

Penn State Collegian

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The Penn State COLLEGIAN invites communications on any subject of college interest. Letters must bear the signatures of the writers. Names of contributors will be published unless requested to be kept confidential. It assumes no responsibility, however, for sentiments expressed in the Letter Box and reserves the right to exclude any whose publication would be palpably inappropriate. All copy for Tuesday's issue must be in the office by ten a. m. on Monday, and for Friday's issue, by ten a. m. on Thursday.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1926.

"MAY WE CUT IN TO SAY—"

That you, our visitors, are to be introduced to the Promenade of the class of 1927 tonight, that Penn State holds forth for your pleasure in its greatest, most spectacular social event of the season.

Our Armory, transformed from a mere man's gymnasium into a splendidly decorated ballroom, awaits your presence. Jean Goldkette's Victor recording orchestra groups itself 'neath a gilded sounding board, waiting for the flash of your eyes before striking up its next number. Penn State men stood before you, you who have your programs filled, asking you company for just one dance. For you, Miss, have occasioned this affair, it is yours to do with as you like.

We crave the momentary indulgence of this great gathering of feminine charm as we cut in to wish the Prom girls happiness in what we know will prove to be one of the crowning week-ends in our lives.

WHY DO THEY DO IT?

Every now and again we read, either in dailies, college publications or The New Student, the last-named being our tank of mental oil, (Loyola News please note) about certain professors or instructors being forced to leave certain institutions, because of their having abused the privilege of free speech as set down in the First Amendment to the Constitution, or because of their ill-defined liberalistic tendencies, or because of their "having poisoned the minds of our younger generation" or for some other reason equally as questionable. From the Hookworm Belt, time after time, we get notice that someone, in an unguarded moment, murmured the word "evolution" and forthwith was placed in the hoosegow for violating some kind of law. What we want to know is—what's it all about, anyhow?

From time immemorial, men have been jailed for breaking rules. Whether or not they see fit to agree with laws, they must, perforce, adhere to them. And, since ignorance excuses no one, they must put their noses to the grindstone and get to work, they must join the big parade on their own initiative or else they will be pushed into line. The bone of contention (of course there must be such a thing) comes, we think, in interpretation of the law—its interpretation either by the mentally-frenzied mob or by the calm, thinking jurist.

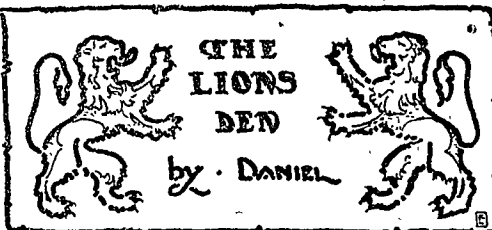
"Paul Blanshard, free speech crusader, was announced as a speaker at Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. Business men of the city were enraged. Attacks were published in a Topeka newspaper. There was much agitation against the proposed address. The president, the faculty, and over ninety percent of the student body backed up the meeting. Said President Womer, 'As long as this college exists, it will stand for freedom of speech.' Great applause and cheering."—From the New Student.

But two professors at Denver University were forced to resign because of having expressed, in the classroom, certain opinions on philosophy or some other abstract subject, which differed with those held by the authorities. What else could we expect of Denver? Denver University which has not allowed social dancing for a matter of a half-century? If Denver were to be placed in the Menckonian category of belts, it would be classified, most likely, as in the Devil-chasing Belt or the Eye Bandage Belt or some belt of mental inertia. From the way we size things up, about the only free thing in Colorado is the air which is breathed—and most likely that has a sort of tax on it. A visitor there pays for it, at any rate.

What's it all about, anyhow? Is one to be allowed to use the privilege of free speech without fear of having some lame-brained Belt proclaim to the various Belts that the free speaker did not adhere strictly to the letter of the law as interpreted by the half-eared nitwit? Who cares what anyone else says about religion, immorality, philosophy, psychology, astronomy or button-hooks as long as it doesn't stop traffic in New York? Why care whether or not girls with big feet should be dentists? Why all this brazenness concerning the thoughts of individuals who think more deeply and over a greater area than the average, three-squares-a-day, movies-at-night, evolution-damning ninecompoop?

