



Miss Rockwell

Barnard

Bulletin

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MOLEY SCORES EXCESS OF "FAITH IN FACTS"

Government Department Head Addresses Gathering of Alumnae on Wednesday, June 3

POST-WAR THEORIES CHANGE

Dr. Moley Points Out New Recognition of Need for Facing Facts Not in Newspapers

Professor Raymond C. Moley, head of the Department of Government at Barnard College addressed an enthusiastic audience of Barnard Alumnae last Wednesday on the subject of "Faith in Facts." This lecture was the second occasion at which the College has sought to effect a recently innovated policy of further education for the alumnae. The alumnae were addressed last February by Dr. James T. Shotwell.

Theory in 1910

"The thesis of political talking in 1910," asserted Professor Moley, "was that the government which had been instituted 'for the people, of the people and by the people' had come to be a government for the few and in the interests of the few. The cure for this was to restore the government to the people. To restore government to the people it was necessary to provide more democracy for the people. To provide more democracy for the people it was necessary to loosen up the mechanical processes of the government." Such things as the Initiative of referendum and the recommendation of the short ballot were the artillery for the new freedom.

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Radicalism of Barnard Proved in Research

Students Found More Radical Than Teachers in Survey Conducted by Class

The radical temper of college students, but recently inveighed against by Chairman Lucas of the Republican National Committee, was proved by members of Dr. Eliot's Social Science class not merely to be present to a marked degree but to vary with the individual according to her native section of the country, class in college, religious denomination, parents' line of work and major interest. The survey was made among students in history, government, elementary psychology, statistics, and sociology; senior returns were made by the major departments. Total figures indicate that 86 Freshmen, or 30% of the class, 111 Sophomores or 46% of the class, 81 Juniors, 36% of the class, and 63 Seniors, 33% of the class, submitted replies to this questionaire.

Designed by Harper, the test distributed by Dr. Eliot's class was originally been designed by Marie H. Harper as a social study among teachers. Necessary modifications were made to adapt it for circulation among Barnard Students. Total of seventy-one questions were asked to which a negative or affirmative answer, when given, would indicate a radical or conservative viewpoint. Dr. Harper

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TEACHERS-IN-TRAINING POSITIONS

The Occupation Bureau has not yet been able to find out which teacher-in-training examinations, if any, will be held this summer. The Board of Education states, however, that it is not probable that any candidates taking the examinations now will be placed during the coming year.

VARIED SENIOR WEEK CONCLUDED LAST NIGHT

Program Opened By Step Singing Last Friday; Closes With Traditional Senior Banquet

The program of Senior Week was officially opened with the ceremony of Step Singing, held at the Milbank Hall Steps on Friday evening, May twenty-ninth. The Senior Class, impressive in black gown and hood, marched across the campus from Barnard Hall in double file and each member received the traditional rose from a Sophomore sister.

Baccalaureate Sermon

"A man's mind is more to bring him tidings than the seven watchmen who sit in the high places." This text, taken from Ecclesiastes, formed the theme of the Baccalaureate Sermon, delivered by Chaplain Knox, at the Baccalaureate Service in St. Paul's Chapel on Sunday, May 31.

Senior Ball took place in a black curtained gymnasium as the campus glittered with gay Japanese lanterns. A late supper was followed by further dancing which lasted until 3 in the morning. On Tuesday, June 2, Class Day Exercises and an informal reception on the terraces preceded the processional to Columbia where conferring of the degrees took place.

The alumnae were welcomed to a commencement reunion on Wednesday. At a tea in honor of the graduating class, held on North Terrace, the Class of 1926 acted as hostesses. At the Trustees' Supper, the Classes of '07, '11, '14, '15, '16, '17, '22, '26, '28, '29, '30 and '31 were entertained by the Decennial Class of 1921.

Undergraduates served. The Senior Week ceremonies closed with the traditional Senior Banquet Thursday evening in Brooks Hall.

Bulletin Offers Condolences to Mournful Seniors On Their Departure Into The World

This Ave Atque Vale season is a peculiar affair. It's rather like having an operation or a baby—you don't know how serious it is until you have one. Senior Week is like that. It is also a time when all kinds of Seniors—blonde, brunette, romantic and cynic, experience exactly similar feelings in the pit of the stomach. At this time the similarity of the collective emotions of 200 people is a little bit dull, to be sure, but very affecting.

The lower classman never quite understands. The Freshman, secure with three more years to come, can only regard the Senior as a poor thing who has no control over her tear-glands. The Sophomore, for the first time a little weary of college,

Miss Grierson Finds Quarterly Excellent

English Department Member Praises Quality of Final Issue Of Literary Magazine

by Letitia Grierson

"College magazines are commonly so tedious that even after one has become inured to the consistently high quality of the *Barnard Quarterly*, each issue renews the pleasant shock of surprise. The last number of this academic year is no exception: it even intensifies the shock, though one misses some things that one had enjoyed in previous numbers. Miss Kahn's clever black and white drawings for instance. Of the fifteen contributions there is not one without merit; what is more important, there is not one which despite its merit is dull.

Stories Readable

The four stories which the number contains are all essentially readable. Miss Thompson can always be trusted for a good plot and in her "Captain Angus Come to Port" she has developed an excellent situation. The course of the story, and the niceties of the chief character are perhaps to the uninitiate, a little obscured by the nautical terms and the reproduction of Scottish dialect. The former one must bow to, it seems so very competent and the precedent of Conrad looms large in the background; the latter of which I can speak more accurately, I would not vouch for the accuracy of. And apart from accuracy it seems a pity to spoil a good story and an excellent character study, by a too meticulous reproduction of a local accent. A few doubled r's, narrowed vowels and dropped final g's will make it sound Scottish enough; the real interest lies in the shrewd and humorous character and the fine line he draws between thrift and unscrupulousness.

