

# The College News

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## William Butler Yeats Speaks at Bryn Mawr

Names Lady Gregory, Synge Leaders of Irish Literary Renaissance

### READS HIS OWN POEMS

Bryn Mawr had an unusual treat last Wednesday evening, December seventh, when William Butler Yeats spoke on the movement of which he himself is a leader, the literary Renaissance of Ireland.

The history of Irish society, Mr. Yeats said, divides into four periods. The first of these was the long period of feudalism which ended with the dawn of the 17th century. Secondly, the Protestant Ascendancy, "forcibly, cruelly, but effectively, modernized the structure of Irish society." Irish national spirit was discovered in the quarrel with England over the wool trade, and found its voice in Swift, in Burke, and in Berkley whose answer to Hume was "We Irish do not think so!" Then the rude shock of the French Revolution awakened the Irish peasant; he became the Agrarian Party, and the Ascendancy became the Garrison Party; there were two parties but no nation. There was no literature but the Agrarian rhetoric which eulogized the virtues of that party and the vices of the other; no drama but the Garrison entertainers; and outside of these a few who, like George Bernard Shaw, could not breathe in either party. By the late 19th century Ireland had produced four world figures: Berkley, to whom "earth and all the furniture of heaven exist in being perceived;" Swift, who dared to deny the value of life; Burke, whose repudiation of the French Revolution saved Europe from possible anarchy, and Shaw, the "incarnate social conscience."

Forty years ago the death of Charles Parnell was the birth of the fourth period of Irish history, the period of renaissance. Parnell had been leader of the Irish party when the Parnell-O'Shea divorce case had gone against him, and in spite of reelection by his own party, Gladstone had forced his expulsion by commanding the party to choose between their leader and the success of their cause. Parnell died from sorrow and from strain, and on his death there went up from all Ireland the cry that he had been betrayed. The cause of the party was lost, and with it the all-absorbing squabbles over politics and religion sank into oblivion; and in their place arose the legend and deification of this dark, misunderstood, solitary man at whose burial meteors and strange lights were seen in the sky. Two things had happened as a result of Parnell's life; unity and passion had come to Ireland.

Literary societies were started in  
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## Ting Elected President of New International Club

An International Relations Club was organized Tuesday evening, December 13. Vung-Yuin Ting was elected president; Dr. Fenwick, honorary president; Nancy Hart, secretary; Sarah Flanders, treasurer. Meetings will be held every three weeks, and as the first speaker, for a meeting to be held the second week in January, an effort will be made to secure Mr. MacMurry, former U. S. ambassador to China.

The following were chosen as members of a committee to co-operate with the International Student Committee, in editing the committee's official magazine, the *Student Internationalist*: Rebecca Taft, Anna Martin Findley, and Nancy Hart.

The club will be entitled to obtain speakers from the Carnegie Foundation, and will receive its publications, which, if the librarian gives her permission, are to be placed in the New Book Room, and all faculty members of the History, Economics, and Politics Departments will be invited to become *ex officio* members.

## Cast of "The Royal Family"



Standing left to right: Bruce Jones as Jo; Susan Daniels as Della; Sidney Hollander as Wolff; Janet Marshall as Julie; Henry Vaux as Gil Marshall; James Stoddard as Herbert Dean. Seated: Del McMasters as Fanny Cavendish; Philip Truex as Tony Cavendish; Betty Lord as Gwen Cavendish; and Russell Richie as Perry Stewart.

## Royal Family Stage Set Efficiently Constructed

The set for *The Royal Family* was designed by Janet Barber from pictures of the set used in the New York production, with certain changes necessitated by the limitations of the Goodhart stage and equipment. For instance, there was no back exit from the balcony, the players having to be content with the exits on either side. The stairway in the original production curved down from the balcony, but to facilitate construction, this one was made square with a landing part way down. Moreover, the position of Fanny's and Julia's rooms was somewhat shifted around.

The actual cost of building this set was very little, as it was composed of parts of old sets used in previous years. The first week that the stage crew worked was spent in taking apart some old French Club scenery, that the lumber might be used over again. Practically the whole of the Berkeley Square set was reconditioned, some of the flats having been cut up, and all rearranged. The greatest difficulty that was encountered was the job of painting the canvas on the flats. The creamy white of the Berkeley Square set had to be turned into a rough gray. Four different coats of paint were tried before the proper effect was obtained, as the result after each coat seemed to be either too white still, or too blotchy, or too smooth. Finally Becky Wood gave the set "the measles" by patting dry gray paint over the background tone with a blackboard eraser.

The building of the ceiling was an ambitious undertaking, as it had to be 28 feet long and 10 feet deep to cover the stage, which was unusually large, measuring thirty feet across the front and twenty feet across the back of the stage. While it was under construction it occupied the entire stage, and inconvenienced Miss Latham and the play-writing class considerably. Nine or ten people were required to hoist it up into place, three of them being occupied in pulling the ropes. The making of the bannisters for the stairway was an interesting bit of work, and a great deal of credit is due to Dr. Flexner for his valuable assistance. The repainting of these bannisters, which had been done too smoothly and was out of keeping with the rest of the set, was the only job left to be done after the dress rehearsal.

A carpenter was hired to build the platform, which supported the balcony and the stairs, which took him three days to complete. He did a fine job, and built it in so many pieces that it can be put away and then used again with very little trouble. Lois Thurston, '31, who was in charge of the scenery for the Varsity Dramatic productions when she was in college, came back to lend a helping hand. She worked all day every day, and  
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## Varsity Dramatics and Cap and Bells Club Give Good Production of "The Royal Family"

McMasters Gives Outstanding Performance as Fanny Cavendish; Other Generations Are Less Convincing; Truex Overacts Part of Tony Cavendish

### STAGE SET IS INGENUOUS AND WELL DESIGNED

(Especially Contributed by Dr. Stephen J. Herben)

The standard of excellence set by the previous performances of the Varsity dramatics makes it impossible to judge any of their offerings with the reservations usually assumed in behalf of amateur productions. Perhaps the expectations are too high; charity would make one wish that the reservations might be applied in the case of *The Royal Family* as presented last week-end. It would be a more pleasing task were the present writer required merely to compare the relative excellences of the various players and to praise the production as a whole. Unfortunately, there are reasons why this is impossible and these reasons were apparent during the whole play.

