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In Charge of This Issue  
 H. L. Bond '23

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1923

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

THE debate with Boston University which is to take place next week is of interest not only as a discussion of the merits of government ownership of the coal mines, but as a test of the relative abilities of engineering and academic students in the field of debating.

It is a novel experiment. Although in the past there have been a few debates between teams representing engineering schools, never have engineering students been pitted against the men of a large university on the debating platform.

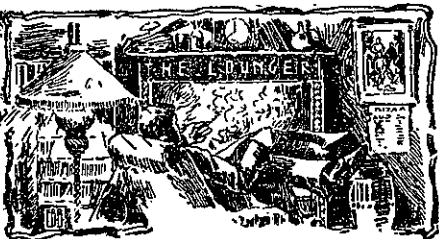
Can engineers debate? Is practice in technical analysis an aid in the analysis of economic questions? Can engineers develop a case and present it? We await with interest the answer to these questions in the contest next Wednesday evening.

COURSE IV SETS AN EXAMPLE

HOW many Tech men can name the fifteen courses of the Institute and assign the correct number to each? Failure to do so is by no means a serious fault but it does indicate a carelessness that ought to be overcome. The clanish tendencies at Technology are already too strong in many lines and this is merely an additional evidence of it. It is next to impossible to interest a student in the affairs of any course but his own. Like so many other organizations at the Institute the courses are closed corporations for members only.

Clanishness in itself is a virtue but not when it is carried to extremes. Loyalty to one's associates is highly commendable but it does not excuse the total neglect of everything outside of that select group. No one course at Tech is so complete that its members can afford to shut themselves up behind a Chinese wall of isolation.

The idea of the Course IV architects in bringing examples of their work over from Rogers for the inspection of the rest of Technology is novel but none the less worth while. That the products of their efforts are peculiarly amenable to exhibition facilitates the experiment but others should find some means of making their own work better known. The manifestation of a little mutual interest by courses, as well as other organizations, instead of clinging to the policy of careless indifference would help make the Institute one big association rather than a collection of separate groups.



It wasn't such a hard job getting back to work after all, was it? Girls are something like magnets. While we are in their immediate vicinity we are attracted toward them. But after they have been removed from such a close proximity the effect gradually diminishes. By the end of this week we won't even think we love them any more. So be it with Proms.

And now we're going to have a new form of amusement Tech Night. The Lenox is no longer to enjoy the excessive breaking of dishes and heel dents on its tables as it has experienced of recent years. What will our old friends, the Conservatives, say about the abolishing of this antique and worthy Technology institution? No more Lenox! It is sad to believe.

The Institute Committee is too psychological. Realizing that rules exist only to be broken, they have gone so far as to actually prescribe a public parade from the theatre back to the Institute. There are even to be guides, sober, as distinguished from the rank and file behind them, to lead us over the proper path. No more need to rely on our own intuitions. This is too much.

The Lounger sees one way out. To bribe or kidnap the guides and lead the entire procession up via the underground route of Boston's subways. It would at least take the place of last year's holding up of cars at Exeter and Boylston streets.

The snake dance has thus been accepted as an appropriate form of the vanquisher's privileges. Yet in accepting this the Institute Committee has admitted a very ignominious concession—that Tech men are all snakes, as is asserted by students from Simmons, Sargents, Harvard, and other local girls' colleges. Of course that may imply simultaneously that these girls are snake charmers, but the Lounger balks at the thought of being ranked among the menagerie of Animals of the Garter and the Playful Rattle.

The idea of an immense bonfire in the middle of the Tech Field is ingen-

ious, to say the least. Here is a chance for the professors to dispose quietly of the numerous blackmail attempts by students to prevent flunks. Here is a chance for the English Department to rid its files of the many uncalled for themes which are not even given to the Salvation Army. Here indeed is the time to dispose of returned Descriptive Geometry plates, inexplicable epitaphs of that most useless of all Tech's subjects.