"The Benefactor" by Miss Bach has also a good plot and some good characters. The somewhat arbitrarily over-brutalised father is more than compensated for by the sympathetic treatment of the slightly ridiculous but infinitely pathetic schoolmaster. The character of the boy seems

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225 BARNARD SENIORS RECEIVE DEGREES AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY GRADUATION EXERCISES

Bulletin desires to extend to the college wishes for a very happy summer vacation.

1000 GUESTS ATTEND CLASS DAY EXERCISES

Acting-Dean Mullins Urges Graduates to Avoid Seeking Mercenary Ends After College

Four great years passed finally into the annals of reminiscence as 225 Seniors took formal farewell of Barnard at an impressive Class Day Ceremonial, on Tuesday, June 2nd. The long procession to the gymnasium, lead by Acting-Dean Mullins, was the beginning of Commencement.

\$800 Gift Presented

More than 1000 guests and visitors who had assembled at the College to witness the event heard the class songs directed by Elsie Zorn. The Salutatory address by Anne Gary followed. Marion W. Kahn, Historian of the Class, read the class History in verse. A class gift of \$800 was then presented to the College by Ruth Abelson. The money will be used to establish a reading-room in English, in honor of Dr. Virginia C. Gildersleeve on her twentieth anniversary as Dean of Barnard College.

Dean Mullins' Address

In his address which succeeded the presentation of the gift, Acting-Dean Mullins urged the graduates to avoid seeking mercenary end when they shall have completed College.

"What are your needs?" Professor Mullins asked the seniors. "Is it necessary for you to be gainfully employed? If not, perhaps the greatest service that you can render to the community and to the nation at this time, when countless thousands are out of work, is to have the courage to refuse work for gain, and to prolong your period of study with a view to better equipping yourself in a richer way for future work.

Economics Difficulties

"Perhaps no college graduate within the last fifteen years has faced the economic difficulty which confronts the college graduate this June. Several millions of unemployed men and women the world over are today struggling with the economic side of life, and at this time several thousand young men and women eager to become self-supporting and independent are ready to compete with the already large army of unemployed. "While it is enough to discourage the timid, it is always the part of wisdom to face difficulties rather

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President Butler Delivers Address To Audience of More Than 20,000 On South Field

BARNARDITES WIN AWARDS

Charles Sears Baldwin Presents Honorary Degrees to Edna Ferber and Others

To the impressive strains of the Seventy-first Regiment Band, 225 Barnard Seniors mingled with the stately academic procession of University graduates, on Tuesday, June 2. The long line of students in their black academic gowns filed in from the four corners of the campus, followed by the faculty, slowly moving down the library steps.

President Butler's Address

After an impressive opening prayer by Chaplain Knox, President Butler delivered his annual commencement speech, using Henry George's famous book, "Progress and Poverty" as his text. President Butler again raised the question as to why "there should still be so much poverty and want, and such apparently permanent lines of division between the great mass of those who prosper and the great mass of those who do not. If we are effectively to allay discontent and successfully to remove temptation to disorder and revolution, we dare not sit indefinitely in contemplative inaction," said the speaker. President Butler continued his address with a significant warning against the

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Faculty Are Guests At Class Luncheons

Mme. Halide Ebib is Guest of Honor of Juniors; Speeches are Made by Presidents

"Barnard has given me infinite hope and infinite joy" said Madame Halide Ebib in her informal address at the Junior Class luncheon, held on Friday, May twenty-ninth at Sherry's. Madame Ebib, who has been visiting professor of history at Barnard this year, described briefly the condition of youth in present day Turkey, comparing it with our own. Her conclusion was that the young people of both countries are essentially similar, the chief characteristic of each being their constant striving for greater freedom.

Preceding the guest of honor's speech, were brief and cordial addresses by Madeleine Gilmore, Junior President, and Christianna Furse, president for the coming year. The class history was read by Mathilde Rodger which narrated the events of a very full and successful year.

Miss Yatea Addresses '33

The class of thirty-three bid official farewell to their sophomore year at a luncheon held in the solarium of the Hotel Barbizon on Friday, May 29th.

The guest of honor Miss Fern

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BARNARD BULLETIN

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Editorial

A College Education

Against a background of vague forebodings, the class of 1931 leaves behind it the gates of Barnard. With the warnings of their academic guides echoing in their ears, they cannot but look with apprehension on the prospects awaiting them. The phrases "economic crisis," "grave unemployment" are hurled at them from all sides. Where is the golden opportunity that a college education affords? It is little wonder that they begin to have qualms about its value.

If Bulletin could presume to be encouraging mentors to the Senior Class, we should like to say this: Although a college education has not been able to throw wide the doors of immediate economic independence, it has given something infinitely richer and more permanently valid than now appears upon the surface. Philosophy I may not contribute anything of specific value to the conduct of a twenty-dollar-a-week job. But it has made a possibility of a more satisfactory and fuller inner life. The possession of knowledge in itself, whether of a special or general sort, may always be constituted into a fund of endless personal enjoyment.

