

The College News

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BRYN MAWR (AND WAYNE), PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1928

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WATSON'S THEORY ROUSES CRITICISM

Dr. Bridges Points Out the Fallacies in Book on Behaviorism.

LARYNX REPLACES MIND

"Behaviorism is a tissue of self-contradicting dogmas," said Dr. Horace J. Bridges, who, under the auspices of the Bryn Mawr League, gave a very interesting lecture in Goodhart Hall, Friday evening, December 7, on the subject, *Behaviorism and Personality*.

Two years ago Dr. Bridges asked two psychologists why it was that recently so many bizarre theories have developed in the field of psychology and he was answered by both that it was because the public is not interested in genuine science: it must have something spectacular. For this reason, scientists have found it necessary to identify themselves with some extreme point of view and have become mere advocates of a theory rather than searchers after truth.

Introspection Is Out of Style

There was a time when introspection was considered the only psychological method. Men observed the ideas and the emotions, and from their observations built up their theories. A little later introspection was declared impossible; and now it is considered only one of several methods. At any rate, it is a difficult method, for it is almost impossible for a thing to observe and be observed at the same time.

In the last twenty-five years three kinds of psychology have developed fairly rapidly: social psychology, psychoanalysis, and behaviorism, which has become prominent as a theory through its pioneer, Dr. James B. Watson.

Since it is the business of science to be

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The Emotions Win

Stix and Fain Defeat Hand and Gellhorn in Second Debate.

The Debating Club held its second debate the evening before Thanksgiving vacation. The subject was a rather difficult one, namely: Resolved, that the emotions have done more for the world than the intellect. Miss Stix, the president of the club, spoke first, for the affirmative, and in a very orderly fashion traced the importance and the power of the emotions in history. Miss Constance Hand then defended the intellect in a speech well worthy of the topic she was discussing. The affirmative finished its offense with an excellent speech by Miss Fain, in which she pointed that it is an emotion which is the motive power behind all intellect. Miss Gellhorn then wandered a bit from the point in the beginning, but came down to the fact that all the really great things in the world have been the result of intellectual work.

Miss Fain took the rebuttal for the affirmative and again stated that without emotion the intellect would achieve nothing. Miss Gellhorn's rebuttal amused the audience with its description of a world without reason, and Miss Merrill then declared the debate at an end and put the decision up to the judges, Miss King, Dr. Fenwick, and Dr. Hart. After some deliberation, they awarded the debate to the affirmative, and, in explaining this, Miss King pointed out that Miss Fain's speech had been the best because she had stated her points more clearly. It was suggested that the next debaters think about this and also try to do with fewer notes. We are very indebted to the judges both for the time they gave us and for the criticism.

The debate was very enlightening (though not always accurately) and extremely enjoyable. The next one will take place on Tuesday, December 18, and be on a less ponderous and inconclusive subject, namely, whether or not the world would be better off without movies. The debaters will be P. Patterson, B. Humphreys, J. Bunn, and R. Warfield.

Russia Made Clear

Mrs. Jackson Fleming, perhaps the best known woman speaker on current events in this country, and certainly one of the best informed, will speak in the Music Room in Goodhart Hall on Thursday afternoon at 8.15. The subject, as alluring as the speaker, is "Soviet Collectivism." Mrs. Fleming, a great traveller, spent last year in Russia, and is considered an authority on its problems. She will use her subject as a means of explaining Russia's outlook upon the world.

Cross Describes Friendship Needed in College

Rosamund Cross, '29, led the Sunday evening meeting of the Bryn Mawr League in Goodhart Hall on December 9. "In college, it seems to me," began Miss Cross, "there are two main things that absorb our attention: studies and friends. And it is the latter, perhaps, which will mean more to us after we leave than the facts we have stored in our minds. Almost nowhere else do you have the opportunity of knowing girls as intimately as you do here, for you live, play and work with them daily, and from them you choose your friends."

Gives Three Types of Friendship

"There seem to be three general classes of friendships in college. The first, and most exclusive, is that of two people who are so wrapped up in each other that they do not feel the need of consorting with other people. They are absorbed by their own affairs, study together, do not mix with others, and though they are very glad to have others come to see them, they never make any effort to become friends with them. They feel perfectly happy and self-sufficient in their own company.

"The second class is that of a small group of seven or eight girls who are very intimate with each other, always do things together, mix more with outsiders than the first, but never really admit them to their circle or have any desire to do so. They all generally have interests in common, in college or out, which take most of their time and attention.

"The third class, who are perhaps the least numerous, are the girls who, while they have intimate friends, are not identified with any particular group. They know many different types of people and enjoy them; they are interested in knowing people just for the sake of knowing them, and having fun with them. I don't mean the kind of girl who takes up one person after another, sees her a great deal for a little while, and then drops her, but she is kindly to everyone and interested in them for their own sakes.

"This last type of friendliness is a thing which, I think, is sadly lacking in college today. Nearly all of us belong to either the first or second class for one of two reasons: either we are too shy and lack self-confidence, or else we have a feeling of self-sufficiency, perhaps unexpressed but present, and because of laziness. It really is merely inertia that keeps a small group of people together and makes them satisfied with themselves, never caring enough to ask anyone else to join them. It takes a little effort to ask anyone outside your hall to do things with you and our native laziness makes us feel in our innermost hearts that after all it isn't worth while, as we're getting along very well with our own group of friends.

"Yet haven't you ever sat in the lib. and looked around at people near you and wondered what they were like? You may think of their friends and wonder at what seems to you a strange combination of people, and again that intriguing thought of 'what are they like?' appears. Perhaps you are missing an opportunity by not knowing them. Friendliness will, I think, reward anyone who tries to practice it. I do not mean a 'Pollyanna-ish' sort of interest, for though in a few cases it may be genuine, it always strikes one as being very artificial; but I mean a genuine interest in the people around you and in the things that they are doing, and a general readiness to let people know

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Goodhart Circus

Clown, Educated Pony, Dogs and Birds Amuse Many Children.

Goodhart Hall was witness to strange sights and sounds on Saturday afternoon. While five hundred children entered at the front door, forty educated pets, Australian Cockatoos, Japanese Pigeons, Arabian doves, cats, dogs and monkeys came in at the back. They were Pamahasika's Famous Performing Animals, presented by George E. Roberts for the benefit of the Bryn Mawr Educational Clinic.

It might have been another election night. A few years ago children went to a circus in wondering silence. But these young visitors made the arches resound with their shouts as balloon after balloon, slipping from some too nervous grasp, floated nonchalantly up among the rafters. They are still there, by the way, and will probably come drifting down unexpectedly some day, like wandering visitors from Mars.

First on the program was a clown, a rather condescending, curtain-raising clown. The audience knew all his jokes beforehand, and laughed scornfully at his sleight-of-hand. The clown profession is not what it once was.

The clown, however, was a mere introductory note to Pamahasika's famous pets. The curtain rose at last on Princess, the educated pony: a grey and white vision, with marvelous powers of counting, conversing and telling the time.

Next came the canine schoolroom, where seven delightful dogs did wonderful things with an appearance of great enjoyment. The hit of this scene was the Murphy family, Mr. and Mrs. and little baby Murphy; the Patter came in a baby carriage, being wheeled by his mother and father. A disobedient monkey, who refused to remain in his seat, added zest to the scene. Princess reappeared after a while to give the dogs a ride. They performed wild-west feats of horsemanship, leaping on and off her, as she trotted by.

The most beautiful and the most startling number was the last. Snow-white cockatoos with plumed heads, scarlet parrots, and little rosy doves behaved with such apparent intelligence that one was almost convinced that Watson was right. The pigeons, swooping gracefully from their perches, climbed ladders and obeyed all sorts of complicated instructions; while the cockatoos, cleverest of all, rang bells, made bows, turned somersaults, and raised flags without the slightest hesitation. Finally the chief of them all turned himself into an American eagle, and posed with outstretched wings between two American flags; and the show was over.

New York String Quartet Comes in Goodhart Series

The third event of the Goodhart Hall series is scheduled for Wednesday evening, December 12, at 8.15. The New York String quartet, assisted by Mr. Alwyne at the piano, will play.

The history of the quartet is a remarkable one. Before its first appearance its members "enjoyed the privilege of three years of constant association devoted to daily rehearsals, which gave them an opportunity not only to perfect their ensemble, but also—which is more important—to develop a certain distinct character of individuality as a body."

The members of the quartet are: Ottakar Cadek, first violin; Jaroslav Siskovsky, second violin; Ludvik Schwab, viola, and Bedrich Vaska, cello.

The program will be as follows:

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

The next concert, scheduled for January 16, will be a Piano Recital by Ossip Gabrilowitsch.

GOODHART CROWDED TO HEAR PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

League Lacks \$500
The final results of the League drive are as follows:

	Quota	Raised
Denbigh	\$424.00	\$488.00
Rockefeller	568.00	641.00
Pem West	400.00	344.00
Rem East	480.00	302.40
Merion	472.00	269.10
Radnor	362.00	150.00
Wyndham	138.00	138.00
	\$2944.00	\$2332.50
Non-Resident		25.00
Gifts (Faculty)		71.00
Total		\$2428.50

We have a little over \$500 less than we need, and we hope that those students who didn't find it possible to contribute when the pledge cards were collected will feel able to give something later.