Judging by present utility, the Information Office might just as well throw on top of the fire its files of address cards over which we pondered so long. The Lounger takes this stand because last week an important special delivery letter was merely re-addressed to him in the regular mail instead of being delivered promptly a la the habitual dark-haired fellow who now sports long Jeans.

Still, there are objections to the new scheme. It is not good for the track to crowd it during muggy weather. And the Lounger prognosticates a wet and soggy field as a logical substitute for the usual dry Lenoxian atmosphere. All that will be necessary will be a few spotlights, and night football will have become a fitting addition to Technology's already growing list of innovations.

At the same time, it seems like a dangerous proposition parading a couple thousand youths across Harvard Bridge at once. Even if they were given "Route Step" it would be a lot safer to send them across by squads one hundred yards apart. And the Lounger thinks it would be sane foresight to call the roll before, and after crossing the bridge. You never can tell how many might join their school of poor fishes in the passage.

PLAY DIRECTORY

COLONIAL: "Minnie An' Me." Mitzi. Natural and Supernatural.  
 COPLEY: "Dealing In Futures." Reviewed in this issue.  
 HOLLIS: "Lightnin'." The best lying in town and very droll.  
 PLYMOUTH: Hasty Pudding Show.  
 ST. JAMES: "Honors Are Even." A great success when William Courtney had it.  
 SHUBERT: "Bombo." Al Jolson in a new jumble of his, by him, for him.  
 TREMONT: "Six Cylinder Love." Earnest Truex begins big but slows down a bit. Rather good.  
 WILBUR: "To The Ladies." Helen Hayes in propaganda for the ladies' advancement league.

The Sun Temple  
 Tech Show 1923

The following review of Tech Show 1923 appeared in the Sunrise Special edition of The Tech, and was very favorably received. Since that issue did not go to regular subscribers Professor Roger's critical account is being reprinted for their benefit.

BY R. E. ROGERS  
 Professor of English

Tech Show 1923 was very, very easy to look at. That, I suppose, will be my abiding impression of the show this year. And that goes in two senses. Second, it kept you amused and interested without fidgeting to the final curtain. The dull spots—an occasional moment of pure plot—were very few. The rest was pretty constant amusement. But first, the more important first, it was a very good looking show. The scenery was well designed, colorful and full of illusion. The costumes were uniformly successful, especially in the second act.

And the folks—I suppose it was the prettiest girls' chorus Tech Show ever had, very fetching in its marcel and party dresses, but a knock-out in the smooth black locks of Indian girls. The chorus boys were well chosen and well groomed, and the principals looked and dressed like professionals. That was the effect of the whole thing. There were almost no bad makeups, everything was smart, or, as Henry James would say, done. There were some positive triumphs. Mrs. Hubbard's complexion and profile and ankles, the chorus girl in orange who looked like Helen Hayes, the statuesque peasant girl who got into the photographs, the extraordinary effect Keegan gave in the second act of being a girl in boy's clothes, Estanzo's bandit garb, and, of course, Seraphina's total get-up.

First Act Holds Audience

Although it was surprising how well the straight romance of the first act carried and held the audience, and even the sentiment, yet the comic scenes were, as they should be, the real triumphs. Never obtrusive or lugged in, never deplorable in the undergraduate fashion or vulgar, two or three of the concerted comic bits linger in the mind as being the most smart, ship-shape, things in the show. They went snap-snap like clockwork. Keegan and Sylvester's scenes together had that quality, Worthington and Gage more than once, above all Gage and the four boys in the hat scene. But the same quality permeated nearly every scene as a scene—intelligence, response, co-ordination and click-click, the cues coming pat. It was that which kept the audience contented till 10.45 with no sense that time was passing, and it is one of the most effective things done by Mr. Harlowe as director. The show moved like greased lightning.