While it is of course true that individual contacts depend a good deal on the individual herself, and that

Forum Column

In Defense of Student Council

To the Editor,
Barnard Bulletin.
Dear Madam:

In the May 5th issue of Bulletin the editorial declared with some vehemence that the Bulletin, as the official organ of the student body, goes merrily on its way with its "constant editorial campaigns against publicly acknowledged evils at Barnard" without any action ever being taken. Indeed, Bulletin goes on to declare that it feels the executive powers at college "whoever they may be" consider Bulletin the official organ of Junior teas, Sophomore hops, etc., and nothing else. The question then is asked, "where does the blame lie?" "Is it the negligence of Student Council?"

I would like to take the opportunity here to express my opinion concerning "the negligence of Student Council," and, in so doing, I shall have to mention some of the changes which Bulletin recommends in order to remedy "the publicly acknowledged evils." Bulletin cites its advocacy of the pass-fail system of grades in Physical Education. If I remember correctly, Student Council first introduced the idea and put it before the college for a vote during this past Spring semester. Bulletin next mentions the reading periods before examinations. If I again remember correctly, that matter was taken up last year by the Chairman of the Curricular Committee, a Student Council appointee, and a report was made to Student Council that the present library facilities at Barnard are such that it would be impossible to introduce a reading period until many more books become available and more space is provided. Also, Bulletin mentions a need for an investigation of the Honors Course. This year's Chairman of the Curricular Committee, after several meetings and discussions with the members of Student Council, undertook an investigation of the Honors Course, mainly by sending out a questionnaire to the students who are taking this Course and to those who had refused to take the Course, although eligible to do so. The results revealed varying opinions and evaluations of the system. The short space here does not permit a recitation of the opinions but at least the fact of such an investigation reveals that Student Council was interested in the matter.

I may be wrong but I am under the impression that the above suggestions for changes or investigation were initiated by Student Council. Other changes which Bulletin put forward, such as abolition of academic A B C grading and of final examinations, I know are suggestions of Bulletin editorials in the first place.

Sincerely yours,

Madeleine Gilmore, '32.

valuable relationships may be developed outside the walls of a college, yet the worth of an institution like Barnard as a center of a certain type of thought and personality and action cannot be denied. Whether you have been drawn deeply into the vortex or not, you cannot but have felt the lines of force within it.

Discounting any assumed value of specific training these have been four years of a distinctive kind of experience, experience per se, which in the long run will be unforgettable.

Radicalism of Barnard Proved in Research

(Continued from page 1)

found that the mean of the teacher group investigated, consisting of three thousand persons, was generally lower than that found among those who had enjoyed greater educational advantages than many of the former number. Barnard students too, are more radical. Whether a liberal education is conducive to a more radical temper is as yet a debatable question, Mrs. Eliot pointed out in an interview with Bulletin, but the problem is worthy of much consideration.

Summary of Findings

The specific findings of the researchers were briefly as follows: Major students in the mathematics and natural science departments are the most conservative among seniors; those who are primarily interested in the humanities are less so, and students of social science are of the most radical temper. These evaluations are relative; in all cases the mean is rather high for liberalism.

The comparison by the type of school attended before coming to college showed very little difference after the first two years in college. In the Freshman and Sophomore classes, the median of those coming from private schools was somewhat higher than of those who had attended public schools.

The effects of geographic location were evident when the figures revealed that students living in New York and its vicinity were more radical than those coming from the remainder of the country.

Students inactive in their church connection are more liberal minded than others. Jewish students have higher median scores than Catholics and Protestants whose score is practically the same. It should be noted that the inactive group was preponderantly Jewish, a circumstance which may have influenced the radical temper of that number.

Classification by father's occupation showed nothing conclusive, except that what differences there might be, according to the classification in the Freshman class, had disappeared by the time the students had reached the Senior class.

Liberals More Consistent

By means of a special study of the twenty students with the lowest and highest scores, consistency in response to questions embodying the same idea, variously worded so as to make use of phrase complexes which are known to influence these replies, was computed. It was found that for the conservative twenty, the number of inconsistencies averaged nearly five; on the other hand the twenty liberals showed an average of one-fourth.

This may serve to indicate that students of a radical tendency have "thought things through," whereas the others have been content to accept opinion.

The most pronounced variation in opinion is to be found in the classification by years. Freshmen are decidedly more conservative than Sophomores and the remainder of College. A year of collegiate work seems to upset the precise beliefs with which new students come. This truth has been found not only in this social survey but through the observations of those who have worked with first-year classes.

HERE AND THERE ABOUT TOWN

Second Balcony

Precedent

Bijou Theatre

Among the many abuses of the new regime, one still lingers from pre-war days, a pernicious blot on the scutcheon of all thinking beings. The Mooney and Billings case, an ineradicable desecration of civilized life, is presented now in play form by a revived Provincetown group. Whether or not drama is to be employed as a medium for propaganda, whether or not such living tragedy as this may be projected with the theoretic Grecian restraint across footlights, may be forgotten. For consumed by the unjust trappings which have caked like so much filth around our courts of justice, a group of players have for a moment cast off the art of amusing, and point out to us an episode dishonorable, baleful and filled with a universal sorrow.

Fifteen years ago Mr. Mooney, implicated in a bomb-throwing which killed ten men and wounded fifty, was arrested. Subsequent to his death sentence, it was discovered that the district attorney had bribed every one of his witnesses. There is a law, however which states that the Supreme Court may not reconsider any evidence after final sentence has been passed. The governor, adhering tenaciously to precedent, may not reconsider evidence which does not come to him from the Supreme Court. But we were born to this vicious cycle. And laws are of course laws, in this our democracy.

Thus, although the witnesses themselves confessed to being the victims of bribery, although the judge himself, for the sake of his own seat in heaven wished most heartily to recant, nothing could be done. The governor, overflowing with a case of momentary mercy, altered the death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. "So life was given back—the thing so sweet—the undrunk cup he had been longing for."

