

The Summer Collegian

Published weekly during the Summer Session by students of the Pennsylvania State College, in the interest of Students, Faculty, Alumni and Friends of the College

D Kaplan Editor
L H Bell Managing Editor
C F Finn Business Manager

The SUMMER COLLEGIAN invites communications on any subject of college interest. Letters must bear the signature of the writer. Names of communicants 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 where publication would be palpably inappropriate. All copy for each issue must be in the office by ten a. m. on Wednesday.

Entered at the Post-office, State College, Pa., as second class matter.

Office: N. E. Building and Publishing Co Building, State College, Pa.

Telephone 292-W, Pa.

THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1927

"FOR ADULTS ONLY"

Ever since the American Mercury printed its notorious "Hateack," the magazine has been sniffed at and looked through with grave suspicion by head librarians with a Sense of Right and Literature; by the bad little boys who work in the libraries it is thumbed over lasciviously and undersewed. The bad little boys are then supposed to be defiled. Especially is this true at Penn State where the percentage is said to be enormous. Ever two contributions by the hitherto irreproachable Doctor Pattee proved futile. The boys were still defiled, the good Doctor was placed in the same boxcar with Boxcar Molly and the key was thrown away. But the Penn State Library didn't stop there. It knew perfectly well that not only were its frequenters broken down erotics, but that the law was lamentably erotic also. So it took the law into its own hands.

Very much to the embarrassment of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, which ruled that the article could not offend the morals of any person of good taste or good sense, the Library reversed its decision and declared that it didn't give a hang for any court; when that court decided to corrupt the morals of the youth of the country, it, the Library, would take up the scales of justice and see that they were balanced properly. But such a procedure in the United States amounts to breaking the law—like drinking and lynching. And it is appallingly obvious that either the Carnegie Library has neither the taste nor the sense which the law speaks of, or that it is deliberately defying the law, and ought to be padlocked.

What will the next step be? The American Mercury, for the present, is kept at the Library; even though it rests behind the bars one may look at it. A rare privilege. Yet it is fraught with temptations. Only the adult may peer at it in comparative safety; and it is whispered that even among the adult there have been severe cases of moral hemorrhage brought about by this plague. Think, then, what would happen were the lecherous volume placed on the reading room shelf. Think of the pure and innocent students tipping so unexpectedly and so sweetly into the reading room. Think of their placing their hands on the object, oh, ever so daintily. Think of them picking it up.

We propose, for the sake of our moral safety, dangling from the bookshelf, that the Library take steps. Let the lady at the desk see to it that an attendant be sent around to people reading the Mercury so that those perverts may not cut out the dirty parts. Let there be an age limit; to avoid all possible risk let us make it fifty. No, sixty. There have been cases at fifty when... Well, it's better to be on the safe side and have both the attendants and the sixty. But why stop at half-way measures? If we destroy the plague let us also wipe out the germ; we insist that the newspapers be locked up also.

THE PEACOCK'S TALE

"There were six men in a certain dramatic course at Columbia when I was a student there, and every one of those six subsequently became famous. I was one of the six." Thus Clayton Hamilton. During his short stay at Penn State Clayton became famous enough to justify his little speech; he even became notorious. Those who did not think him an actor thought him a poseur; those who did not think him a poseur thought him an ass. Conclusion?—there still is hope for American dramatic criticism.

ANONYMOUS EPIGRAMS

An anonymous column, says The New Student, of more or less professorial epigrams has been compiled by The Daily Illini. The column is headed "What Professors Say—Besides what they're paid for" and includes such remarks as these:

"Why is treason never successful? Because, when it is, it is called patriotism."

"A crowd is a convenient device for us all to go crazy together."

"In Sanskrit the word for war meant, 'We want more cows.'"

"When a man crosses the line of his research we have a right to condemn him."

"The best way to damn a thing is to speak of its youth."

"It is a fad today to be depreciating of the crowd."

We should like to publish a similar column. Any instructor who wishes to venture into epigrammatic ways is at liberty to do so. He will remember, we hope, that a good epigram makes a man look like a genius, but a poor one, like a clown.

THE INSTITUTE CRAZE

So successful has the English Institute been this Summer Session that among the regular students there are groans of discontent and an uneasy feeling that somebody is being cheated. Why, the regular students want to know, are they not given the same opportunities? Of course one can't have everything—but look at the men of letters who came here twenty years ago and more. Owen Wisler, George Washington Cable. Now they come in the Summer Session. Not even the heavy golf course fee can equal that ignominy.

There are objections, too, from the other departments of English. The dramatic students lightly feel that they should have a dramatic institute of their own, one in which they should be freed from irrelevant matter such as Clayton Hamilton. Certainly the dramatic student is entitled to that at least in the Summer. But this latter is not so much an objection; it is a suggestion

The Bullosopher's Chair

(It is one of those nights Smithers is in the Ghost Walk, almost a phost himself. As he goes from side to side stumbling over trees and stumps, we see that he is looking for something. At last he stops before a great, dark object.)