There can be little question of the possibilities for a vigorous and lively performance inherent in the vehicle chosen. There is, to be sure, one extremely difficult part in the play, that of Fanny, doubly difficult for a young actress, but the remaining roles offer no greater obstacles than those, say in the *Constant Nymph*. Further, the lines are for the most part sprightly and much of the effectiveness of the play lies in situation rather than in very subtle characterization. It is not an easy play to perform, but it is not an insuperable undertaking.

The title of the play is *The Royal Family*; as presented, it might better have been called *The Matriarch*. Certainly the outstanding member of the cast and the one whose work most clearly remains in the mind was Miss McMasters in the role of Fanny Cavendish. There was a dignity and competence in Miss McMasters' portrayal of that austere but not unhumorous old relic which made her a completely convincing creation. Even the last scene, dangerous and trying though it be, was negotiated successfully. At all times she gave her part the careful and intelligent performance which the lines required, sometimes in the face of obstacles not in the script.

Unfortunately, there were only two, instead of three, generations on the stage. The differences in age between the rest of the cast was more a matter of make-up than of playing. Wolfe and Gilbert Marshall seemed too much less middle-aged than their parts required, and this is with recognition of some fine individual scenes to the credit of both. Other minor characters were noteworthy—Gwen and Kitty were memorable, Stewart and Dean rather more than adequate.

Tony Cavendish is a role that requires more than a boisterous willingness to run about the stage and to shout. The real Tony, the artist with a great devotion to his work and to the stage, is in the last act, but no one would have known it Saturday night. All was continuous rant, obtrusive rant and, in any case, not very good rant. The part was not well conceived by the player and was mercilessly overplayed, both in itself and with relation to the others in various scenes. Less over-eagerness and a realization of the possibilities of the role would have made a great and welcome difference.

The part of Julie was miscast most unhappily. With regard to minor matters, it was noticeable that the acting was better when there were several on the stage than when there were few. No one seemed to be able to cross the full width of the stage without striding or trudging. The incidental music for the play discovered by Tony was fumbled and carried no conviction, as a result. A greater variety of pace would have helped matters.

The setting showed ingenuity and good design. One might have wished for a rail instead of a solid wall cutting off the staircase from the audience, to give less of a bisected effect to characters who ascended beyond the landing, but constructional difficulties doubtless entered in and in general the scenery and lighting were completely satisfactory.

The play was very well received by a sympathetic and large audience, who evidently appreciated the long hours of work which its production represented. It was good entertainment. It should have been still better.

## Carols Sung by Choir; Miss Earp is Soloist

Sunday evening, December 11, the choir presented the annual Christmas Carol Service in Goodhart. The musical program, under the direction of Mr. Vernon Hammond in Mr. Wiloughby's absence, consisted of alternating congregational singing of the more familiar carols and renditions by the choir.

The interpretations of the two Bach chorales, *Hush, My Dear, Lie Still* and *Slumber and O Jesu So Sweet*,  
(Continued on Page Four)

## Plantation Songs and Spirituals Discussed

Splendors of Heaven and Hell, Old Testament Stories, Form Subject Matter

### MR. LOMAX IS LECTURER

Mr. John A. Lomax, who lectured at Goodhart a few weeks ago on Cowboy Songs, gave a second talk Monday night on Plantation Songs and Spirituals, many of them unpublished, which he has gathered by means of his phonograph. The comparatively recent adoption of Christianity has caused a great change in the Negro. A century and a half ago he had no notion of Anglo-Saxon morality, and ethics is still widely separated from religion in his mind. Mr. Lomax said that never during his wanderings through the South had he heard any native preacher urge thrift or "better lives" upon his audience, but only the splendors of Heaven and Hell.

Negro Spirituals indicate this preoccupation, as they are usually clever paraphrases of the Bible, especially the Old Testament. The specimens quoted by Mr. Lomax show a clear idea of the ridiculous, which refuses to be stifled by the religious. Even under the influence of formal church phraseology, the Negro's mind and emotions work freely. His fondness for highly-colored words and striking phrases comes out often in song: "Lightnin', flashin', thunder roll, make me study 'bout my ol' soul," and "I want to go to Heaven when the devil is a-howling." He also likes to talk about death and the "starry crown" he will get when the "messenger of death comes for to carry me home."

One of the songs Mr. Lomax quoted was familiar to his audience as a class song of 1931 and 1932—"I know moonlight, I know starlight." Mr. T. W. Higginson has said of this song, "Never, it seems to me, since man first lived and suffered, has his longing been more movingly expressed."

Satan and Hell possess much interest for the Negro's mind. "They are real, almost visible entities, not abstracts of the mind." Satan is a familiar personage—"Satan's mad and I am glad... Old Satan's got a mighty big shoe, and if you don't watch out, he'll fit it on you." Hell  
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## Mlle. Souberan Speaks of Visiting Fiji and Australia

(Especially Contributed by Olivia Jurett)

At the French Club tea on Monday, the second of a series of teas at which French can be spoken and some members of the club or of the faculty will speak, Mlle. Souberan told us something of her trip to New Zealand and the crossing of the Pacific, the name of which had always promised poetry and beauty.

After a trip across the prairies in late May, the coolness of Vancouver was most welcome, but on reaching the Pacific itself, the agreeable coolness became considerably frigid. There was no heating on the magnificent *Niagara*, and the English, realizing the power of suggestion, had put red lighted glass in the fireplaces, but even this deception was eventually discovered. Adding to the frigidity of the atmosphere was the lack of passengers, of which there were about twenty on the big boat. Nevertheless, they felt the invasion strongly when crowds of home-going Australians and New Zealanders boarded the boat at Fiji.

