

The College News

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Pro Arte Quartet Presents Concert

Artistry and Technical Precision Are Displayed in Rendering Romantic Music

FAME IS DUE QUARTET

(Especially Contributed by Molly Atmore Ten Broeck, '32)

A large and extremely appreciative audience greeted the Pro Arte Quartet in its first appearance at Bryn Mawr on Sunday night. Offering a program of scholarly and elevated works, the quartet gave ample evidence of the artistry, preciseness of technique and interpretation for which they are justly famed.

Sunday night's program consisted of three quartets, which are to be classed in the Romantic School. The first of these, the Beethoven F Major, op. 135, is rarely performed. It is Beethoven's last quartet and one of his last important works. It is typical of his third period, showing a decided tendency towards the personal, the enigmatic, the esoteric. As performed by the Pro Arte Quartet, all these characteristics were clearly brought out. The sudden ending of the first movement; the forcefulness, rhythmic emphasis, and difficult polyphonic web of the second movement gave the hearer an extraordinary feeling of blind groping after Beethoven's actual personality. The lovely, plaintive melodies of the third movement were most sympathetically performed. Comparable to a Romanza, the music here seemed mysterious but simple and the Quartet did marvelous justice to the delicate beauty of the instrumental coloring.

As a whole this Beethoven Quartet sounded startlingly modern — even "modernistic." Paradoxically, the Chadwick Quartet, No. 5, in D Minor, gave a feeling of rest and relief. George Whitfield Chadwick was one of a group of nineteenth century Boston composers of whom Arthur Foote is the most celebrated, "whose object was not primarily to create an American School, but to write good music as they had learned it through classic and romantic channels."

Chadwick's quartet proved to be in tremendous contrast to the Beethoven

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New York Bryn Mawr Club Lowers Dues for Alumnae

Of special interest to Seniors living within a radius of forty miles of New York is the news that the New York Bryn Mawr Club has drastically lowered its schedule of dues for resident members who are recent Alumnae. Heretofore, all resident members — those living within a radius of forty miles of New York — were charged \$25.00 annually. Now the schedule has been lowered as follows:

Those out of college less than three years pay annual dues of \$10.00.

Those out of college three and four years pay annual dues of \$15.00.

Those out of college five years pay annual dues of \$20.00.

Thereafter the annual dues are \$25.00.

Seniors joining now may pay \$10.00 and will not be billed again for dues until October, 1935. In other words, they will receive seventeen months' privileges for the price of twelve months' dues. Those who have stopped in at the Club at the Park Lane Hotel understand why membership in the Club is so desirable. Non-resident dues are still \$10.00, and undergraduate, \$5.00 annually. Non-resident and undergraduate members may have all club privileges except those of voting and holding office.

All Bryn Mawr students and graduates are very welcome to drop in at the Club, whenever they are in New York. In fairness to members, guest cards must be obtained before using the privileges. The secretary at the desk will be very glad to show visitors around the rooms and the hotel, to answer questions, and to explain the routine of obtaining guest cards.

Principals in *The Gondoliers*



From left to right—Maryalls Morgan, '36; Helen Ripley, '35; Joan Hopkinson, '35; Henrietta Scott, '36; Susan Morse, '35; Margaret Righter, '34, and Agnes Halsey, '36

Dean Manning Talks About Questionnaire

Questionnaire's Value Vitiating by Inaccurate Looseness of Terminology

STATISTICS NOT VALID

Speaking in Chapel on "The News Questionnaire" last Thursday, Dean Manning said that there had been many excellent and sage criticisms of the questionnaire. Her first feeling on reading it was one of mystification about the terminology. She wondered that "originality" and "memory" had been chosen as the only terms in which to describe college work, and wished that "reasoning power," a far more valuable quality for any course to demand, had been included. She questioned the undergraduate idea that courses in mathematics and science could be described as needing "memory," and wondered how "trends" could possibly be included in Physics. Science courses could not be said to have too many details, for details are necessary in illustration of scientific principles. She felt that the loose terminology vitiating the value of the questionnaire, and criticized the bland assumptions of the editors in making up the statistics and in writing the editorial, for the questionnaire contained a morass of phrases which may have meant one thing to some people and something quite different to others.

History, Economics, and Politics must obviously rest on memory, but at the same time it must be recognized that the efficacy of memorizing depends on organizing the material. The students who answered the questionnaire did not seem to realize the extent to which memory is linked with a capacity for organization and with the ability to point a general tendency and to see the relation of the details to the tendencies.

In making up the statistics, the number voting or the proportion of the number voting to the entire class should have been given. Dean Manning did not feel, however, that the failure to do this was of paramount importance, for in her work with the Curriculum Committee she has found that opinion is always divided and that minority votes must be taken into consideration. It must be remembered, however, that every course is bound to have a certain number of students who are dead wood, who do not like

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Freshmen Give One-Acts Before Amused Audience

The three one-act plays presented by the Freshmen were a bit on the sadder side of life; there was one grim and bitter tragedy, one tragedy that was not so grim, and a comedy. The authors were, respectively, Virginia Dorsey, Leigh Steinhardt, and Mary Hinckley Hutchings. While the plays were, on the whole, better than we had been led to expect, and the acting quite good, considering the short time allowed for rehearsals, the production was by no means finished. The prompting was quite audible and the scenery prone to collapse at any moment. Aside from such minor details, the plays were enjoyable and produced prolonged cases of hysteria among the audience.

The first piece to be presented, Miss Dorsey's *Mom*, was stark, dreary sorrow, with all the characters repressed and appallingly morose. The scene was a poverty-stricken Maine farmhouse in which drab and unhappy people carried rabbits' feet around their necks and bemoaned their fate. The optimistic mother carried a lantern out to a rock every night to light home her lost sailor husband, William, who had not come back from sea after sixteen years, and when she was ill, the dull Dan put it out. She refused to leave the little farm, because of her faithfulness to the obviously defunct William. Faced with the problem of not being allowed to perform her service of love, she stole out into the dark cold night—without her rabbit's foot—and froze in the snow. Leigh Steinhardt, as Martha, was by far the best actress: she was completely non-committal and disinterested. Miss Musser was fairly good, but very apt to forget her lines, and Virginia Lutz played the mother as well as could be expected under the circumstances; but Miss Dorsey was too enthusiastic and unconvincing as collegiate Bill. What was most incomprehensible, however, was the possibility of anyone's, even though aged and convalescent, freezing to death in one minute flat. That was the crowning touch.

Miss Hutchings' *Simple Folk* was very amusing and well acted. The dia-

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Comprehensives

The faculty has voted in favor of the proposed plan for general senior comprehensives. The date for the first comprehensive examinations is to be determined next fall.

Arnold Genthe Talks on Isadora Duncan

Duncan Dancing Photographs Taken in Effort to Catch Rhythmic Motion

MOVIES NEGLECT DANCE

"Her ideal was the perfect rhythm that has its origin in the soul," said Mr. Arnold Genthe, speaking on Isadora Duncan in the Deanery on Monday afternoon. His own ideal, as he expressed it in his talk and in the photographs which he showed, was to portray this rhythm of motion in photographs.

In spite of his understanding and artistic work, Miss Duncan was at first unwilling to have her picture taken, for she was camera shy. When it became necessary for her to have a photograph for a passport, she went to Mr. Genthe and discovered that the process was easy and the results excellent. After that she allowed herself to be photographed not for identification but for art.

The first picture of her which Mr. Genthe showed was simply her face, half lost in shadow, that emphasized the pure lines of her forehead, nose, and mouth. She herself called it "her very soul." In the next picture she was dancing "The Marseillaise" and advancing with upflung arms and head thrown back. Many of the photographs were not of her, but of dancers who followed her ideals. They were often pictured dancing before the sea and cutting its horizon with the curves of their bodies and draperies. Another group of photographs was reminiscent of Greek sculpture. Mr. Genthe explained that Isadora Duncan did not approve of the term "Greek dancers" applied to her and her school. She protested that her inspiration was primarily American — the poetry of Walt Whitman and her own grandmother's Irish jigs, and secondarily, the music of Beethoven and Wagner, and the philosophy of Nietzsche. Yet these photographs were of a distinctly Greek quality. Some were like the

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Faculty Honored

At the University of Delaware's Centenary Exhibition, Dean Schenck received the Cross of the Legion of Honor of the French Republic. It was presented to her by the French Ambassador.

