

# The College News

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BRYN MAWR (AND WAYNE), PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1928

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## INDIVIDUALISM IS ENEMY OF SOVIET

### Collectivism Pervades the Factories, Homes and Schools.

### SEEK OUR SUPPORT

"Revolution is the animating spirit of Soviet Collectivism; it is the religion of the Russian people and Lenin is its prophet," said Mrs. Jackson Flemming in a most interesting lecture given in Goodhart, Thursday, December 13.

The Russian "collective," Mrs. Flemming went on to tell us, is the factory. The factories are thought of, not as a huge mass of stone without personality, but as a great person in itself. The workers are made to feel the rhythm of their machines, and to submerge their own personalities into that of the machine. No one has any individuality, for that is considered by the Soviets as the one thing to be fought against among its members.

When the working hours are over, the collectivist does not return to his family hearth, for that would be too individual. He goes down into the club room of the factory, chats with his friends, hears a lecture, or listens to a concert.

### Children Eat in Unison

The factories are equipped with beautiful nurseries. At feeding time the mother goes down into the nursery, feeds her baby, and comes back immediately. The children are taught from infancy to think nothing but collectivism. One child, no matter how young, never sits alone at a table; there are always four. Then one child gets spoons, one bread, etc., until everyone is served, then all eat together—in unison, as it were. After lunch all the children take naps and are watched by children of six or seven, not because it is imperative that they sleep for any reasons of health, but because the older children must become accustomed to taking the responsibility of their collective, though it be nothing more important than a nursery.

If a girl meets a man whom she loves and would like to marry, there are three ways in which she may do so. These ways are all legalized by the state, as the collectivists are very anxious that large families may be raised to carry on the work. If the couples are not communists they may be married by the usual church service (communists are expelled from the organization if they are married by the church). Or they may be married by the civil service; but if neither of these ways seem convenient, they can just live

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## Christmas Music Forms League's Sunday Service

The Sunday evening meeting of the Bryn Mawr League was held in the Music Room of Goodhart December 17. The meeting was led by Constance Speer, '30, and consisted of a musical service. Christmas carols were sung by the choir and Mr. Willoughby played an organ number from Handel's Christmas oratorio, *The Messiah*.

The program was as follows:

Processional, Hymn 45—"O come O come Emmanuel" .. Ancient Plain Song Choir

"The Grasmere Carol"

"On Christmas Day"

Geoffrey Shaw

(old English Herefordshire Carol) arranged by Vaughan Williams Solo by Agnes Howell

Hymn 48—"Come Thou long expected Jesus" .. Tune Stuttgart Prayers

Organ—"Pastorale Symphony" (from *Messiah*) .. Handel

Mr. Willoughby

Choir—"Good news from Heaven," Bach;

"Bethlehem" .. Gounod

Recessional Hymn—"Hark, the Herald

Angels Sing" .. Tune Mendelssohn

Benediction

"Adeste Fideles"

## Outside Philadelphia

As concerts, theaters, movies and public gatherings are banned this week, and as next week we will all be far from here, we will not tempt our readers with a catalogue of forbidden fruit. Go where the germs are a little scantier!

## THIRD JEWEL OF GOODHART SERIES

### String Quartet With Alwyne Brilliantly Presents Light Music.

### ENCORES ARE UNUSUAL

The New York String Quartet, third jewel in the royal diadem of the Goodhart Series, sparkled with unusual brilliance last Tuesday evening. Our readers are tired of hearing how well the college looked on its red plush seats in its evening dresses, and without boxes or dinner-parties beforehand the society editor soon finds her fund of enthusiastic comment exhausted.

Bring in the musical editor then. Unfortunately she has succumbed to the grip epidemic and is long past caring for sweet sounds. We can only report what impressed the layman.

As entertainment, the program could not have been better. The four players, who for three years never passed a day without playing together and never in all that time gave a public performance, are examples of what real devotion to an idea can accomplish. Brilliance is not uncommon in modern art in any form, but in no art but music, and in that only rarely, can be found such patient and willing effort. Mr. Alwyne attuned his playing so well to theirs that one might almost have thought he had shared in those three years of preparation.

We are not used, in the Philadelphia concerts, to hearing encores; and were agreeably surprised that what followed Schubert was not Borodin, but a gratuitous extra measure thrown in. It was light and charming as encores should be, and brief as it was pleasant. The next encore, played between sections II and III, was even nicer. But (the musical editor being ill) we cannot name either.

If there was any drawback to the program it was that it was all too foamy; music of the salon rather than the concert hall. We would have liked something more solid for a "piece de resistance."

After the last number, the audience applauded wildly and hopefully for full five minutes. But the quartet and Mr. Alwyne would do no more than come in and bow.

