17, and Mrs. Frank E. Wray, '18.

York Meeting

The meeting at York was held Saturday, May 12th, at the home of Anna M. Bailey. The president of the group, C. Earl Baumeister had charge. Those who were present were: Rev. A. D. Granley, '94, Dr. C. H. Venus, '99, Abner Bentz, '01, S. M. Short, '12, Dr. J. A. Heck, '16, Anna M. Bailey, '16, Prof. C. Earl Baumeister, '18, Janet Kaltreider, '25, Dale Granley, '26, and Wm. Kelly, '26.

ALBRIGHT MAY DAY FETE IN SPITE OF WEATHER PROVES A GREAT SUCCESS

(Continued From Page One)

Train Bearer—Ardell Smith, Robt. Himmelberger.

Attendants—May Cooper, Dorothy Dundore, Charlotte Walt, Irene Wolfe, Irene Wright, Catherine Culp, Virginia Zener, and Margaret Ebling. Bo-Peep Dance—Rachel Painter, Evelyn Bowser, Margaret Masters, Orpha Hangen, Blanche Seibert, Eva Laucks.

Boy Blue Dance—Dorothy Dunlap, Maud Sittler, Mary Spencer, Flora Gross, Myrtle Wolf, Kathryn Hoffman.

Jack Horner Dance—Floren Wilkes, Norma Michael, Emma Hefling, Marrian Shaw, Martha Higgins, Harriet Bittle.

Miss Muffet Dance—Bernice Hill, Margaret Wolfe, Blanche McCauley, Mary Hetrick, Margaret Flexer, Mrs. Nora Henstreet.

Queen of Heart Dance—Erma Kaufman, Dora Miller, Rebecca Swope, Henrietta Spangler, Helen Ulrich, Marguerite Ling, Ruth Zeigler, Grace Seibert.

Simple Simon—Catherine Steltz, Dorothy Stauffer, Blandina Foster. Humpty Dumpty—Esther Detteline.

Jack Sprat—Carol Hefling. Mrs. Jack Sprat—Nellie Trout.

—Another reason why we girls have better complexions is because somebody uses soap on them.

—Alumni Banquet—June 5, 1928, 8:00 P. M.

MRS. LANDIS SPEAKS ON "STEWARDSHIP OF TIME"

An unusually good and interesting E. L. C. E. meeting was held in the College chapel, Sunday evening. The meeting was in charge of the vice-president, Mr. Benjamin Heiser, who led the song service and devotionals.

Mrs. Landis gave a very inspiring and helpful lecture on "Stewardship of Time," the second of her series of three. She emphasized the fact that each person is given a number of talents, some are the kind that can be seen by the public while others are not publicly known but a great benefit to the public through indirect means. A Talent is not to be hidden but developed. We must not shirk our duty, for our shirking makes another's duty impossible. Blending in with the lecture and thought of the evening, a poem, "The Gift of Gifts" was read by Miss Norma Michaels, as a concluding feature of the program. Next Sunday night's song services and devotions will be in charge of Mr. Robert Lundy, and Mrs. Landis will give her final lecture on "Stewardship of Money."

1929 SPECULUMS ARE GIVEN OUT TO STUDENTS

(Continued From Page One)

members of the staff and also the class. The staff appreciates the co-operation of the school at large and thanks them heartily.

—Alumni Banquet—June 5, 1928, 8:00 P. M.

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**JUNIOR ORATORICAL CONTEST
WON BY HELEN UHRICH**

(Continued From Page One)

such a calibre as to receive a great deal of consideration. The oration delivered by Miss Urich which was adjudged the winner follows:

BUILDERS ALL

Isn't it strange that princes and kings And clowns that caper in sawdust rings And common folk, like you and me Are builders for eternity? To each is given a bag of tools, A shapeless mass and a book of rules, And each must fashion ere life is flown A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

All of us are builders—builders of our lives and of our characters. As we build,—so shall our lives be, and as our lives,—so shall we build.

