

The Summer Collegian

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The SUMMER COLLEGIAN invites communications on any subject of college interest. Letters must bear the signature of the writers. Names of communicants will be published unless requested to be kept confidential. It assumes no responsibility, however, for sentiments expressed in the Letter Editor receives the right to exclude any whose publication will be palpably inappropriate. All copy for each issue must be in the office by ten a. m. on Wednesday

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ON WITH THE DANCE

For long it has been argued by Summer Session students that despite the unmistakable hospitality of the College authorities, the administrative officials, etc., there has been something lacking around the campus-college atmosphere. There is that about a faculty member's desk that does not make for the intimacies of the regular year; about the limited fraternity dance, too, is a constrained genuality. And so with the announcement of an all-College dance next Wednesday there comes a joyful realization that at last a social event has been arranged, informal though it may be, at which the faculty heads will meet the students in surroundings decidedly unbusiness-like, at which, in addition, the students may rejoice to their hearts' content.

But this is only the first step; in the opinion of the Summer Session students such a dance should become traditional. Aside from the student reception at the beginning of the six weeks it affords the only chance the student body has of meeting President Hetzel and the deans. And students, one recalls, invariably love to dance. That, too, is traditional.

PROHIBITION, AN ECONOMY

So many errors have grown out of immature philosophy that when the same philosophy ages a bit and takes on the gray of adult years we are prone to believe that its immediate conclusions are not only free from the mistakes of the childhood era but are actually deemed and even necessary. We envelope the change of years into a change of ideas, and, in a democracy, the change is looked upon as always for the better. However, similar our equipment may be to that of the Congresses of forty years ago we nevertheless assure ourselves that the intervening years cannot bring anything but a higher civilization: that passage of years means progress; that we do not grow older without becoming wiser; that the knowledge we "acquire" is always sure to be the exact opposite of gross; that therefore the prohibition amendment is not only commendable in God's eyes—no matter how it may seem to conflict with the spirit of the Bible—but an absolute sure-fire success.

For years, however, uneasy reasons have grappled with the statute, have held that the imposition of a prejudiced majority is worse, if anything, than the aristocracy of a less mobish majority; they have but to point to Bolshevism to prove their point, but proof, alas, is seldom conviction. So the Prohibition Amendment has endured. A valiant enactment. During the first short months of its existence it led a hard life. During the succeeding years a harder one. From coast to coast it was laughed at, from state to state newspapers conducted hilariously, tours of interest and investigation. More than one newspaper correspondent got stewed in the pursuit of his duties. But what happened after this? Did the Senate conduct an inspection trip of its own? Did the House of Representatives display a will to solve the problem? It passed a bill or something for several millions of dollars more to pay prohibition inspectors. Not a mile away from the Capitol people were getting drunk. The amendment became inglorious; it became also not the problem of statesmen like Calvin Coolidge, but of cartoonists like Rube Goldberg.

There is hardly a city in the United States whose people do not snicker at the very mention of the word alcohol. Worse yet, they drink it. They snort at Prohibition as a steel magnet snorts at a traffic cop. They are superior with the superiority of disdain. How, they ask, can any reasonable person be asked to obey a law which makes it possible for a steel magnet to use alcoholic stimulant without disturbing the law, and makes it offensive for a traffic cop to do the same thing? Nowhere, they point out, does the Volstead Act prohibit drinking, nowhere does it prohibit the manufacture of liquor, nowhere does it specify one clause of finality. All the Prohibition Amendment does say is that the sale of intoxicating liquor is against the law, if not the Constitution. And all it does actually is to place the poorer and the less foreseeing man in a most

embarrassing position: it puts drinking on a par with stealing, with embezzling, and according to the W. C. T. U., with chewing tobacco.

So whenever whisky is mentioned the normal person will snicker; the warmer-hearted, as has been said before, will snort. Why the mirth? The reason is obvious. Congress, as a personality, the Executive as a personality, the Judiciary as a personality, have no more initiative about them than so many cigar store Indians, and cigar store Indians, though always funny, become a bit tragic in governments. But in addition to this, there is another reason for all the chuckles. The government has committed an economic faux pas. Now, in most cases a government can do anything ad get away with it. Its politicians may lie, may swindle, may break strikes, may induce strikes, may kill off a hundred thousand of its best men, may posthumously ennoble them, may daily with millions of dollars of war debts; a government may do all these things and not sink in the respect of its people. But let that government make one stupid act, one irreparable blunder, and its people will raise the roof with howls.