At the Fiji Islands they went on shore to a native village, where Mlle. Souberan saw her first cocoon palm, with two large cocoanuts at the top. Upon her asking to drink milk from one of them right from the tree the tribal chief shook his head and replied that she might get the milk in the village, but those two cocoanuts could not be picked. "They must be there for the tourists. But I can climb up, if you would like, and you can take a picture of me about to pick one, for one shilling!" The picture is now one of her prize possessions.

At New Zealand Mlle. Souberan had two days, a Packard and a chauffeur at her disposal to cover the north island. She got off at Oakland and drove from five to ten P. M. through practically unpopulated land, where the people get up and go to bed with  
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### COLLEGE CALENDAR

Wed., Dec. 14—Maids' Party. Gym, 8.00 P. M.  
Thurs., Dec. 15—Christmas Party in Pembroke West at 8.00 P. M.  
Fri., Dec. 16—Christmas Vacation begins.

## THE COLLEGE NEWS

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## Adoration of the Magi

Whether or not prosperity is just around the corner, just at this moment the main highway is not lined with material luxuries; in many cases even material necessities are wanting. From every newspaper, pulpit, and street corner we are exhorted, and quite rightly, to give of what we have, because the need is very great and because there is a growing conviction that only some greater feeling of mutual responsibility, or brotherliness if you would call it by another name, can save our threatened order of things from ruin. It seems to us that few people have failed to be impressed with this lesson that a world-wide economic depression has taught. The Christmas spirit, which in many of us has become of late more and more ethical and less religious in the pure sense of the world, has this year again been translated into terms of giving something material to some one who needs it because the season seems to call for an expression of the best in each individual citizen of the world. What we should like to point out is not any flaw in this thought, but rather another thought entirely, another lesson that we think this time of hard experience should teach.

There is an appalling poverty in the world which doesn't show in the bread lines in a great city, pinched faces, and ragged clothes. There is a poverty of even greater importance than material want, and that is poverty of the spirit. How desperate is this situation may be demonstrated by the numbers of men and women of education and culture who have found their lives not worth living in the face of material loss, to whom evidently either physical comfort, or material prestige in the eyes of their fellowmen was the greatest thing in life: the one thing without which one could not go on. Years of great prosperity do not give opportunity for the exercise of spiritual inspiration as a national movement. If we are dominated by material things our great communal efforts must be along the lines of commerce and finance. Social work is apt to become a movement for the material uplift of an unfortunate class, rather than an attempt to build up the spiritual fibre of a nation. The lack of such work shows badly in times like these, not only in the classes that are hardest hit by the stagnation of commerce, but most of all in those classes to whom the depression is only comparatively inconvenient. What the world seems to need more than anything else is either a stoic philosophy that can overlook privations, or a little real religion of the spirit, in the presence of which these privations are incidental. What we need is not only to give bread because we are good citizens of the world, but to give of what spiritual bread we have because we are Christians. Too many of us are no longer Christians but materialists with a set of neo-platonic ethics. The spirituality is gone and there is a crying need for it to return. Many of us would give of our treasures of the spirit if we had any, but we have long ago forgotten even the lack of them. Faith, hope, and love, justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude; of these most of us would say today the greatest is fortitude. It was love, when the teachings of Christ were new.

The lesson is before us. Slow though we may be, in the end we can hardly fail to see it. Perhaps it will require another great teacher, but the lesson will be learned. In the mean time it is to be hoped that without for a moment relaxing our efforts to improve the material condition of those we regard as less fortunate than we, we may for a day or two at Christmas time take stock of the larders of our own souls, and see what we can do for our own inner lives while we are caring for the outer lives of others.

## Theatre Review

Life still goes on—at least so the new Kaufman-Ferber play *Dinner at Eight* would have us infer. That the theory must be true, is attested by the number of Broadway plays which, during the last few years, have successfully elucidated this premise. In *Street Scene*, the wife might be unfaithful and the husband murderous, but families still rented tenements. In *Grand Hotel*, a great dancer might be forever lonely, but honeymooners still occupied hotel rooms. Now, in *Dinner at Eight*, Oliver Jordan may face bankruptcy, and his servants may commit bigamy, but, with the exception of the suicide actor, all the characters still enjoy a

good meal.

Bringing together a group of diverse personalities, the principals of whom are all invited to the Jordan's for a dinner party, the authors show how every one of them beneath the amenities of ordinary polite intercourse, faces some serious problem. Each of the guests is supposed to be easily recognizable in any New York apartment house, and no less an authority than Walter Winchell is said to have discovered all of them in the first night audience.

If the majority of the cast are more like types than individuals, they are at least cleverly drawn and endowed with abundant vitality by satisfac-

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## WIT'S END

## INS INF GESTUCKET

Sie vent aus dolefully  
The Arch, so soufully  
Sie vipt sein Nase und  
Macht ein Grimace kund  
Und dann sie schneezt  
As aüs Pem East  
Sie Kleenexed cross the shstreet,  
Und schnifflet in anodder sheet.  
"Ach! Gott! Kerchoo," sie weinet,  
Und on her ills sie pin-et.  
Sie kam ins Inf und sprach  
Und coughet and did hack.  
"Ich habe ein Catarrh"—  
(Mit a cerebral r)—  
"Ich...ugh...Ich will  
Ein gut, streng Pill."  
Aber die Nurse dachte  
"Nein! Nicht-das!" Sie fragte  
"Willt du kommen hier?"  
Die Jungfrau war ein Steer,  
Sie bronco-et und bucket,  
Aber war sie ins gestucket.  
Und nun sie sitzt ins Bette  
Imprisonet in Kette,  
Und alle time sie schreiet,  
"Ich vish it weren't so quiet  
Warin ich bin gestucket.  
Frei' mich: I'll kick the bucket!  
Als since I've gotten so in Dutch  
There's nothing left of life—no  
much!" —Campusnoop.