So Mr. Mooney rests in a California prison. "Westward the force of civilization" . . .

This is the Mooney and Billings case; and this is "Precedent." Each incident, authentically, and truthfully displayed is acted with the force of a group who will that this is a wrong which must be righted. Each actor seems to have come to the stage temporarily from his own capacity as doctor, lawyer, or editor, or one who has been unjustly victimized. Not a word does "Mooney" say, once having been convicted—but his stare across the footlights as he takes his curtain-call is an unforgettable experience.

As far as the Provincetown players are concerned, this play will doubtless mark the beginning of a new birth. The Susan Glas-

pell-Eugene O'Neill group have spread out toward the world; and after the transitional quiet which always precedes great beginnings, another group of ardent men and women have taken themselves to the stage.

Already the Provincetown players have spread toward Broadway. For the sake of their play, and of the universal implications therein, we beg that, in the near future, they will turn to California, as their Ultima Thule.

M. S.

Art

The Bliss Collection, at the Museum of Modern Art, leaves a distinctly spotty impression; one remembers certain high-lights, some really lovely paintings and drawings, set conspicuously in a mass of seriously mediocre stuff. One particularly unfortunate detail remains with one far too strongly—a terrible mistake labelled "Madam 'B,'" by one Modigliani, set in one of the places of honour. Its hideousness is set off to perfection by the proximity of a Degas drawing. The "Pegasus" lithographs of Redon are positively exciting, and his "Silence" has a weird appeal. There is much Davies to be seen, and many of his compositions partake of the dreamy, other-worldly quality of Puvis de Chavannes; interesting among these are "Sleep," "Alchemy," and "Unicorns."

As much of his charm lies in smoothness and care of execution, his drawings fall short of the standard set by the paintings, and give an impression of sloppiness. Gauguin is numerous represented; and there is one surprisingly nice head—an actually pleasant piece. We see Cézanne both in paintings and drawings, and it is in these latter that we seem to get some inkling of what he is driving at in wanting to reduce natural forms to a few geometrical solids; the drawings are very much simplified, and gain a stunning effect through this very simplification.

Besides several Cubist effusions, Picasso has one or two quite fine pieces, a large one of a woman in particular. There is a Derain head which is curiously close to the portraits of the Italian Renaissance, and this phenomenon is repeated in some beautiful Degas heads which are very Leonardesque in feeling and style. The deplorable Matisse and Kuhn are somewhat relieved by a fine Monet, "The Cliff at Etretat," which alone is worth the trip to the Museum.

A few more high spots among the drawings are several engaging crayons by Seurat, and some amusing Daumier caricatures. A Claude landscape seems to be present for purposes of contrast, and the Coptic and Byzantine work, delightful in itself, seems to have very little kinship with the rest of the work.

Marianna Neighbor.

Miss Grierson Finds Quarterly Excellent

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faintly inconsistent; but it is a "consistent inconsistency," to be traced to the infiniteness of his own undeveloped personality rather than any uncertainty in the portrayal.

Miss Schorr's Story Artistic

Miss Schorr's "Pennies" is very short and is perhaps the most artistic of the stories. It is a fantasy told in a highly circumstantial manner—which I have quite suddenly decided is the only way in which to write a fantasy (perhaps because it protects one against the snares and delusions of allegory). Only a wealth of quotation, for which there is no room, could give any impression of the off-hand manner in which the more astonishing incidents are related; or of the delightfully human character of Mr. Hodge.

"Green of the Year" Mature

Miss Blanchard's "Green of the Year" gives some charming variations on a perennial theme. But despite its recurrences it is a far harder theme than any of the others and Miss Blanchard has undertaken to handle it in a more ambitious manner. The result is uneven, reaching at times heights of extraordinary felicity, tending, at others, to jar one's nerves. It begins in the subjective manner, one is, as it were, let in on the flow of consciousness of a young girl in "the first warm day of spring" (occurring I may say in February—it comforts one to feel she will have plenty more winter to recover her poise and good spirits). It ends with an admirably conducted dialogue, in the spirit, if not the manner of Aldous Huxley, in which the dramatis personae (there are but two and one if merely a key figure) converse in a very personal, not to say intimate, manner, without once affecting a contact. The whole is told so consistently from the one point of view that one is left in the dark as to the young man's sentiments, except from the girl's speculations; one can only hope they were better than she supposed.

Poetry of High Order

The poetry in this issue is of unusually high order. The beautiful, exotic similes of Miss Margaret's "Horses of Paradise," since they won the prize in the Quarterly contest, need no praise here; though one would like to discourse on the virtuosity of the versification, the real observation of nature (on the importance of which you will remember Wordsworth laid so much emphasis) and the occasional superb touches of realism in the description of the dead (as for instance). The same reason that it has already won its laurels from more authoritative and discriminating judges, makes me pass over Miss Stern's vivid sonnet: but I should like to pause merely to draw attention to the sustained and passionate mood of Miss Reigger's "Agonistic," the Blakeian quality of Miss Cores' "Storm" (especially the second stanza), the extraordinary maturity of Miss Margaret's "Salesman," the saving metaphors in Miss V. Ford's "Sand." This catalogue will suffice, however tempting it is to dilate.

Lack of space alone withholds me from the subject of the reviewing in the *Barnard Quarterly*, which is always done with such remarkable efficiency that it makes one almost ashamed to undertake a review oneself.

Degrees Awarded To 225 Barnard Seniors

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growing discontent in the world to-day.