The program, minus the encores, was as follows:

- I Schubert, Quartet in A Minor, Op. 29
- II (a) Borodin .. Notturmo
- (b) Glazounov .. Orientale
- III Dvorak, Piano Quintet in A Major, Op. 81

## Movies Proved Injurious by Debaters

The movies should be done away with. So said Miss Poe and Miss Humphreys, supporting the affirmative in Tuesday's debate, and the judges, Dr. Smith, Dr. Herben and Miss Lambert, awarded them the victory. The defeated negative was upheld by Miss Loomis and Miss Sherley, who, however, was complimented on her rebuttal. The affirmative painted in graphic colors the moral degeneration sure to result from contact with the fake, wicked and unintellectual movie stars on and off the stage.

Miss Merrill announced that next semester a debate would be held with outside speakers. The audience was smaller than usual, perhaps owing to our lengthy sick-list.

## Mr. Hazard to Speak

### Contemporary Poetry Chosen as Subject of French Writer.

(Specially contributed by Miss Gilman.)

On Tuesday evening, January 8, the college will welcome one of the most delightful, as well as one of the most distinguished of French scholars and teachers, Mr. Paul Hazard, Professor at the College de France, who will lecture on "La Poesie contemporaine."

Mr. Hazard's special field is comparative literature, the youngest branch of literary history and criticism, which he has himself defined as "l'effort de saisir les echanges intellectuels qui s'operent entre les peuples." His thesis was on *La Revolution francaise et les Lettres italiennes*, and he rapidly became one of the leaders in the field. In 1921, with Mr. Fernand Baldensperger, he founded the *Revue de litterature comparee*, with its accompanying *Bibliothèque*, to which scholars from all parts of the world are contributors.

Mr. Hazard has often said that for the student of comparative literature the study of books should be supplemented by direct contact with different civilizations. He himself has traveled widely in Germany, England, Italy (which he calls "ma seconde patrie"), Spain and South America. In 1923 he was visiting professor at Columbia for the summer session, and this last summer at the University of Chicago, and he is at present visiting professor at Harvard.

Among Mr. Hazard's numerous books and articles, the most recent is the delightful *Vie de Stendhal* which appeared last year. He is also joint editor, with Mr. Joseph Bedier, of the *Histoire illustree de la litterature francaise*, which was greeted with enthusiasm four years ago. This year the French Academy has awarded him the Grand Prix Broquette-Gonin "pour l'ensemble de ses oeuvres."

In speaking of his teaching Mr. Hazard once said that if he were to write a book on pedagogy he would include a chapter entitled "De l'influence des élèves sur le professeur." In his teaching he has added to the qualities of his scholarly work, the charm and vividness of his presentation of his carefully documented material a most lively and generous interest in his students and their work. To foreign students especially his kindness has been unbounded. His teaching at the University of Lyons was interrupted by the war, in which he won the Croix de Guerre, with the citation "Officier de haute valeur intellectuelle et morale qui a rendu de brillants services. . . . Plein d'entrain et anime d'un sentiment du devoir tres eleve, s'est a maintes reprises offert spontanement pour accomplir des missions dangereuses en premiere ligne." At the close of the war he was appointed to the Sorbonne where his class rooms were filled to overflowing with enthusiastic students. In 1925 he was called to the College de France—the highest honor which can come to a French professor.

Contemporary literature is one of Mr. Hazard's great interests, and the subject of his lecture, "La Poesie contemporaine," can hardly fail to attract the Bryn Mawr audience for whom poetry, it seems, has always a special appeal.

## Erudite Speeches at Math Club Meeting

The Math Club held its second meeting of the year on Thursday afternoon in the May Day room. Ruth Kitchen spoke on Congruence and Juliet Garrett spoke on the Tri-Section of the Angle and the Duplication of the Cube. The members who are privileged to hear and understand these discussions are all past or present members of the major math class. After the talks tea was served, followed by discussion. The meetings are supposed to take place once a month. Dr. Widder spoke at the first one. The officers of the club are: Agnes Hannay, president; C. Peckham, vice president, and R. Kitchen, secretary.

## VARSITY DRAMATICS CHOOSES POOR PLAY, BUT ACTS WELL

### Mr. Mukerji Returns

Dhan Gopal Mukerji, who thrilled Bryn Mawr undergraduates last year by telling them how they could learn the secret of true repose, is coming again on the tenth of January, and will speak in the Music Room in the afternoon at 4. Mr. Mukerji not only knows and understands his own country, but he has lived here long enough to enter into the spirit of ours and to speak its language with compelling force. He will probably say something about the modern problems of India, on which he is an authority. Among his well-known books are *Caste and Outcast*, and *My Brother's Face*.