What this long-winded dissertation really has for its aim is this: why should colleges or anyone, for that matter, administer supposed justice upon a man who, although he adheres strictly to the letter of the law, sees fit to express an opinion opposite that held by those higher up? At least fifty percent of the speaker's audience will be the ordinary class of non-believers which scoffs, at everything, twenty-five percent which can be convinced of nothing, twenty-four percent which probably already had the same thought as that expressed by the eminent orator and one percent which believes everything and which is usually absent anyway.

Why is there someone who always tries to be a dietician of the mind and tells us what to eat? Do not the most prominent and learned physicians hold that our appetite dictates gastronomic delights? Why all the doctors—if we want salt and pepper and, perhaps, vinegar, will we not find them in spite of all opposition?



THOUGHTS FROM A SECOND STORY WINDOW.

Here from my perch on a two dollar chair, Thoughts? Why boy I'm a millionaire, As I sit here gazing into the night, As I sit an eye—Boy what a sight! A joy to be living? Yep, that kid was right.

My face is turned to the Eastern sky, I see the mail-lights whirling by, Cutting and shing through the lark, Guiding the pilot and his bark, To their lower berth in hangar three, Romance? Well—it might be

And then the North where darkness reigns, The moaning whistles of unseen trains, The deathlike Barrens, their steely quiet, Across the fields—a gleaming light, The bays of hounds across the sea, Romance! It suit of seems that way to me

Now West I turn and lovers' Lane, Holds Eros and her ardent swain, The mystic Tussey hints to me, Intimacy—dancer—mystery, The hopes and loves of Scotia flee, Romance? Yes, less than this could hardly be

And through the trees to South I see, The village—lights—owlery The gleaming moons on the Old Man tower, True hues of the Eternal Hour, Crusaders in the Penn Valley, Romance? Yes this the Gods to me decree

Yet here I sit, and muse, and wait, This gorgeous romance doesn't rate, Cause I hate to sit here all alone, I want to be with dear old Joan, I want to feel her velvet lips, I want to kiss her finger tips, And if you see her tell her Fate, I'm sorry I gave her the gate

ART EXHIBIT OF FOSTER, GRADUATE, SHOWN HERE

An exhibition of commercial illustrations by Robert Foster '19, which will last until May tenth, is being shown in the Old Main gallery. Foster was editor of the Froth during 1918 and 1919 when that publication was ranked among the first of all college comics. As a member of the Philadelphia Sketch Club and the Philadelphia Society of Allied Arts, Foster has exhibited in the Art Director's Show, New York, and the Penn Richard Club, Philadelphia. At present, he is art director for the Pennsylvania Gazette and instructor in the Philadelphia School for Women.

FROTH'S "JAZZ NUMBER" APPEARS THIS MORNING

(Continued from first page) Al Swift has added a bit of sentimental verse as another feature. Frothy's cover, like a lot of Frothy's covers, presents a strong, handsome young man and a more or less enticing young lady. In dedication to the Junior class, the background is purple and silver, the 1927 colors. On the lower right of the cover which Walt Eschenbach designed, is printed the strikingly witty phrase "Vamp Till Ready."

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Thoughts of Others

Lacrosse
One of the things we admire Mencklen for is the facility and plausibility with which he can (and generally does) blast icons firmly rooted in popular prejudice. So it is with some delight that we are able to point out that lacrosse, the ugly duckling of the Athletic Council's brood, is not a bloodthirsty game of wholesale clubbing as most people commonly suppose. We are quite positive that those who have played it before haven't that much faith in their courage when it is only a matter of sport.