Honorary Degrees Presented

Professor Charles Sears Baldwin of the Barnard College English department, in the position of University Orator, presented the candidates for honorary degrees to President Butler. President Butler conferred fourteen honorary degrees at the commencement exercises, including the doctorates of Science, Letters, Sacred Theology, and Doctor of Laws. Edna Ferber was the recipient of the degree of Doctor of Letters. She was introduced by President Butler as a writer of fiction, "floating easily upon the river of her thoughts, and steadily manifesting wide and accurate knowledge of human nature." Seymour Parker Gilbert, banker and formerly Agent General for Reparation Payments, was given the degree of Doctor of Laws. Their Excellencies, the Hon. Sir Ronald Lindsay, and Friedrich Wilhelm von Prittwitz und Gaffron, respectively the English and German Ambassadors to Washington were also awarded the degrees of Doctor of Laws.

1000 GUESTS ATTEND CLASS DAY EXERCISES

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than to ignore them. The situation is one that calls for courage, both collective and individual. It is well to remember that it is fulfilling the highest purpose of education to be able to adjust one's self to the needs and demands of a changing world."

Phi Beta Kappa Announced

The announcement of Phi Beta Kappa awards, the presentation of honor students, and fellowship awards followed. The additions to the Phi Beta Kappa list as revealed last month follow:

- Betty Chambers
- Frieda Ginsberg
- Helen Foote
- Beatrice Kassell
- Jeanette Krotinger
- Blanche Luria
- Isa McIlwraith
- Belle Tobias

The honorable mention list for 1930-31 included:

- F. Waldo Jewell
- Leocadia Kukowski
- Blanche Luria
- Alma Champlin
- Margaret March
- Betty Chambers
- Mrs. M. Caruthers
- Dorothy Rasch
- Beatrice Kassell
- Helen B. Houghtaling
- Frieda Ginsberg
- Miriam Sachs
- Isa McIlwraith
- Marjorie Bahouth
- Ruth Abelson
- Harriet Brown
- Florence Suskind
- Belle Tobias
- Mrs. A. H. Burleigh

Prizes were announced as follows: Dean Prize—Adele Antoinette Froehlich, Brooklyn.

Caroline A. Duro Memorial Graduate Fellowship—Eva Saper, Newark, N. J.

Gabrielle Debains Gardner Medal—Esther Grabelsky, Brooklyn.

Gerard Medal—Aileen Hermine Pelletier, Closter, N. J.

Hermann Prize—Helen Bertisch Houghtaling, Englewood Cliffs, N. J.

Kohn Prize—Erna Jonas, New York.

Margaret Meyer Graduate Fellowship—Dorothy B. Harrison.

Moley Scores Excess Of "Faith in Facts"

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"After the War there emerged a very interesting development, which I have called 'Facing Facts,' continued Dr. Moley. "The reason people didn't govern themselves properly was because they didn't get the right information," said Professor Moley, using as his authority a work of the famous Government student, Walter Lippman. "The people had all the power they needed; what they now needed was information. The newspapers didn't supply it, for they are owned by selfish people and hampered by economic conditions. This new movement aimed to subject government to a nice analysis on the basis of scientific information.

"My own criticism of social scientists, however, is that they haven't been with the proper humility. There is a value to fact, but progress of democracy should be measured by its progress in select groups rather than in the mass. Politics is not a science, it has scientific factors. But when we put all our faith in facts we are losing faith in a much more subtle thing—faith in artistic synthesis."

"Romantic Age" Found Appropriate To Hot Summer Weather; Performance Letter-Perfect

Reviewed by Hortense Calisher

"The Romantic Age" by A. A. Milne was presented in Brinckerhoff Theatre on Friday and Saturday evenings by the Senior Class, under the direction of Mr. Charles Warburton.

The performance was remarkably letter-perfect after only a week's rehearsal. A. A. Milne's sentiment rather dripped at times in the hot summer night atmosphere, but in general the audience felt that such melting moods were appropriate to the June festivities, and a good time was had by all.

The acting honors go to Evelyn Anderson, whose simple, charming portrayal of Gervaise Mallory was consistently held through-out the play, and was quite the most manly performance of the year. Evelyn Slade's Jane of the first act was also notable for its grace.

Marjorie Bahouth's portrayal of the romantic Melisande was stilted in the first act, but became much more charming in the last two acts. Mention must also go to Caroline Ratajack as the mournful mother, to Connie Thompson, Who "Ooh'ed" so competently as Ern, to Sally Schaff as the earnest young Englishman, to Waldo Jewell as the philosophic pedlar, and the Frances O'Donnell as the whimsical father.

The scene used for the interior in the first and third act deserves mention as the most natural, sturdy and least thread-bare setting seen on the Brinckerhoff stage in many a day.

The play was under the chairmanship of Marion W. Kafn.

