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On The Corner

A report is circulating thru town that certain of the "teachers" are formulating plans for the organization of a No-man Club. We see very few instances where there is any necessity of this step, unless it be to protect those of us who go blind.

But we have no reason for complaint in fact this is the only time of our life when we have found ourselves so much in demand. The other evening we had six of the fatal species call us up, all asking for dates.

And this date ended up in the library.

Penn State has long been noted for her football (stands), but the staid old library managers to hold her own against this modern competition and at the present, so we hear, even has the nerve to boast of more popularity than all the cheer!

Every time we reach the library we find all the seats (and corners) taken. We thought we would fool all of them once (not the seats) by going up there at six thirty, but even then disappointment was ours, for when we reached the library we found that the line had already extended down that fair.

We had thought of printing a few snapshots this week of cases which develop during summer school but the subjects object strenuously. However that does not prevent us from telling about some of them in this column.

The first one which comes to our mind is the infatuation of a man who is well over six feet tall for a girl who is slightly over four feet in height.

In this instance the man weighs 295 pounds while the girl weighs only 98. He asked her to go for a walk the other day but she was afraid he was not big enough to protect her.

Another case which is similar, only different, is that of a remarkably thin man and a girl who is just as remarkably fat. We were unable to secure statistics in this instance as to weight etc.

Then of course, there are others too numerous to mention.

Walking from Co-op the other day we heard a little dandy of two hundred and fifty pounds mutter to himself, "I will make this hill on high, I will!"

Now I ask you, can you beat that?

Another of the sweet little things, when telling of her next-day hike, said "Yes, we're going on an all-day trip where? To the Noble Pastures."

After a little detective work, we found that she had misquoted the name of her destination, which should have been "Dear Meadows."

Have you seen the he-girl of the college yet?

Walking past the library a few days ago, we had our first glimpse of her. If the friend with whom we were walking had not told us that she was a girl, we would still be laboring under the impression that she were a boy.

She looked much like us, or any other fellow, except, of course, that she has more of a classic countenance.

But then look at the experience she has had in making herself appear as

Nature didn't intend her to!

Her locks were not only bobbed—they were shorn and smoothed back in the most approved Valentino fashion! The customarily boyish knickers, along with the masculine pointing of the wavy completely fooled us.

But we weren't the only duped ones, as we heard a girl in front of us say to her companion, "My, isn't he wonderful looking?"

We guess it has almost reached a point where you might say that dresses and dresses have gone forever.

Two good things are sure to come out of it, though. Their ears!

TOO DAMNED WICKED SAYS DANA OF MINISTER'S EDIT

In the prime years of the Dana period it used to be the fashion to describe The Sun not only as "the newspaper man's newspaper," but also as "the best school of journalism" then in existence. As to any attempt at formal instruction it was of course, never a "school" in the sense intended. Such teaching as the beginner had was negative, rather than didactic. The editor, and those of his subordinates who were more or less wise in the ways of the profession, were too busy as a rule in getting out the paper seven days in the week to devote any time to the systematic training of their younger associates. If education there was it was mainly education by absorption. It came to the aspirant by example rather than precept. They were taught by observation and by the self-preservative instinct what to do and what to avoid.

Mr. Dana's time-saving custom was to condense his reply of approval, rejection, or criticism into a sententious phrase of blue-pencilled comment. "My! isn't he nice!" he wrote across a vitriolic editorial in Mr. Dowley's Springfield paper denouncing him for his attitude toward Civil Service reform. "I don't know about this Pennsylvania do 'use you judgment," on the end of things handed down for decision. "Not a touch of justice in it—C. A. D." disposed of many manuscripts. "This won't wash—C. A. D." was a common form of rejection. "This is nearly bad enough to be good" put the case precisely. "Sis, what's got the matter with you?" he wrote to a contributor whose manuscript he intended, in some respects, the recognition of popularity. These blue ink-deductions made him seem very human, very distinctly personal, to those who received them, whether the words carried pleasure or disappointment.

In a magazine sketch of Mr. Dana I once told about an eminent clergyman of sensational proclivities, who wrote suggesting the fashion in which The Sun's editorials ought to be conceived in order to be effective and yet be like Caesar's wife. At last Mr. Dana invited the persistent critic to show us the way by an example from his own hand. The manuscript came after a week or so of evidently laborious and conscientious effort to adapt himself to what he supposed to be the worldly and reckless tone of Sunday journalism. He got it back indorsed, as usual in blue. "This is too damned wicked!" From 'The Newspaper Man's Newspaper' by Edward P. Mitchell in the August Fiction Number of Scribner's.

LOST—On Campus, a black enamel sorority pin, set with pink opalites and pearls. Reward. Return to Char. J. McConnell, 500 West College Avenue.

HELFRICH TRIUMPHS IN STOCKHOLM MEET

Penn State Star Wins 800-Meter Flat Race—Paddock Also Lands Place



STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Aug. 1.—The American team of Olympic athletes added further victories to its score in the second day of the stadium games, in which picked teams from Holland, Switzerland and Sweden are participating. Charles Paddock of Los Angeles, A. C. runner, won the 200-meter race in 21 9-10 seconds with

Loren Muehlen, of Newark, second in 22 2-5 seconds.

The 100-meter hurdle race was won by Ivan Kelly, Illinois, A. C. his time being 24 2-5 seconds.

All in Helfrich Penn State College won the 500 meters flat in 1:55 7-10, and Martin Switzerland third 1:56 2-5.

The shot-out was won by Sweden, E. J. Jenson registering 11 11 meters. Thompson Norton Georgetown University was second, with a throw of 114 1/2 meters.

Sweden won the 1600-meters relay race in 1 minute 19 seconds. The United States was second with 3 minutes 26 3-4 seconds.

SCHUYLKILL GIRL HAS RECORD BERRY YIELD

What is said to be a record yield for strawberries in Pennsylvania, has just been reported from Schuylkill county where Miss Artz, a 12 year old girl grew 812 quarts of berries on one-twentieth of an acre. This is the highest yield of over 10,000 quarts to the acre.

Fifteen boys and girls are members of the two strawberry clubs which are located in the county. The members of the clubs were financed in their project by two banks of the county and the junior fruit growers followed very closely the methods of culture advised by the Schuylkill county. The 812 quarts were picked and sold for \$107. Accurate accounts were kept on the cost of growing the berries and Miss Artz shows a cost of \$30. This leaves her the handsome profit of \$77. County Agent W. J. Bollinger and the fruit specialists at the Pennsylvania State College. The record high yield was made by Joseph Lutz whose one-twentieth acre patch gave him 479 quarts of fine berries. The

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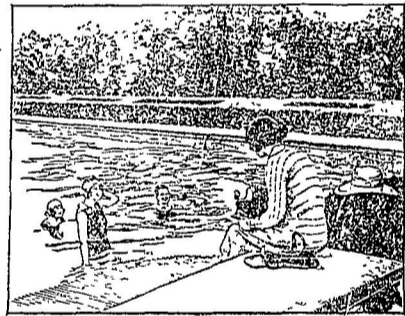
Average yield raised on the same sized patch by the 15 members of the two clubs was 192 quarts.

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