Whether we know it or not we are building a structure, bit by bit, day by day, that we will give to the world to improve the world or to hinder it. Our lives are the product of each day's living, in fact, of each minute's living. And just what we put into these minutes will determine the kind of structure that will be ours.

As builders, each of us must have a plan to follow. No building, no bridge is constructed without a blue print to guide the builders, and if one is built without these plans, the result will not be a worth-while and enduring structure. We should have a plan, and that plan should be to carry out some purpose. We should hold before us high ideals, the right kind of a life we wish to follow, and the life work we are pursuing, and then live according to the plans we formulate. It is only as far as our plans are followed that we will succeed in building a worthy structure and the one towards which we are aiming.

What other tools do this could be desired than those we have—a brain and mind capable of the highest development. A will to carry out our desires and hands to do the work. It is up to us to prepare for the world's work by educating ourselves and by keeping fit. It may truthfully be said that a carpenter is known by the tools he keeps and uses.

As we live our lives it is necessary that we consider the other people with whom we come in contact. Are we building so they will be happier or benefited in some way? Are we doing something for the betterment or uplift of humanity? Are we doing something to make someone else more comfortable?

There is an old Chinese proverb which says, "The great wall stands, the builder is gone." Thousands of people have enjoyed the protection of this wall, and thousands of others have wondered at its massiveness. For many years this wall has been standing, but those who gave of their time and lives have long since been forgotten. Just so should our lives make the world better by our having been there. It is not necessary to become famous, to have our names emblazoned for all the world to see. Far better is it that we rear an humble structure, yet so firm that the world will have proof of our careful labors.

Today we see noble buildings dotting our towns, our cities, our campuses. Many of them have been built scores of years ago, but are just as strong and serviceable today as when they were built. Who built them? Who designed them? We do not know, but there is something in the feeling that if we do as well as they, our lives will be a mute witness to our worth, even if our names have been lost.

It may fall to the lot of some of us to leave behind a work great enough to be of use to generations to come, but whether this be true or not, nevertheless, the duty is ours to think and plan and labor as though we were serving all the generations that will ever live in all the earth. It is not a question of reward now. It is a question of usefulness, and just to be useful is about all

Who's Who At Albright:

LLOYD KELLER

Who does not know Keller, or "Red" as he is more often called? A hearty laugh, flaming red hair and a person large enough to successfully carry both, reveal Red's presence.

Red comes from the small town of Kleinfeltersville, and is with us as a Day Student, for whom he is an ardent worker. His interests are wide and varied. Baseball is his favorite side-line, while at school his attention is centered on science, where he certainly does know his stuff. He is also active in Sunday School work, and his genial personality is a great asset here.

As for politics there is no other party than the Republican, and as for his chosen profession, he has decided on teaching.

WILLIAM MOORE

The small town of Richland claims this quiet, but energetic young fellow as her own. They have reason to be proud of him for William is a good student, and is determined to make good along his chosen lines. His special interests happen to be mathematics and Science, and he certainly does know his numbers and his chemistry.

William is a Day Student and so is

the reward any of us should desire. The work that endures is never selfishly done; it is always something done for others. This was true of Christ, of the Apostles and of the world's greatest leaders. The worker goes—his work remains. The Great Wall stands—the builder is gone.

What shall we consider in our lives as we build them? What shall we put into them? Shall we aspire to fame, to wealth? Shall we neglect the finer things of life, become calloused to the beauty around us in a frenzied search for pleasures that soon fade? Let us not forget that time lays houses in the dust, that the titles of books we may write will soon be forgotten, that the rulers of cities will not be remembered. The only good that remains is the good we do for someone else or for someone less fortunate than we. Noble deeds last longer than granite monuments, and the good we do will shine like stars at night, and make light the darkness.

Do not forget the little things in life. What will happen to the bridge with one bolt misplaced, or to the house with one small board and nail missing? We must remember that the final structure of a house is made up of innumerable small boards and nails. One may truthfully say, "There are no little things."

