

Penn State Collegian

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All copy for Tuesday's issue must be in the office by twelve o'clock Sunday night, and for Friday's issue, by twelve o'clock Wednesday night. Checks and money orders naming a payee other than "The Penn State Collegian" will not be accepted for accounts due this newspaper.

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FIRE WHEN READY, GRIDLEY

It is one of the greatest puzzles to the editors of a college publication to understand the feeling of fellow students in regard to the policy and material of their newspaper. Editorials are condemned without the knowledge of their writers, editors are shot with their backs facing a literary wall and their eyes blind to the rifles of student opinion. Whether such action is a result of personal astigmatism it is not for us to say. However, since the new board has assumed control only a single letter has been received.

Letters challenging the editor to pistol duels at thirty paces used to be the traditional thing. We would receive such a communication with tears of joy—not that we are experts with the pistol for our firing talents have been allowed expression only on the R. O. T. C. range, but that it has been so long since a letter, signed by name, has appeared in this office that just to see one would be an ambition fulfilled. Somebody challenge us.

1917 TEN YEARS AFTER 1927

Ten years ago last Wednesday the United States entered into a momentous conflict—one that had already exacted its terrible toll from all Europe for almost three years. When word flashed around the World that America had finally joined forces with the Allies, that group rejoiced with all the spirit they were able to muster—a spirit considerably reduced to that of nothingness, almost snuffed out by the morale-breaking warfare in which they had been most actively, but apparently vainly, engaged since 1914. Rich America, powerful America was coming to the aid of England, France and the rest of the Allies to lend her hand in a thus far losing fight to down what has been variously termed, Prussianism, Kulturism, Kaiserism and Hatredism.

In America, citizens joyfully set to work, each to do his or her respective part in bringing all warfare to an end—and quickly. Fully two-thirds of America's thinking inhabitants actually believed that the United States had a simple part to play of throwing a hat into a blood-stained ring, and watching the Germans send up a combined shout, "Kamrad."

But Germany was stubborn. It, too, was fighting for an ideal. Not until a year and a half later was the great conflict halted by an Armistice. America's toll was 50,510 dead and 193,663 wounded. In money twenty billions of dollars were expended. Yet America's price was insignificant compared to the enormous loss of manhood, wealth, morale and land on the part of France alone. These material losses were nothing compared to the destruction and shattering of ideals: of the hopes that this war was a war to end war.

Should a prophet have been approached back in 1917 and asked the question, "What will the World be like ten years from now?" he would have had but one answer. "Ten years from now, in 1927, the World will have forgotten all its present differences. There will be peace and contentment. The future will be free from more wars. This Hell will be the last. Yea verily, ten years from now the World will again be on its feet, sadder but wiser, with the stain of hatred, lust, selfishness and enmity all washed away."

Ten years later. Conditions still in a chaotic state—possibly worse than in 1917. To portray conditions as they now exist, we quote from The Nation: Haiti subjugated; Mexico threatened by the United States Marines; Panama a tool; Santa Domingo, Honduras, etc., in grip of American bankers and State Department. The white Powers holding Shanghai against its Chinese residents. France strangling Syria, Morocco subjugated, etc., etc.

Add to this the fact that Germans are now better received in France than are Americans. That where once an American was given acclaim, the plaudits are replaced by uncomplimentary epithets. The joy expressed by the Allies when the United States entered the war, ten years ago, "has turned to envy, bitterness, and open revolt at what they call their bond-slavery to our Treasury. Everywhere in Europe the tide of hatred against America rises." The wolf has turned.

What were the benefits of the war? None. Perhaps in ten more years from now, the good, if any, will be all too evident. At the present time

that statement sounds as ethereal as that made by our mythical prophet back in 1917. Perhaps in ten more years from now, the World will forget all else, so much will they be engrossed in another death-gripping struggle.

War is useless. Why, then, have war? History has brought to light the fact that after each embroglio, the people are positive that there will not be another. So saying these same people make immediate preparations for another, just after they are certain that there will not be another. Ten years have elapsed since America took up arms for its part in the worst conflict that the World had ever witnessed. And is the World now at peace? It would not take much of an impetus to start again the guns of nations, to send human beings into mortal combat again, to check further the hands of time. This hate, this bitterness, this lust for power, this unrest

MID-WESTERN MONKEYS

If you believe that man descended or ascended from a monkey, do not go near the Oklahoma Baptist university. For in that intellectual paradise men are men, and hell is fire, and religion is fundamentalism. Last Saturday "the great Baptist hosts of Oklahoma," to use President W. S. Spears' own phrase, sprang into the breach created by three depraved professors, and "protected the Baptists of Oklahoma in their educational institution against any form of evolutionary teaching." No one, as yet, has been burned at the stake.

