

Penn State Collegian

Published semi-weekly during the College year by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interests of the College, the students, faculty, alumni and friends.

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The Penn State COLLEGIAN invites communications on any subject of College interest. All communications must bear the signature of the writer, and the writer's name will be published below his communication, providing that communication is deemed worthy of publication. THE COLLEGIAN assumes no responsibility, however, for sentiments expressed in the Letter Box.

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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FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1927

MOTHER

We found it difficult to select an appropriate title for this editorial. We wanted something that might express our gratitude to Penn State mothers, our visitors this week-end; we wanted something that might at once be a message and a welcome. And we found it. We discovered our message and our welcome not in dusty files, not in any sentimental, spectacular oratory on the subject of mother love; we found it in our hearts—and we titled this editorial MOTHER.

Mothers of Penn State students, we welcome you. These are those of you for whom this week-end will be the first on the Nittany campus; you especially do we greet. Prepare yourselves for surprises—college life is not all that it is painted to be. Students occasionally flunk out; but students occasionally study. You will find no uproarious scenes such as the cinema has pictured. But you will find a normal college, without finery and normal students without embellishment. And so we welcome you.

TO THE POLLS

Unless Penn State spirit becomes a ghost two important changes will have been made in the Athletic Association constitution by Monday. For on that day the undergraduate body of this college will vote on questions which have perplexed generations of Nittany students and which, at last, appear to be on the road to solution—that is, providing at least forty percent of the student body casts ballots.

Should the students vote "yes" a new board of control—a board on which students, faculty and alumni will have an equal voice—will govern Penn State athletics in the future. Already the proposed change has been approved by the faculty and the alumni, and now it awaits the judgment of the students. The step, if it is consummated, will be a triumph for all three bodies, but most of all it will be a victory for the students. It means that the undergraduates will receive their rightful representation in an activity which directly concerns them.

As for the other amendment—which would restore basketball as a major sport—debate is advisable; yet we hope that each individual will recognize the fact that the sport has grown until now it is, for interest and competition, the equal, if not the superior, of any of the present major sports. Whether basketball is worthy of major recognition it is for everyone to decide. The attitude of the physical education department and of the athletes themselves is that basketball is worthy of a higher place. And they, as the saying goes, ought to know.

THE WINE-FLAGON

O King Apollo! what a flow of words!
Gurgle the watersprings! twelve founts in one
His mouth! a whole Iliad in his throat!
He'll deluge everything with comic verse.
—Wine-flagon.

Thus Cratinus—and he was not a COLLEGIAN critic. We enlist the sympathies of this ancient Greek, for being several thousand years dead, though still in print, he cannot conceivably be mistaken for the Bullosopher; and we have been advised by the enraged Thespians to keep the Mad Bull in hiding with his bottle, or else... they will shoot him. And as the letter printed elsewhere in this "flag of freedom" shows, the Thespians, very candidly and unmaidenly, are out for blood. For the Thespians have been insulted. The Bullosopher criticised their show and did not understand it in terms of a baseball team; he gently clucked their chins, but morosely pinched their legs.

As we see it, the Bullosopher acted within his rights—the wiggles of the Two Seniors to the contrary. His criticism was not only fair-minded; it was correct. The Thespians put on a good show, but not a darn good show—and no one is sorer about that than the Thespian Club. The chorus girls, bag and baggage, have taken the not unbusiness-like attitude that they must be praised at all costs; better an assecan for a critic than one who does not boost. Hence the time-worn blurb of retuge that the critic is not a loyal Penn State man. To be frank with the Thespians we are tired of all this nonsensical boasting, we are, in fact, quite bored by it. We have boosted the Y. M. C. A., the Clover Club, the Cosmopolitan Club, the College Orchestra, the Mandolin Club—and we are not anxious to continue as a patron of such Arts when patronizing can react only viciously.

The Thespian viewpoint is this: if the show isn't a good one, then for Pete's and Penn State's sake don't let it out—nobody can tell the difference anyhow, but we promise a more polished and more practised show in June. Thus, it is gibbly hinted, it is not only treacherous not to caress the performance, no matter what, but also the ranklest sportsmanship and poor business. Strangely enough these considerations seem to have eluded the Bullosopher when he wrote his review. That worthy, foolishly enough, thought that he was writing a criticism and not an advertisement; and he thought his remarks would be accepted as a wish to do good, to better the June show. So let us excuse him, poor old janitor that he is. He may have been deluded by the impressive posters; he may have been led astray by the pretentious prices. Perhaps such a nitwit as he did not realize that the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh newspapers possess kindly gentlemen who are the last authorities on college dramatics. And perhaps, alas! this embryo George Jean Nathan was right. But that, as the Thespians say among themselves, has nothing to do with it.