Are You Adequate or Do You Shrink From Life?

On Wednesday evening Dr. Arthur H. Ruggles spoke on *Personality Difficulties, Presenting Mental Health Problems in College*. According to Dr. Ruggles, who is superintendent of the Butler Hospital in Providence, R. I., there are two types of personalities; adequate and inadequate. The majority of people in college—where the groups are highly selective—have adequate personalities. They meet unpleasantness without undue emotional stress and strain; they face their failures squarely and think them out coolly; they make friends and hold them; they have the ability to sort out important points from unimportant ones; in short, they are so in harmony with their situation that only a major problem could disturb them.

Quite in contrast to these highly efficient individuals are those persons which have an inadequate personality. First of all there are those who have suffered from some great emotional experience and who react to this in a manner utterly inconsistent with their characters. Then there are people who lack balance; who are always either up or down, hitting on all six or in the slough of despondency. Thirdly, there are people whose emotions so far dominate over their intellect that they lose all proper sense of proportion. And quite common are those who have an exaggerated feeling of inferiority, who either withdraw into themselves or attack others to cover up their own feeling of deficiency. A most difficult problem is presented by those who, like the shell-shocked soldiers during the world war, resort to "escape mechanisms," an unconscious form of shirking. And then, lastly, there are those who are ever dependent upon someone, in a hopeless dependence, bred by the dominance of parents who have never allowed their children to decide for themselves.

All these cases of mental maladjustment are ripe problems for the mental hygienists who nowadays are doing active work in co-operation with the departments of health in our larger colleges, such as West Point, Yale, Dartmouth, Smith, Vassar, Michigan and Minnesota. Through personal contact with students, trained psychiatrists set about to discover kinks in personalities and if any are found, prescribe a remedy for them. The minds of individuals are put in tune with their bodies. Thus they are emotionally stabilized and rendered more efficient.

Water-Colors

In the upstairs East corridor of the library some water-colors by Albert Krauskwin, obtained through the mediation of Miss Yerkes, are now on exhibition. While touching on most of the high spots of the summer tourist—Venice, the Alhambra, Nuremberg and the Gothic Cathedrals of France, they in no way resemble the too-familiar post cards of those places.

Formal Opening Provided "the Time, the Place and the Loved Ones."

MR. STOKOWSKI SPEAKS

At last the formal opening of Goodhart Hall, Tuesday evening, December 4, with the Philadelphia Orchestra, innumerable guests, and the whole college in the background, we had, as Miss Park said, "the time, the place, and the loved ones all together." Actually, as those of us who tried to get tickets for our clamoring friends discovered, the guests were only too numerous. But, from the balcony, the audience which listened to Miss Park, the orchestra, the Glee Club and Mr. Stokowski with rising enthusiasm seemed vast and elegant, for once, excellently suited to the auditorium.

Miss Park Gives Welcome

Miss Park gave the prologue, one sentence of business, and three of pleasure. The business concerned the emergency lights of the hall, the pleasure, the welcoming of everyone to the concert. Mr. Meigs, the architect, stood to receive the welcome of applause given to him by the whole audience. We, the college, were welcomed by Miss Park as the orchestra which she herself conducted. Mr. Stokowski and the Orchestra were welcomed with the hope that they came not only as givers of pleasure, but a kind of symbol of the place they took in our all too rigid system of education. It would be foolish, Miss Park said, for a college so near Philadelphia with all of its advantages to give practical courses in the arts. Bryn Mawr cannot attempt to train painters and musicians, but it can try to make more intelligent seers of art, and keener listeners to Mr. Stokow-

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Is Wyndham Open?

First French Play Is a Success as Well as a Delight.

In spite of an incipient blizzard a surprisingly large audience turned up for the French Club play given at Wyndham on Saturday night. And they were well rewarded. Instead of being a stiff academic affair as feared by the pessimists, it proved to be a sprightly one-act comedy, very cleverly staged and acted.

The scene: a butcher shop, with realistic carcasses, painted by the master hand of B. Kirk dangling in the background. The players: the gruff, ruddy butcher; his very French and very efficient wife; their altogether charming daughter; and an ambitious and starving young professor.

The butcher, M. Tomenteux, was played by M. Lambert, '29, very well played. Her accent was not all that could be desired, but it was acceptable; and her pantomime, and her appearance were excellent. M. Gellhorn, '30, was the wife. She alone of the cast, managed to hit exactly the right note. Her accent, her gestures, and most difficult of all, her intonation, were completely and miraculously French. Hearing her telephone was, alone, worth paddling through the snow to Wyndham. The pale young professor, Bertrand, was acted by E. Linn, '29. Her accent too was only acceptable. But perhaps Miss Gellhorn set too high a standard. Her acting was splendid however, and she brought out to the full the comic possibilities of the part. Germaine, the daughter, object of Bertrand's adoration, was charmingly and negatively played by A. Hubbard, '29. There was not much to the part: It had to be done mostly by appearance, and Miss Hubbard looked the part to perfection. She, like Miss Gellhorn, gave the illusion of being French.

Altogether the little play was well chosen, excellently cast, and more than excellently, for such an informal affair, put across. It made us hope that the French Club would try its proficient hand again. They set a new standard, this time, for such performances.

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A GENEROUS GIFT, GENEROUSLY GIVEN

Any gift to the college, whether it adds to buildings, or to equipment or to endowment, is a source of pleasure to undergraduates and faculty alike. But perhaps the best kind of a gift to an educational institution is one which adds to the salaries of its professors, without whom, after all, buildings and equipment would be of little use.

"In order to enable Bryn Mawr College to maintain the high standard of its teaching, we hereby give to Bryn Mawr College the sum of \$50,000, to be held by the trustees of the college, the income of the fund to be used as follows:

"To increase the salaries of the head professors in the various departments by adding such an amount to the salaries of the respective professors which the college is now paying, as the president of the college, may, from time to time, determine."

This formula makes it possible for the gift to be used with the utmost freedom and the forethought and generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Goldman are such as to arouse our deepest gratitude.

A DARTMOUTH STUDENT GOES THOREAU

A Dartmouth undergraduate, says the New Student, has abandoned society, sin and civilization, and gone back to the heart of nature. He is going to live the clean life of a rabbit or a squirrel in the White Mountains, and business and balls, cities and men will be as nothing to him.

"Goodby, Dartmouth," he wrote in a letter published in the college paper.

"By the time you read this I shall be aboard a train speeding to northern wilds, where I intend to prepare myself for a higher life than college leads to; the life described by Thoreau in Walden.

"I have existed in your civilization now for 20 years. I have existed merely as a spectator. You have forced me to do certain things, and I have done them—reluctantly, always inwardly rebelling. Now, I have decided to give expression to my wild nature, and to try whether it is possible to live humanly."

Mr. Curtis H. Glover is not the only one who has felt that way. It is a mood that comes over us all at times. Probably schedule quizzes were coming on, if they have them at Dartmouth. We wonder if he is really going to live on nuts and berries, without a frying pan or a match. In any case, he should not have sped northward on a train. He ought to have gone more romantically, by swinging off a birch tree, or at least on foot.

It will be interesting to hear what becomes of him. Even a Dartmouth man with a wild na-

ture must be a little complex for the unspoiled and care-free existence of the beasts. He may escape injustice and convention. But we bet he'll be awfully bored.

TIN PAN PARADE

Winter is upon us again. Instead of coming in as a lion in its usual fashion, with biting winds and a dusty, whirling of dead leaves, it came in as a soft, little, white lamb. And overnight Bryn Mawr has become a center for winter sports. Sleds and the toboggan have been exhumed from the depths of coal bins; our champion skims gallantly across the camp on her prize-winning skis.

But these are the aristocratic. All cannot have sleds and skis. More than five cannot squeeze on to the toboggan. The humbler sporting element has not hung back. Inspired by the week-end snow they have invented a new winter sport. Now on the slope towards Yarrow may be seen an eager line. Each person carries her tray under her arm. As her turn comes she sits on it, flings arms and legs wide as balancing wings, and slides. Skidding, gyrating, often somersaulting, the bottom is reached.

We congratulate the humble element. We have often shuddered on contemplating the college, blase and dead to simple pleasures, at the tender collective age of 21. The new winter sport seems to indicate a touch of youth still flaming, a suspicion of joie de vivre. And we also congratulate the hitherto despised tin tray on its glorious translation to the sphere of winged flight. We feel considerably cheered up and our only hope is that by the time we appear in print the snow will not have melted, and the trays have returned to their full duty of bearing mediocre food to sharpen merit minds.

Communications

(The editors of the College News are not responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.)

To the Editor of the COLLEGE NEWS: The editorial in the last issue of the News—entitled "Knitting Again" opens the way for us to reveal a unique opportunity for service. To those who were unable to give to the League Drive as generously as they wished, to those whose public spirit is still unsatisfied, and finally to those whose zest for knitting seems greater than the demand for their products, we make our appeal.

The children whose vacation at Bates is made possible by the college do not as a rule possess sweaters; and sweaters are an obvious necessity for children in the country, even in midsummer. Littleummies and chests frequently need to be protected from cool sea breezes; and hilliness, as everyone knows, is apt to follow after bathing, particularly when he bather is not also a swimmer.