### Miss Peek Offers a More Aloof Criticism of Play

Two opinions are always more interesting than one, particularly when one is an undergraduate opinion and the other from the bosom of the faculty. We know each other too well; and even the glamorous footlights cannot give the illusion necessary for complete impartiality and lack of prejudice. Miss Peek consented to play the part of the aloof dramatic critic; and, strangely enough, aloofness and familiarity have arrived at nearly the same conclusions.

(Specially Contributed by K. Peek, '22)

Mr. Halcott Glover's comedy, *Bellaire*, presented by Varsity Dramatics, proved to be scarcely a fair criterion of the skill of the playwright, nor of the ability of the Bryn Mawr players. We feel that Mr. Glover ought to adopt Mr. Bernard Shaw's policy of refusing to allow his plays to be performed under circumstances which necessitate cutting. *Bellaire*, essentially a sophisticated, breezy comedy of the private life of an English artist who, in spite of himself, is hunted down in his "retirement" by family responsibilities, had to be shorn of most of its sophistication and breeziness before it could suitably grace the Bryn Mawr boards. The actors, in consequence, found themselves left with a somewhat flat, thoroughly mediocre piece on their hands. Most of its *raison d'être* had been censored, and it responded only feebly to their very excellent efforts to carry it.

Miss Rieser as *Bellaire* himself gave on the whole a convincing interpretation of the harassed artist. She was thoroughly in character throughout her performance, "temperamental," quixotic, and all the rest of it. She kept up the tempo of the scenes easily and they pivoted around her as they were meant to do. There was not, perhaps, enough contrast in her playing, and her gestures, excellent at first, tended to become stereotyped and repetitions. She made the mistake of failing to give *Bellaire* the full benefit of his few expansive, genial moments; his cynicism was tinged alternately with youthful and senile malice, never with seasoned sophistication.

Miss Learned's Betty Barclay fell somewhere between the pert, pretty barmaid and the sharp slavey. She played the part without real emphasis, but with admirable composure and with charming moments. Miss Perkins as Dorothy *Bellaire* looked delightful and acted delightfully. She was thoroughly convincing as she voiced her romantic aspiration to take to the open road with her young vagabond, Giovanni, who, as played by Miss Thomas, made such an aspiration quite understandable. Miss Thomas with her truly Latin ardour and lucid common sense made the right contrast with the cold-blooded, muddled-headed English about her.

Miss Drake gave perhaps the most finished piece of acting of the evening. Her Diana Martin was amusing, spirited and well-accented. It was a pleasure to have her on the stage.

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## Disappointing Production in Spite of Good Coaching and Staging.

### TWO CRITICS AGREE

*Bellaire*, a play by Halcott Glover, was given in Goodhart Hall on Saturday night by the Varsity Dramatics. Because it was the first undergraduate production in Goodhart Hall, because it had enjoyed the benefits of professional coaching, and because of the amount of work that has been put into it, we went with high hopes. We came away disappointed.

Goodhart, as always, looked lovely; so did the ushers, an unusually numerous bevy of beauties; so did the program, which seemed to contain, in one capacity or another, half the people in college; so, finally, when the curtain went up, did the stage. The scenery committee had worked wonders. Varsity Dramatics has been clamoring for a stage where they could have adequate scenery, and they proved themselves in that respect worthy of it. The scene painters had worked day and night since Thursday, and the effect was charming.

The first two acts were laid in a garden, with a red brick cottage at the back, a blue sky which was cheerful if un-English, trees peeping over the high walls and pleasant garden chairs. The walls were decked with vines—our own college vines, looking even better on red brick than they do on gray stone.

So we waited eagerly for the play to begin. An attractive young girl was saying nasty things to her father, the old

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## Religion Defaults

### Quest for Spiritual Welfare Is Both Important and Exciting.

Only about twelve students had sufficient energy to attend chapel Friday morning, December 14. The subject which Mrs. Manning chose was very apropos. She discussed the real need of Bryn Mawr and other colleges for religious life and why colleges were accused of not taking care of that side of the students' life. Religion goes by default rather than by direct undermining of beliefs with which youth starts out. A great deal of this is lost because they think there are so many more exciting things going on in college. "Young people make a terrible mistake," Mrs. Manning thinks, "in thus regarding other things as more exciting than the consideration of the ultimate good, toward which they can look forward." There is nothing more exciting than that quest. Students are really interested but they have too little opportunity to see things through.