## ANNUAL DILEMMA

I've searched the shops and scoured  
the stores  
For gifts to give my relations in  
scores;  
They're nice enough, and often sweet,  
But why are their tastes so hard to  
meet?  
Aunt Mabel likes books, as everyone  
knows—  
Yet she never has liked the novels  
I chose;  
Grandpa is old, and has all that he  
needs;  
How much is the gun for which little  
John pleads?  
And as for dear Cousin Tom, whom  
I haven't seen for years,  
There's no way of guessing if his  
sock supply's in arrears.  
My allowance must needs be increased  
by poor father;  
I'll buy him some ties that to choose  
alone he'd rather.  
Advertising displays say "your prob-  
lem is solved,"  
But not when you've got such rela-  
tions involved.

—Piffle.

As things at this moment stand,  
We really think Undergrad should  
take a hand,  
About girls who bring men to dinner.

In Self Gov there's every other regu-  
lation,  
But an absolute lack of administra-  
tion,  
For girls who bring men to dinner.

They should notice conversation's un-  
earthly hush;  
Another victim's manly blush;  
When girls bring men to dinner.

Constraint's on all; we'll soon be  
much, much thinner;  
Some exquisite torture should be de-  
vised for the sinner,  
These girls who bring men to dinner.  
—Sour Apple.

## PETER GOES A-VOYAGING

"My," said Peter Rabbit briskly, as he popped out of his hole one morning, only to be confronted by a snarling bevy (or covey) of newspaper men. "My dear public, this is so sudden." And then Peter pulled himself up onto his hind paws and gave out a statement. "Unaccustomed," he began, "as I am to public heckling there is nothing I like so much as good, clean publicity. Fun's fun, you know, but you can't laugh all the time." When the newspapermen had that down (Peter waited for them, being thoughtful and anxious to please) he began again. "As my public knows, I am sure, whatever small fame I may have achieved has in no way changed my attitude. I am, as I always was, open to misconception and I don't want any one to feel that I have forgotten my humble beginnings, nor my dear old father's last words. I myself shall never forget them. It was snowing when he died, and as he looked out over what had been a great forest of cabbages, now only a few barren leaves almost hidden beneath the gently falling

## News of the New York Theatres

Eugenie Leontovich, the original Grusinskija of *Grand Hotel*, is to have the lead in *Twentieth Century*, the burlesque of theatrical producing by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Miss Leontovich has not been on the stage at all since *Grand Hotel*, and has spent all her time "recuperating from the role." We're not surprised she had to—we spent a good two weeks attempting to persuade life to go on after we saw her for the first time. Incidentally, her new play marks another forward step in the evolution of the theatre—it is getting a sense of humor about itself instead of the laugh, clown, laugh, attitude.

In early February, if all goes well, the mediaeval miracle play will appear on the boards of New York. Martha Graham, the dancer, and Natalie Hays Hammond will present six miracle plays at the Guild Theatre on succeeding Sunday evenings. Miss Graham will direct and act, while Miss Hamond will design and costume.

Romney Brent, the never-to-be-forgotten Sapiens of *The Warrior's Husband*, opened his self-constructed comedy, *The Mad Hopes*, on December 1, and it closed almost at once. Something seems to have been the matter with the play, if one takes stock in that Charon of Broadway, Mr. Atkinson. Then also *The Great Magoo* found the going rather hard and almost stopped badly at the eleventh jump, thereby unseating his riders, Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler, both of whom landed in the brook beyond the rails. As long as we're being more learned, let's call it the Slough of Despond.

*Walk A Little Faster*, the Courtney Burr revue, is quite an acrobat. It is balancing fairly steadily on two legs, Beatrice Lillie and Bobby Clark, and if the wind doesn't change suddenly, it may make port before springing a worse leak. The planks had to be spread a bit to let in a floor of not so good chorus girls and singers, and a ham comedian almost pulled the last caul. But Miss Lillie and Mr. Clark are superb, and when they are on deck all is well, but they deserve a better vehicle. A scow is a rather poor place to be as superior as they.

Eva le Gallienne is putting on a dramatic version of *Alice in Wonderland* at her Civic Repertory Theatre in the near future, in which she will both direct and act. Joseph Schildkraut and Josephine Hutchinson will be in the cast. Of all the things on earth we would like to do, most of all we would like to do an all-star cast of our favorite *Alice*. Our cast would be somewhat as follows: Alice, Mary Boland; the Mad Hatter, Romney Brent; the March Hare, Beatrice Lillie; the Dormouse, Alexander Woolcott; the Mock Turtle, Ruth Draper; the Gryphon, Mary Wigman; the Duchess, Alla Nazimova; the Queen of Hearts, Constance Collier; the Dodo, Noel Coward; the White Rabbit, Walter Hampden; the King of Hearts, Ed. Wynn; the Knave of Hearts, Philip Merivale; the Cheshire Cat, Alice Brady. Direction by Max Reinhart; sets by Norman Bel Geddes; incidental music by Ravel.

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snow, he said to me, "My, Peter, there's old Mother Goose, picking her chickens again."

Peter could, and would, have gone on; there was lots more he wanted to say, but he was stopped by a honey-tongued reporter—she was a woman, and Peter had always thought that only a woman could really understand the terrible depths in his nature. "Mr. Rabbit," she said, "could you spare a few moments of your valuable time (there was a sinister note in that, but Peter missed it)! Could you visit our office? The editor would like to meet you in person. He thinks you could serve a very useful purpose, if properly handled (again that note). In fact," said the woman-reporter, "we are a little short of copy this week." And Peter said he knew how that was. The up-shot of all this was that our Peter went a-voysing. He set out like a crusader of old, only lots more sincere. Peter had a message and he thought here was his chance to get it across. He had been reading about the power of the press. So the nice woman-reporter took Peter to the newspaper office.

Peter came back—limping.

Cheero,

—THE MAD HATTER.

## IN PHILADELPHIA

Forrest: Mary Boland and the Albertina Rasch girls are still being big and rhythmic (respectively, in case you're nervous) in Irving Berlin's superior *Face the Music*.