The sizes range from 4 to 10; all styles and colors are acceptable; and sleeves are not indispensable. All we ask is that the doubly generous knitter supply her own wool, of which very little is needed for one sweater.

The season is at hand when Christmas presents will be all completed and socks will be worn only by the hardest. Let us resolve that knitting shall not perish from the campus; let us give it renewed life through its use in a worthy cause!

EDITH S. BAXTER.

To the Editors of the NEWS:

We wish through your generous columns to call the attention of that glorious company, the editors of the Lantern, to the fact that they too have been reared in the stern necessity for scholarly accuracy which we should not be here forced to add, has hitherto been the fuel which fed the fires of Bryn Mawr learning. Already we feel that the foundations of our traditions of sound scholarship have begun to sway. Much as we dislike the setting of limitations upon the infinite capacity of the genius of the Lantern's artist, such a task is evidently to be ours. Else how are we otherwise to account for her failure to consult in the original such sources as Seneca, Lucian, Diogenes Laertius, Plutarch, Arian, Cicero, Valerius Maximus and Epictetus, before confronting us with the spectacle of Diogenes shivering in the icy waters of his matutinal ablutions. We hope that we are not being asked to draw an analogy between this inundating of Diogenes' tub by the waters of the Pierian Springs and the seasonal

freezing and subsequent bursting of the pipes of the college plumbing.

As enrolled members of the New Immorality we are striving to reconcile our former conception of Diogenes' with his recently adopted role as the seductive holder of tete-a-tetes with certain guileless members of the Lantern's Board. We cannot but believe however that, had the full force of all the classical knowledge of the Self-Government Board been brought to bear upon this matter, they would have realized that the undeniable circumstances of Diogenes' early life scarcely allow such procedure. Once more we see the distressing results which may arise from insufficient historical data.

Finally, since it is always our earnest desire to give voice to the inarticulate, we wish on the behalf of one of our humbler friends to issue a second warning. Who knows what awful fate may be visited upon us now that the toy bird with which Diogenes makes merry in his tub has been identified as the classical interpretation of that gay comrade of our own weekly revels—the centipede.

TWO VESTAL VIRGINS.

I. M. Tuesday Lunch, Dec. 11

Cherries for dessert—ah! a whiff of the bold old days of Spring, When the balls of buff tinged with blush, Pickled in their own juice, Accompanied by faithful Oreos, Came on. Not so today, Tuesday, Dec. 11.

Cover the bowl; mine eyes dazzle; she must have died young, for they are in purple— O deadly nightshade!

"I, Deborah Dye-hard, leave to the trustees of Bryn Mawr College Ten thousand boxes of Tintex,

To raise the morale of the Halls of Residence."

O menu of pastelled perfection. Consomme mulberry, Bifeck powder blue, Tomatoes liquefies au pain batik— O passage to India.

De la couleur avant toute chose! For all the rest is parsimony.

A. A. H. F. F.

News From Other Colleges

Harvard has an aviation club of fifty students with headquarters at the airport in East Boston. R. B. Bell, of New York City, is president of these embryonic "Lindys."—The Red and Black.

We have also heard the rumor that the 1928-29 Wellesley Handbook forbids students of that college to fly without a written permission from their parents.—The Arrow.

Non-Collegiate Haryard

Harvard is not collegiate, according to John Maud, Davidson scholar from Oxford, a student at the university this year.

"Oxford is tremendously amused at the so-called American college spirit. I had come over here expecting to find Harvard a hot-bed of collegiatism. My disillusionment was most welcome," he said.

Mr. Maud feels that the Harvard students are much busier than those at Oxford. He explains that in English colleges meals are social events, while here they appear to be mere interruptions in the day's work. English college men saunter to classes, Harvard men rush to them at the last minute.

"They dress much differently here than we do. Everyone at Oxford wears a well-cut coat and flannel trousers; here most men make no effort to present a smart appearance."

"In England, outside activities are necessary to some extent, but they do not encroach upon the primary motive of our college life, studies."—The Tech.

Dr. Hart Personally Conducts

The Social Activities Department of the Bryn Mawr League and the Sociology class announce a joint field trip under the supervision of Dr. Hart, to Sleighton Farms on Thursday, December 13.

This trip will give you an unusual opportunity to see how a modern delinquent school is run, how the girls live, and how they are educated to high standards of living.

The group will leave Pembroke Arch at 2 P. M. promptly in automobiles, and return between five and six. Everyone interested is invited, including Freshmen. The number is limited so let K. Collins, 65 Rock, know Wednesday or early Thursday.

This trip, involving no expense and little effort, is well worth the time, and is sure to prove most interesting.

The Pillar of Salt

And now we begin to Christmas shop. Father says the great decision is not "what shall I give them for Christmas?" but "What shall I ask for myself?" The question of what shall he give, says he bitterly, is all decided months ahead with: "I saw an awfully nice silver coffee-pot today. I think it would be a lovely thing for you to give it to me for a Christmas present"; or "I just bought a rather expensive new dress that I don't really need. You can give it to me for Christmas."

No, says he, the real problem is what can they give me? He thinks he has no wants. But, says mother, follow him around; and when you see him spill an ash, get him an ash tray. When you see him looking hungry, buy him a box of Uteeda biscuits. Thus the problem is solved.

For ourselves, we have another system—a very good one, if you are on an allowance. When you see something on sale, get it. The application will come later. But an awful thing happened last week. We bought some lovely woolen socks, red and blue, and reduced to almost nothing; being in a hurry, we charged them to father, and had them sent; but we thought they would make a lovely gift. Alas, a few days later, imagine our surprise! Father came down to breakfast in those self-same socks; and we didn't dare tell him they were his Christmas present!

Progress and Prophecy

We were touched, and a little terrified, to receive an engraved invitation from our bank, inviting us to a party. The marble halls are complete at last; and we are bidden to the opening, on Saturday, from two to nine. The painful problem arises—what to wear? And what is the etiquette of a reception at a bank?—Do large accounts take precedence over small? And if so, what is the status of one whose account is habitually overdrawn? Shall we go in silks, and be held for payment? Or in rags, and lose our credit?

The grand opening is a symbol of what is going on all around this neighborhood. Four years ago, when we were a freshman, Bryn Mawr seemed really rural. Gulph road was only fit for cows and rubber boots, the sewer was a woodland stream, and we thought it pure. The hill across from Yarrow was a wild slope where we lay out under the stars and wondered immaturely about life and death. Now it is a real estate development, flowering with bungalows and streets that lead nowhere. We are fast being engulfed by civilization. The violet by the mossy bank gives place to the rubber plant by the Bryn Mawr Trust Co., and the trees turn into telephone poles. The class of 1930 will have to take to their aeroplanes to reach their picnic places, and our green grass and our cherry trees will be but a small oasis in a smoking city.

Few things in life so pleasant as eating on a dining-car. While landscapes past the windows float You travel down the table d'hote Observing those across the table, And looking unconcerned—if able. Vary the messy little boy With the brown fields of Illinois; And listen with an inward smile To people's talk—and eat the while. And if the coffee spills, what then? You'll never see them all again?

Well, it's a girl after all! And we are an aunt. We have two weeks to study the part, and then we must go home and play it. What does an aunt do? There ought to be a correspondence course in it. Our own used to combine very good stories, with strictures on our behavior and upbringing. The inference was that she could have done a lot better. What would we all be like if we had been raised by our aunts? Well, you never know.

"Lives of great men all remind us," they say; and yet a general ignorance seems to prevail hereabouts concerning the lives of a certain class of the great; namely, the saints. To remedy this evil, we have decided to begin a series of brief biographies of famous saints. We begin, by special request, with St. Simon Stylites. Alack, what a world! said Simon Stylites

Seen and Heard at the Goodhart Concert

(To take a hint from the New Yorker.) Miss Park opening Goodhart again. The girl who knitted straight through the concert, stopping only to gaze rapidly at Mr. Stokowski while he spoke. The girl who completely redid her hair during the Lohengrin Prelude. The two girls (this constant repetition of the feminine casts a terrible reflection on our sex!) who started a discussion of someone's wedding plans immediately after the Lohengrin, beginning with an Oh-that-reminds-me. The girl who asked if perhaps the plumbers, carpenters, painters and diggers were also present so that they too could rise and be applauded. (We should have liked the chance to welcome with applause the porter who always lends us matches). The girls who stamped on the floor in a completely unPhiladelphia manner at the end of the concert. The huge truck backed up to the front door of Goodhart—we had a vivid mental vision of the drummer trundling the kettle-drum up an incline in a wheelbarrow into the truck.

In Philadelphia

Theaters

Broad—Dracula; the advertisement says "honest, it is a whale of a play." Chestnut—A new musical comedy called "Hello, Daddy." Forrest—The last week of Music in May. Garrick—Marco Millions is especially recommended by President Park. Keiths—The Trial of Mary Dugan ought to speak for itself by this time.

Lyric—Only one week of Moissi in Max Reinhardt's production of Redemption.

Shubert—Luckee Girl boasts one of the song hits of the season.

Walnut—Edward Clark in Relations, his own play.