Glee Club Renders Operetta Skillfully

Chorus Singing and Enunciation Are Unusually Noteworthy in *Gondoliers*

RIGHTER WINS PRAISE

(Especially Contributed by D. Haviland Nelson)

Amateur musical productions usually call forth sighs and groans from those who, for one reason or another, are forced to attend them, but surely the Bryn Mawr presentations of Gilbert and Sullivan are exceptions. They are not only traditional, but successful, and *The Gondoliers* is undoubtedly one of the brightest feathers in the Glee Club's cap. Certainly the audience felt so—we have seldom seen one so enthusiastic nor so eager for encores. The choice of the operetta was a good stroke; it is seldom given, and besides attracting many people who have grown a little tired of the more hackneyed ones, it gave us one of our few chances to see it. The music is known to be the best that Sullivan ever wrote, and that is saying something when we consider that Gilbert and Sullivan are in any of their operettas a combination that can do no wrong.

Very great praise indeed is due Mr. Willoughby and Miss Hopkinson for their training of the chorus. Not only was the chorus' singing excellent, but their enunciation was so clear that we could hear the words of the songs even in the back rows—an achievement even for a professional company, for only too often Gilbert's wit vanishes some ten feet beyond the footlights. The movement of the choruses, too, was unusual; they seemed to take some interest in the proceedings, and their action as well as their singing had considerable élan and was beautifully co-ordinated. This was especially evident in the opening of the second act, where the gondoliers go on their various ways with serene disregard of the kings, and in the now famous cacha, where the dancing of the chorus harmonized remarkably with that of the four dancers. The cacha was without doubt one of the high spots of the production, and we were both surprised and pleased with the efficient training the quartette received and the verve with which they performed. Judging from the applause, the verdict of the audience was, "We love it, we love it, we can't give it up."

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CALENDAR

Thursday, May 17: Informal Recital by the College Dancing Classes. Deanery Garden, 8.15 P. M.

Friday, May 18: Last Day of Classes.

Saturday, May 19: Third Concert in Series by the Pro Arte String Quartet of Brussels. Goodhart, 8.20 P. M.

Sunday, May 20: Chapel Service conducted by Rev. W. Brooks Stabler. Out-of-doors, below Music Walk (except in case of rain, when it will be held in the Music Room), 7.30 P. M.

Monday, May 21: Examinations begin.

Thursday, May 24: Main Line Orchestra Concert. Goodhart, 8.20 P. M.

Friday, June 1: Examinations end.

Sunday, June 3: Baccalaureate Sermon by the Rev. Donald MacKenzie, D.D., Professor of Biblical Theology at the Theological Seminary, Princeton University. Goodhart, 8.20 P. M.

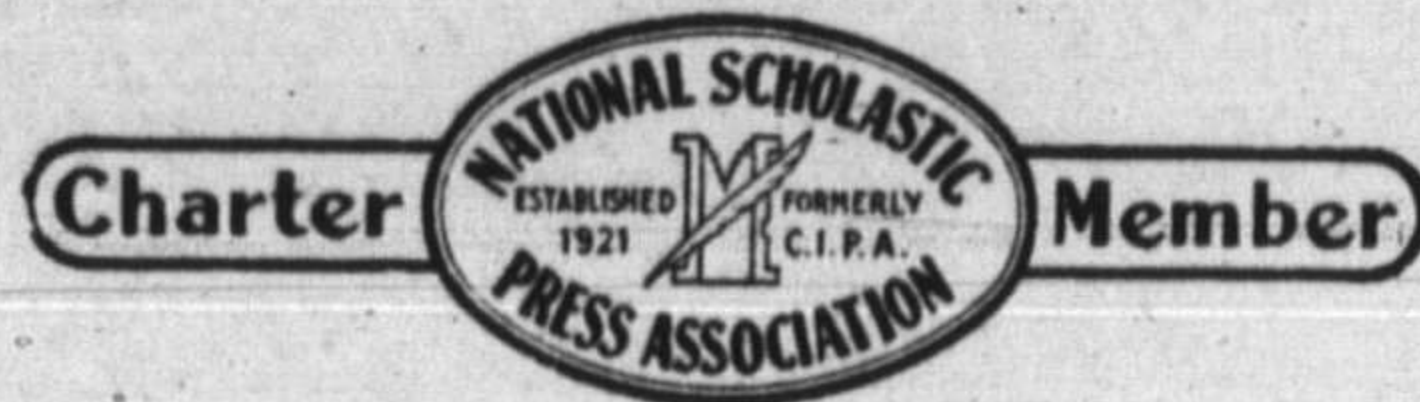
Tuesday, June 5: Senior Garden Party. 4.00-7.00 P. M.

Wednesday, June 6: Confering of Degrees. Address by Dr. Karl T. Compton, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass. 11.00 A. M.

THE COLLEGE NEWS

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God Bless Our Faculty

In the face of a dense silence on the part of the undergraduates, the comprehensive system has finally been approved by a faculty which does not yet know whether it has given the undergraduates what they want. The faculty felt, however, that the necessity of facing a comprehensive examination would lead the undergraduates to choose their courses more intelligently and to take their courses with the idea that they could not be blithely forgotten the day college closed in June. There can be no doubt that the faculty is right in thinking that these results will have to follow; we all know that the comprehensives will necessitate more intelligent work on our part, and much as we hate to admit it, we secretly are pleased that they have been adopted.

None of us would come to Bryn Mawr at all if she did not want to do work which could not be scorned by anyone. The comprehensives are undoubtedly going to make more of that sort of work necessary to get a Bryn Mawr degree, but they will also make the Bryn Mawr degree mean just that much more, and we can be all the prouder of it when we get it. It is a little terrifying to face the thought of taking a comprehensive: the prospect of remembering everything we have studied in our major work is not a very pleasing one. Nevertheless, our years in college have taught us that what must be done is done somehow, even though we feel sure while we are doing it, that if we were to study forty-eight hours in every day, we could not possibly get all our work finished. Classes will come up to take the comprehensives complaining bitterly and feeling like martyrs to the cause; they will proceed to pass them, and get their degrees, and leave college feeling that they have had a well co-ordinated set of courses with which they are thoroughly familiar, and that they have done four years of intelligently planned work. All of us, terrified though we may be, must approve of this step forward toward making us do better work which the faculty has wisely taken in our behalf.

Sing Hey!

We have always wished that a tradition be started around campus concerning Glee Club ghosts on the Music Walk. Apparitions there could lend pleasure and distinction to Bryn Mawr. And now that spring flowers have bloomed, and lovesick maidens passed the spring-tide of romance, and the fandango remains an air to be mutilated by the undergraduate public, come home weary from the dance to sing "pitter, pitter, patter" as if it were the Miserere, we are ready to be sentimental about Gilbert and Sullivan. We are usually afraid to voice any opinion about college productions, first, because we doubt that the undergraduate body accompanied us to the performance, and second, because we are none too sure that those who were with us will concur in our sentiments.

This time, however, we feel we cannot be too rash: this year's Glee Club production was a marked success, and if it were not for the fact that we look back on several Glee Club performances that were equally good and that we look forward to a long succession of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the present tradition of excellence, we could hold it up as a great example of Bryn Mawr's accomplishments. As it is, we must say simply that we, and all our sisters, cousins, aunts and other relatives are always delighted to see any Gilbert and Sullivan production, and that it overjoys us to know that the path to Goodhart has been worn bare by the many feet of the performers in *The Gondoliers*. Our demand for what we might call "wholesale cavorting on Goodhart stage" has been satisfied, and we should like to see more of the same sort of thing. We are anticipating a continued haunting of Goodhart by the large undergraduate companies that work on Glee Club productions, and we know that it will be a merry throng doing a shadowy fandango on the Music Walk.

IN PHILADELPHIA
Theatres

Broad: *The Wind and the Rain*, with Morgan Farley and Wendy Atkins. A young medical student gets loose in Edinburg University and finds a substitute for his home-town sweetheart. It is filled with college atmosphere and the troubles of the young who suffer from their youth. Fairly good.

Erlanger: *Biography*, with Irene Purcell in the role of the clever and witty artist who is persuaded to write

her biography by a highly persuasive magazine editor. The resulting romantic adventures provide some of the best moments on the modern stage. Worth seeing.