The story is told of a business man who was vacationing at a hotel where a young fellow was complaining of insomnia. He looked so well that the others thought his troubles were largely imaginary and they ridiculed him mildly. One day the business man and the young fellow were returning to New York on the same train. The young man made some attempts at conversation, but the business man was so preoccupied that he paid but little attention to him. Two days later he read in the paper that the young chap was a suicide. If the business man had been a bit more gracious he might have helped him over the hill. It makes one gasp a bit when one stops to consider how unconsciously we influence the lives of other people—just by little things.

Years ago in Springfield, Mass., a simple mechanic stepped up to a drunken man, tapped him on the shoulder and spoke a few words. The name of the mechanic is forgotten, but the drunken man became an orator of international reputation, and left a great impress on his generation. His name was John B. Gough, and the change in his life started from that moment. One might almost say to the thunders of applause greeting his name that it is but the echo of the tapping of that mechanic's friendly hand upon the drunkard's shoulder.

When we consider the tremendous consequences coming from little

not very well known on the campus, but those who meet him in the class room and in the Men's Day Student room know him as a regular fellow and one who can be depended upon.

After graduating from Albright Moore expects to enter the Civil Service, and we all wish him the best of luck in all his undertakings.

E. LeROY EBERHARDT

Coming to us from Dickinson College in 1926, at the beginning of the second semester, Eberhardt quickly made himself one of us and has proved himself a worthy student. He is an industrious fellow and rather serious-minded, but those who know him intimately can attest to his pleasing personality.

During the year 1927-28 he served very capably as President of the Oxford Fellowship, and is an enthusiastic member of the Excelsior Society.

Eberhardt is a full-fledged Methodist minister and is now serving a charge at Bainbridge. And something else is going to happen real soon! Wedding bells! A little home all furnished. Yep!

Best of luck to one who really deserves it!

things, from a chance word or smile or a tap on the shoulder, one is tempted to think that nothing dies and that there are no little things.

As we build, as we tackle the hard tasks that sometimes come in unending procession, we are sometimes tempted to think that nothing matters, that it is no use, that the whole world is against us, and so we sometimes get into a rut of despair from which we never completely arise. Let us go at things with heads held high, and remember that we are building for eternity,—for someone to stumble upon or to step on to higher things.

Three workmen were at work helping in the construction of a cathedral. When the 1st was asked what he was doing he replied, "I am earning my pay." The second one said, "I set stone all the day." But the third one replied in voice cheery and gay, "I'm helping to build a cathedral!"

What a difference work can mean to different people! To some it is merely drudgery; to others something to be done as soon as possible; but to others it is the supreme delight of their lives, because they are doing something for themselves and for the betterment of the world. At times, work may be monotonous and grinding, but we'd rather be having fun, we should remember that whatever is accomplished that is really worth while, is done through industry, sacrifice, hardship and toil. Instead of thinking of the woes, go on with a smile—you are helping to build a cathedral.

So, as we go on building our lives day by day, let us have well laid plans, high ideals, aimed faith-high, and let us follow them with a determination that nothing shall avail against us. The rules of the game are nothing else than the broad principles of a Christian life, and with these and a well educated mind, body and spirit there is nothing that can not be conquered and nothing that can not be done, if we will to do it. Thus equipped, the work is simplified, tho' it is still no easy task. One must be on the alert at all times, building for the betterment of the world and the humanity. This is easy if we remember that the world is made up of millions of other builders like ourselves.

The little things may not be forgotten lest the whole structure totter and fall. And the end is not worth the toil if the job is not tackled with a smile of courage, and head thrown back in determination to conquer all obstacles and in pride of the building one is preparing for the world.

So,— Isn't it strange that princes and kings,

And clowns that caper in sawdust rings, And common folk like you and me Are builders for eternity? To each is given a bag of tools, A shapeless mass and a book of rules, And each must fashion ere life is flown A stumbling block, or a stepping stone.

MEN'S GLEE CLUB GIVES HOME CONCERT

(Continued From Page One)

—Part II—

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Quartette Selected
Garret, Morris, McGuigan, Wilkes.
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Garret, McGuigan.
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