Movies

Aldine—Russia featured in The Lady from Moscow, with Pola Negri and Norman Kerry.

Fox—Blindfold; George O'Brien and Lois Moran.

Karlton—A lot of stars among whom are Marion Davies and William Haines in Show People.

Little—Not a foreign picture this time, but Richard Barthelmess in To'able David.

Stanley—John Gilbert and Eva Von Berne in The Masks of the Devil.

Stanton—Phyllis Haver, Jean Hersholt, Belle Bennett and Don Alvarado in The Battle of the Sexes.

Calendar

Wednesday, December 12, in Goodhart Hall at 8.15 New York String Quartet. Thursday, December 13, in the Music Room at 4.15 Mrs. Jackson Fleming on "Soviet Collectivism."

Saturday, December 15, in Goodhart Hall at 8.15 "Bellairs."

Sunday, December 16, in Goodhart Hall at 7.30 Christmas Musical Service.

Wednesday, December 19, in Goodhart Hall at 7.30 Hygiene Lecture, Dr. Bond.

Thursday evening, December 20, Christmas Parties.

Friday—afternoon, December 21, in Goodhart Hall. Thorne School Play.

Friday, December 21, to Monday, January 6, Christmas Vacation.

Men think but of sin and siller In fact, I think things would be a dam sight eas—

ter living on top of a pillar. So he found him an old ruined temple in Greece.

And they hoisted him up by a rope; There wasn't much room for his elbows or knees,

But he wasn't the kind to mope. He folded his arms and he crossed his legs,

And the thought of a fried potato; Or a succulent platter of ham and eggs Meant as little to him as to Plato. He mused upon God and the world without end,

And looked down from his pillar with scorn. And there, if he hasn't been forced to descend

He will sit till the ultimate morn. Next week: Santa Fina.

Poor Coolidge looked all cut up coming home from a quail hunt without any quail, didn't he? It must have been the hat that scared them all away. Never mind, on the next page he got a clay pigeon! And the Times called it an historic event.

Lot's Wife.

Watson's Theory

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

impartial and disinterested in an effort to get at facts, every fact gleaned should be welcomed in spite of the theory attached. The challenge involved is what is valuable, i. e., psycho-analysis claims that what takes place in the conscious life is perverted by what takes place in the unconscious sphere. It has cured diseases by its methods. And while these facts are valuable to scientific law, the theory must be modified.

Theory Has Value in Method

In 1912 behaviorism demonstrated a valuable method and thus threw out a challenge to psychologists. Infant education developed and the value of correcting bad habits early in life was proved. The whole method is rich with the products for future research. Dr. Watson believes that denials are essential to his method and that one cannot be an advocate of behaviorism without his doctrines.

What are these denials and why does Dr. Watson think them essential to his dogma? First, he denies the existence of the subconscious and says that all Freudism is foolishness. Second, he denies the existence of consciousness and says that there is only body life—that thought is a physical process. He denies these because he is determined to be a scientist as he understands science, i. e., to deal only with the observable. He feels tremendously distressed that psychology has lagged behind physiology and neurology, and thinks that it can only progress insofar as it identifies itself with these sister sciences.

Psychology Loses Its Soul

But, Dr. Bridges maintained, mind, judgment, and thought are not physical and therefore it is obvious that they cannot be observed. The tacit principle of Dr. Watson's dogma seems to be that what is unmeasurable is unreal. His premise seems to be, then, that psychology deals with the same matter as biology and physiology. The only difference is that psychology deals with the organized activities as a whole and considers the total reaction to stimuli. In other words, he treats psychology as a science which has lost its soul and is rapidly losing its mind. Dr. Watson is convinced that psychology has lost its soul and he will see that it loses its mind.

To the layman it seems unnecessary that Dr. Watson should have started with all these denials. With them, he has burdened himself with a great deal of unnecessary theory which is an obvious hindrance. The theory of behaviorism involves its advocates in self-contradiction and commits them to an airtight deterministic point of view.

Man Is Physical, Mechanical Creature

Dr. Watson, said Dr. Bridges, also believes that the only reactions are automatic habit reactions; that there are few, or no, human instincts, and that there is no "unconsciousness," or soul. The fact that he has retained the word "personality" in the last chapter of one of his books after having denied all the factors of personality in every previous chapter of the same book, is like the smile of the departed Cheshire cat. There is no principle of unity and order, only stimulative centers. And therefore man is absolutely mechanical: he has no freedom of will and can do only what he "must" do. The whole theory affirms a mind without a thinker, a memory without a consciousness, and reduces emotion to a visceral reaction to stimuli. In brief, behaviorism denies the existence of man and substitutes a purely mechanical automaton.

Thinking, Dr. Watson has affirmed, is the same as talking except that the former is accomplished without making any noise. Thought is not a mental process, but concerns obscure muscular and nervous movements. Behaviorism, then, would "think with its lungs." And as a result of this theory, if you, as a result of having heard Dr. Watson, are converted to behaviorism, the basis of your belief is nothing more than Dr. Watson's own larynx.

Determinism Contradicts Responsibility

One of the greatest of Dr. Watson's self-contradictions is that he says man must do as he does and to change him we must untrain him and retrain him completely. It is our own fault, he says, that individuals deviate from a set standard of behavior, because we have neglected our opportunities for training. And yet he continually reiterates in stating that man cannot help himself, he must do what he must and nothing else. If wrong behavior is our own fault, then the whole theory of determinism falls to the ground.

Just how does Dr. Watson expect to prove his various theories? Take for instance the theory that there is no soul.

Dr. Watson maintains there is no such thing as the soul, because no one has ever touched or seen a soul. But no one pretends now that mind and soul are quantitative and special things—things that could be "observed" in a test-tube. Years ago Thomas Huxley said that the materialists talked of "force and matter" as if they were one and the same, when they really knew nothing at all about force. Nowadays those who know the most about electricity admit that what they call "electricity" is neither observable or measurable. Bertrand Russell says the world of science is one of mental construction. If Dr. Watson denies the mind that makes that construction, science is bankrupt then and there.

Dr. Bridges contends that mind, will, personality, etc., are inevitable postulates of the facts on which behaviorism places its denials. Whenever Dr. Watson uses "I" or "me" he rebuilds all that he has destroyed.

Watson Is Too Scornful

One of the most serious of Dr. Watson's faults, said Dr. Bridges, is his habit of using the most contemptuous language concerning both his predecessors and contemporaries in the field of science. Even if his own theory were true, he would owe it in a large part to the work of his predecessors. It might surprise him to learn that his assertions were observed centuries ago by Socrates in Athens. In another of his books, Dr. Watson has stated that "the theory of 'images' has been given up in psychology." He seems to say this in order to square it with the arbitrary theory of behaviorism, for behaviorism is in no wise true if the image theory is accepted. But images, said Dr. Bridges, are well-known facts to even the layman.

This criticism may be passed on the theory of behaviorism: how can the automatic responses of a machine, in the absence of mind, ever provide a criterion whereby truth can be distinguished from falsehood?

Dr. Watson talks of "behavioristic ethics," which he says he hopes will come soon. He seems thereby to be ready to tell us how wrong we are and what to do, and at the same time to tell us that we can't help ourselves anyway because we can do only what we "must" do. Any system of ethics says there are some things we should not do and some things we ought to do. But behaviorism seems to state that there is no "ought."

Behaviorism is welcomed as a theory, concluded Dr. Bridges, but we may well criticize it with a view to ridding it of its many assumptions and dogmas.

Goodhart Concert

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ski and his confreres here and wherever great music is played. Immediately after this prologue Mr. Stokowski appeared.

Audience Applauds Lohengrin

The concert proper began with the Prelude from *Lohengrin*. In spite of all we have heard about the acoustics of Goodhart, it is hard to see how anything could have sounded more nearly perfect than that. Neither the crowded stage nor the unfamiliarity of the place seemed to affect the conducting or the playing of the Orchestra. To our proud and enthusiastic ears, even the memory of the playing of the same Prelude at the Academy of Music recently suffered by contrast. When it was over there was that perfect breathless pause, still more to be desired than the stormy applause that followed.

Mr. Alwyne Plays

The second number was the Litz Concerto with Mr. Alwyne at the piano. The applause which greeted him obviously started from the back of the hall and the balcony, and was there sustained. At the end, however, the concerto had been so beautifully played that it was impossible to hear the beginning of the applause—it came all at once.

Toward the end of the *Tristan and Isolde*, "Lovedeath," which followed the concerto, there was one of those moments of near silence in which everyone seemed to be holding his breath; then, as the music became louder one could hear the small sounds that follow such tenseness, people letting out their breaths and moving about in their seats.

During the intermission most of those in the balcony stood up, for the seventh-inning stretch and to look complacently down at the ushers, trailing their long dresses up and down the aisles.

Glee Club Makes Debut

When the Glee Club rose to sing, the most noticeable thing was that Mr. Stokowski was conducting facing the audience. It gave one a feeling of being personally led, of having our emotions directly played upon. The singing of the

first two Chorales, which were unaccompanied, seemed to lack confidence, particularly in the high parts. But in the second two the Orchestra lent some of its skill and confidence to the Glee Club, and they sang really well.