It might be a good idea, Mrs. Manning suggested, if each member of the faculty could speak during the year about this subject. But they could not on account of the societies. Perhaps it is for the best that they cannot, for we are often disappointed when we hear some one explain their views. Mrs. Manning illustrated this by Mr. Watson's lecture on Behaviorism. After he had brought forward an excellent idea, he went on to give gruesome details about married life, also he defined happiness. Happiness is an absorption in activity. This idea certainly shows no great new creative effort. It is an animal idea of satisfaction and absorption in what you are doing at the moment.

"Spiritual welfare is really preferable to bodily comfort." The greatest difficulty is the question of time. That is all the more reason why we should take all the opportunities we have because the more we think about these things the more interesting they become.

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### CHRISTMAS

Something has got to be said about Christmas; not so much because the occasion calls for it as because we find it increasingly difficult to think about anything else. We are so used to having our Christmas vacation begin on Wednesday that we get into the vacation spirit long before its time. It has its advantages and its drawbacks.

Easter is the time of worship and spiritual rejoicing. Christmas as most of us know it is human joy and celebration. Its essential adjective is cheerful. It comes in the coldest weather, the shortest and darkest days. It is gray overhead and slushy underfoot. But its spirit is as warm and glowing as a fire on the hearth.

They say that Christmas has lost its spiritual quality. Probably that is true. It does not correspond, like Easter, with a corresponding movement in nature. It is man's celebration for man, and he takes the opportunity to give himself a good time. He quite shamelessly enjoys getting what he doesn't need and giving what he can't afford. He defies the season and common-sense; he laughs at the charge of being material-minded and frivolous. Yet looking at the weather and the world who will refuse to echo in the words of that horrible ditty: "God bless him; he needs it."

### OUR CIVILIZATION

"The things people choose to talk about, and the way they choose to talk about them indicate the degree of a national civilization." That is the theme of an essay by Mr. Albert J. Noek, recently reviewed in the *New Yorker*. From a distance that seems to be an excellent and amusing theme, but when we stop to consider its application to ourselves, it makes us somewhat uneasy. For if conversation is a criterion for national civilization it may serve the same purpose for individual civilization. We wonder just how civilized it is for one's conversation to consist of endless discussions of week-ends and their ways, of the poorness of college food, of the overpowering, appalling amount of work thrust upon us by unfeeling professors, and of our cleverness in evading as much of this as possible. If we are forced to conclude that these are the only things we are interested in, or the only things we know anything about, we must admit that it is better for us to talk about them. For no one would advocate mechanical discussions of remote, unfamiliar subjects, that would be even less civilized. But one of the first things college should do for us is to broaden and enlarge our interests as well as our knowledge. It would be interesting to test the extent to which this is accomplished by a comparison of the degrees of civilization of freshmen, seniors, and graduate students on the basis of the subjects and manner of their conversations. Personally, we should hate to be the investigators.

### Communications

(The News is not responsible for opinions expressed in this column.)

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO THE VARSITY PLAYERS

Dear Varsity Players:

Here is a wail from an innocent bystander—and not so innocent either, if you know what I mean. It is about "Bellairs"—not the acting, which was much better than the play deserved. The wail concerns itself with the sort of thing that Bellairs is and represents, also with the sort of thing that might have been given in its place.

In a live, experimental, seething world, full of all kinds of vigorous amusing and satirical ideas, why should Bryn Mawr College present, for three solid acts, the undramatic events in the life of a tippling artist?

And why choose a play to be presented by a woman's college, in which the leading character is a male, wearing modern masculine attire?

Another bitter thought with me, is the ugliness of the production, the ruthless way in which you have set aside your aesthetic assets and played up your deficiencies. Now, what have you amateurs got, that professional producers value above all things? As if you didn't know it—youth and beauty. And what did you do with the two of them in "Bellairs?" You hid them under wigs and make-up. You took the parts of worldly, sophisticated, middle-aged people, made yourselves as homely as possible, or as fashionable, which isn't so much better, and threw away your spontaneity and reality, all your natural gifts, for something artificial, cultivated and, believe me, very very hollow.

But of course it is easy to criticize. It is. And "Bellairs" is not the play to make the task more difficult. So, if you want a chance to come back at me, here is what I would have liked to see (A) something beautiful, as for instance your production of *Aria da Capo* (B) something funny—pantomimes, skits, burlesque on modern life written and prepared by YOU, (C) if it has to be three-acts and modern, a comedy on the type of *Dulcy*, in which the lead part is played by a woman. However, I feel that the three-act play is a mistake. Three one-act plays would give variety in tone, caste, setting. Dunsany, De Musset, Yeats, Molnar, Schnitzler, Stuart Walker's finer things, as his dramatization of "The Birthday of the Infanta," are all in print. And if you complain that these are too "literary," I can only say that for me "Bellairs" and his fellows are not literary enough.