Broad: Katherine Alexander and the newlyweds are still playing insanely around Paris in *Honeymoon*.

Garrick: The Gershwin's revue, *Pardon My English*, with Jack Buchanan, Lyda Roberti and Jack Pearl. Amusing, polished and diverting—but not a bomb in our midst.

## Music—Academy of Music

Philadelphia Orchestra: Friday, December 16, at 2.30 P. M., and Saturday, December 17, at 8.20 P. M. Leopold Stokowski, conductor, and Eunice Norton, pianist. Program: Wagner,

Four excerpts from *Siegfried* Hindemith,

Concerto for Piano and Orchestra Strauss..... Tod und Verklarung

## Movies

Boyd: *If I Had A Million*. We assume that the title refers to a now extinct species of brightly feathered bird, or maybe to mere fantasy. An all-star cast, which means it will probably be awful.

Stanley: Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Sari Maritza and Charles Ruggles are all out drumming up trade in *Evenings For Sale*, a Viennese romance. Grand — from all angles.

Earle: Paul Muni having been a momentary success in a chain gang film, here comes Richard Dix (ne the vanishing American), in another, of the chain genre, *Hell's Highway*. We hope eternally, but this sounds like crude and not artistic hell.

Chestnut: The now famous German boarding school film, *Mädchen in Uniform*. A really marvelous movie that everyone should see.

Europa: *Kameradschaft*, the picture about the inevitability of friendship and its disregard for patrolled political boundaries. Very absorbing and makes one wonder futilely what it's all about.

Fox: Lowell Sherman as a bogus beauty surgeon goes on making a racket out of lifting faces for one purpose or another in *False Faces*. Not very good, to be perfectly frank.

Karlton: *Men Are Such Fools*. We are told it's a melodrama, and so are all eternal truths.—Anyway, Leo Carrillo is the star, and he is fairly good. It might be worth investigating to see through what hole the truth leaks out.

Stanton: *The Dark House*, with Boris Karloff, Raymond Massey, Charles Laughton and Melvin Douglas. A ghost and shiver movie that should be superb, but unfortunately lacks the final something and ends up by being very mediocre.

Stanley: The "new what-a-man," George Raft, in *Undercover Man*, with Nancy Carroll. A gangster turns police guide to help catch his father's murderer. Typical and very poor.

## Local Movies

Ardmore: Wednesday and Thursday, Marlene Dietrich in *Blonde Venus*; Friday, Clive Brook in *Sherlock Holmes*, with Miriam Jordan and Ernest Torrance; Saturday, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in *Pack Up Your Troubles*; Monday and Tuesday, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*, with Lee Tracy.

Seville: Thursday, *Night Club Lady*, with Adolphe Menjou; Friday and Saturday, *The Phantom of Crestwood*, with Ricardo Cortez and Karen Morley; Monday and Tuesday, Jack Buchanan and Anna Neagle in *Magic Night*; Wednesday, George Arliss in *Successful Calamity*.

Wayne: Wednesday and Thursday, *American Madness*, with Walter Huston and Kay Johnson; Friday and Saturday, Harold Lloyd in *Movie Crazy*; Monday and Tuesday, George Arliss in *Successful Calamity*; Wednesday, *Six Hours To Live*, with Warner Baxter.

## Gleanings

Jacob Gould Schurman, president-emeritus of Cornell University and former Ambassador to Greece and Germany, believes that the diplomatic corps as a career has great future for American college men, the only difficulty being that a man, in order to be appointed to one of these posts, must have a private income which he is willing to sacrifice.—(NSFA.)

Read the advertisements!

## Dance After Varsity Play is Great Success

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Good Management

ALMOST 400 ATTEND

On Saturday night, following the presentation of *The Royal Family* by Varsity Dramatics, was held the second dance in the history of Bryn Mawr; an event which was so entirely successful that even our Quaker founders would have nodded their approval. Here, at any rate, was one case where realization came up to scratch, or expectation. Not that hopes were small; the dance last spring, especially when compared with the very tame and slightly frumpy tea-dances which up to then had constituted Bryn Mawr's sole means of expressing her *joie de vivre* in mixed company, the dance last spring promised much for the future. The whole college, it seems, whatever its shyness in other matters, was ready to lend its support to the dance movement; for the party this year every single table was reserved within twenty-four hours, and a gathering which would have done credit to the Ritz ball-room—almost four hundred people—pushed its way into the Gymnasium. But the comparison need not stop here; to many, ourselves among them, the Gym offered as much entertainment as, and certainly a great deal more merrier than a good many coming-out parties. First of all, we knew our host and hostesses, Mrs. Collins, Miss Collins and Dr. and Mrs. Diez. Then, instead of closing our eyes and plunging into a whirling mass, we safely—and proudly—marched to a table bearing our very own name, or at least that of a friend. It has always seemed to us that the use of individual tables was one of the great reasons for the popularity of night-clubs, and we cannot say enough to express our approval of their introduction at Bryn Mawr. Through them, the lost, or wandering male of last year's dance has been eliminated; the weight can be taken off a good many tired feet; a cozy nook is provided for Susie and a sought-after young man, and a resting-place for Susie and a man who is not so well known. Again, we should like to compliment the committee—the Misses Jane and Junia Culbertson (chairman), Miriam Cornish, Anne Hawkes, Rebecca Perry, Betsy Jackson, Barbara Bishop, Josephine Heiskell and Barbara Korff—on the further intelligence of their management in allowing mutual cutting-in. It seems to us that the great problem of the girls' college dance has been solved. The Bryn Mawr girl should from now on outshine all rivals; her "man" does not suffer at college dances. And if we lose the joys of retribution, if the quality of mercy seems strained after what we, as the trampled-on sex, are made to endure at parties, we may be rewarded threefold for our kindness. Who knows? Perhaps the day may come when, even in the outside world, the female will be allowed to cut in, and the wall-flower will be, along with dinosaurs and hoop-skirts, a thing of the past.