Another thing the director did, apparently, was to make the actors forget themselves and enjoy the thing for its own sake. One had that sense as the show went on, increasing spontaneity, a tendency to let the chips fall where they might. Keegan, of course, was irrepresible from the beginning, Gage by the second act was letting himself go like Chaplin, and, most extraordinary, Worthington was actually melting into comic opera instead of the last act of Carmen. The result was that Gage has never been so good. After seeing him for three years I had come to the conclusion that here was an unusual musician, a superb voice and method for putting over a song, but as an actor a good deal of a dumb-bell. But last night he acted all over the place and was about the funniest comedian I have even seen in a Tech Show. And the less straight he was the funnier he got. I used Professor Spofford as a barometer to see how good the show was, and I noticed that unfaillingly it was Gage who caved him in.

Joe Keegan "Some Girl"

Next to Gage the audience probably liked Keegan best. Madge came near being an impersonation. Those big Irish eyes, that smile, the coo in her voice and the hint of spring-halt in her gait got the audience, particularly the girls, every time. Keegan never fell out of the part for a moment. But Sylvester played up to him so adroitly that it is the pair of them that deserves the praise.

Worthington, of course, was in a class by himself. There was in Seraphina no sense of either college-boy show nor even of musical comedy. Here was something dangerously like a finished piece of serious acting, built up moment by moment, bit by bit, in every detail of pose, gesture and inflection. There was perhaps not enough comedy in it; certainly there was no involuntary comedy. The audience took Seraphina as seriously as Worthington did. She was something out of Carmen strayed into Tech Show and everybody who remembered the hard work and the artistry Worthington had put for three years into a chorus part was glad to see this serious talent given its chance.

I was glad to see Cochrane as Estanzo. The Chaperon last year was a better part, in a way, but I liked Estanzo better. It was simple, direct, intelligent, well-bred, picturesque and effective—a model of what a leading straight part can be. The others are too many to mention individually, but there was none who was inadequate, none who did not contribute genuinely to the smooth, rapid and easy ensemble. The verve of the chorus dancing, too, helped a great deal.

Although there are a good many alumni and undergraduates who feel that our particular type of ballet is a bit played out, yet here in The Sun Temple, as last year in The Wrong Steer, it came in so naturally that one could not object. Anything but an Aztec ballet was unthinkable. As usual Miss Tanner has devised an interesting story and clothed it with a wealth of accurate and beautiful archaeological detail, expressive modern music, and a variety of simple but novel and dramatic dances. Gray as the Girl showed himself again our best dancer, and Robinson, the white prisoner, and Murdock, the intervening god, were extraordinarily effective.

Rivals "Patsy"

Of course the Show has never had so many smashing musical hits in one performance as it had in "Patsy," but one can be sure that "Followed," "Back to the Country," and "I'm Not Calling There Any More" will be whistled and remembered. A good deal of the Spanish music, too, was musically and interesting, though the arrangements were often too low for the voices who had to carry the airs. The music, purely from the point of view of an audience that wants a good many lively and memorable numbers, is perhaps the weakest point of this year's show. One could have wished, also, for some more imaginative and modern experiments in lighting—in that respect the Show has been for years out of date—but these are the only two regrets, and afterthoughts at that for a performance which almost constantly amused and charmed and interested.

"Futures" New at Copley

There is a unity of purpose that is commendable but often the reformer, especially, lets his purpose blind him. Thinking that all the world is against him he starts out to beat up the universe and rearrange it according to his own pattern.

This is a part of the moral or plot to "Dealing In Futures" at the Copley Theater this week. It is an English play and shows wonderfully the grip of the moneyed manufacturing class on all those that they deal with.

The young reformer works in the laboratory of the chemical plant and tries to make the trade less dangerous for the men and to get them to rise up and demand better conditions but he is beaten. The girl that loves him decides that he will marry her and brings him around to the same point of view.

Altogether not a bad evening's entertainment because there is much food for thought. The author sort of ran out of wind before he finished it however.

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