Forrest: *The Only Girl* continues for another week. The music is completely unchanged, but the libretto has been polished and brought up to date.

Movies

Aldine: *The House of Rothschild* is, as ever, with us, and, as ever, worth seeing.

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WIT'S END

"MAY I CUT"

Under bacchanalian grapes
And spot-lights grow romances,
And in between the music's throb
His heart throbs as he dances.

But then there comes a dainty peck
Upon his well-brushed shoulder:
A "May I cut, I'm here again!"
His face falls like a boulder.

The lovely She says, "Thank you,
John,"

Is swallowed by the masses,
He dons a smile, a frozen smile;
His mind whirls with alases.

"You liked our operetta, no?
The dance is too divine!"
He sighs a tune to the sad bassoon,
And murmurs, "Sure, it's fine."

Ah, puppets, puppets we men are
Amid the bumps of rushing;
Twigs swept out upon a stream
Of endless, endless gushing.

—*Introspective.*

GENESIS

Summer, where art thou?
Green and lazy One,
Filled with the pop of tennis balls
And the tinkle of ice in lemonade.
I yearn for thee, Summer!
But still, O dream, why do you yet
persist

With fleeting hints of nightmares
Clad in blue and white?
Blue and white, with the rules of the
faculty

Extracted and dancing boleros
To the uneven tune of chalk
As it squeaks out assignments and
quizzes . . .

Ah, Summer, why must you be born
In such pain?

—*Lazy Lizzie.*

VIVA!

We have sung, we have danced, we
have lived!

Our hearts, they are drunk with
wild tunes.
Cachucas tease at our toes;
Our sane talk is filled with witch
runes

Of a sunny and beautiful land
Where handsome men wear shirts of
black,
And Il Duce is law, and art is sans
flaw,

And a gondola serves for a hack.
—*Contadina.*

PASTORAL PICTURE

On the new-mown lawn in the dark
Two cigarettes glow and wane.
The damp dew glistens beneath the
stars;
The music curls through the pane.

"You have lovely wee feet, my dearest.
Your shoes gleam like white moon-
shine—

I love you!"—'mid passion, she jitters
and wishes
The dew would dry up with his line.
—*The Worldly One.*

AFTERMATH

All around Goodhart
There lie prostrate forms
Dying upon the green sod;
And in and out Goodhart
A sad spirit mourns
Where eighty young feet once trod.

The conductor is petrified
All into stone—
The scenery crumbles and molds.
There's silence around;
Where there once was sweet sound
There is only an echoing moan.

They have gone, they have gone!
Fare them well on their ride
To the land where all singers go;
Where they join with the mutes
Who play naught but the lutes
That Saint Peter gave them—ah woe!
—*Chief Mourner.*

YEAR BOOK REFLECTIONS

There are some, we feel, who would,
Despite their highly amused roars,
Like to take their little rifles
And shoot all the editors.

—*Lone Goose.*

FAIL NOT, O LIGHT

I've been workin'
On my major
All the damn day long,
I've been slowly
Growin' sager—
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Not Out of the Stacks

We have been told by some (one or more) that we are much too unenthusiastic about modern "literature." Maybe so: "But, my de-ar! You mustn't miss the books we just read this week,—a too, too marvelous Wodehouse and Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Superstition Corner* that makes the shivers go up and down your back when you remember the Armada." That, in idiomatic form, expresses our finer feelings. (However, we shall take care not to have such feelings soon again, if you like.)

Really, though, we never would dish the sour grape to Mr. Wodehouse, especially after *Thank You, Jeeves*. A little dramatis personae will characterize the book: Jeeves (master mentality), Bertram Wooster (scapegoat, and occasionally the English Gentleman—after a whisky and soda), Sir Roderick Glossop (a complication), Mr. Stoker (an American, and ergo more of a complication), and Pauline (his daughter, who does most of the plot-tangling). There are a few more characters, fishy people who are likely to be found sitting in bushes on dark nights, and a few essentially sadistic individuals, to lend a goosefleshlike atmosphere, who try to do horrendous things to Jeeves, Bertie, and Chuffy, P. G.'s favorites. On almost every page one of the characters does something to make his fellow "lift the eyebrow," if not lift the weapon nearest at hand. Bertie makes a superb Timid Soul, and the whole happy little group in *Thank You, Jeeves*, gather around him, or work themselves up into an unsurpassed frenzy, perpetrate unheard-of deeds, and leave everything in collapse. Then it is that Jeeves, the incomparable Deus Ex Machina, who provides the Happy Ending, floats in with his accustomed aplomb and silver salver, and leaves the characters to falling on each other's necks. Thank you, Wodehouse, for *Thank You, Jeeves*. Very good, sir.

Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Superstition Corner* is another book that you will know a great deal about by simply being told its locale. It is an historical novel, set in Sussex, and it deals with the religious conflict that was being waged about the time of the defeat of the Armada (1588). Like all of Sheila Kaye-Smith's Sussex novels, the background lends an extraordinary charm to the telling of a simple story. *Superstition Corner* gives us a vivid sense of the living conditions of the time and of their effects on people's minds and manners. Catherine Alard becomes for us the symbol of a great struggle going on between Protestantism, then the ruling religion in England, and Catholicism, dear to the hearts of many of the country folk. She is a type of the woman just sincere and old-fashioned enough in her ways to be portrayed as a great individual, a woman born to lead a liberal cause. She clings to the old faith and to the old traditions, to the honor of her family and to truth, thereby opposing both her family and the community. Heedless, she gallops across the countryside, forgetting her position as a woman, a daughter, and a Catholic.

Superstition Corner would be just a very fine still life picture of sixteenth century England, however, if it were not for the conviction with which Miss Kaye-Smith has written the novel. Fair-mindedness toward the two religions, combined with a sincere analysis of religious belief, makes even our distant generation sympathetic.

Book Shop Lists Texts
To Be Used Next Year

The College Book Shop has published this list of books for the benefit of the students, so that they may sell books that have been used this year and will be used again next year. The Book Shop will give far better rates than those at Leary's. From now on, those who wish may sell the books listed. It might be well to scan the list, for the books not on it will most likely be changed next year. These last may be sold to Leary's, who will come to buy them on Friday, May 25. The books printed here will certainly be used, as the professors of the departments have been consulted.

Biology:
Embriology of the Chick—Patten.
Outline of Modern Biology—Plunkett.
Anatomy of the Cat—Reichert & Jennings.
Economics and Politics: Change.

English:
Boswell's Life of Johnson—Scribner Edition.
Pope and Dryden—Globe Edition.
(It is likely new editions of Chaucer, Milton and Shakespeare will be used next year.)
Geology:
Part I—Physical Geology—Longworth, Knopf, and Flint.
Part II—Schuchert and Dunbar.
Greek:
Book VI—Herodotus.
First Greek Book—White.
Greek Prose Composition—Spieker.
Antigone—Sophocles—(Jebb).
Apology and Crito—Plato.
On the Peace—Demosthenes.
Peace, Birds, and the Frogs—Aristophanes—(Loeb).
Oedipus Tyrannis — Sophocles — (Jebb).
History:
Europe Since 1815—Hazen.
Latin:
Bucolics—Virgi—(Page).
Odes and Epodes—Horace—(Shorey & Lang).
Book I—Livy—(Dennison).
Catullus—(Merrill).
Cicero, Letters—(Abbot).
Menaechmi—Plautus.
Mathematics:
Plane and Solid Analytic Geometry—Osgood and Grawstein.
Four Place Tables—Huntington.
Plane Geometry—Dresden.
Calculus—Fine.
Introduction to Higher Geometry—Grawstein.
Music:
Appreciation Album — Surette and Mason.
Music and Art and a Language—Spalding.
Theory and Practice of Tone Relations—Goetschius.
Physics:
A Survey of Physics—Saunders.
Psychology: Change.

Pro Arte Quartet
Presents Concert

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and this was very clearly portrayed by the Quartet's rendition.

Much more objective, more melodic, more folklike and static than the Beethoven, this music sounded intensely American. At times, a quality surprisingly reminiscent of the Dvorak Fifth Symphony led one to wonder whether the composer might have been influenced by Dvorak during the latter's visit to America. This quality consisted of a use of negro melodies, occasional modern harmonies and a subdued calmness in the instrumentation. Especially notable in the Quartet's performance were the delightful monophonic section of the second movement with 'cello accompaniment pizzicato, and the importance of the melodic interest already mentioned. The music sounded well, because it sounded expressly correct for its medium.