On the other hand, lacrosse is no mollycoddle's game. It demands skill, agility, stamina, and team-work. It is a game of bodily contact. Hesn't W. O. McGeehan of the Boston Herald said that it was just this that usually raised a sport to major status? And as we find lacrosse a major sport at Syracuse and Rutgers and prominent nearly every large eastern college. The preliminary practice will be soon to acquaint former players and newcomers with the "feel" of the stick. After Easter vacation, physical endowments of, coordination will chiefly win favor—so that it must be evident that the period of apprenticeship is quite easy and attractive. After our tirade some time ago against the pre-schoolish trick of labeling suitcases, we must now avoid setting mawkish—but the opportunity presents itself.—The Dartmouth

FARMERS CHANGE DATE OF ANNUAL FIELD DAY

Farmers' field day will be held June eighteenth instead of the previous day as originally planned, stated T. J. Mann, director of agricultural correspondence courses. In the event rain necessitates holding all meetings indoors, an alternative program has been arranged. Among the more prominent exhibits will be a horse-pulling contest, using the same dynamometer that took part in fifteen contests in the State last year. The dairy herd, green houses, gardens and experimental plots will be additional attractions.

RIFLE TEAMS TO BANQUET

The men's and women's varsity rifle teams will close a successful season with a banquet to be held Sunday, April twenty-fifth at one o'clock at the Penn State Hotel. Dean Charlotte E. Ray will be the guest of honor. Announcement of the appointment of captains and managers for next year will be made.

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The Fenway Tea Room
116 E. College Ave.

GIFTS MAILLARDS CANDY

CATERERS—

We have a specially fine lot of

GREEN VEGETABLES AND FRUIT

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Be sure to have enough of the best for this week-end's guests

We Have It

FYE'S ON THE AVENUE

FACULTY MEMBERS LEAD IN CHEMICAL RESEARCH

In a recent book dealing with chemistry in agriculture published by the American Chemical Foundation, Penn State is among the leaders in the number of contributors. Of nineteen experts from all parts of the country who contributed to the book, four are Penn State men. They are: Professors H. W. Popp, biochemist; R. Adams Dutcher, head of the department of agriculture and biological chemistry; E. B. Forbes, director, and Max Kriss, associate of the Institute of Animal Nutrition.

D. D. HENRY SELECTED AS 1926 VALEDICTORIAN

D. D. Henry '26, president of the senior class, has been selected from a list of five eligible candidates as valedictorian for the class of 1926. The selection was made at a meeting of the commencement week program committee, working in conjunction with Dr. Dye of the English department and P. M. Scheifer '26, chairman of the Class Day committee.

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OUTING CLUB HEARS DUSHAM

Doctor E. H. Dusham, head of the Zoology department, gave an illustrated talk on "Animal Adaptation" before one hundred members of the Outing Club Tuesday evening at seven o'clock in Room 214, Old Main.

A design for the Club pin was selected and badges ordered for the members. Plans for a hike to put up posters for the protection of wildflowers tomorrow afternoon were arranged. The hikers will start from Pugh and Foster streets at one-thirty o'clock.

The Duffman Theatre Co.
Photoplays of Quality

CATHAUM

Friday—First Pennsylvania Showing of DOUGLAS MacLEAN in "That's My Baby"

Saturday—First Pennsylvania Showing of LEW CODY in "Monte Carlo"

Monday and Tuesday—Matinee Monday at Two—JOHN BARRYMORE in "The Sea Beast" Special Prices This Picture Admits 50c, Children 25c

NITTANY

Friday—POLA NEGRI in "The Crown of Lies"

Saturday—DOUGLAS MacLEAN in "That's My Baby"

Tuesday—FRISCILLA DEAN in "The Danger Girl"

STARK BROS. Haberdashers
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Pure Food Well Cooked

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Industrial Engineering Department

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Student Desks and Chairs, Student Tables

CHIFFONIERS \$12.50
TYPEWRITER TABLES \$4.00
CHAIRS \$3.50
DESKS \$12.50 to \$25.00
TABLES \$5.00
COSTUMERS \$2.00
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DRAWING BOARDS \$1.25 to \$3.00

ROOM 106, UNIT B

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