

Summer Session News

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THE WORLD'S POLICEMAN

Occasionally Henry Louis Menken puts something in his magazine, the American Mercury, that indicates the breadth and depth of his thinking. Writing in his usual diatribe style, the Baltimore Bludgeoner took a negligible swipe at Frank B. Kellogg's peace pact, and, losing his balance, fell into a great idea. Menken advocates a plan that, since the issuance of the August edition in which it appears, has been backed up inadvertently by Secretary of State Stimson.

In brief, the editor advised a return to the Roman plan of peace insurance where the mailed governmental fist hung over all nations and definitely precluded hostile acts among the subjects. He declared that the United States, as the strongest power among nations today, should take over the job of policing the world.

And now Stimson has taken the lead in reminding both China and Russia that they not only are signatories to the League of Nations agreements and have ratified Kellogg's outlawry of war plan, but that China, like a good child, should return Russia's toy in order that the peace of the world's backyard will be disturbed no more. He advises adjudication.

THE LOVE-SHORN

Stark realism and disillusionment is the keynote of the times. Scientists have exposed the secrets of our consciousness, Freudians have pried into our subconsciousness and besmudged everything their hands have touched with sex, and now ecologists and debunking artists are at work on the mystery of love and the tragedy of marriage. They, too, are scientists. In one breath they say that love, "a feeling which will probably pass in a year and may pass in a month," is the most treacherous basis for marriage and in the second breath come back with the statement that failure in the art of love is one of the most common causes for the failure of marriage.

But all things run in cycles and the reading public has lost interest, for a time at least, in the case of Man, Woman, and Marriage vs. Love. The issue of the struggle will be recurrent, of course, as long as man and woman mate. And it will follow the lines of the last great wave of sex talk that only recently subsided in the public press and magazines.

The blue-covered pamphlets, "mailed in a plain cover," with such juicy titles as "What Every Girl Should Know," were completely outdone by the articles on sex, love, marriage, and divorce that appeared constantly in periodicals. Modernist Ben B. Lindsay came forth with "Companionate Marriage," in which he advocated the lawfulness of contraceptive information for married women, the granting of divorces to childless couples who mutually desired separation, and the abolition of alimony in the case of divorced women who were without children and who were capable of earning a living. He also lamented the failure of the upper classes to reproduce and the profusion of offspring among the laboring element. However, he did not sponsor free love.

Louis Bromfield, while he favored the removal of taboos on the discussion of love, and the fall of woman from her pedestal of moral virtue and sweet ignorance, declared that "good, honest-to-god physical love is a normal, healthy, sane and grand affair." The blame for the present deplorable state of matrimony (such "present" which has figured in writings ever since the institution was inaugurated), he has thrown the American men for being the poorest lovers on earth and upon the women for loving luxury and avoiding the pain of childbirth. His magic formula for a happy marriage is "an intense community of interests" and a strong physical bond. On the other hand, Count Keyserling removed his nose from the clouds long enough to expound his opinion that sexual satisfaction and companionship should be sought outside of marriage.

Some of the writers of this little era have referred to co-educational colleges as marriage mats. The girls, they say, come to college not to get an education but to enlarge the field of prospective husbands and finally to make a desirable "catch." One university, however, took up the challenge and compiled statistics to show that only 194 students out of seven thousand enrolled accepted the holy bonds during their college career. Another institution came forth with data to show that girls, because of their feminine influence on the professors, could get through college with less work than men. This admission, by the way, is supported by several local pedagogs who freely but blushingly confide the fact.

If competition in major league baseball doesn't grow too close, if the Eastern hostilities fail to make too many scareheads in the newspapers, and if one or more of the debunkers has a return of liver trouble, magazine readers may expect another deluge of scrap paper dealing with the tender subjects. But however they may dig at the roots of marriage, they cannot destroy love. The urge for romance and a mate are too deeply imbedded in the racial inheritance of man to be removed by the prying of a generation or a century.

"Battles Day and Night in Getta Camp," declares the Erie Daily Times. You'd think they'd be able to keep down the rioting with all those soldiers available.