But the enlightened faculty, headed by the redoubtable Dr. Spears, did not pause in its crusade merely by evicting the three professors who dared contaminate the institution by teaching evolution. No, the faculty of the Oklahoma Baptist university was something to reckon with. The faculty was not only godlike, but warlike. And the next day, when the BISON, the student publication, asked for the reinstatement of Professors Conley, Sawyer and Harvey, the offending instructors, the student publication was promptly suspected of heresy and suppressed.

However, before Doctor Spears could put Satan behind his students, several hundred copies were printed, and the damage was done—beautifully and completely. . . . In a day, the university was reeking with "evolution and other doctrines held by the Board of Trustees to be contrary to the Baptist faith." It mattered not what other Baptists might think of the matter: the faculty of the university was endowed with the maximum of virtue and authority; it was crammed dill its brain pan protested raucously against any additional fuel for its roaring fires of intelligence.

The editorial with which the BISON condemned itself to perdition reads, partially, as follows: "we appeal to the Christian hearted, forward-looking and intelligent Baptists of the State to save Oklahoma Baptist university from the mistaken and hasty action of the Board of Trustees, initiated by a handful of students and acquiesced in and actually encouraged by a few members of the Faculty who are unfriendly to the administration."

There may be, as many suggest, no quarrel between Evolution and the Bible. But there is a quarrel with Doctor Spears' consent between Ignorance and Education.

N. B. Oklahoma Baptist university is located in Shawnee.

The Bullophor's Chair

"Smithers, have you ever noticed what a vast difference a single letter omitted or misplaced in a word makes?"

Smithers: Yes, I have. Only last week when I passed one of our many churches I noticed a sign reading, APRIL FOUL SOCIAL TONIGHT. Imagine a religious institution sponsoring an affair of that sort! I've heard of countless church affairs, but that's the first church foul I've ever encountered.

"I believe you."

Smithers: Well, well; this is so sudden. But what of your original reference? Have I anticipated you?"

"No, not exactly. I was about to cite an amusing notice I read in the Faculty Bulletin. It seems that Doctor Pattee was slated for Chapel speaker and he was designated "Acting Chaplain." Just a mistake in spelling, but what a vast difference it makes. Just a letter omitted, but what humorous thought it provokes!"

Smithers: "Quite true. Imagine our honorable educator being made to act like the infamous comedian."

"Yes. It would be an indignity."

For Those Planning a Trip Abroad This Summer

THE NEW

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Remarks by--

The New Poor, Clarissa Fairchild Cushman, Harpers, \$2.00.

The title promises to release from social ignorance, but What really new "poor" class exists? Always there have been the poor that Miss Cushman writes of; out of the many families which are classified as worthy of some sort of charity, she has selected the tangible love story of a moderately intelligent and self-supporting working-girl, Margaret Winthrop. Her sister, Sue Winthrop, is rather like Margaret, but Sue differs in that, having been bereft of her first love, she forces herself to marry money. Margaret (extremes, always) marries a penniless young college instructor in economics. We find, as we read, that man by nature is romantic, while child-like punctures woman's dream and dedicates God's fairest creation to a double drudgery.

And here begins Miss Cushman's task—Margaret must clear away the wreck of her shattered ideals and find new and lasting visions; Sue must (somehow) be made to see that money cannot soothe an aching heart. Oh, the plot seems to be as conventional as a pair of overshoes, and as plain. But the angle is striking, and in the new viewpoint we see a most interesting area in the circle of life.

The absence of money after marriage confronts most young people who are inclined to live on kisses, per se. What to do? David's pitance doesn't, can't account for curtain-roads and baby-clothes, for Margaret's new hat and David's new-garters. What to do? The two struggling mates separate—willingly and pleasantly, of course—Mar-

garet goes home. She works as an editor on a fashion's magazine, and when she begins to earn her former goodly salary, she loses sight of the good things in marriage; momentarily she forgets her love for David, and the baby.

Problems, nasty ones, surround her; the baby no longer knows its mother. Margaret's married sister, Harriet (and a sensible woman, for a change) expressively ignores her for having forgotten David; Sue's unfortunate marriage gives birth to a bad taste. David writes a book—(an economics book which, by the way, "was destined to be a best-seller for three years." Oh, Professor, how could you!)—and becomes a public figure via the very book with which Margaret was to help him!

Almost too late comes the awakening. But it takes good old David to show her the stool, the paring-knife and the basket of potatoes. We've merely outlined the plot, which itself sustains interest. And the vivid characters of Margaret, David and Harriet, together with the poignant problems of marriage and money, make *The New Poor* truly a triple threat. Too, thank heaven, it is wholesome and clean. We suggest a reading.

—The Booklover.

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Players Present Four Short Plays Tomorrow

(Continued from first page)

be the "Swan Song," a story of a broken down actor who realizes that all his life he has been clown. His audiences are fond of his acting but do not like him personally. Nelson Zimmerman '27 enacts the leading role with much sympathy and strength.

Fifty cents will be the price of admission and tickets may be procured at Whitey Musser's.



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