It might be remarked that the drawback to having tables is that there will perhaps be too much "sitting-out." Judging by the difficulty of finding anyone—not the least, one's "best man"—on the floor last Saturday, could the thirty tables have held more than eight people, more would have danced, at least once, with the object of their heart's desire. We can think of no way of eliminating the difficulty except by forcing each man to carry a banner with his name on it, and to wave it, frantically or not, as the case may be, while he dances. As it was, even those who did not devote the whole evening to giving their guests a "whirl" get a chance to dance with only a few people. As for meeting anyone—

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we must not forget the lighting—four spots from each corner of the balcony—or the decorations, which had their share in changing the home of Body Mechanics into a ball-room. With Christmas trees in the corners, and branches along the walls, it would be hard not to feel the spirit of festivity, which even the elements seemed to have caught, as witness the beautiful Christmas-card snow-storm outside. As for the orchestra, Meyer Davis could not have done better. In fact, the only thing we could have desired—though not expected—would have been more food. Still, soup, ice-cream, sandwiches and coffee should keep one from starving. Moreover, it seemed an excellent idea to serve them continuously.

Looking back over the evening, we feel sure that not only would our Quaker founders have nodded their approval—especially if they had been reading the *News* editorials of late, the sight of so many well-groomed, not to say smartly-dressed Bryn Mawr girls would have cheered them—but, quite won over by the gaiety, they would have gathered up their skirts and tripped along with us. Perhaps, the next time, they will. At any rate we, like the rest of the college, are looking forward enthusiastically to the spring dance.

## Mlle. Souberan Speaks of Visiting Fiji and Australia

(Continued from Page One)

the sun, where strange trees and large ferns which seem like relics of the carboniferous age are to be seen on every side, and where the climate is so mild that there is neither summer nor winter and the green things bloom all the year around. Arrived at the hotel, she snatched a hasty supper and then descended into the caves, which she had come to visit. The guide turned to her just inside the entrance, "Can you remain an hour without talking?" "I'll try," she answered. The guide put out the lights and they continued in the black, where only the drip, drip of water into a deep pool could be heard. They climbed into a boat and went off into almost deeper darkness—when suddenly, they were suspended in a silent world of stars. The millions of glow-worms which cover the roof in these caves, let down tiny, sticky threads in which to catch the mosquitoes which are in the cave, so that there is a net of tiny threads glistening here and there with drops of water. The light reflected in the still water made a picture which the guide later called the Eighth Marvel of the world.

The next day, the same guide showed her "the only marvel of the world." He took her into a forest of ferns, where the height ranged from six inches to six feet. The lacy edges of the ferns are so fine, and reflect absorbed light in such a manner, that it is broken up into tiny rays and diffused, giving the impression of iridescence from no visual source.

After seeing the geysers and the hot springs, Mlle. Souberan moved on to Australia. One outstanding impression remains in the academic mind: the natives of Australia have been trained to remember their ancestors back for periods of many centuries and their prodigious memory makes us almost wish we had been brought up by Australian Indians!

Ever since 1811 the United States Treasury has had a "conscience fund," which now totals \$650,000. Either consciences were inactive or the honesty of the country was on a high plane from that year until 1827, for no receipts are recorded for the intervening years. The usually anonymous donors are appealing their guilty consciences for all sorts of reasons, ranging from religious conversion to petty thievery at the expense of the U. S. Army. —(NSFA.)

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## William Butler Yeats Speaks at Bryn Mawr

(Continued from Page One)

which no Member of Parliament, nor town Mayor, nor political official was allowed to hold the chair. The Gaelic League was formed to make Gaelic once more the national language; they have succeeded in so far as they have made Gaelic a requirement in all schools. Shaw, Yeats and George Russell began the Irish Academy of 25 full members whose work must be on Irish subject matter, and 10 associate academicians who must be of Irish birth. The Academy is needed to fight fanaticism; it hopes some day to be able to offer money prizes for writing; and it hopes in time to discuss politics with "some Irish government." The Irish theatre began with Frank Fay, a "stage-struck clerk," for whom Yeats wrote his first play, and his brother, William Fay, an electrician, who played Lady Gregory's comedies. Women's parts were filled from a society of patriotic ladies who were teaching the children from the streets that the root of all evil was England. At first the players were overworked and broken down until a friend granted them a subsidy and the use of a theatre, which they now own.

First of the leaders of this literary renaissance is Lady Gregory, who put the whole mass of Irish literature, mediaeval tales full of ancient splendour and superstition, into the present dialect. Dialect was associated only with comedy as used by the entertainers. But Lady Gregory, believing that an author must give the people only his best, and trusting that they will in time come to understand that best, triumphed by her perseverance over misunderstanding and opposition.

Another leader is Synge, who in 1896 was living on fifty pounds a year in a student's hotel in Paris criticizing French literature. On the suggestion from Mr. Yeats that there were too many other critics of French literature for Synge to make a success of it, but that the Aran Islands offered a field for writing, Synge went to the islands where an old man greets the traveler on the shore, saying, "If any gentleman has done a crime we will hide him." There Synge wrote the *Playboy of the Western World*. When this play was produced the theatre had to be guarded by police against the Agrarians' belief that the virtue of the peasant was outraged, but in the end the play was accepted and the first victory won for liberty of thought.

The Irish literary renaissance was begun by three Protestant writers because until the founding of the National University twenty-five years ago, there was no university where a Catholic would go to receive education. At the time of Synge and Lady Gregory the first great Catholic writer was being trained in the midst of a controversy between Parliament and the Irish Catholic Church. James Joyce quarreled with his father and his teachers and finally left Ireland,

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where in thirty years he has not returned. The old Agrarian party hated England and loved Ireland with a blind love full of illusions. Joyce is bitter, hating Ireland as much as he loves it, and hating and loving at the same time, he is "full of veracity."

Revelation of what civil war did to the common people is found in Shawn O'Casey. When his *Plough of the Stars* was first produced the theatre rose in riot because in one scene the Irish flag was brought into a public house, while Mr. Yeats shouted sternly from the footlights, "You have disgraced yourself again!" Lennox Robinson started a school of drama in Cork, whose first plays were so brutal that they are no longer produced, but at the time they satisfied the need to overthrow illusion. Since even then there were some things that could not be put into plays, we find more novels than plays fighting for the new literature.