As a final offering, the Pro Arte Quartet played the Brahms C Minor Quartet, op. 51, No. 1. This work, published only after the composer had written and discarded twenty other quartets, shows clearly the depth of feeling and the mastery of his medium, for which Brahms was striving. Besides the characteristics of Brahms, one finds many reminiscences of Wagner, especially in the first and second movements. "Uncompromising" is the term often applied to this quartet. Brahms, in this quartet, is profound, and is personal, but seems to lack the wholesomeness and tender humanity which one usually associates with the Brahms of the symphonies and the *Requiem*. The Pro Arte Quartet gave full expression to these qualities. Its rendition was notable in this number for the extraordinarily sonorous effects produced. It seemed unbelievable that a hall the size of Goodhart could be made to resound and reverberate as it did.

It was with deep appreciation that the audience applauded the performance. The opportunity of hearing a Quartet of such brilliance is indeed a rare one. Enough thanks cannot be given to Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and the Quartet for the priceless gift of these concerts. It is hoped that the public will take advantage of the invaluable opportunity of attending the concerts to be given on Wednesday and Saturday nights of this week. The program on Wednesday will consist of Franck, Carpenter and Debussy, and on Saturday, of Schonberg, Harris, and Hindemith.

Dr. Essenburg Aims To Educate Moslems

Religious Strife, Ignorance, Squalor, Are Features of Damascan City

WOMEN ARE REPRESSED

Dr. Christina Essenburg, speaking informally in the Deanery Tuesday afternoon, told about the religious prejudices and degraded condition of women in Damascus which led to her founding the American School for women there, and urged everyone to help in the work of the school toward educating and liberating Mohammedan women.

Damascus, the oldest living city in the world, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Seven Rivers, a great oasis in the Syrian desert. To the Mohammedans it has always been the symbol of paradise and it is a huge commercial center for eastern caravans. Most of the 200,000 inhabitants are Moslems, and only 20 per cent. are Jews and Christians. The three religions keep entirely apart in different sections of the city, and the walls of blind religious prejudice are so strong that the members of one sect dare not walk through the section belonging to the members of another.

Damascus is a man's city. All the cafes, stores and restaurants are run by men and for men. A woman may not leave the house without the permission of a male relative, and she may not even look through one of the heavily barred windows without being veiled. When a baby boy is born there is rejoicing for nine days, but if it should be a girl, the parents and friends mourn. After she is six she must wear a veil, and she has no play or outdoor life. It is no wonder that with such repression the women of Damascus have no knowledge of modern discoveries and that the Arab race has declined culturally. It is especially in regard to sanitation that Damascans are ignorant, and because of their carelessness about cleanliness, typhoid and other oriental diseases are constantly raging in the city.

With the aim of correcting these evils Dr. Essenburg founded the school. A regular high school curriculum of eleven years is offered, including intensive training in three languages, Arabic, French, and English, in all of which the graduates are able to read, write, and speak fluently. They study music, literature, and art as well, and they are particularly brilliant in Mathematics and Physics. The school possesses a small library contributed by friends and next year a Simmons graduate will teach domestic science. Particular emphasis is laid on sanitation, for even elementary rudiments, such as dish washing, must be taught to the girls, and already the effects have been felt in a drive by some graduates to rid the city of mosquitoes.

The school has done much toward breaking down prejudice by the very fact that there is no religious discrimination and no attempt to Americanize the girls. Although the school is in the Moslem section, Jewish and Christian girls come each day, and the three sects in playing and working together find that there is no sound basis for religious differences. The pupils are so happy there that they do not want long holidays, because the school is the only place where they can play together. This education is bringing the women an uplifting happiness, which is gaining respect for them and, although in ways it causes a temporary discontent, will lead to a future freedom and happiness. This broadening of interest has led to the founding of an international relations club, which studies foreign conditions and problems. It is hoped that in the future a recreation and health center for women can be founded, but at the present time the school has no funds.

Most of the teachers are volunteers, graduates of American colleges, who have come over to work for the experience. Many girls are unable to pay their small tuition fees, although they come from educated families. For this reason many American colleges have adopted the school and Dr. Essenburg hopes that everyone who is interested in this cause will contribute something, even if very small, toward building this monument to American idealism.

Dean Manning Talks About Questionnaire

Continued from Page One

it, criticize it, and are quite wise in giving it up because it discourages them.

The criticism that is really important comes from the major students in any department. Their opinion of the minor and major courses in their field are of great value to the faculty. Criticism from the whole student body, however, should not be discouraged, but it should be of the right kind. There are three valuable kinds of student criticism and they should be made directly to the Dean or through the Curriculum Committee.

Personal criticism of a course and criticism of individual styles of teaching is valuable, although the reaction to any professor in his or her first year of teaching may be discounted, for it takes more than a year in many cases for professors to adjust themselves to teaching in a woman's college. Criticism of the amount of work and of the difficulty of a course is also valuable, although students seem to think they have too much reading to do if they are given a large number of pages to read. Many of them do not realize that judicious skipping is always possible. The Dean is very much interested in the way courses fit together as regards the number and timing of their long reports, and in how many long reports a student can do in one semester without feeling that she is overcrowded. The third criticism in which the Dean is interested is of the subject matter and the organization of courses, and she is always anxious to hear what any student has to say in this line.

The Dean has always centered her hopes of obtaining student opinion in the Curriculum Committee, but there has been difficulty in organizing the Committee, and in the attempt to make it more representative it has perhaps become too large to work out a consistent policy. Perhaps a Committee of Seniors would be better qualified to discuss courses than the present Committee, which includes members from every class. The Seniors would have the perspective of all their four years' work to aid them in their criticisms, but it is possible that an entirely different system of obtaining student opinion is needed, and the Dean would like to hear any suggestions as to how it could best be obtained.

Arnold Genthe Talks on Isadora Duncan

Continued from Page One

groups in a temple frieze, others like the Maenads on a vase, while a few were like actual statues. One naked torso, with head and arms concealed in shadow, was so sculptural that when shown to the director of the Museum of the Acropolis in Athens, he asked, "But where is that torso? I don't know it."

This picture was carefully posed, but, as a rule, Mr. Genthe did not approve of posing for dance photographs. The picture, he believed, should suggest previous movement and movement that will follow. This effect can be obtained only by taking the picture while the dancer is in motion. Unforeseen twists of draperies, waverings of the body, make this task very difficult, but when it is achieved, it portrays a dance, not a pose. When Pavlova came to Mr. Genthe to be photographed, she said she could hold any position for several seconds. He replied, "Yes, but your draperies cannot," and so he took the only picture which exists of Pavlova in motion, a picture of vital strength and powerful grace.

Pavlova was also interested in a series of motion pictures which Mr. Genthe had taken of Isadora Duncan's pupils. She wanted to see them, but was so devoted to her work that the only opportunity she could find was after midnight while she ate a lunch of crackers and milk. The movies she saw were experiments in the correct procedure of portraying the dance. Mr. Genthe regretted that the cinema has never developed a technique adapted to this. Its use of close ups breaks the coherence of the dancing, and its more distant views lose the details of line and pattern. Not only has the cinema no technique, it has not even attempted seriously to perpetuate the great dances of our times. There are no movies of Isadora Duncan, nor of Nijinsky, nor of Pav-

Engagements

The engagement of Cecilia Candee, '33, to Robert Hilton, and that of Anne Lukens, '35, to the Reverend George Edgar have been announced.

lowa, except a very inadequate one. The great dancers alive now, Ruth St. Denis and Doris Humphrey, are not being photographed by the cinema, which, after all, is a better medium for the recording of rhythmic movement than stationary photographs, however carefully made. There is a greater need for such portrayal of the dance than there is for dancers, now.