The Bullosopher's Chair

SESSION ONE

"Speaking of 'lost Arts,' old top, I think the 'most lost' is the art of originality on the part of our feminine populace."

Smithers:—Has that fact just dawned upon you, Bullosopher, or has there been some newly lost art that you are bemoaning?

"I thought that group politics at Penn State was limited to the more sordid male portion, but now I find that the amateur politicians have been out-sordided by their fairer competitors. Yes, they have lost the originality of running a campaignless election."

"An editorial in the Women's section of the COLLEGIAN entitled 'If the Cap Fits—' intrigued me into making a few inquiries—with startling exposures. Intrigued fits the case exactly, Smithers. I wasn't sure whether the writer was referring to Penn State girls losing out in invitations to the Prom, or whether a few of them had Halthosis—for doesn't the Editorial say 'even you own friends won't tell you so?' Well, to get to the root of the matter, it seems that certain candidates for office in the recent W. S. G. A. elections who were defeated were bad losers—I inferred this from the printed sheet—and, of course Smithers, everything in print is gospel truth."

Smithers:—But, say now, I know for a fact that your inference is wrong Bullosopher—they were good losers. Perhaps the others may have been boastful winners.

"As you like it Smithers, that is not the point at which I am diving. The fact that such an article appeared in the columns of a newspaper may conceivably subject that publication to very severe criticism. Such matters are very hard to substantiate when the occasion arises where proof is demanded. I'll admit that the article avoided personal accusations with studied care, but vagueness and indefiniteness are weak weapons in reform and may prove to be nasty boomerangs. Aside from being tactless the article was clearly not in good taste. In the days of Rome vac victims was perfectly natural, but we are not Romans, neither do we live in an age of gladiators. That slogan 'woe to the vanquished' finds no place in our twentieth century code of ethics. I hesitate to believe that the above attitude was present in the article under question, but since that is the impression it left with you, perhaps there are similarly influenced."

Smithers:—You ramble, Bullosopher. What are you trying to prove?

"Oh, just that the world is round, or that farmers prefer red paint for their barns."

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This Believing World. Lewis Browne. Macmillan. \$3.50
Stranger Than Fiction. Browne, Macmillan. \$3.00.

It might be of interest to note that "This Believing World," by Rabbi Lewis Browne, is becoming a serious menace to the sales record set by Will Durant's "The Story of Philosophy." "This Believing World" summarizes the existing creeds and their forebears, and is free from propaganda. It is a handsly written, enlightening work.

The book also proves that Rabbi Browne has not confined his talent to one set of leaves "Stranger Than Fiction," a short history of the Jews, and an earlier volume is written in the same delightful, intimate vein, and the two books are definitely contributing to the solving of religious problems which loom before so many groping collegiate minds. These books are big books by a big man—a man of emotional, intellectual genius. Elmer Gantry. Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.50.

The publication of "Elmer Gantry" doubtless aids in the sale of the cheap editions of "Ariovstus" and "Baltib" Maybe it's not too late to tell you what we think of "Elmer Gantry" now that everyone else has unburdened a few thoughts.

A book like "Left in Charge," which deals with the good work most ministers sponsor, would not be popular in these days of super-naturalistic sordidness. Lewis could have written something like that, but he could not resist the temptation, perhaps, to scourge someone. Consequently, he unleashed his whip and cracked it around a ministerial shell. What luck! Get the money-bags. And in so short a time!

Certainly there are men like Elmer Gantry—we knew one who got boiled after Wednesday evening prayer meetings. But all ministers are not like Elmer Gantry. He's not an average, he's not one picked at random he was searched for! As a character, almost he is a human creature; he could have been placed in any other profession and still have had the makings of a best-seller. All of which goes to prove that smut is popular and does not horrify the herd; that filth is the more popular when supposedly blameless institutions harbor it.

There is no depth to "Elmer Gantry," no sweep, no poise; it has no breadth, no depth, no "shallows that bubble through green fields." Behind the book, we search for the man, this is not the Sinclair Lewis we know! He did not have to write this; he could have lived even had he turned out another such indignity as "Mur-trap." Sinclair Lewis searched for a financial megapropose, for a literary "bull." He found it.

Read "Elmer Gantry." There is no harm in it. Lewis meant it as a character study and that's the way to read it. He knew it would sell, and he knew its good and bad points, and he knew about "Hatrack." Read his statement "No character in this book is the portrait of any actual person." Ah!