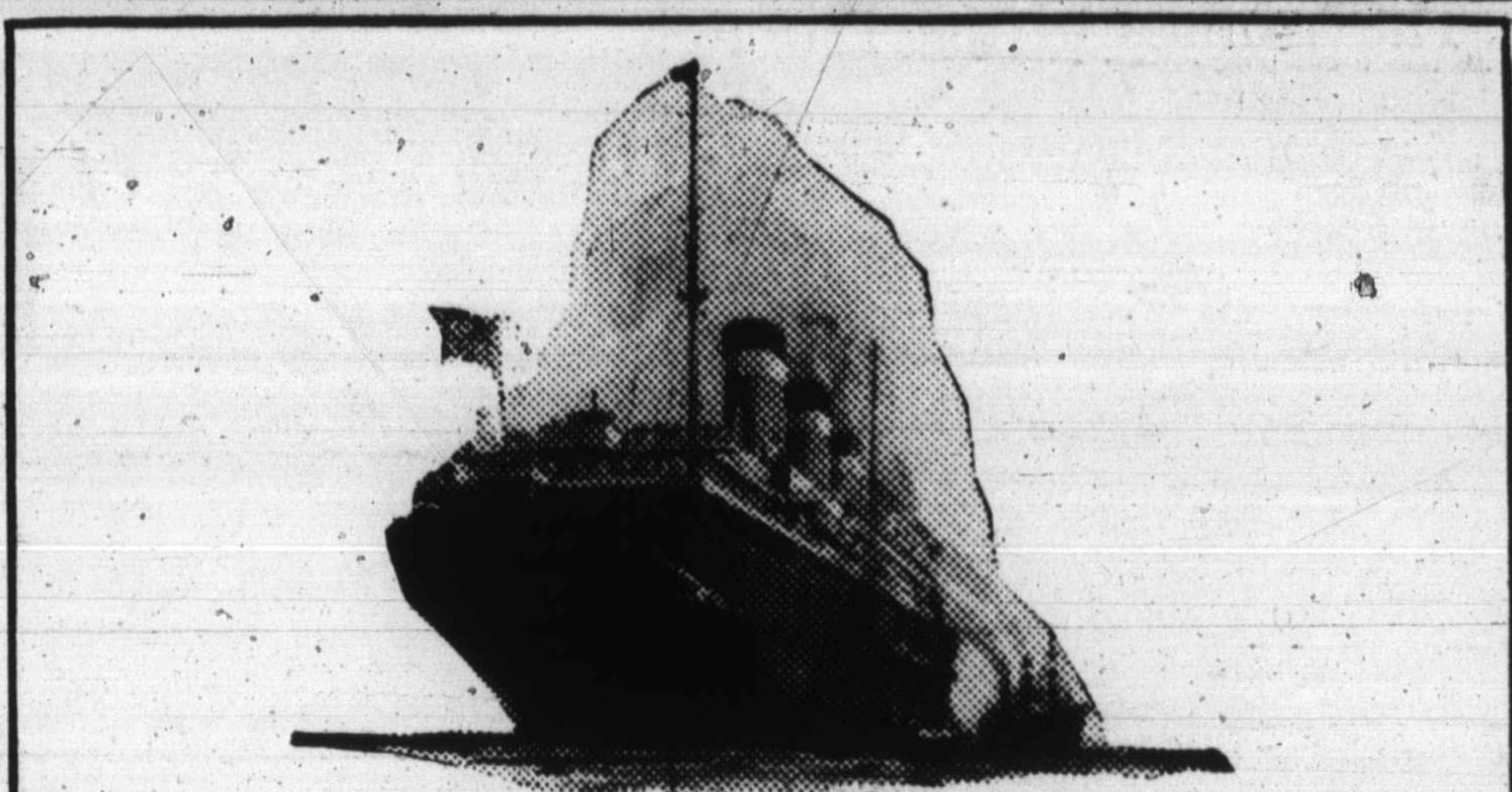
At the end Mr. Stokowski thanked the Glee Club, saying that they had chosen something difficult and delicate in the Chorales. He went on to say that when he came out here for rehearsals he was struck by one thing, the inner discipline with which the girls did everything. "Probably," he said, "you work well against the outer discipline—I hope you do. But the inner is important, it is you, and not imposed by others on you." He said he had had great pleasure in listening to the Chorales, and thanked Bryn Mawr for letting him give the concert in that hall which was a symbol of great beauty and strength. He said that he had done something still more wonderful in building the auditorium for the future, of lasting materials. In it we have combined the old and the new spirits.

When he had finished, without waiting an instant for the applause, he turned to the Orchestra, to swing into the magnificence of the *Toccata and Fugue*. It was followed by tumultuous applause, no one seemed to want to leave the hall. The balcony in particular continued to clap after repeated bows. But it was in vain. Mr. Stokowski finally left the stage.

Cast Is Changed

Changes have been made in the cast of the Varsity Dramatics production of *Belairs* since our first announcement. The rectified cast is as follows:

Betty Barclay Annabelle Learned, '29
Diana Mary Drake, '31
The play will be given, as everyone knows, Saturday evening at 8.15 in Goodhart Hall. It is also announced that the program is being designed by Wilson Eyres, of Philadelphia.



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The Women at the Pump

Knut Hamsun (Alfred A. Knopf)

It is always an amazing thing to find again that the world is a very small place after all. Differences in costume, and in setting we may have, but the situations in which men find themselves remain a fairly steady point of rest. We have just strolled through a Norwegian Main Street, and we felt pretty much at home.

Knut Hamsun's *Women at the Pump* is a man's philosophy, expressed in terms of the novel. These terms are entirely comparable to those used by Sinclair Lewis; the philosophy itself is quite another thing. Oliver Andersen, a cripple, is the principal figure in the book; it is the story of his life and that of his family which weaves together the portraits of a town's inhabitants, and, more incidentally, the rather meager fabric of the plot. These portraits are remarkably clearly painted, and through them the author gives his reader a very living realization of the atmosphere which pervades the town. From Johnsen of the Wharfside, Double Consul and a Danish Knight, to Olaus the Grazier, we know the inhabitants, and their lives. Hamsun is able to summarize a character in a few swift, and often ironic, lines. Writing of Oliver Frank, who becomes a Headmaster, he says: "Some passion a man must have; there are those who brave fire and water in order to be able to conjugate verbs." Hamsun is always impersonal, and never prejudiced; sometimes, though, he does indulge in a quiet sort of laughter. The characters are painted in the round, and they stand out with the strength of sculptured figures. There is no smoothing of rough edges, no exaggeration of virtues or of vices. Hamsun's method is not that of the caricaturist.

We mentioned Hamsun's philosophy. It is closely connected to his means of character portrayal. His actors are rarely loquacious; far more often is the truly dramatic principle of action employed. Situations are developed before our very eyes, and we are allowed to accept them for what we feel that they are worth. Hamsun himself never moralizes, but he expresses himself quite clearly on the subject of those who do. "Some impatient people try to interfere with Providence and bring in reforms; they design a world very different from this; they draw up programs; they abolish all wickedness. This is not done with arrogance; they don't sit up and crow against Heaven; no, they advance with prayers and winning ways; they turn over the music, and whisper fond words to one another. But the orchestra does not play from human scores." So much for reforming Babbitts! In all, there is a kind of sordid atmosphere behind the book. No gloss of sophistication relieves the harsh sins of the townspeople. They are discovered, discussed by the women at the pump, and soon forgotten by younger people who grow up with the same desires and worldliness attributed to their elders. Humanity is good and bad at once; poetic justice does not exist here.

As a novel, the book is not particularly well knit. One's attention is not continually held to the point of deep interest, but it is always well rewarded by some masterfully conceived bit of impressionism. The last line rather typifies for us the spirit of the whole, "Small things and great occur, a tooth falls out of the jaw, a man out of the ranks, a sparrow to the ground."

E. S. R.

Collegians in the Air

Seven airplanes were used in bringing football fans to the recent Georgia Tech-University of N. C. game. One of the planes was a large, six-passenger Fokker.—Richmond Collegian.

According to the pilot of the Pennco Airport two trips were made carrying ten Madison students to Iowa City for the University of Wisconsin-Iowa game. Madison students, according to Mr. Morey, use air transportation to out-of-town games more than any other student body.—Daily Cardinal.