For the dance is assuming more and more importance. It was Isadora Duncan's dream to found a school, and in Berlin she had a school of twenty girls, from whom she chose six to adopt, so that as teachers they might bear the name of Duncan. Later, in Moscow, the Soviet Government permitted her to maintain a school of several hundred pupils, but political intrigues prevented her success. Nevertheless, her influence has spread, and all over the world now are teachers and schools that follow her theories. There is no actual monument to Isadora Duncan. Her friends often asked her what she would like, and she would laugh and say, "Oh, perhaps in fifty years there will be a monument for me." A spiritual one is already established in the increasingly fine work done by her followers, whose number constantly increases, too. Eventually, Mr. Genthe believes, the perfection of her dream of rhythmic co-ordination of body and soul will come to being in the form of a woman more beautiful than anything before, higher in intelligence and freer in body.

IN PHILADELPHIA

Continued from Page Two

Arcadia: Warner Baxter as the bachelor-novelist in *Such Women Are Dangerous* is still avoiding the wiles of three baby stars in hot pursuit. Not very good.

Boyd: Joan Crawford plays *Sadie McKee*, a girl from the wrong side of the railroad tracks, but one who simply cannot be kept there. She has not one, but three (!) leading men and

elopes with them all in rapid succession. She finds happiness in the end, but we didn't really care awfully much what happened to her by that time.

Earle: *This Man Is Mine*, with Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy. A young married couple are getting along beautifully until an old girl friend appears on the scene, bringing trouble with a capital "T." Very amusing.

Europa: *The Constant Nymph*, with Victoria Hopper and Brian Aherne. Swell movie and even sweller acting.

Fox: *Change of Heart* brings Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell together again in the movie version of *Manhattan Love Song*. Very good, if you like Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell.

Karlton: *Glamour*, from a story by Edna Ferber, starring Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings. It is glamorous at that, and we liked it, but then we would like anything with Paul Lukas in it.

Stanley: *We're Not Dressing*, a merry musical based on *The Admirable Crichton*, with Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Burns and Allen, Leon Errol and Ethel Merman. Very entertaining.

Stanton: *Merry Wives of Reno*.

Local Movies

Ardmore: Wed. and Thurs., Barbara Stanwyck in *Gambling Lady*; Fri., *As the Earth Turns*, with Jean Muir; Sat., Richard Arlen in *Come On, Marines*; Mon. and Tues., *Man of Two Worlds*, with Francis Lederer and Elissa Landi; Wed., Otto Kruger in *Crime Doctor*.

Seville: Wed., Thurs., and Fri., *Bottoms Up*, with Spencer Tracy and Pat Paterson; Sat., *Murder in Trinidad*, with Heather Angel and Victor Jory; Mon. and Tues., Jimmy Durante

Vacation Rates

In a spirit of co-operation with students, parents and school authorities, the Railroads of the United States and Canada are again extending the convenience and economy of "College Special" round-trips for the school year 1934-1935 between home stations as a point of origin and the school stations that serve educational institutions. The "College Special" fare is one and one-third of one-way first-class fare for the round-trip and liberal stop-overs going and returning have been arranged with the only restriction that each single trip shall not take more than ten days.

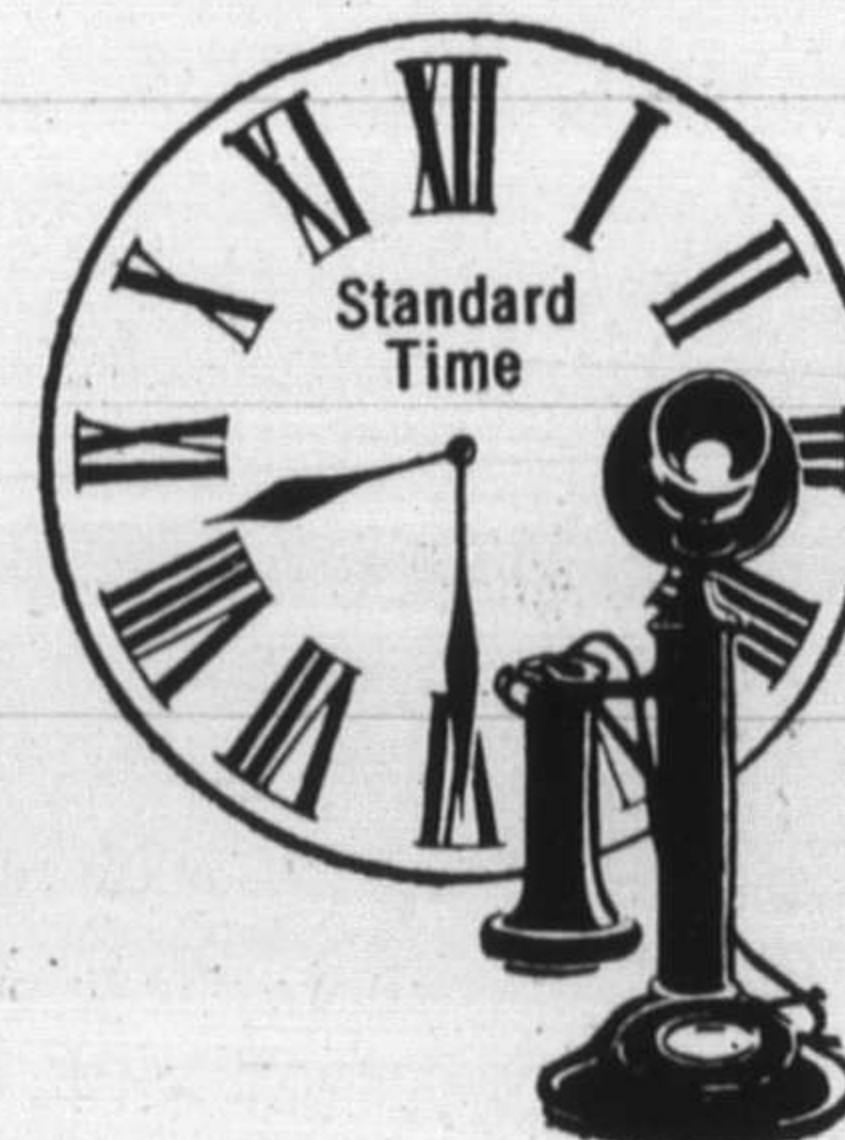
and Rudy Vallee in *George White's Scandals*; Wed. and Thurs., Jean Muir in *As the Earth Turns*.

Wayne: Wed. and Thurs., Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez in *Wonder Bar*; Fri. and Sat., *Mystery of Mr. X*, with Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allen; Mon. and Tues., Victor McLaglen and Reginald Denny in *The Lost Patrol*; Wed. and Thurs., Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall in *Four Frightened People*.

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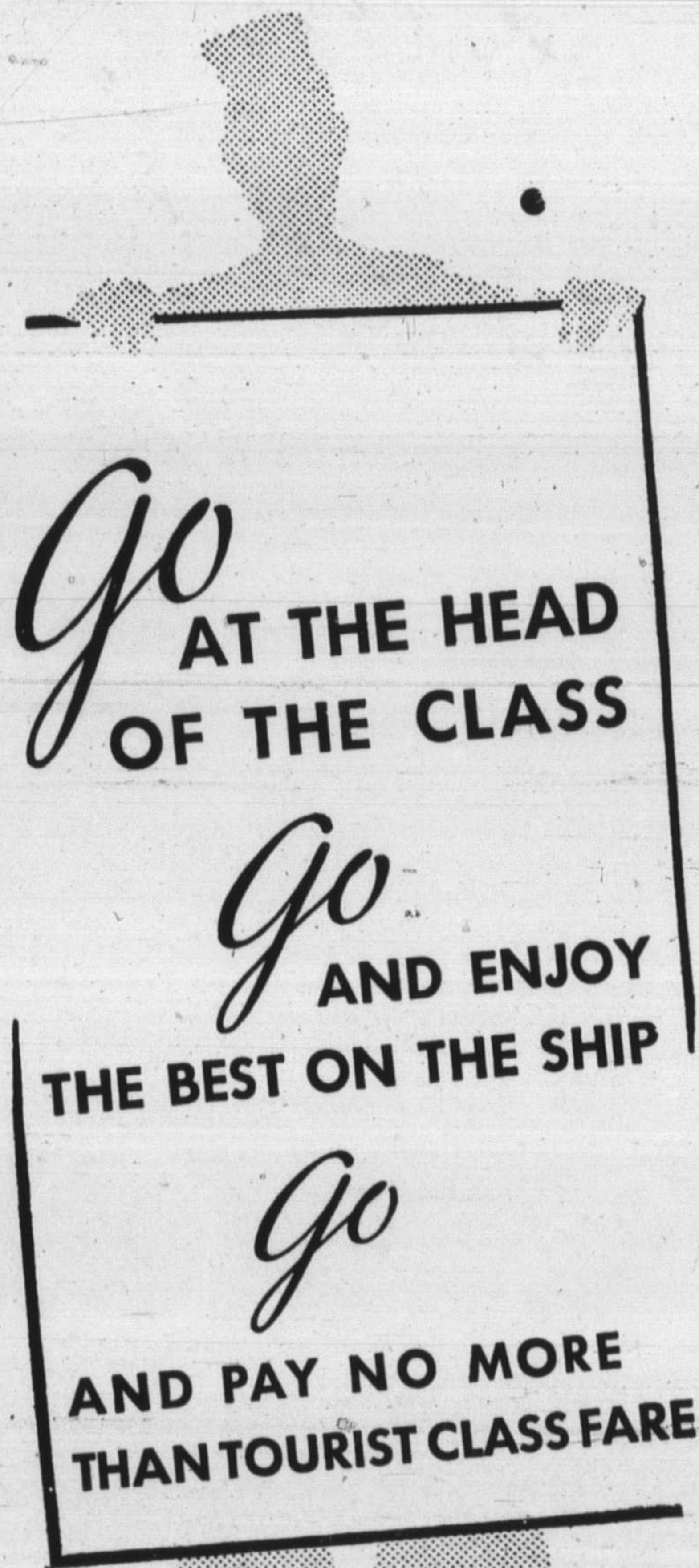
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Mrs. Dohan Speaks On Work in Museums