What virtue lies in the undistinguished conversation of unpleasant people, that you should load your busy minds with it. Twenty people, each with a beautiful line to learn would profit more and labor less than six people each of whom has to learn ten pages of bad writing. If you follow my hesitating advice your next production will take advantage of the opportunities you have: a large stage, youth and beauty to show off costumes, a wide variety of talents, and three hundred and sixty undergraduates.

Innocent Bystander.

### Lantern Review

(Specially contributed by Georgianna Goddard King, '96.)

It is pretty plain that the best thing in the *Lantern* is the *Sequence at Twenty-one*, the least successful is *Diogenes*. Before explaining why—in case not everyone has felt that way—the other pieces may be considered.

The verse stands at a higher level than the prose, generally speaking; and that is as it should be, for poetry, to be at all, has to be good. *Reformatory* takes 48 lines to build up an impression and imply a protest. It is still vibrating from the motion of experience which must lie back of every work of art; and the metrical expression is of the essence of it. *Twenty Years After* takes about a hundred lines to present an episode that remains unsubstantial. It has value, but the figures should be by rights minor personages in something which has steel structure and a concrete intention. To stand alone, it should have either easy urbanity or dry cruelty; and it should be shorter. All the prose would bear condensation; the stories are too loose-woven, given the size of the *Lantern*. For a periodical is a whole, and the parts of it must be to scale. There might be only one story and it might occupy twenty-odd out of the thirty-one pages, but it still might be to scale. *The Ring*, however, has a pretty turn, and the *Play* is a real comedy of humours.

In the poems the scene and the season

record themselves normally and to good effect, as *Trees in the Wind*, *The Grove in the Snow*, *Late Autumn*. Sincerity is in these, as truly as in the massive rhythms and level march of Carolyn Lombardi's sonnets and the honest battering beat of Marcella Palmer's *Illusion*. There are, by the way, two or three metrical phrases in this *Lantern* which stumble, which the ear and tongue cannot solve, though helped by the best will in the world.

Pages that carry some pretty poetry, provoke three admonitions: (1) Mannerism should be unconscious, (2) should never repeat itself; (3) and moreover should mean something. Examples: (1) The third line in *Iscult* is off the key; (2) in the *Poems* on the last page adjacent endings of "like a" and "as a" make too much of a muchness; (3) what end do the italics serve in *Antique*?

New to the *Tame Philosopher*, the trouble being of course that he is tame. All introductions must go into the wastebasket, this one is no exception. The series might have begun with the second number. It is conceived in the most exacting style of writing in the world, that demands self, ripeness, concentration, detachment that demands a great deal—in quantity and in quality—of the intellect. May it in the second installment, be cynical and be cutting!

As for the poem—there is nothing particular to say. Read it over. This is poetry.

### Miss Peek's Review

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Those of the audience who saw Miss Dyer as the inimitable Aunt from the Middle West in last year's Freshman plays were perhaps disappointed in her rather restrained performance as the Rev. Mr. Mortimer Scrope. She was no doubt wise, however, in not at all burlesquing her part and in contenting herself with an adequate, gentlemanly rendering of the wholly inadequate but equally gentlemanly English curate. Miss Wiegand played her part with an understanding and the right degree of sharpness. In Miss Yerkes' performance one was ever conscious that here before one was a character part, but what else can be done with the proprietor of an English pub?

Not much was demanded by this play in the way of costumes; the "modern dress" commandeered here and there on the campus seemed fashionable, becoming and well selected. True, Bellairs' smock suggested the *dilettante* rather than the artist, and the property committee slipped in providing him with unmistakable Lucky Strikes and in sending him a Western Union telegram. The scenery for the first two acts was well conceived. It might have been executed with more softness—there was too little ivy and too much red brick—but it gave to the Bryn Mawr stage at last a really professional appearance. The second set was devoid of artistic feeling, the more surprising since the scene demanded a studio! But one was pleased to recognize the same chintz inside the window that one had for two acts viewed from without. It was rather too bad that with a complete switchboard, electric batteries, spots, footlights, etc., no more striking effects could have been achieved than the rather jerky fall of twilight, but perhaps Reinhardt productions may be expected later on at Bryn Mawr.

It is an old plea, yet one that may well be repeated, that the Varsity Dramatics Committee consider putting on plays that are not to be seen elsewhere, revivals if you like, but in any case plays that have some intrinsic literary and artistic interest. It is surely safer for the undergraduates to depend on the play to help carry the acting rather than on the acting to help carry the play.

### Harvard Splits

Harvard University has accepted a \$3,000,000 gift for the purpose of splitting Harvard up into small colleges of three hundred each, after the manner of Oxford and Cambridge, though adapted properly to American conditions. This will extend the recent developments under which freshmen live by themselves and upper classmen are more on their own, freed from lectures and in closer touch with the professors—*Vassar Miscellany*.