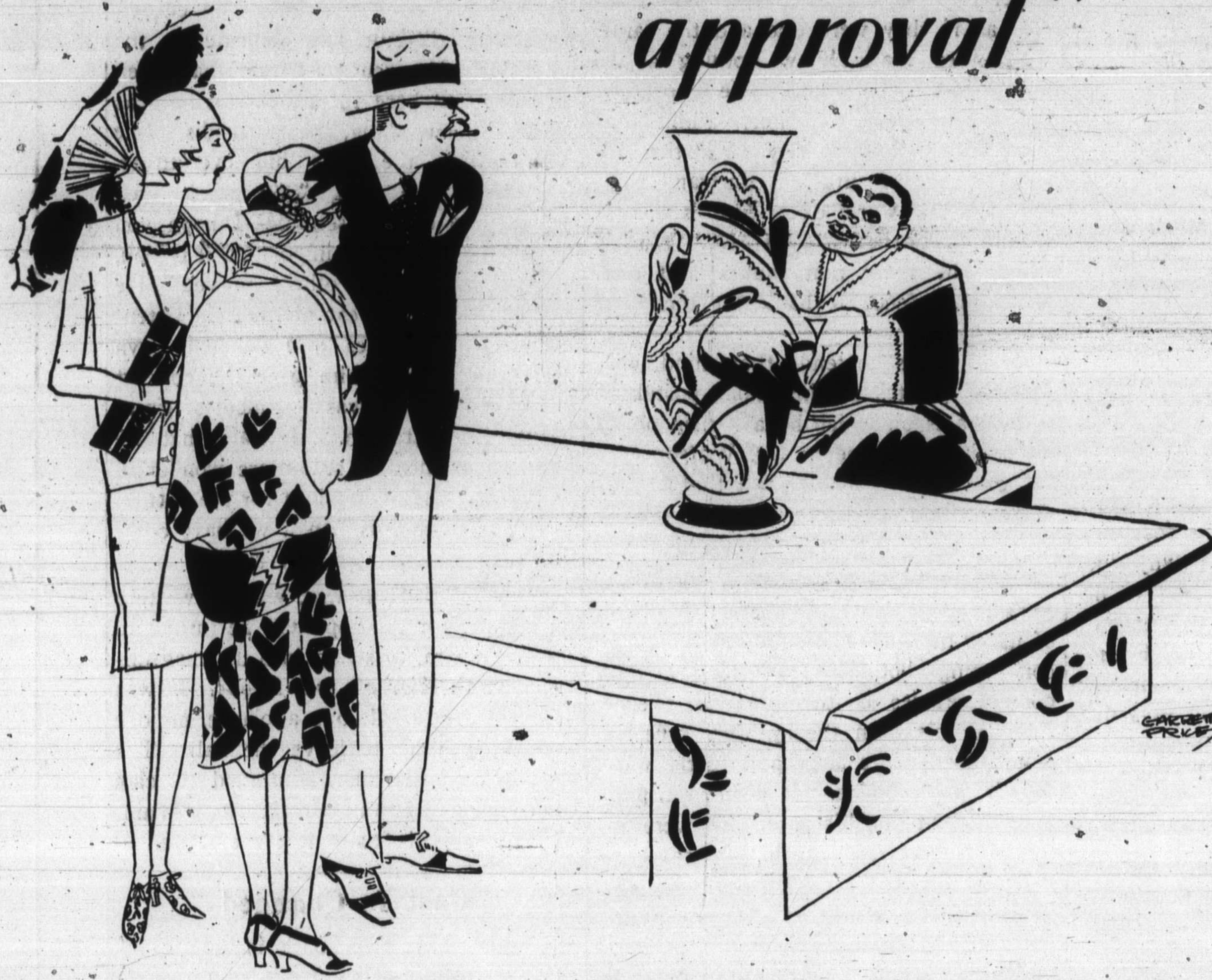
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Act III, Scene 4

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College Council Is

Thriving, Miss Park Says

In chapel on Monday morning, December 10, President Park spoke about the College Council, that all-important body about which so little is known by the college itself. Miss Park told us how the Council was started during the latter years of the war, to arrange some way by which students could keep up in their academic work and their war work at the same time. When that need was over it sank into "obscurity" for a while, but it has again become very important. There were originally eight members on the committee, but it has now grown to such proportions that it is made up of the President and Dean of the college, the Director of Publication, the presidents of the Classes, of the four Associations, of the Graduate Club and of the Non-Resident Club, representatives of the Faculty and Wardens, the Director of Halls, the Director of Athletics, and the Editor-in-Chief of the News. Thus information can be referred to and given by all the organizations in the college.

The Council has a long and informal meeting once a month at which it discusses extremely varied subjects. Changes have actually arisen from these discussions, for in 1923 a Curriculum Committee was suggested from whose first report our present system of less required work and one major subject arose.

At present cuts and week-ends are being discussed, but the President and the Dean and the Faculty are holding back any changes until after the next meeting of the Council. The changes in the calendar this year are a result of last year's discussion.

Miss Park then mentioned a few of the other subjects that came up last year. Among them were Mental Hygiene, Freshman Week, a separate hall for graduate students, all topics pertaining to Goodhart Hall, May Day, and the College Budget, so the Council will know just where there are financial limitations, and where changes would actually be possible.

Every kind of student is represented on the Council, Miss Park pointed out, every College interest, and the administration as well. This body cannot legislate, however, but it is in this very lack of power that its real power lies. It gets definite action from the reports of its meetings, and though it was created without authority, and is still without it, at present it is the core of Bryn Mawr College.

This Council arbitrates on the conduct of the students, not as right or wrong, but in general, and as to academic work. It therefore must have a general basis of agreement, not in detail, for this would be impossible, but it must agree as to a definition of college; that is to say, who shall come and what can be expected. This must be true, because if the ends are different, the means would naturally be quite diverse. When the plane is established, there is no part of the immediate question that cannot be discussed.

Fortunately the Council has never failed to arrive at a like decision concerning what college is for. President Park deprecated the fact that the numbers must necessarily be so limited, but she concluded that its work was decidedly fruitful.

CROSS IN CHAPEL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

you and really meet their needs at friendliness half way, instead of entirely repulsing any advances either because of indifference or a feeling of superiority.

Some people may like to live in a world of Nihilists such as those in Russia in the '70's when the belief in being perfectly frank led them to think it wrong to smile at a person or give him a friendly greeting unless he was a particular friend, for it was insincere. I think most of us like a more cheerful atmosphere.

Lack of friendliness often comes from a lack of imagination and the ability to put yourself in another's place. You fail

to see how a little thought or interest on your part could possibly make any difference to a person who would like to be friends with you. I think that the proof of the worth of being friendly is experienced by everyone sometimes. You may think a person unattractive, pushing, and in a way almost deferential in her attitude toward you. You may be annoyed and think it is a form of insincerity or a desire to 'get into the crowd,' and yet perhaps this same person will keep on just being pleasant and thoughtful and you will begin to like her better and see her many good points instead of merely the qualities which annoyed you. And the best part of it all is, that as you change your attitude toward her, she changes too, and becomes the person you think she is, even if she may have to struggle with some reforms in her character and attitude.

Friendship Helps

"Thus in being friendly and open to friendship you are not only making the most of your opportunities to know other people, but at the same time you are really doing something for other people, for the mere fact of knowing that you are not indifferent to her interests and thoughts, gives a person a feeling of self-confidence and security in her own powers.

"And it is not only the person with no close friends to whom this applies, but to very many people whom we think are self-sufficient and who hide their feelings of loneliness or shyness under this guise. It is quite true that no one can be close friends with everybody. This is not expected, but it costs very little to be friendly and willing to share with others anything that you can. And certainly in college there are many opportunities for this."

H. Chapin, '15, Chinese Student

Not long ago Miss Helen Chapin, Bryn Mawr, 1915, visited the campus where she was formerly an undergraduate, and spoke to the Journal Club in Archaeology on Buddhist Iconography. Miss Chapin is one of the most interested and spirited of Bryn Mawr alumnae. For some time she held a position in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where she studied Chinese and Japanese art in the museum, and the Chinese and Japanese languages outside.

When she had learned as much of these latter as Boston could teach her Miss Chapin, with admirable determination, secured a place in the consular service in Shanghai, where she could study the language as well as the art of both countries at close quarters. She was also employed for various services by the Japanese Government.

When she could get away from her duties, Miss Chapin traveled in the Far East. She spent some time in a Buddhist Monastery, living as the monks did, and winning the title of the "first bobbed Buddhist" nun. While becoming learned in its art she was strongly attracted to the tenets of Buddhism.

On her way back from the Far East, Miss Chapin stopped in London, where she did valuable work in deciphering inscriptions and clearing up obscure points in eastern iconography. At present she is back at the Boston Museum, but in March she intends to return to Japan by way of Europe and India. She has been given a scholarship by Swarthmore College of \$2000 a year for three years to continue her researches. In a year or two or maybe more we may expect her back to add more laurels to her own name and to that of Bryn Mawr.