Few Salaried Positions Exist But
Apprenticeships Are Easily Obtained

NEED PHOTOGRAPHERS

Mrs. Dohan, of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, speaking Tuesday afternoon in the Common Room on "Opportunities for Work in Museums," saw little chance of getting a paying position for one who has not had a great deal of previous experience in museum work. Mrs. Dohan's experience has been mainly in her own museum, which is "informal," and essentially an historical rather than a fine arts museum. It was started by amateurs, and contains collections of all sorts of things, not specializing in any one kind. At this time, like many other museums, it is in great financial need; consequently, it offers little opportunity for those who need a paying position immediately after leaving college.

At present, there are three Bryn Mawr graduates working at the University of Pennsylvania Museum, one of whom is Ruth Levy. Miss Levy has an especial talent for working with her hands: for mending broken vases, piecing together bits of broken pottery, and putting fragments of bronze back on ancient vases. She has done a great deal of this type of work, from which much can be learned. Mrs. Dohan emphasized the fact that a large amount of work done in museums is pure housekeeping, such as seeing that vases do not get broken, keeping catalogues in order and up-to-date, discovering mistakes that your predecessors have made, and cleaning bronzes. In the cleaning of bronzes, a knowledge of chemistry is required in order to know what type of cleanser can be used on different kinds of bronzes.

In spite of the lack of paying positions in museums, there is much work to be done by girls who wish to serve an apprenticeship without pay. If one is interested in the work itself, willing to take the chance and to spend much time, there is plenty of work in taking care of archeological specimens. The biggest advantage offered by museum work is the opportunity of learning from objects themselves, after learning about them from books. It is difficult, at first, to adjust oneself to studying genuine articles, but the University of Pennsylvania Museum offers a valuable opportunity of doing real work on real things, and especially of rediscovering and cataloguing old pieces.

Museum work gives one the chance to publish articles, if one has talent and gets into the habit of looking at things and thinking about them. There are also opportunities for scientific work. Museum work is difficult at first for those who are used to a long academic vacation: the vacations are from a month to six weeks, and the daily hours are from nine-thirty until five o'clock. In answer to a question as to whether there is any hope for those who have not done any graduate work and are faced with the immediate necessity for a paying job, Mrs. Dohan said that there is very little. Only a few museums offered such positions several years ago, and there is even less chance now.

Mrs. Dohan expressed little belief

in the value of training gained in the Dozent type of service, where school children visit museums and are told about the various exhibits. The children take and memorize many notes, but the knowledge gained is, of necessity, superficial. Very few people who have started in this way ever work up to museum positions, as there is not much chance for intelligent work in such training. Also, as paying positions are extremely scarce now, it is difficult to get a part-time job to enable one to continue studying while gaining experience in actual work. The University of Pennsylvania Museum used to receive fifty thousand dollars from the city of Philadelphia, but that has been withdrawn in accordance with the new civic policy of economy. Now expeditions are financed through gifts, and the museum staff must install, photograph, and catalogue the specimens which are brought back.

There is a new type of work which has become extremely valuable, that of drawing reproductions of specimens. For anyone who possesses the ability to draw well and very accurately, this work is profitable, since there are not enough artists interested in it to accompany all the expeditions. In order to qualify for such a position, one should have special training in "drawing on a scholarly basis." A knowledge of photography is also very valuable in museum work. There have been recent experiments in this line, attempting to get rid of the high lights in photographs of specimens. If one is an expert photographer or painter of bronze or of clay specimens, a paying position is available, although it may not be permanent.

Quite a bit of children's museum work is done at the University of Pennsylvania Museum. Children pay to come and make Egyptian sandals, Indian homes, igloos, and other reproductions of that type. A children's sherd-collecting club is now being formed. Reproductions of Greek and Roman homes are made and sent to various schools for exhibition.

A knowledge of photography, while it does not lead to work as a curator, is not to be despised by the scholar. It is advisable for anyone who is interested in trying to get into museum work in any capacity possible. A college education is a mere preliminary: the practical knowledge is gained in apprenticeship. Anyone who is sure that she wishes to make museum work her career would do well to canvass the city, finding out the types of work required in each museum, discovering a certain type that is definitely needed, and then becoming an expert in that line.

Mrs. Dohan concluded by saying that she had run down her own museum because at present it is out of funds, because its collections are varied, and many are broken. However, she believes firmly in its type, since nowhere else is such experience in

handling pottery to be gained, except on an expedition. There is plenty of material to be published and will be for many years to come; publication is, however, mainly done by graduate students. The *Museum Bulletin* is for members of the staff only, and the more scholarly *Museum Journal* is not to be published this year. The picture of museum work is not, at present, a cheerful one. Nevertheless, people who are interested are urged to try to get work in a museum during June and September, where they can write, bibliography, and collect and catalogue specimens. In this way a great deal of practical experience can be gained.

Book Reviews

Crows, by David McCord. Published by Scribners, 1934.

Crows, a slim volume of poetry by David McCord, has as its principal fault its incomprehensibility. In some modern verse, this same fault is so obviously the aim and inspiration of every line that it appears to have been considered a virtue. In this book, however, there is no studied attempt at obscurity—no impressionistic spelling, no flagrant disobedience of punctuation rules, no tangling of words into perplexing knots. Yet underneath this simple appearance there is a complexity that cannot be unraveled. The clear phrases do not unite into clear sentences, and these sentences follow each other without any apparent connection of thought, so that in the end the whole poems, in spite of their conventional forms, and the clarity of the separate atoms within these forms, are insoluble mysteries.

A mystery is always irritating, and particularly so if it promises to reveal riches if only explained. These poems are irritating in just that way because they never fulfill the promise of their lovely sound, their lively words and significant phrases. All of them, of course, are not completely obscure, but the less abstruse they are, the less beautiful, the more prosaic they become. Mr. McCord's foreword in verse is comprehensible, but it is written so haltingly that an enigma would be preferable. That at least has possibilities.

There are a few poems which are both beautiful and understandable. *Crows*, which gives its name to the whole volume, has passages of keen

insight keenly expressed. *Presbyterian Plowing* is restrained in form as the Puritanical farmer whose words it is, but it has a depth of emotion underlying its simplicity and giving it beauty, just as inscrutability underlies the simplicity of so many of the other poems and destroys their beauty. There is a whole section of the book dedicated "To A Child," and this is necessarily clear—not in thought, for there is no thought, but in imagery. *The Tiger Lily* is described just as a child would see it, with appreciation of its color and feeling, but no reflections about its meaning or its purpose. Here, and in his recondite poems as well, Mr. McCord uses severely plain expressions to create his images. If he means "green," he says simply that, and does not add "very" or "bright;" yet still he makes his color very bright by concentrating all its brilliance in one word instead of spreading it thinly over several. By equal concentration in phrases he captures whole landscapes, as he compresses the sky, the sun, and the water into "the blue flame of the sea."