Of poets those best representing the change in literature are James Stephens, author of *Dierdre*; Frank O'Connor, of *Grey Eye Weeping*; James Pierce, who had the courage to write a few hours before his execution "The Beauty of the world hath made me sad"; and those wandering poets who were exiled with the Catholic aristocracy in the seventeenth century.

Ending his lecture Mr. Yeats read four of his own poems, *The Song of Wandering Angus*, a melodious tale of "hollow lands and hilly lands," Ro-

mantic Ireland's in the Grave, *The Rose Tree*, song of the rebellion of 1916, and *An Irish Airman Foresees His Death*, an elegy to Robert Gregory, son of Lady Gregory.

The University of Kentucky will publish pictures of the ten professors receiving the most student votes in the space usually given to popular co-eds in the forthcoming edition of their annual.—(NSFA.)

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## Varsity Overcomes Faculty Hockey Team

### Faculty Enthusiasm Fails to Penetrate Varsity Defense in Annual Battle

#### SCORE IS FIVE TO ONE

The annual Faculty-Varsity hockey game, with practically the entire student body and on the sidelines, started off with its accustomed excitement when the referee called a free hit against the faculty for kicking. Dr. Watson's policy was "Take your time," while his efforts to stop the ball, that is by standing in front of it, were painful to say the least. After Brown had recovered from the effects of her collision with Dr. Metzger, Dr. Watson ran the length of the field, dribbling the ball indiscriminately with both sides of his stick. But the Varsity "Four Horsemen" were ready for him and managed to get the ball back to the Faculty circle, where Collier made a clean shot past Dr. Crenshaw's guard, and a few minutes later Kent tallied another goal for Varsity. The whistle for the end of the half blew, leaving Dr. Turner and Dr. Richtmeyer looking sadly over the fence. A collision had lifted the ball fifty feet in the air to come to a peaceful rest at last in the second team hockey field.

The second half began with shouts of "Hey! Hey!" and "Home run!" echoing from the sidelines. Dr. Broughton's conscientious passes were a great help to the Faculty, while the speed, enthusiasm, golf tactics and superior weight of the whole team were such that Varsity rushes and spectacular plays were few and far between. Varsity's "wait for mistakes" policy, however, resulted in a total score of five points and their defense held the Faculty scoreless. Once more Dr. Wells' proteges departed, bowed in defeat—but wait until the Faculty-Varsity basketball game!

The line-up was as follows:

<i>Faculty</i>	<i>Varsity</i>
Miss Brady . . . . .L. W. . . . .	Brown
Dr. Watson . . . . .L. I. . . . .	Kent
Dr. Blanchard . . . . .C. F. . . . .	Longacre
Mr. Carlson . . . . .R. I. . . . .	Remington
Mr. King . . . . .R. W. . . . .	Stevenson
Dr. Broughton . . . . .L. H. . . . .	Bowditch
Collier	
Dr. Turner . . . . .R. H. . . . .	Ullom
Dr. Richtmeyer . . . . .L. F. . . . .	Bishop
Dr. Metzger . . . . .R. F. . . . .	Rothermel
Dr. Crenshaw . . . . .G. . . . .	Jackson

Goals—Faculty, 0; Varsity, Kent, 2; Collier, 2; Longacre, 1.

### Royal Family Stage Set Efficiently Constructed

(Continued from Page One)

made many flying trips to Philadelphia in search of sadly needed material. Once she came back loaded down with some thirty pounds of canvas. Although a great many people came down to work on the scenery, no one came regularly enough to be properly trained and broken in. The freshmen, on the whole, showed the most interest, but unfortunately they were unable to work. Sylvia Bowditch, who was in charge of the actual construction, said that the more people who would come down the next time the better, as well-instructed workers would be needed to carry on next year. She added that a vote of thanks was due Jimmy James and Betty Laird, who were constantly busy on the stage. Faith, Blythe and Eaton deserve credit for their assistance in taking down the set after the performance. The play was over at eleven-fifteen and at eleven-forty all the flats had been piled up in the storeroom, and the floor-cloth was being swept. One must not forget to mention that the "rhinies" from Haverford helped in this rapid cleaning up.

Due undoubtedly to the splendid organization achieved by those in charge, all the details of the stage

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machinery went off without a hitch. No fuses were blown out, and no one fell off the wobbly ladders which led up to the balcony from the rear. Several amusing things occurred back stage, though, which might bear telling. The great Danes, which were loaned by the Choate Kennels, were forever poking their noses into the cage of the parrot, and getting bitten. (The parrot, by the way, was rented from some Pet Store at \$1 per day.) Moreover, the cast had considerable trouble about the food—especially the eggs, which some one is reported to have described as actually purple in color—for the dogs rushed in as soon as they smelled food, and the cast was lucky if there was anything left when they got through. Those who witnessed the play might be interested in knowing that all the door-slaming was done by an official door-slammer, and the door in question was of the regular Goodhart doors. The bell-ringer had some difficulty in ringing the proper bell at the proper moment. But aside from the fact that the crew backstage had to wade through piles of clothing and flower boxes, all of which were important as props, everything went off quite smoothly.

### Carols Sung by Choir; Miss Earp is Soloist

(Continued from Page One)

were both characterized by a sweetness and fullness attained by the skillful blending of tones. The contralto solo following this, *O Thou That Tellest Good Tidings*, from Handel's *Messiah*, sung by Miss Mary Earp, contrasted nicely with the preceding selections because of its essentially dramatic quality. At the very beginning of the solo Miss Earp was a trifle weak; despite the richness and depth of her voice the legato effect by which she later heightened the sweeping movement of the music which culminated in the chorus was here noticeably absent. On *Christmas Night* was noteworthy for the combination of humming and singing which gave such effective shading. *Today Is Born Emmanuel*, accompanied by the Belov String Quartet, and combining contralto and soprano solos with the chorus, was a remarkably well done piece of contrasting tonal effects. Following this, the sequence of solemn and more or less quence of solemn and impressive classical hymns was broken by the spontaneity of the traditional *Wassail Song*.