### Engaged

Rosemary Morrison, '30, to John Wadell Chase, Rhodes scholar, Merton College, Oxford.

## The Pillar of Salt

A strange woman, a little troubled, but bearing no outward signs of insanity, approached our business manager in Pembroke Arch the other day.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "Do I go upstairs to take the train?"

"The train?" echoed, our business manager, baffled but affable, "the train?"

"Why, yes," responded the female confidently, "Isn't this the railroad station?"

After all, Pembroke dining-room does resemble the Grand Central Station at times, particularly about 1.15 on Fridays. But we did think the academic character of our institution was written upon its face. Apparently not; a day or two later we came upon another woman on the same quest. She looked very tired. Perhaps she is the same one. We hope she is not still wandering about in the fog, like Lucy Gray.

### Moral Reflections on a Thaw

(As of the W. C. T. U. Year-Book, about 1880.)

Ah, snow, you were so pure and clean, But now your dirty face

In shady corners may be seen

Confessing its disgrace.

Not all the icicles can tell

Why melted snow is slimy,

Why what was white before it fell,

Fallen, so soon grows grimy.

We have received our first and only Christmas card from Troncellitti the Tailor, and our first and only present from Powers and Reynolds. It's nice to be worth something to somebody, as the goose said when they fattened him up for Christmas dinner.

And speaking of the goose, we were appalled to see an advertisement the other day, in the Christmas suggestions section of the *New Yorker*, of "ruffled panties in all the newest shades" for the goose, the turkey, or the squab. Really, we must draw the line somewhere. It is bad enough having to buy pink silk lingerie for our mothers and sisters, and athletic underwear for our fathers and brothers, without indulging in colored underthings for the family fowl. We can only conclude that this is a local custom of the effete East. In Chicago we buy false teeth for the aged and decrepit watchdog, police whistles for the canary and hip pockets for the tom cat, but not lingerie.

The *New Yorker* is at great pains to develop the genre of street car conversations. We now realize that that sinister individual with the listening look on the Broadway car whom we took to be a plain clothes man was really a space writer for the *New Yorker* collecting copy. We only feel hurt that our conversation on that day has not yet appeared in print. As we remember it was particularly sparkling. But perhaps our English was too good.

What we were going to say was that we too are good listeners. The Paoli Local chat may lack the speed and vigor of New York elevateds but it has a rich suburban flavor which gives it something of the charm of the pastoral. We were absolutely prevented the other day from finishing our history reading by a voluble lady with a 6-year-old child telling a tired lady with a 3-year-old what was good for little girls. She described the figure cut by Annie, a peculiarly unattractive child, at dancing class, "in her little bally skirt, and she don't miss a step, not she, and looking so lovely, not but what her hair's kinda straggly, but she's got real nice eyes." (For Annie's good name be it said that those nice eyes were at the moment turned on her mother with an expression of deep disgust.) But her mother was not to be daunted. "She's chewin' gum." (This was obvious.) "I don't hold to it, but her poppa giv' it to her. They do say it's good for a child. I usually let her have a chew on the train, just to keep the saliva going."

Fortunately at this moment the train stopped with a jolt. So we hope did the saliva. At any rate we did not stop to find out.

Lot's Wife

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"Shirley's  
a dear... don't  
you think?"

"Yes, but so dumb!"

"What do you mean? She rates higher marks than you and I."

"I know; but the other day, when I told her I had just

telephoned

Mother, without spending a cent, she just looked at me in a funny sort of way and then simply dashed out the door.

"I'll bet she was on her way to the nearest telephone... she's not so dumb!"

Charges on calls by number may now be reversed without additional cost. Arrange with the folks at home to telephone them this week-end



**Soviet Review**

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together in several rooms as long as they choose to do so. A man is not duty bound to live with his wife if she turns out to be a bore, but should there be children both parents are equally responsible for their education in the doctrines of collectivism. Abortions are legal, and are not infrequent in as much as they avoid a good deal of class war.

**Chamberlain Is Ridiculed.**

In the matter of foreign affairs, the doctrines are very rigid. Each man is taught to realize that the state is his and that anything the state does is done by him personally. In order to instill this idea into the mind of the mass, large public festivities are held. The workers are given a holiday. They all go out into the streets and are shown Punch and Judy shows caricaturing Sir Austen Chamberlain (whom they are taught to despise utterly). Then the people proceed to the Square, where all those who have died in the service of the Third International are buried. Lenin's tomb is situated there, preserved in a glass case, and is the real emblem of collectivism. One of the Communists then takes his place just in front of Lenin's tomb, and all the crowd gathers around to see a pageant. This consists of a large (everything is enormous to symbolize the idea of the collective) trolley on which is placed a huge stuffed doll representing Sir Austen Chamberlain, who holds up to the crowd a note saying that England has broken off relations with Russia. Then one of the workmen dashes up and smashes the effigy and the crowd goes wild with excitement. In this way the doctrines are brought before the masses in a very real way, for they not only witness the play, they are a part of it.