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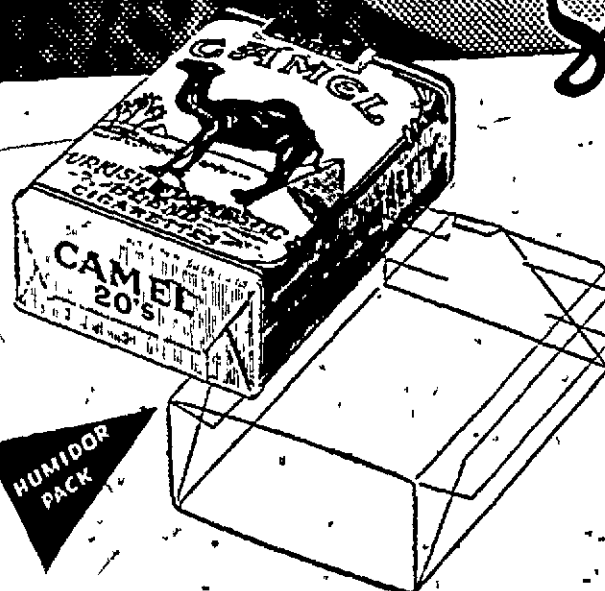
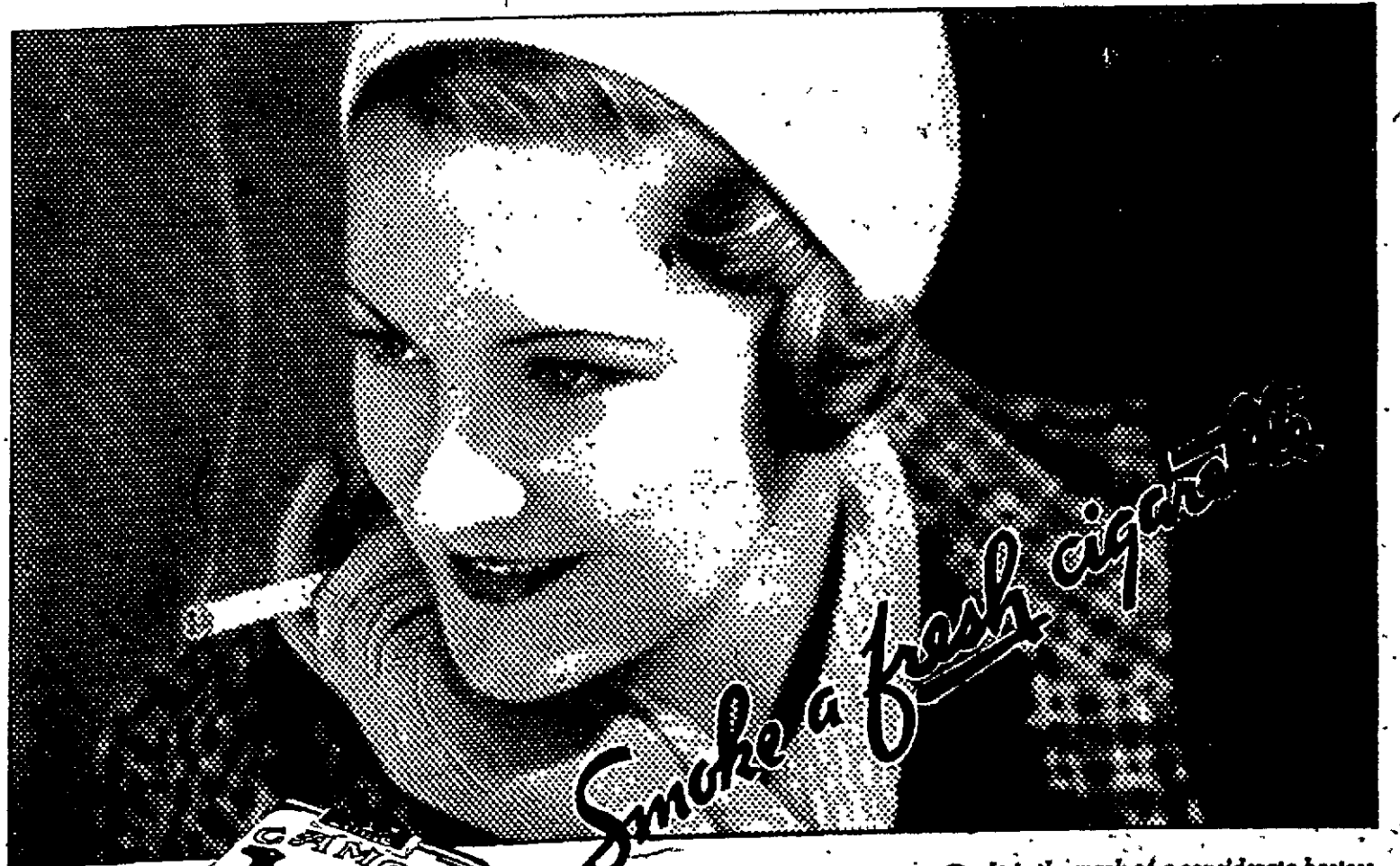
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CAMELS

1000 GUESTS ATTEND CLASS DAY EXERCISES

(Continued from page 3)

Helen Prince Memorial Prize—Marion Winter Kahn, New York.
Reed Prize—Evelyn Raskin, Brooklyn.
Romaine Prize for Proficiency in Greek—First, Catharine Mary Campbell, Crestwood, N. Y.; second, Else Anna Zorn, Tompkinsville, N. Y.
Speranza Prize—Olga Peragallo, New York.
Tatlock Prize—Catharine Mary Campbell, Crestwood, N. Y.
Von Wahl Prize—Eva Saper, Newark, N. J.

Valedictory Address

After the Valedictory address of Sally Vredenburgh, which emphasized the advantage that is Barnard's in its being an urban College, the Class of '31 marched across Broadway to join in the Columbia graduation exercises and to be presented with their degrees by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

FACULTY ARE GUESTS AT CLASS LUNCHEONS

(Continued from Page 1)

Yates of the Physical Education Department addressed the class briefly. The news that Miss Yates Gena Tenney, Junior President, explained the duties and privileges of a Junior Class, also reminding the members of the class of their responsibilities as college women and future citizens. Mildred Barish, class historian, then read a rhymed history of the class. Bridge on the cool terraces followed.