Smithers:—Bullosopher! Bullosopher! Where are you?

Bullosopher—Here?

Smithers—Where? What in the deuce do you want at this hour of the night?

Smithers—Advice.

Bullosopher—Am I a god who should advise you? Leave me alone, I tell you, and wane your destiny in someone else's ear.

Smithers—I come humble, Bullosopher. I come to you for truth. Would you send me away?

Bullosopher—Only fools and the most wise look for truth.

Smithers—I am indeed a fool, Bullosopher.

Bullosopher—The lad in truth is humble! Well why do you seek truth?

Smithers—I search for happiness.

Bullosopher—A glorious quest, as it goes. But you are on the wrong road.

Smithers—What! Is this not the road to truth?

Bullosopher—To truth, yes. To happiness, no.

Smithers—But they told me at the school—

Bullosopher—Humph!

Smithers—The professors—

(At the mention of the name the Bullosopher steps aside. For the first time we see that he has been blocking the passage.)

Bullosopher—So you hobnobbed with the wise? With the professors? The, sent you to me? What a paradox!

Truth, with a bit of discreet flattery, is made into diplomacy. A flippant change, Smithers, do you not see the consequences?

Smithers—I know only that I was advised to take the road to truth, guided by you I was told, and that now I find the road somehow changed and called diplomacy. It looks to me like a bargaining with the truth. Am I then to follow it?

Bullosopher—The whole world follows an evasion; why no, Smithers, too? The road you see here is the path to that which the world knows as happiness. But it is an economic world, Smithers, less profound than you suppose. Its goal is always achievement in an economic way, even in its sacred things: in religion, in philosophy, in money markets.

Smithers—Am I to take it, then?

Bullosopher—It is the road to diplomacy and success, to happiness. Take it and these things, measured after the fashion of the realm, are yours. You will converse with men, some good, some bad. Amiable men, for the most part, believing that revelation would bring ruin upon mankind, that consequently guarded inconsistency, in all things, is to be preferred. But generally you will find a sort of sunny outlook that truth would cause trouble and that since it is no more than courteous not to coerce one's convictions, good enough should be let alone and man must linger, must loiter on toward oblivion, bating ideals for life and life for metal. That is the process. An admirable one, Smithers, so you will see. And so Smithers, you will meet with these folk and your brain, from constant association with them, will become much the same as theirs, and you will no longer live out in agony of failure. True you will lose your ideals, and even your life, but in its place you have an alloy, the metal of happiness.

Smithers—But is there no other road to take but this? Is there no path of truth? Of genuine truth?

Bullosopher—Ah, but you seek happiness.

Smithers—Well then, where does the other road lead to?

Bullosopher—To beauty.

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

(The earth opens and swallows up Smithers.)

Summer Session SWEEPINGS

The dumb-waiter, at the Sigma Chi house is broke. But Gus won't lend him a cent.

Saturday, one of our aspiring artists was hailed by some old acquaintance who, pleased to meet her, whinnied the inevitable all-American college question, "What are you taking this summer?" To which she replied unconsciously, "I'm taking oil from Mr. Walters." Whose fault is that?

All of which reminds us that many students who are taking up nothing but space on the S. P. E. davenport.

A co-op (book store) customer had quite a little misunderstanding with a pert and pretty session Sally the other day. Making out a check, he realized he would have money in the bank for two weeks or so and asked of the clerk as his eyes half met those of the damsel in white, "Shall I date it?"

And it was the same self-conscious damsel who answered, "Well, of all nerve!" She liked the idea, but not the pronoun.

FOUND—The blonde with the mole identified her by the suggestions offered the fondness for \$2 dishes, and the exclamation of "mum!" when pinched, so to speak. But I rise to a point of difference. The mole was not on the arm but on the knee. Killed her, however, and will claim the reward.

FOUND—The blonde. A whooper in all departments. Said "oo mus!" when ab—er—cherished. A good girl, I agree, maybe, but abominating anything under \$2 a plate. Killed her, as you requested. When do I get the reward? P. S. The mole was not on her left arm as you, erroneously stated but on her—well, I better stop there.

PERSONAL—Wall E. G., the girl with the garnet lips, please write from Riverside Drive or Bronx Park or Grant's Tomb or wherever she's staying at. No writes, no Colleegee.

PERSONAL—If the two good-looking girls with the Swagger, bobbed hair and—well the two-good looking girls, if these two good looking girls who appreciate the beauty, grace and simplicity of the two dishwashers' smiles can golf or tennis, the above dishwashers with the smiles, will play them tennis. N. B. You know who we mean.

The other night Weedy Lord and blonde stacked up against Charlie Flinn and redhead in a game of bridge. Charlie, bent upon recuperating financially after business-managing the Summer Collegian, scalped Weedy and the blonde, ably assisted by the red-head. But no mere business manager can get ahead of an editor-in-chief. With true Philadelphia canness, Weedy bet he could devour a quart of ice-cream singlehanded. He did and topped it off with a chocolate milk. Good Lord!