SUMMER ALLIES

Marco Polo in Bellefonte

Marco Polo himself never ran across what the streets of Bellefonte offer to an acidulous explorer. There was last night, for instance. Your correspondent was sitting in the firm's auto waiting for something in particular and trying to ignore three noisy children in an expansive sedan in the next parking stall. Suddenly the mother loomed on the horizon.

"Children, you-uns kin git out now," she shrieked. "Ugh-ugh" (translation: "No we can't.") Then, "Hilda ain't got her stockin's on."

"Hant you, Hilda?"

"Naw."

"Then you-uns'll hev to set in."

And the several-thousand dollar car was left to shelter the gauchery of neglected apparel.

Oh Chief Yougel!

A lounge taking his corner perusal the other day nestled Summer Session Sally with, "What's the matter, fair one, are you in distress?"

Whereat, she lived up to her namesake, saying, "Well, if I wasn't, it would be time to call the police."

Cabbages and Queens

Winding up their all-so-and-sung talkie campaign, the Cathaum is now promising an all-motion picture.

Triplet

Come, tell me, Sweet,
Who brings that sidelong glance;
Is it Love or is it Just Deceit?
Come, tell me, Sweet,
Immortal as the rosebud's fold—yet fleet,
Is it Love who brings it there—or Chance?
Come! tell me, Sweet,
Who brings that sidelong glance?
—W. H. C. Jr.

"Yes, My Dear"

Eugene O'Neill, now married to an actress, will have twice as much opportunity to practice up on his asides.

Improvvidence of Nature

"Methodists Meet in Terrific Rain" reads a headline in last night's newspaper. Now why couldn't it have been a Baptist convention?

Tsk! Tsk!

Items of interest to young and old concerning the inhabitants of our fair city; as reported by our diligent staff member and news-gatherer, The Rambler.

Mrs. Burnett is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Evans, Sr., at the home of Mrs. H. F. Bache and the young ladies went to Tyrone for a visit.

Mrs. A. C. Buesching who has been with the Piggy-Wiggly for several months is now at the meat department of the American Grocery.

Miss Mae Bolotin of Lancaster who is a Christianized Russian Jewess addressed the Baptist Assembly Monday night.

Mr and Mrs. T. Lamat Brown are announcing the arrival of a baby daughter, Josephine Marie, at their home Monday evening.

A large number of the friends of Miss Mamie Irs Hitt took a picnic supper and enjoyed it with her on the veranda of her home on S Swinton avenue, Wednesday evening. Miss Hitt has been confined to her home on account of illness for many months and this is the first social event she has enjoyed.

The home of Mr and Mrs. B. F. Sundry on N. Swinton Avenue was struck by lightning during the terrible thunder storm here Saturday morning and a hole was knocked in the wall.

Take Home a Gift

Suitable gifts for every member of the family

- BRIDGE SETS
- BOOKS
- STATIONERY
- DIARIES

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The Playgoer

We were almost prepared to do a Nathan—(perspire through the first act, then snatch our sombrero and retire to cooler quarters)—no, it wasn't the heat, it was the humidity—but "Mr. Lazarus," a well presented comedy of somewhat bigamous family life, kept us rooted fast by virtue of clever curtain situations at the close of each of its four acts.

"Mr. Lazarus" is the work of the late Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. It will be recalled that there are two references in the New Testament to the man that bore this name. In the gospel of John, he is raised from the dead and in Luke, he is a beggar that finds happiness after death, moralistic of the "missus of wealth." Both of these themes find place in the play.

Into a rooming house, heavily mortgaged by the impecunious second husband of Mrs. Malloy, Dr. Sylvester, comes a Mr. Lazarus, who turns out to be—or not to be—the original Mr. Malloy. From the dialogue, we discover that Mr. Malloy was killed in a train wreck on his honeymoon and that his widow has collected the insurance and now dwells in the house she inherited from him. Her daughter, Patricia, acts as slavey, while the half sister, Edith Sylvester, dresses in silks and satins on the income frightened out of the poor Mrs. Malloy-Sylvester by the unscrupulous doctor, who is aware that the proof of his predecessor's death is none too convincing.