In startling opposition to this meticulous handling of words, he frequently coins words that jar the mind and tongue horribly. Thus, seeking a rhyme for "wishfulness," he says "fishfulness." Sometimes his words are acceptable, but he spoils them by using them in false rhymes like "snarl" and "laurel." These technical errors, together with the dullness to which his thought often descends when evident, and the darkness which envelops it the greater part of the time, prevents *Crows* from being even a satisfying book. And it is all the less satisfying because of the hints it holds of latent significance and beauty.—E. D. L.

Freshmen Give One-Acts Before Amused Audience

Continued from Page One

logue was unusually realistic, especially in the extremely natural conversation where the mother, played by the author, tries to persuade the daughter, played by Jane Simpson, to marry her wealthy suitor and reject the struggling young author. Some of the lines were surprisingly good and were spoken well and not melodramatically. Miss Cotton, in her short appearance as the rich Stephen, and Miss Harvey, as the poor boy who wins Isabelle's hand, were quite adequate.

Miss Steinhardt's tragedy, *And*

Even Love, was the best of the three in its sustained excellence of dialogue, its soundness of plot, and in its central theme, based on a poem by the author. However in spite of its excellence, we couldn't quite see why everybody was so upset. The two parts, that of the young medical student, John Weston, and his poetess fiancée, Margaret Lester, were taken by Letitia Brown and Dorothea Wilder, who sustained the parts well, although Miss Brown showed a slight tendency to overact at times. The fear that he was being unfair to Margaret in marrying her, his ideas after reading the poem, and his reaction to the disclosure that his fiancée was the poetess were well shown by Miss Brown. The poem itself was equal to the most important part it held in the play, and the whole play was above the average of Freshman dramas.

Although the audience spent an hilarious hour, we fear that they were not completely able to grasp the full purport intended by the authors of the tragedies: they howled with glee at the most unhappy points of the plays, and seemed generally unsympathetic with the characters' plights. However, they enjoyed themselves to the utmost, and, if they were not capable of differentiating between the moments for tears and laughter, we must forgive them; they had a very good time. All things considered, it was a very successful evening, and we hope that the custom of putting on the Freshman one-act plays will continue.

A. M.

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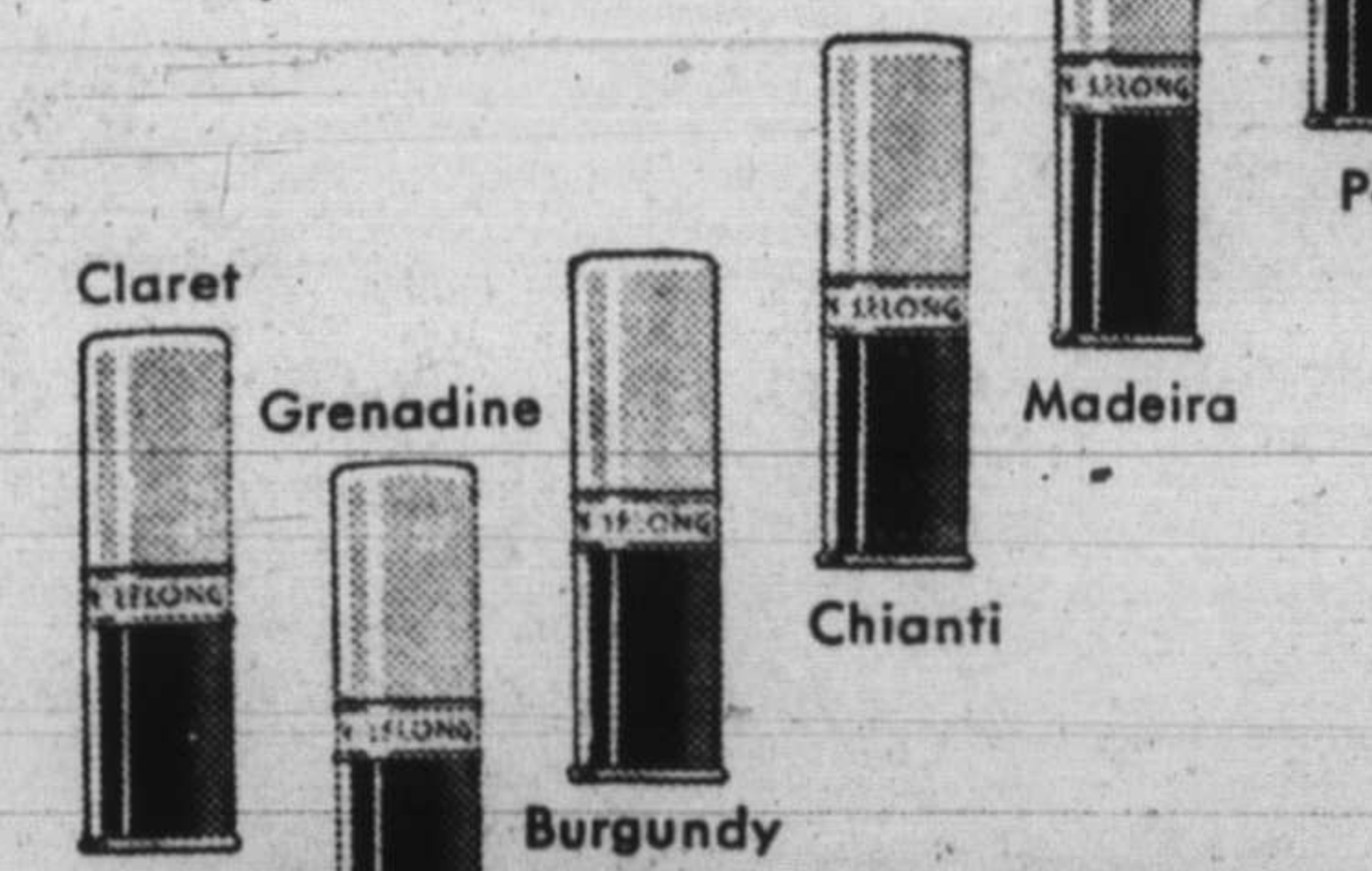


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	Christmas 1934	Spring 1935	Close 1935
Round-trip tickets may be purchased at Home Stations during any one of the periods named below:	Return portion of ticket may be used to Home Station during any one of the periods named below:		
Aug. 25-Oct. 5, 1934	Dec. 10-25	Mar. 9-Apr. 15	May 15-June 30
Dec. 25, 1934-Jan. 10, 1935	Mar. 9-Apr. 15	May 15-June 30
Mar. 15-Apr. 17, 1935	May 15-June 30

Going trip must begin on date ticket is purchased—limited to reach school station within ten days.

Return trip must begin on date of validation of ticket by railroad agent at school station—limited to reach home station within ten days.

Tickets good over same route both ways.

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THE CHATTERBOX
TEAROOM

Bryn Mawr Burns

To the present staid and sober students of Bryn Mawr, nothing really exciting like fires in Denbigh ever seems to happen. Our years on the campus have never yet given us an opportunity to reveal the feminine heroism which we are sure lies buried within us, nor an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with dashing fire chiefs risking life and limb to save our Sophomore English reports and asking no reward but a fetching smile.

Life in Bryn Mawr, however, was not always thus. There was once a time, as we gleaned from pouring through Mrs. Chadwick-Collins' scrap book of the Bigger and Better Bryn Mawr events, when four hundred students worked heroically at saving reports, gold fish, and their pet socks from fire and flame and a great deal of smoke, all of which came pouring out of "Denbigh" Hall in the middle of one terrifically exciting night. Seventy-two girls rushed to safety, in good order but scant attire, according to the *Evening Telegraph* of March 17, 1902, but were soon rallied by some 300 others who arrived with fire apparatus in hand and "began their glorious battle with the flames."