Class History Read to Freshmen

"There will always be something distinctive about the Class of 1934, in that it is the only class for which Barnard has waited or will be able to wait forty-one years!" claimed Peggy Sylvester, class historian, in her review of the class history of 1934 at the Freshman Luncheon, held in John Jay on Friday, May 29th. She continued with a humorous account of all the occurrences that marked the freshman year.

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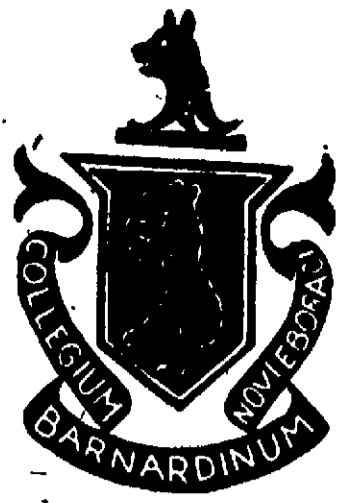
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Child of Sorrow

THE PURE IN HEART: by Franz Werfel. Simon and Schuster \$3.00

Reviewed by Helene Blanchard

FRANZ WEDEKIND'S new novel is another of the coming-of-age novels—the psychological biography of a soul from infancy to manhood and the attainment of a spiritual goal. It is close kin to that school of which Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" and May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier" are perhaps the best known modern exponents. We begin with Ferdinand's earliest recollections, we go with him through his childhood as the son of an Austrian Colonel, through his empty, hopeless boyhood, through the war, through the intellectual orgy of post-war hysteria, to the shining peace of his maturity.

And yet this book is in a sense acutely different from the coming-of-age novel as we know it in general. The soul of Ferdinand does not come of age in any accustomed sense. It is part of the thesis of the author that human souls are born mature and that only the range of consciousness and expression grows with time. To the reader there is no real difference between the six-year-old Ferdinand enwrapped in the perfect understanding of the love between him and his old peasant nurse Barbara, and the fifty-year old ship's doctor dreaming of Barbara at the helm of his ship at midnight. And therein lies the book's strength and its weakness. It is this unchanging, perfect love radiating through the whole of Ferdinand's life which lends the story its greatest beauty. And insofar as it is the thesis of the author that the soul knows no growth nor maturing, we should perhaps accept the sameness of Ferdinand in boyhood and in manhood. Yet this lack of development in the hero lends the chronicle of Ferdinand an unreality and a remoteness that alienate.

It is tremendously difficult to make clear in just what sense this finely-wrought novel misses fire. It would be hard to quarrel with the Protestant vividness of Ferdinand's childhood recollections. It is undeniable that the author does convey something of the very quality of Ferdinand, the quality his dearest friend epitomized:—"In you, Ferdinand, there is a patch of clear blue sky," the quality that gives the book its title. And yet of his quality as a man, a human being even as you and I, one has an insufficient sense. Instead, one has at times an uncanny sense of looking through him as one looks through a disembodied soul, a consciousness stripped of the small foibles that distinguish the individual.

The characters about Ferdinand have a different sort of reality. They

(Continued on page 4)