This particular carol service, although not so successful in the arrangement and selection as previous ones, was successful in the interpretations of the individual selections.

Appropriately enough, the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Co-Rector of St. James' Church, in Philadelphia, discussed the three great hymns of the Bible: the *Magnificat*, the *Benedictus* and the *Laus Deo*. The first-mentioned he cited as a song of individual, personal, religious experience, vital and profound in its meaning. This song of Mary's, steeped in poetry and philosophy, an interpretation of her visions and sufferings, confounding though it may have been to her, is illuminating to us. The *Benedictus* widens the influence of religious experience and shows its national significance. Its majestic music is the portrayal of the nationalism of Israel—the passions, dreams, hopes, and prayers of a people. With the *Laus Deo*, the circle is spread still farther and the light of the world touches the most distant countries of the earth, bringing a hope of international peace with the evidences of the unspent force of religion.

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### Plantation Songs and Spirituals Discussed

(Continued from Page One)

is merely another department of the world around us—"Oh Hell is deep and Hell is wide, Oh Hell ain't got no bottom nor side," and it is easy for sinners to lean on Hell's gates and fall in.

Heaven and its Angels are no less familiar—What kind of shoes does Angels wear? Don't wear none, cause they walk on air." Behind the Pearly Gates stretches a Promised Land of Rest—"When I get to Heaven, I won't have anything to do, but walk 'round the streets and shout Alleluiah!" "If Satan is an enemy," said Mr. Lomax, "Jesus is a familiar friend, a solace in time of trouble." He quoted lines to illustrate this attitude toward Jesus, lines which when repeated four or five times, form stanzas: "The wind blow East, the wind blow West from Jesus," "Jesus will bring you milk and honey." "Master Jesus, give me a little broom for to sweep my heart clean."

Two creeds, the Methodist and Baptist, include most Christian Negroes. "Some say John was a Methodist. Some say John was a Jew, but the Bible says John was a Baptist, too." Their sense of the ridiculous is characteristically mingled with these religious creeds—"I went to the river to be baptized, but I stepped on a root and got capsized."

Although rules of conduct enter very slightly into Negro faith, the evils of gossiping and dress are often pointed out in their Spirituals—"You see those sisters dressed so fine. They ain't got Jesus on their mind." In one song an interesting list of sinners is urged to get ready for Hell: Hypocrite, Schemer, Liar, Backbiter, Crap-shooter, Hikatic (Heretic), Chicken-thief, Watermelon-swiper—"You just as well get ready!"

One pathetic revelation of the Negro's thoughts comes out in his songs, said Mr. Lomax. He longs for a white skin—"Oh, who will glove my lily-white hands when I climb to the golden stair?"—and feels the injustice that he suffers—"White folks go to college, Nigger go to fields. White folks learn to read and write, Nigger learn to steal." The appeal which songs of this type have is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Lomax heard the following refrain sung in church: "Ain't it hard, ain't it hard to be a Nigger, ain't it hard when you can't get your money when it's due?"

Mr. Lomax told of attending a Negro Baptizing, a ceremony which evokes the most blood-chilling Spirituals, as well as the most joyous, in the congregations repertoire. This sudden change from tragedy to low comedy is characteristic of the art of song-making among the Negro and explains part of its charm.

### News of the New York Theatres

(Continued from Page Two)

Since the weeks preceding Christmas are always a touch dull from the theatrical angle, we have shot our bolt in this great column. Anyway, the theatre isn't sprouting except for Katherine Cornell's arrival in *Lucrece* on December 23. Don't miss that.

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### Theatre Review

(Continued from Page Two)

tory casting. To be sure, the Italian chauffeur seems rather too sinister, and the Don Juanish actor whose fortunes are on the wane has not quite the interesting profile which the lines describe (the Barrymores seem to be a perennial inspiration for the firm of Kaufman and Kerber), but Marguerite Churchill, who plays Paula Jordan, is as lovely an ingenue as one could ask for, and the other parts are well taken.

The fundamental seriousness of the play is hidden by the smoothness which is expected of every Sam Harris production, and by the veneer of sparkling dialogue which is taken for granted in every Kaufman-Ferber vehicle. However, this superficial gaiety hardly suffices to hide a sense of futility. The only characters who are not unhappy are the ones who are utterly lacking in what Jane Austin would call sensibility. The eleven scenes and seven sets leave a kaleidoscopic, hurried feeling, for each one might serve as the nucleus or background of another full-length play.

The authors' implied belief, that no matter what difficulties one faces, the dinner table will afford consolation, seems rather open to criticism. What if one suffers dyspepsia? Nevertheless, like its predecessors from the Kaufman-Ferber pen, *Dinner At Eight* is excellent entertainment, and one of the best offerings of the current season.—E. N. H.

The Cornell Newspaper informs us that students who fall asleep in the library at Swarthmore College are given warnings, after three of which they are fined.—(NSFA.)

### Gleanings

Describing the scene of an examination at Oxford, Mr. Geoffrey M. Wilson, a member of the Oxford debating team touring the East under the auspices of the National Student Federation, said in a recent interview at West Virginia University: "First, we all light our pipes and sit around discussing the subject for about three quarters of an hour. Then we start to write. And if you get stuck, you can always ask your next-door neighbor who will probably have something you don't know." In answer to a horrified American gasp, he continued, "This is all expected. You see, you can't write a paper unless you know a little something about the subject. They just want to check up to see what you're doing."—(NSFA.)

President Hoover definitely carried all the Little Three colleges in the Straw Vote conducted by the Amherst, Wesleyan and Williams papers last week. In two out of the three colleges, Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate, received second place. In all cases the combined votes which Roosevelt and Thomas received did not nearly equal the ballots for Hoover.—(NSFA.)

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