Weedy always was omnivorous anyway. We remember, and so does Dick Fleteche, the Married Man, how at four-thirty in the morning Weedy would sit down—or stand up; it made no difference—and eat several raw hamburger sandwiches. But that was before Dick was married.

Early fall football training has started with the bang and, crash of cutlery. The varsity is running through signal practice daily up at the Hall (French for Institute). Don Greenshields spilled the beans the other day, and you should have seen the Dying Gauls.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

The complete staff, headed by John "Sache," assistant chef, starts off with head-waiter Greenshields, left waiter Mahoney and right waiter Karbach. At the pans are Dangerfield and McPhis, one of the strongest pan crews in recent years. McAndrews fills in as chief potato peeler while keeping Wilson and Whitmore company at the dishwashing mechanism, "Plate" as Joe Wilson platefully calls it, is Johnny Roepke. We've heard the name before.

Rideal Gives Discussion Of Collegiate Systems

(Continued from first page) sion brings to the university the results of the practical application of science as they have been used commercially. At the same time he retains his interest in the problems of the industry and is able to carry on investigation while in the university which is of tremendous value to the commercial manufacturer.

"However, this system has one particular disadvantage. The university professor so engaged is apt to become too technical. He is drawn away from the field of pure research which I think is the real function of the university in its science investigation. The professor's work then becomes, if anything, too ultimate and too much of the practical instead of being pure research for the sake of science."

Predicts Co-operative Research. The university, on the other hand, Doctor Rideal believes, is benefited immeasurably because industry is able to contribute substantially to its support and devote large sums to the development of pure research, the results of which eventually become available to the public as well as to industry. Co-operative research, with the state, university, and industry participating, can be developed advantageously to a much greater extent both in England and the United States, Doctor Rideal stated.

"The recent merger of five great chemical firms in England in the Imperial Combine has effected the growth rate of very large research organizations supported by the firms involved," he said. "This undoubtedly facilitates the supply of funds for important research. But I do not believe that the suggested Anglo-German chemical merger will ever take place. It is not workable or at all feasible. And I do not believe that it should become a reality. England, as the United States is doing, can and must stand on her own feet in the development of scientific research and participate in the British common-

wealth for an imperial chemical development."

English industries are recruiting research workers from the ranks of the colleges such as American industries are doing, said Doctor Rideal but must push this work further if they are to obtain the supply of competent men needed. There is not at present in England the intense competition among industrial firms in obtaining the services of technical graduates that exists in the United States.

Doctor Rideal finds that the English undergraduate is primarily interested in equipping himself for the technical professions in order to increase his earning capacity as in the case among American college men. Advanced degrees in the scientific professions bring results in increased compensation, but the difficulty in financing the three years' work necessary for the doctorate presents a serious problem for the English youth.



THURSDAY—Return Showing Day

John Gilbert in "BARDELVS THE MAGNIFICENT"

FRIDAY—Louise Dresser in "WHITE FLANNELS"

SATURDAY—Glenn Tryon, Patsy Ruth Miller in "PAINTING THE TOWN"

Fox News and Fable

MONDAY and TUESDAY—3rd Showing in the World of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "7th HEAVEN"

Matinee Daily at 2:00

Note: Evening opening time for these two days will be 6 o'clock instead of 7:00.

Admission: Adults 50c, Children 25c.

WEDNESDAY—Irene Rich in "THE CLIMBERS"

NEXT THURSDAY—Return Showing of Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson in "THE SCARLET LETTER"

STARK BROS. Haberdashers "In the University Manner"

"Candy For Summer Energy" GREGORY'S HOME MADE CANDIES CANDYLAND

STARK BROS. Haberdashers "In the University Manner"

Rent a Car Drive-It-Yourself 116 McAllister St.

City Gas Convenience Without City Gas See the world's fastest cook stove demonstrated before buying any other. Now is the time to get your LEONARD CLEANABLE REFRIGERATOR; the best made and at a reasonable cost. The food it saves more than pays for a Leonard. Make your house attractive by hanging beautiful AWNINGS and PORCH SHADES. Window Shades made to order. THE KEEFER-NOLAN HARDWARE CO.

"You Can Get It At Metzger's" TENNIS RACQUETS RESTRUNG and REPAIRED HERE AT OUR STORE. Expert Work Secure Racquet in 1 to 3 days L. K. METZGER 111 Allen St.

Remember! This Saturday Night July 23 DANCE Featuring HOBEY BATTORF'S ORCHESTRA AT Phi Kappa Psi House ALLEN STREET SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

FEET—Tired or Aching? Try Our CHIROPODIST Call Smith's 454 Powder Puff Shoppe Permanent Marcel Wave Finger Wave Everything for Milady's Needs.