The dedication, perhaps, shows Sinclair Lewis's heart. He bequeathed the book to the man who had helped him most in its conception. H. I. Mencken. To us, this is a bit of irony, a sardonic grin. The Booklover.

LOST—Keys in brown case, May 4th, vicinity West College, Burrows to Pugh Reward if returned to 411 West Beaver Avenue, or phone 61-M.

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Letter Box

To the Editor of the Collegian,
Dear Sir:
Judging from the amount of space which you give each issue to the drivel styled, "The Bullosopher's Chair," we are assuming that you are sadly in need of copy to fill the columns of your flag of freedom and will, therefore, be only too glad to print this letter.

Your newspaper has, this past year, built up a reputation for accuracy, misrepresentation and ignorance of subject second only to that of the tabloids. But the embryo George Jean Nathan who concocted the all-god Thespian Show criticism in the "Bullosopher's" column of Tuesday's Collegian takes the cake—both layers, frosting and all.

We don't know how it ever came to pass. After a lengthy consultation we decided that all of your staff members must have been busy grinding out their weekly editorials about college customs, "Elmer Gantry," and you were forced to send the janitor to review the show.

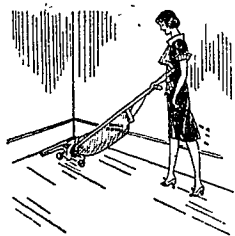
To begin with, your would-be critic lamented the fact that "Girl Wanted" has little plot. Well, what of it? Your reviewer is evidently unaware of the fact that the plot of any musical comedy is of minor importance. Has he ever seen, "No, No, Nanette," "Judy," "Yours Truly," or "Sally"? None of these shows—all of them his—have any plot. In "Sally," the hero, who is rich and handsome, meets the girl, who works in a music store. And what do you think happens? You'll never guess. He falls in love and marries her!

You reviewer further displays his ignorance in a dozen different instances, but particularly in his criticism of Von Niede. who he said, "makes a seedy girl and can't sing worth a hook." It may interest your critical genius to know that Hal Chusky, Pittsburgh critic, referred to Von Niede as "one of the most talented and polished female impersonators in collegiate theatrical circles," while the Philadelphia Record in its review of the show laid special stress on the

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"rich quality of his voice and his professional poise."

Mr. "Bullosopher" is not only ignorant, but inconsistent as well. He criticizes the chorus for "Hopping around" like a bevy of new-born colts and in the next sentence remarks that their dancing "stands out brilliantly."

This letter, Mr. Editor, is one of indignation; indignation because it seems incredible to us that the editor of any paper would allow some ignorant who, very obviously, knows nothing of the stage, to express his distorted views in the guise of a critic.

We believe in free speech and just criticism, but we do not believe in ignorance and malicious "panning" of a show which represents Penn State, and which was favorably compared by the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia press with bigger and more pretentious collegiate shows.

The varsity baseball team is not "muzzed" because its batters don't hit like Babe Ruth or because its fielders are not as flashy as Eddie Collins. Their why "pan" the varsity show, which is an amateur show, and is to be accepted as such?

It seems unfortunate that, after the Thespian Show has been enthusiastically received by audiences at every

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presentation, the official Penn State newspaper should give space to such an unfair "razzing" by some nitwit with indignation, hiding under the moniker of the "Bullosopher," and who, more than likely, calls himself a loyal Penn State man.

—Two Seniors

WANTED—Junior Prom dance souvenir program Call A Rosenfeld, 594

Cathaum THEATRE AND Nittany Theatre

FRIDAY—Vera Reynolds in "THE LITTLE ADVENTURES"

FRIDAY—Nittany—Harold Lloyd in "THE KID BROTHER"

SATURDAY—Betty Bronson, James Hall in Elmer Gantry's "RITZY"

SATURDAY—Nittany—"THE LITTLE ADVENTURES"

MONDAY—(Matinee at 2:00)—Raymond Griffith in "WEDDING BILLS" Added Stage Attraction "WARINGS' PENNSYLVANIANS" Special Prices: Adults 50c. Children 25c.

TUESDAY—(Matinee at 2:00)—Marie Prevost in "THE NIGHT BRIDE" Added Stage Attraction "WARINGS' PENNSYLVANIANS" Special Prices: Adults 50c. Children 25c.

(Please Note Nittany Theatre will not be open Tuesday night because of "Warings'" engagement at the Cathaum.)

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