We only wish that we could do something to become fit news for such headlines as the following:

**"BRYN MAWR GIRLS
FIGHT COLLEGE FIRE
Four Hundred Students Work Heroically to Save Buildings**

**DENBRIGH HALL DESTROYED
Lamp Overturned by a Falling Screen
Starts Blaze in Closed Room That
Threatened the Whole
Institution**

**AID SENT FROM
PHILADELPHIA
Handsome Limestone Structure With
Its Contents Worth At Least a
Quarter Million—Chief
Baxter Directed Work"**

The headlines themselves are merely a foretaste of the better moments of the article:

"Denbigh Hall, one of the newest and largest dormitory buildings at Bryn Mawr College, was totally destroyed by fire last night. Only the personal bravery and quick judgment of Miss Tibolt, in whose room the fire started, saved the 71 other young women housed in the building from injury or death.

"A fire brigade of 400 young women quickly formed and gave battle to the flames. Nothing whatever was saved from Denbigh Hall, the young fire fighters giving all of their attention to the adjoining buildings.

"The fire originated in the rooms of Miss Tibolt, which was located about the centre of the main corridor. Miss Tibolt had stepped across the hallway, leaving a lighted lamp on her study table.

"The screen standing before her open window was blown over by the breeze and fell with a crash on the lighted lamp. The table cover caught fire and, fed by paper and other inflammable stuff, the flames spread to

the carpet and curtains and soon the entire room was a mass of seething flames.

"Miss Tibolt returned after a few minutes, and on seeing the blaze instantly closed the door and shouted 'Fire!'

"She roused her nearest room-mates. From room to room and from floor to floor the brave girls ran, shouting at the top of their lungs the cries of warning.

"The shouts of the terrorized students in Denbigh Hall soon roused those sleeping in the other dormitories, as well as the large corps of instructors.

"There was no panic, and messengers were dispatched to Ardmore, Narberth, Villanova and other nearby places for assistance.

"Appeals were sent to Chief Baxter, of the Philadelphia Fire Department, Mayor Ashbridge and Director English, and word was soon received that two engine companies and a truck would soon arrive.

"The 72 girls who escaped in good order from Denbigh Hall, some in scant attire, were soon joined by over 300 others, who formed in squads and with the fire apparatus at hand began their glorious battle with the flames.

"The drizzling rain suddenly became a perfect downpour, and the young women saw in it an omen of good. They barred the doors in the lower floors of Denbigh Hall to shut off the draughts and opened the way for the volunteer firemen, who were already heard beating down the great,

wide macadam drives leading up to the college campus. The girls helped unreel the first line of hose that was limbered on the ground, and four of the quickest and the bravest rushed into the heart of the fire with the pipe. No attempt was made to save any of the girls' effects, and all energies were bent upon the fire itself.

"The supply of water proved abundant, and the steady downpour of rain seemed to grow in volume as the minutes passed. All danger of falling walls, all fear of singed tresses and all regard for personal appearances were cast aside, and a fight to a finish with the fire was on. The breaking glass, shattered by the intense heat, opened draughts on all sides of the building. Thus the flamed flames grew in fierceness and mounted high, piercing the roof and lighting the sky like a beacon.

"Step by step the brave girls were forced back from the burning hall, only to rush forward with renewed courage and energy when a slight shift of the wind or a crash of timber would scatter the blaze and afford them an instant's vantage.

"Time and time again they were driven away, and just as often as they broke ground a foot they dashed back a yard and were actually right up against the blazing building when the veterans from Philadelphia arrived.

"The professional fire-fighters drove the young women from their posts of danger and took active charge of the conflagration. The young women

turned in as volunteers and under the direction of the Philadelphia fire chiefs ran lines of pipes from the water supply to the hall and in a hundred ways rendered instant and valuable aid to the firemen. Dangerous walls were battered down, and before each fall the girls would struggle to places of safety through the mud and debris.

"Chief Baxter arrived in person soon after midnight and, guided by a dozen girls, soon located the scene of greatest danger, and, placing the female volunteers where they could play water upon Merion Hall, saved that handsome structure."

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Here's why-Luckies do not dry out

why-Luckies are All-Ways
kind to your throat

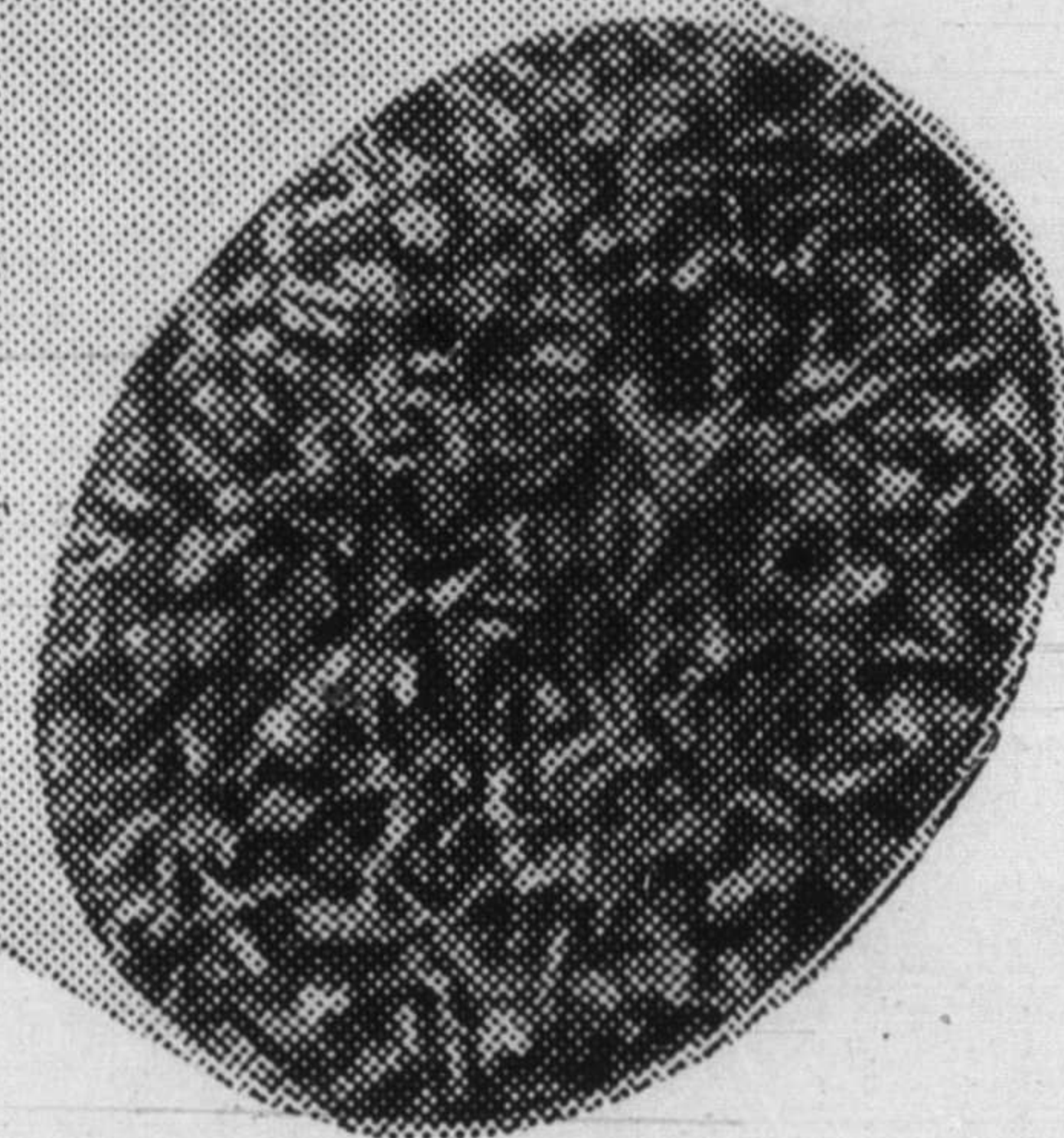


The difference between cigarettes is the difference between what goes into them and how they are put together.

Luckies use only the clean, center leaves, for these are the mildest leaves—they taste better. That's why farmers are paid higher prices for them. And Luckies get the benefit of the famous process—"It's toasted"—for your throat protection.

And every Lucky is round, firm and fully packed. That's why Luckies "keep in condition"—that's why you'll find that Luckies do not dry out—an important point to every smoker.

Yes, Luckies are always in all-ways kind to your throat.



"It's toasted"

✓ Luckies are all-ways kind to your throat



• Only the Center Leaves—these are the Mildest Leaves



They Taste Better