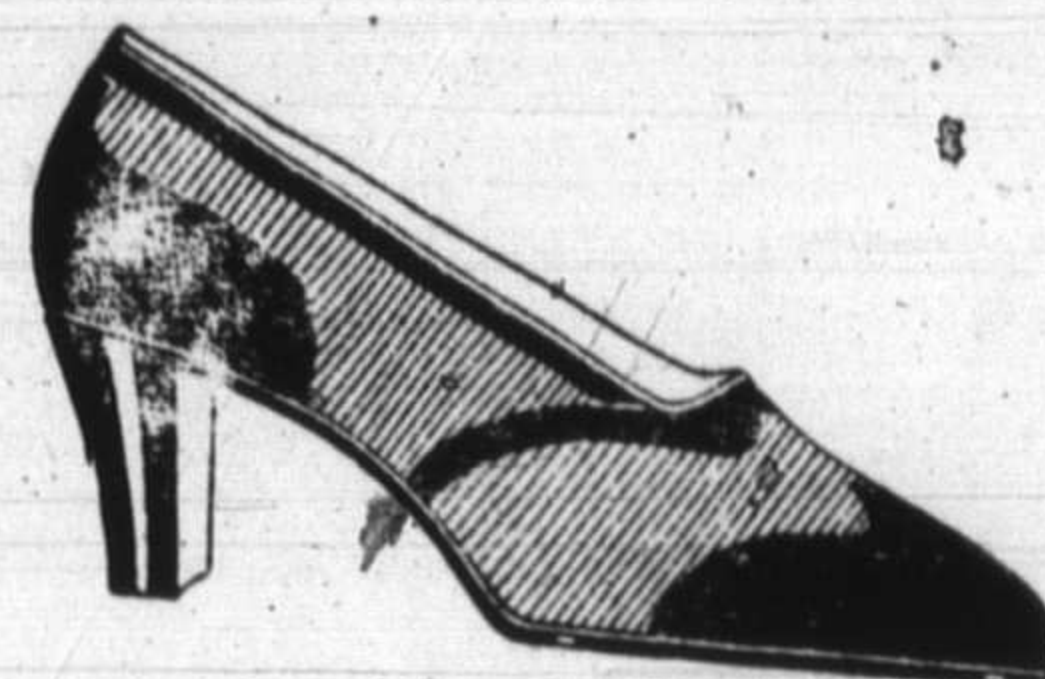
Lacrosse

(Specially contributed by Janet Seeley and Sally Longstreth.)

Perhaps no sport has been called upon to pass a more stringent test of popularity than lacrosse. Even hockey would have but slight chance of survival if those playing it had to submit to a previous season devoted entirely to stickwork; yet lacrosse, since its introduction four years ago, has known a steady increase in popularity, and, despite heavy snows and despite the difficulty of running in

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galoshes, this has been as true during the preliminary winter season as in the spring matches. In catching a high ball (particularly a high ball on the left!) there is all the exhilaration and joy of achievement that one occasionally finds in a perfect tennis stroke or in a perfect drive on the golf links; and, if one sometimes gets buried in the snow, there is always the possibility of turning the period into a snow fight and calling it winter sports. With apologies to Pooh Bear we have made up an Outdoor Song which Has to Be Sung When Playing Lacrosse in the Snow:

Although it snows
Tiddely Pom
Yet each one goes
Tiddely Pom
Yet each one goes
Tiddely Pom
On playing.
And lest you suppose
Tiddely Pom
That we are froze
Tiddely Pom
That we are froze
Tiddely Pom
We're saying:
'Oh, nobody knows
Tiddely Pom
How warm my nose
Tiddely Pom
Also my toes
Tiddely Pom
Art staying.'

Our present trouble is that we are not finding anyone new to whom we can teach this Outdoor Song; and we are feeling very sad that so few Freshmen have signed up for lacrosse. So far the actual objections to it as a game seem to be few—and those easily answered. They are that the game is:

- (a) Rough.
- (b) Expensive.
- (c) New, and therefore hard to learn.

As a matter of fact lacrosse is neither rougher nor more expensive than hockey. The Athletic Association has bought a number of 'crosses so that beginners need not get their own equipment until sure of going on with the game. That lacrosse is new we admit; that it is too late for anyone in college to begin learning it we do not admit. We need only mention the varsity, which is composed almost entirely of people who began playing in their freshman years.

It is one of the few sports that can be played in all seasons, and is now being played at Hockey Camp in correlation with hockey. It is being played in England to the partial exclusion of field hockey. It would not be in any way surprising if the next touring team to visit the United States came equipped with 'crosses as well as hockey sticks.

The regular lacrosse matches—class and varsity—come in the spring term but to play games in the spring one must learn to handle a 'crosse in the winter; and at present there are not enough Freshmen playing to make one full team. We should certainly not urge the con-

tinuance of anything merely for the sake of going on with it; but when we have begun—and got a good start in—something so obviously worthwhile; when so many schools and colleges are following our example; when, in short, lacrosse is making a real opening for itself in this country, it would seem a pity to drop it without at least a fair trial. At present the interest in lacrosse depends upon the spring matches; the spring matches depend upon a certain amount of skill in, and knowledge of, the game; and this last depends not only upon the number of people—Freshmen in particular—who are going to play lacrosse, but upon the number who are going to practice it this winter. Presumably the number of people taking lacrosse will exactly coincide with the number "taking to" lacrosse; presumably, also, the number of people taking lacrosse will exactly coincide with the number reading this article, therefore, what the success of this spring's lacrosse really depends on is—the circulation of the News. Q. E. D.

JANET SEELEY,
SALLY LONGSTRETH.

I Confess

"The young man adjudged the most inventive in New England was recently awarded a scholarship in engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. If anyone ever offers a scholarship for the student who betrays the greatest ingenuity in earning his way through college there will be many claimants, but Windmill believes that he has found the man who ought to win the prize. His anonymous confession, appearing in "Undergraduates," a recent book on education, follows:

"I have been writing short stories on the quiet for True Confessions and True Stories. I made a thousand dollars in eleven weeks selling my stuff to magazines. One year I tried the Vacation Bible School Job, and only made a little clear. I write stories and make twenty-five dollars apiece, get a good plot with an ending with a punch—many stories like those in the Plastic Age. I do not know whether I ought to write for such magazines or not. They claim their stories are true, but of course, they aren't. At any rate, none of mine are. I am trying to get on to a better way to make money. Am thinking of selling Fuller Brushes."—New Student.

Are We Superstitious?

At the University of Richmond rooms situated between numbers twelve and fourteen are numbered, the Collegian complains, twelve A instead of the objectionable thirteen. Who says we are beyond the age of superstition?

Not, of course, that changes are not being constantly made in every institution; there are always new plans and new courses—and the Collegian hopes that every room 12A will boast a new and more truthful sign in the near future.—Mount Holyoke News.



"Someone
... ought to tell
RUTH"

"Tell her what?"

"Tell her that she can
telephone

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any money."

"A great idea! The poor
dear may not be in love
at all. Perhaps she's a
bit homesick."

Charges on calls by number
may now be reversed without
additional cost.

Arrange with the folks at
home to telephone them
this week-end.



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Traveled Evangelist Speaks

Dr. E. Stanley Jones probably the best known evangelist missionary in the world today, will speak at the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church on Sunday, December 16, at 4:30.

Dr. Jones is the author of "The Christ of the Indian Road" and "Christ at the Round Table," two volumes which have been best sellers in both America and Europe, and which have been translated into many languages.

Officially he is a missionary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, serving in India. His special field of preaching is among the high-caste Hindus and the educated Mohammedans of that land. But Dr. Jones' service has not been limited to India. He has held evangelistic meetings in Malaysia, in China, Japan and Korea. In the summer of 1928 he spent three months in an evangelistic tour of the Republics of South America where night after night he spoke to houses

crowded by the best educated and leading men and women of those nations.

Dr. Jones was born in Clarksville, Md., and received his education in the City College, Baltimore, and in Asbury College. In 1907 he arrived in India as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church and became the pastor of the English Church in Lucknow. A few years later he was appointed superintendent of the Lucknow District, and principal of the Sitapur Boarding School. In 1917 he was appointed evangelist for the North India Conference and since that time he has devoted practically all his time to this type of service. In 1923 he spent some months in the school of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, in Bengal, for the purpose of studying India's culture and religion. He counts among his personal friends Tagore and Mahatma Gandhi and scores of other leaders of India's thought and life.

Smoking and Reading

In most colleges, there are ample and comfortable accommodations for smok-

ing and lounging, but those who would read, must resort, in the words of Professor Stanley E. Swartley, to "uncomfortable chairs, drab surroundings and unhygienic temperatures." In an article in School and Society, Dr. Swartley advocates an ideal book store that would make reading more of a pleasure than it can be under existing conditions.—*Smith College Weekly.*

Sheep From the Goats

Men and women are to be separated at the football games at the University of Colorado since the cheer leaders have reached the conclusion that the females prevent their escorts from giving full attention to the business of encouraging the team.—*V. M. I. Cadet.*

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Write for reservations, booklet or program of events to General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.