**Children Instruct Parents.**

In the country the peasants are taught to live in the collective in the same way. Fourteen villages are taken, which have not yet been penetrated by the doctrines. Teachers are sent out to begin with the children. The children then educate their parents. They are taught that if their parents are not living the way they

should, that it is their fault and they are sent out to help them. The peasants are taught by moving pictures, of which they are very fond. The films are usually either Charlie Chaplin or Lillian Gish, in portrayals of life full of the luxury which the peasants hope to have some day if they stick to their idea of the collective. The pictures are especially chosen to instill in the peasant mind a desire for those luxuries which will make the Russians see that they have only to "catch up" with the other countries of the world in order to get them.

The Russians are looking over the barrier which England has put around them to the United States, which, they think, will help them in their economic difficulties.

The Russians are afraid that the presence of several gods, such as the Mohammedan, the Jewish, and the Chinese, will turn all their collectivism to naught, for several gods make for individualism, which is simply taboo.

The reason that we must fear for the stability of the Soviet system, Mrs. Flemming told us, is their doctrine of "healthy distrust." Everyone is regarded by his neighbor with suspicion. This makes somewhat for a lack of co-operation and may, in time, undermine the whole system.

For a fascinating study of the ideas underlying the Russian movement Mrs. Flemming recommended Muller's "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism."

**Bellairs**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

public-house keeper, who was really a triumph of make-up and imitation. But one soon realized that not all the make-up in the world, not all the effort on the part of the actors (and they did try hard to make it go), could make that play, in those circumstances, a success.

The actors cannot be held responsible. The fault lay with the choice of the play. Mr. Halcott Glover, whoever he is, certainly never intended his comedy of manners (and what manners!) to be

produced by a club of amateurs in a girls' college. He meant it to be chuckled over by tired businessmen, who, we are told, need that sort of thing.

Unpleasant subjects should be treated with sincerity if at all; mere wit may relieve, but does not distinguish them. And a drunken old artist, who, after a life of philandering, knows no better than to confront his ex-wife with a saloon-keeper's daughter, is an unpleasant subject.

Moreover, Bellairs was manifestly unsuited to the purpose of Varsity Dramatics. Why choose a play requiring three old men, all over 50? They are the most difficult of all parts for girls to play; and it is to the everlasting credit of the actors that not a single member of the audience thought of laughing at the mere incongruity of it. Why choose a play all about sex, equally unsuited to our means? The only explanation seems to be that the committee had been reading "College Humor," and was fired with an ambition to live up to it.

Finally, there was almost no action in the play; it ended substantially where it began; and what happened in between was nothing more than talk.

Having got that off our chest, we can give the actors the commendation they really deserve. If they had a common fault it was over-acting, acting which spent itself in loud voices and gestures, seeming to come from the joints rather than the heart. But who could put her heart into such disagreeable people?

Mary Drake, as Diana Martin, gave the most finished performance. She was as mature and sure of herself as she was intended to be; and she succeeded in making a rather shrewish woman attractive.

Roberta Yerkes, with a pure "character part," succeeded extraordinarily well in walking, talking and being like an old cockney. Betty Perkins made a charming Dorothy Bellairs, especially in the less emotional scenes, and Anabelle Learned, too, was charming, perhaps more of a woman of the world than her part warranted. Caroline Reiser, with the longest and most difficult part we have ever seen in a Varsity play, worked

like a Trojan. She never forgot she was being an elderly gentleman, and she never let the audience miss a word of her lines—the fault again lay with the part, and perhaps to some extent with the conception of the character. It would be hard to conceive of a more repellent person,