Until the economies of their life are disturbed the people are quiescent, even acquiescent. But let the government make a hash of their business prosperity then watch out! As long as the hundred thousand dead are not particularly close relatives—an obvious advantage of a large population in a democracy—as long as the strikes, the swindles, the lies have no apparent effects on the business arrangements the catastrophes are overlooked; if they stir up business and make the money flow they are even regarded as necessities. The disclosures of subsequent years will bring for one indignant look a thousand paternal grins.

Yet let there be a single wholesale economic blunder and the good citizens rise up righteously in anger. For, it is argued, if the watchword of the American individual is "To Get Some Place"—that place being always understood as an economic place—why should not the government follow on the same bandwagon? Why should it masquerade its international relations with such fascinating names as "intrigue" and "diplomacy," why not call them "business" and "exchange"? After all is it not an economic arrangement, its statesmen salesboys and its presidents Babbitts? Why retain pretensions; why not cast aside subtlety for the dollar and make international the desire of the nation to "Get Some Place." The Kiwanis Club does it. So do France and England.

But let that go. Our thesis is not so much with the details of the economy, but with the economy itself. For the most part we are business idealists. Knowing things about automobiles, flat tires and elevators which the ancient Greeks did not even guess at, we are therefore superior to the Greeks. Of course we have not the art the Greeks had, but then the Greeks did not have the bathtubs we have. We are much better off. Our intellectual accomplishments are at once patently higher than the Greeks. We suffer from no astigmatism, we are aware of no optical delusion. On the whole the citizens of our economy feel that Atlantic City is infinitely a better place to live in than Athens of the fifth century. The Prohibition Amendment somehow rankles.

But to return to our original inquiry, Prohibition. Obviously an economic failure. A dead loss. A white elephant. No matter that it is perfectly palpable that drinking alcoholic mixture does not tend to make one a better person or a happier one or a healthier one. The point to notice is that drinking is now a solemn failure, an undoubted, a bitter joke. A trifle ghastly, perhaps, but still, a joke. Sincerely we argue, that people should not drink; and then we laugh because they do, thinking them very waggish and even clever. But really, from our accepted economic view drinking whisky is an unpardonable crime against every touchstone of business morality. You may conclude therefrom, that there is still hope for the American youth who strikes out against this economic system; you may point out that reversing consistency can bring us happiness instead of pain, you may declare frankly that breaking law is not really a crime; that pleasure has it all over democracy. Yet still you retain your economic outlook. Otherwise, a pint of whisky, concocted indifferently from bay rum and rubbing alcohol, would not bring five dollars a quart.

The Playgoer

The Players put on a good, vaudeville show in the Auditorium Tuesday night. A play, "The Patsy," by Barry Connors. It was an amusing comedy full of wise-cracks, sometimes too full, and admirably presented. C. J. O'Donnell in the role of Bill Harrington and Ben Rieker in the part of Tony Anderson did exceptionally well; even if O'Donnell did call Rieker "Ben" on several occasions he did excellently. With him on the stage the scenes went smoother; he played to perfection the part of the father and husband that Connors has created. Of the girls, Miss Mary Hormell as the "Patsy" excelled, though Miss Magdalena Schmoker as her sister, Grace and Miss Edith Hartman as her mother were not far behind. One thing was distinctly noticeable, the presentation of the male actors on the stage always made the show, in Act I the scene between Grace and Patience was absolutely botched; the dialogue was forced, unnatural, but as soon as the men entered the whole cast caught the spirit of the thing. Warren Druckenbrod as O'Flaherty and Robert Crosswell as Billy Caldwell did some good work as did Miss Emma Gast during her short appearance as Sade Buchman. For the most part the action depended upon conversation and plot rather than pantomime; hence the superior glissade of the play. Seldom have I seen a comedy more enjoyed by the audience. As I have said, it was a good vaudeville show; one might even brag about it.