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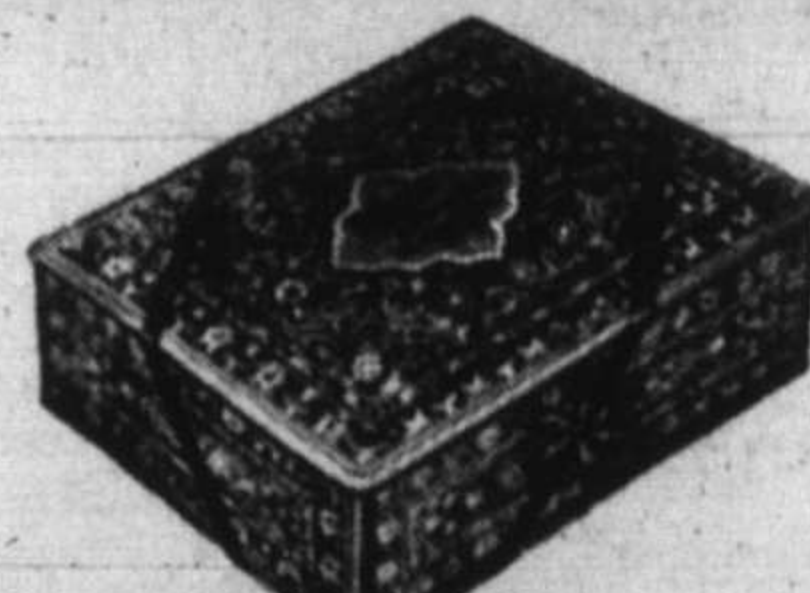
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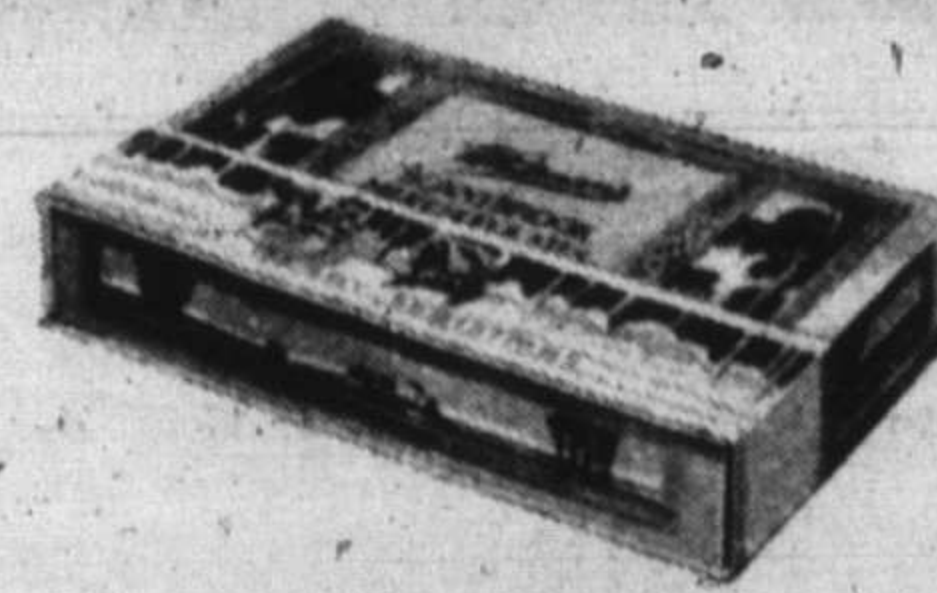
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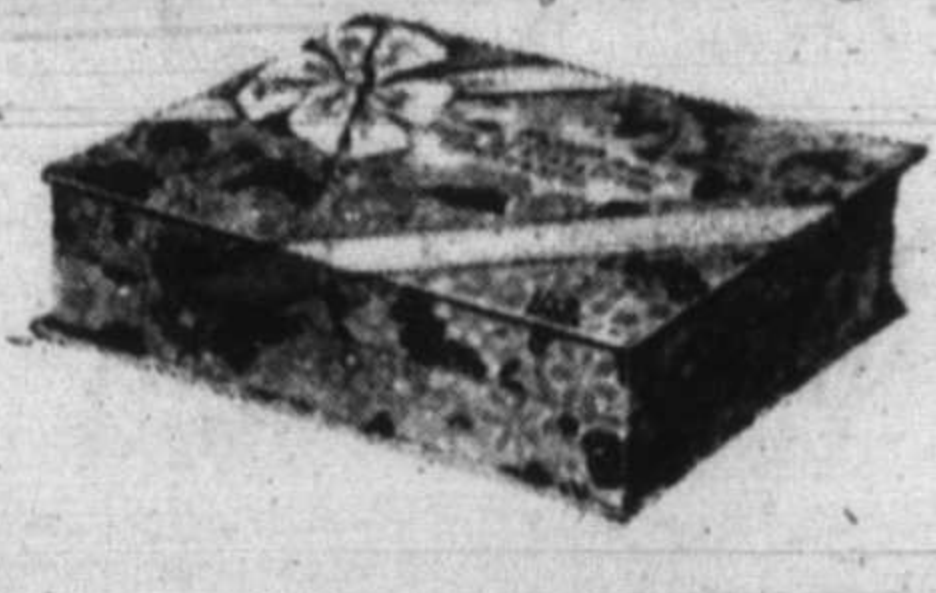
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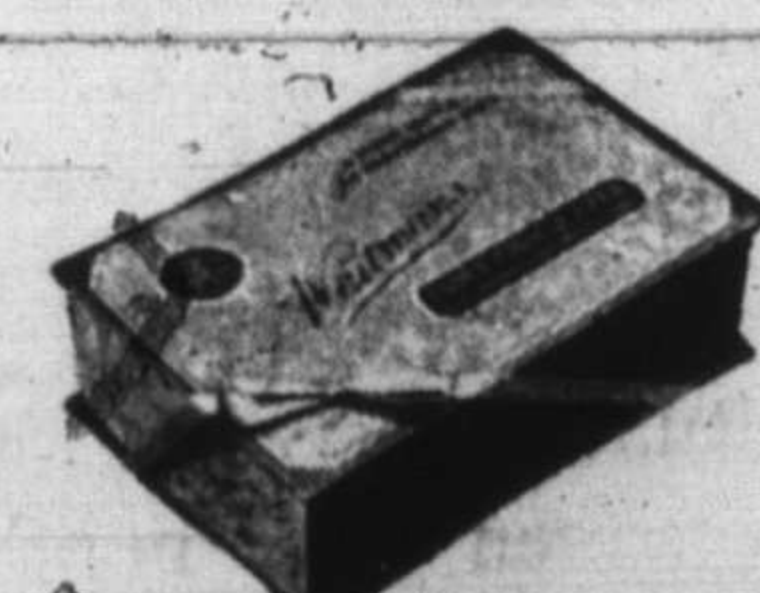
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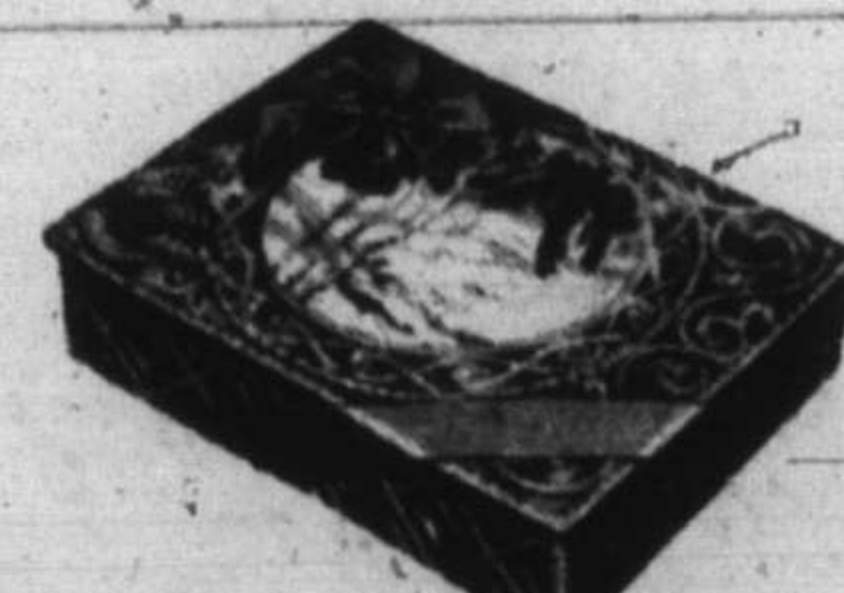
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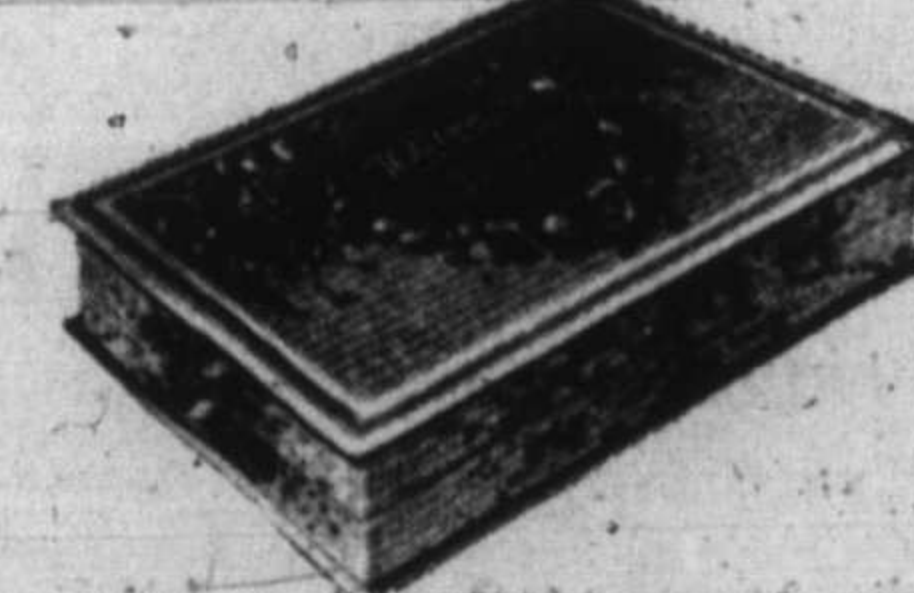
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