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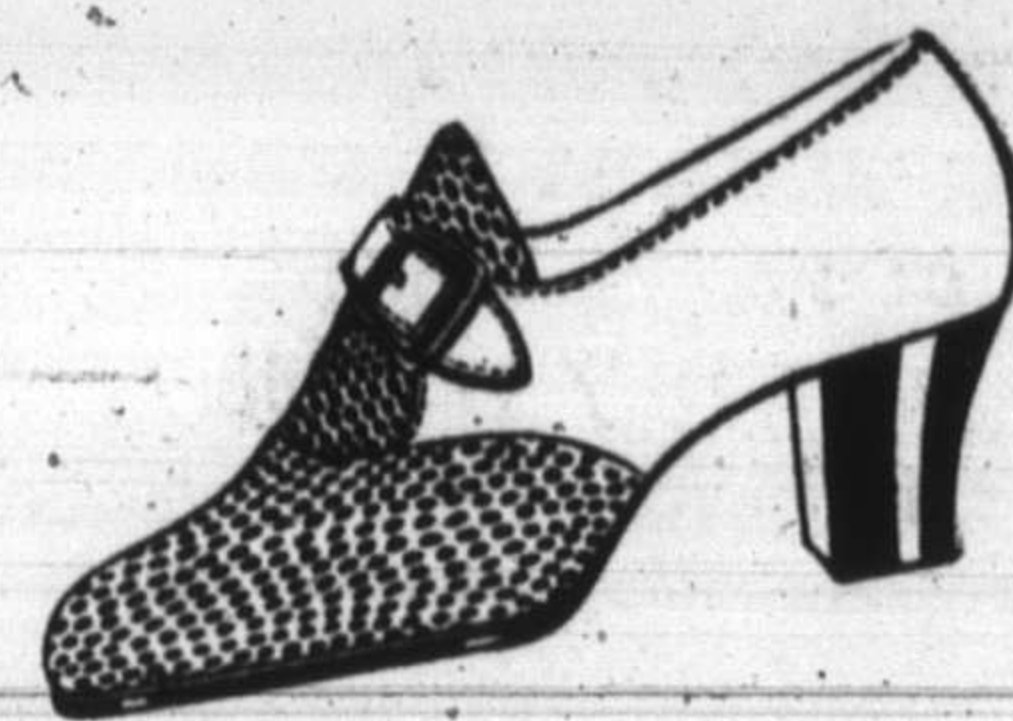
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but perhaps an interpretation which made him somewhat more mellow and at his ease would have given him a little of the charm he was apparently supposed to have.

Phyllis Weigand seemed more relaxed than the other actors, and had a part which aroused more sympathy; her lines were few, but she said them all with effect.

The third act took place in the interior of Bellairs' studio—a very pleasantly arranged room, with a ceiling which was a triumph even if it was cracked.

The audience filled more than half the hall, which is a pretty good showing. But the number of undergraduates was very small. ... some radical changes are made in the near future, that it will be any bigger next time. Plays are extremely hard to find, but good ones do exist, and we would rather have an old friend than a hitherto unpublished failure.

Romantic drama is easier for girls to put across than the "slice of life," and our scene painters and costume designers are talented. Perhaps we can stage a dramatic renaissance with "Peter Pan," or "A Quoi Revent Les Jeunes Filles?"

### Science Students Added to Revised Honors List

A few weeks ago we published a list of students who were taking honors. We must now heap ashes on our head and confess that the list was not official, although we thought it reliable. It will be noted the revised list, approved by the Curriculum Committee of the Faculty, includes work in the Science Departments which was not mentioned in the earlier one. The field of science is one in which special work is especially valuable.

The list is as follows:  
Latin—F. Frenaye, A. Lake, N. S.

Skidmore.  
English—J. Becket,\* B. Channing,\* A. Learned,\* H. Wright,\* E. Baxter, M. de Vaux, M. Edwards, F. Frenaye, C. Hand, L. Sears,\* H. Wickes.  
German—S. FitzGerald.\*  
History—E. Boyd,\* R. Cross,\* F. E. Fry,\* E. Horton,\* M. Lambert,\* E. Linn, E. Poe,\* B. Shipley\*  
Philosophy—E. Schottland.\*  
Psychology—V. Fain.\*  
Chemistry—D. Blumenthal.\*  
Biology—E. Ufford,\* G. I. De Roo.\*  
\*Seniors.

### Miami Mermaids

At the University of Miami, a new type of classroom has been instituted for the zoology classes. Students in bathing suits and diving helmets and descend to the bottom of the Atlantic to carry on their study of the fauna and flora of the ocean.—*Amherst Student.*

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### What of the Night?

Don Cooper, star halfback on the University of Kansas football team, studies by day and is a policeman at night, according to Associated Press despatches. He is in charge of the Lawrence police headquarters every night and earns more than enough to pay his school expenses. As Lawrence is a peaceful city, Cooper has a few hours every night for study and sleep, the despatches state.—*Haverford News.*

### Calendar

Thursday evening, December 21, Christmas Parties.  
Friday at 1.00, Christmas vacation begins.  
Monday, January 7, at 9 A. M., Christmas vacation ends.  
Tuesday evening, January 8, at 8.15 o'clock, Paul Hazard the French Club.  
Thursday, January 10, Mr. Mukerji will speak in the Music Room at 4.  
Saturday evening, January 12, Sophomore Dance.

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