Bon Rieker, who directed the play, retted in his usual charming way, as convincing in the part of a youthful lover as in the part of a disillusioned old man. Rieker and O'Donnell make a good pair, almost professionally good. Yet here and there are flaws, scarcely noticeable but nevertheless imperfections amateurish in that there is no excuse for them. It would be insulting to remind the Players that they are an amateur company and thus excuse their faults, there seems to be a disposition on the part of people to become forgiving and to wax paternal whenever a couple of actors cannot manage to pry open a box, but there is no reason for such dilemmas. They crop up so often that one waits for them, almost, in every comedy that the Players produce.

The Players' season is over now, and perhaps anything that might be said ought best be saved for the future, for the fall and winter months. One hopes that their director, Prof. A. C. Cloetngh, will measure advancement perpendicularly instead of horizontally. Why persist in regarding American drama purely in terms of comedy? The Penn State Players have the actors and they ought to have the plays. Of course if one is out to prove an economy and not an art it is another matter. But the pieces Professor Cloetngh selects are so evidently chosen with an eye not to offend pruders or the box office that when two actors have to kiss the result is distinctly embarrassing to everybody. "Desire Under the Elms" is still being criticized as poor art, but the fools who think they are criticizing O'Neill's play are making a mistake; they are criticizing those people who read books as a safer means of sexual excitement and then vent their disappointment by speaking the dramatist. From these people the Penn State Players have nothing to fear. At present the organization is trying to make artistry and

Summer Session SWEEPINGS

Somebody spied Rog Mahoney riding a bicycle on the campus Sunday afternoon like an overgrown jockey crouched over a skeleton of a horse. Word has reached Yougel who is seeking the Rajah with a double warrant, one for breaking the Blue laws and another to serve because Hugo's lushy hiring failed to take out a peddler's license.

Rep (the waiter): Will you have more coffee, miss?
Miss B.: No, thanks, this is the only dress I have with me.

FAMOUS COMEBACKS:

Jack Dempsey
Fatty Arbuckle
Summer Session Checks
The Class of '28
"You would!"

Voice (calling U Club): Hello, is Emile Walters there?
Perplexed one: Who?
Voice: Emile Walters!
P. O.: Er— does she work in the kitchen?

REQUEST: Will the Sigma Chi girls desiring souvenirs as proof of their stay at an honest-to-goodness college kindly take paper napkins instead of silver spoons? (Adv.)

The table waiter at the Sigma Cheese house had fears of the approach of Ed, big boss of the frat. As he drew nearer, there was resignation in the eyes, of the hire-em-and-fire-em fanatic, so indefatigable hash slinger QUIT before he heard it in Ed's voice.

Little Napoleon knows where to get some real pre-war stuff. Numb's the word!

LETTER BOX ANSWER: Dear Doubtful The college widow has no children.

economy and prudery companions to the same boat but nothing seems to be able to make them converse!

manufacture of nitrates with nitrogen from the air has been developed to such high degree of perfection that

Chemists Here Deny Food Shortage Peril

(Continued from first page)
Chemist has located vast and almost unlimited deposits in Wyoming, Idaho, Montana and other western states, according to chemists visiting at Penn State.
There will be sufficient of these three important fertilizers available in the United States to last almost indefinitely, the chemists declare. The

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THURSDAY—
Return Showing Day
Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson in
"THE SCARLET LETTER"
"Will Rogers in London"
FRIDAY—
Belle Bennett in
"MOTHER"
SATURDAY—
Low Cady, Renee Adoree in
"ON ZE BOULEVARD"
Fox News and Fable
MONDAY—
First Pennsylvania Showing of
Norma Talmadge in
"CAMILLE"
Matinee at 2.00
Note: Evening opening time for this production will be 6.00 o'clock.
Special Prices:
Adults 50c. Children 25c.
TUESDAY—
Lewis Stone in
"THE PRINCE OF HEADWAITERS"
WEDNESDAY—
Irene Rich, William Collier, Jr., in
"DEARIE"
NEXT THURSDAY—
Shirley Mason, Ralph Graves in
"RICH MEN'S SONS"

STARK BROS.
Haberdashers
"In the University Manner"

MID-SUMMER SALE

STARTS FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 29
Lasts Only 8 Days

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SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES, HART SCHAFFNER & MARX, KIRSCHBAUM CLOTHES, STETSON and SCHOBLE HATS, ARROW AND EAGLE SHIRTS, FLORSHEIM AND CRAWFORD SHOES for men and boys.

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Rexall Drug Store.
Robert J. Miller, P. D.
State College, Pa.

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and
Lunch

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