Mr. Lazarus-Malloy, on finding the wretched condition of his family sets about straightening matters out. He buys the mortgage and the house and turns them over to Mrs. Sylvester, sees that his daughter becomes betrothed to a clever young artist who lodged with the family, decides that wedlock is too confining, and heads for parts unknown, his identity still in doubt.

The villainous Sylvester has been investigated, and, when he tries to blackmail the happy group, is shown up as an ex-jailbird. The comedy concludes with the disappearance of Lazarus, but the house is clear of debt, the rascally Sylvester is removed from the scene and Mrs. Malloy, or Sylvester, or Lazarus, is sans husband, while the young lover's face life with the Mrs. Booth to be receiving an independent income.

Guy Knight, as Wilham Booth, the penniless artist, easily carried the laurels of the evening's performance by his nonchalant manner and poise. Miss Margaret Black, as Patricia Malloy, the Cinderella chambermaid, has charm and pulchritude. In the part of the accidentally bigamous Mrs. Sylvester, Virginia Bateman-Hopkins performed creditably but there was a slight suggestion of stock-company trouper in her make-up.

Winston Romig is hardly the robust miner we rather expected in the part, but with the exception of some rather limorous puffing on the black Havana when he chose to assert his manhood, his acting was above par. We have seen Mr. Robertson do much better work in other plays. He was hardly imposing enough for the pomposity that should have been his, nor sleek enough for the charlatan he was supposed to be. Miss Kathleen Somers as Edith Sylvester was delicate and dainty, but her voice was too light and her acting somewhat forced.

Mr. Frank Neuhahn, under whose direction the play was produced, is to be congratulated on his choice of this comedy to make us forget the heat. By the way, a melodrama might have been more in order, as a thunder-storm rumbled without and vivid forks of lightning flashed through the windows of the Auditorium.—R. E. G.

TRY ONE OF THESE . . .

Collective

1. TWELVE GREAT MODERNISTS by Lawrence F. Abbott

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by Constance Mayfield Rodke

—By studying the lives of the most popular figures of the nineteenth century the author throws much light on the social history of the period. The Beechers, Hoage Greeley and P. T. Barnum are the subjects of the book.

EMINENT VICTORIANS

by Lytton Strachey

—An extremely unconventional series of portraits which depict rather the mental and spiritual lives of the subjects, than the course of outward events. Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Arnold and General Gordon are here vividly portrayed.

MEN OF DESTINY

by Walter Lippmann

—A collection of papers by the Editor of the New York World on men and events recently before the public, chiefly in the field of politics.

Individual

SKYWARD

by Richard Evelyn Byrd

—Commander Byrd's story of his flying career since training days. Generously illustrated with photographs.

UP THE YEARS FROM BLOOMSBURY

by George Arliss

—Simply and humorously told account of the experiences that went into the making of a great char-

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Opposite Front Campus

SIR FRANCIS BRAKE

by E. F. Benson

—A delightful biography which gives full value to the glamor and romance of Drake's picturesque career from boyhood to his death.

HOOVER, A REMINISCENT BIOGRAPHY

by Will Ivison

—The best presentation of the human side of the President that has yet appeared.

SUTTER'S GOLD

by Blaise Cendrars

—An extremely picturesque account of Johann August Sutter who went to California in the early days and developed land where gold was discovered. The book vividly reproduces the backgrounds of the Old World and of early California.



FRIDAY and SATURDAY—

Richard Barthelmess in "DRAG"

All-Talking Picture

MONDAY and TUESDAY—

Sue Carol and Star Cast in "FOX MOVIE-TONE FOLLIES"

All-Talking, Singing, Dancing Revue

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY—

Warner Baxter, Lois Moran in "BEHIND THE CURTAIN"

All-Talking Mystery Picture

NEXT FRIDAY—

Return Showing of Maurice Chevalier in "INNOCENTS OF PARIS"

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