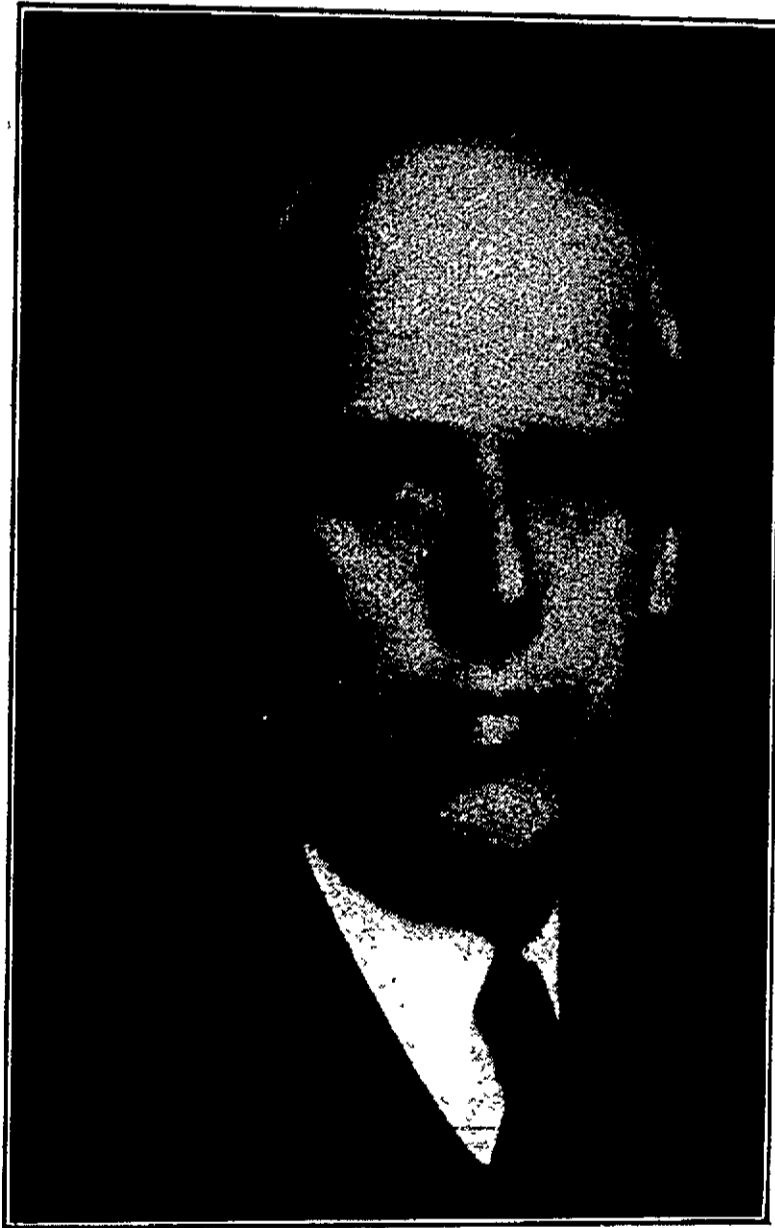
A SOCIALIST ON A FENCE

AMERICA'S WAY OUT: A Program for Democracy, by Norman Thomas. The Macmillan Company \$2.50

Reviewed by Janet Modry

"WISDOM for the future is not automatically born of righteous indignation or even of correct generalization," and so, never calling an observation, a fact, a plan, or a solution, Mr. Thomas presents us with a philosophy adequate to our times, and with a program in line with that philosophy.

The machine age, he feels, should have ended human slavery, should have replaced the old pain economy with a new pleasure economy. Instead it has given rise to a form of collectivism even less serviceable to the needs of the individual than the old. Neither English rationalism, Italian Fas-



Norman Thomas

cism, nor Russian Communism has been sufficient to cope with the situation. There are, he thinks, three possible solutions. One is a development of capitalism to the point where powerful industrialists will provide for the international management of society. But this, he feels, would be slavery and not government. The second possibility is world communism, but this he repudiates because of the double danger of dictatorship and war. He turns, then, to the possibility of achieving socialism democratically and peacefully, admitting, as he does so, that this is a possibility and by no means a certainty.

Mr. Thomas's socialistic program is based on three points: the social ownership and control of land, natural resources and the principle means for the production and distribution of goods; the use of the machinery of the existing state to achieve a kind of social control other than the coercive state; a comradeship of workers transcending racial and nationalist lines. And to this last plan he clings with a faith that is more than credulity; a faith based on understanding and developed through common sense. He presents us with no rigid theories applicable to some robot of an "economic man," nor does he subscribe without compromise to the traditional tenets of Marxian socialism; he simply shows us the need for and the practicality of comradeship in peaceful labor with a just reward for all the workers.

Mr. Thomas frequently speaks of socialism as a religion. It may be that; it may even be a religion based on a wish rather than a reasonable hope. Still, "the answer to the book will be not the words of any armchair critic but the test of life itself." I, for one, hope that Mr. Thomas has found "America's Way Out."

Perennial Idealist

AMBROSE HOLT AND FAMILY: by Susan Glaspell. Frederick Stokes Company \$2.50

Reviewed by Mildred Barish

AMBROSE HOLT AND FAMILY is a good novel, with few pretensions to immortality. We might term it a tragi-comedy, for its skillful blending of the humorous and the pathetic. It is the story of the perennial idealist, who this time happens to spring from a town on the Mississippi, the black sheep who returns home to a web of emotional conflicts. We are introduced into this little world through the consciousness of Blossom, "a woman with a husband." Something of the Doll's House situation seems to be suggested by the fragmentary snatches of her desire to be taken into the confidence of Lincoln, the strange man to whom she is wedded. But here the analogy ends. Lincoln, unlike Torvald, is a poetic nature deprecated and restrained by his own hand. Lincoln works at his cement business, doggedly, because he wants to show Blossom's father that he is more than a mere poet. The life of the young man is set in reaction to that of the old Ambrose, his father, vagrant and deserter, who ran away from his family, in the early years of his marriage. But the black sheep returns suddenly, one day, and Blossom, at first antagonistic, in the end turns to him, to the great horror of her husband.

Throughout the book there is a fine current of kinship and amused understanding between the author and these people who move into the pattern of her weaving. The humor is in the typical Glaspellian manner, but it is essentially a surface humor which cuts away gradually, leaving open the more subtle depths beneath, where human spirit and human emotion interplay. Just as Brook Evans is the idealist scarred by an unwholesome environment; just as Emily Dickinson is the little-understood poet in Allison's House, so "Ambrose Holt and Family" is a picture of many smaller pictures, treating other idealists in their struggle with an unsympathetic milieu.

Miss Glaspell has given us here a truly dramatic piece of work, a novel which does not attempt to avoid scenes, which is built up on a climatic progression of conflicts, warm in the breadth of its treatment; and the glow of understanding of human nature which must always give to a book its quality of greatness or mediocrity. We have, in "Ambrose Holt and Family," a very fine and keen vision of life, its richness and its tragedy.

Post-Adolescence

JOHN MISTLETOE: by Christopher Morley. Doubleday Doran and Co. \$2.50

Reviewed by Helen Block

IT is always difficult to criticize fairly a Christopher Morley book. John Mistletoe is no exception to the rule. Epitomizing Morley as it does, it inevitable leads the unwary reviewer into the pitfalls of a dozen clichés, a dozen half-truths with which it is the custom to label Mr. Morley.

For Christopher Morley is essentially a leisurely person to whom the good and rae things of life are very precious. He is a man of genial humor, of varied and not often profound intellectual moods. He has wide, serious friendships, is a passionate lover of books, and the whole of this delightful, not to wordly world he has encased in a somewhat brittle coating of sentiment from which his writings seldom escape. It is inevitable, therefore that a brutal world should call him "whimsical," "quaint" and "second rate," and speak of him in a tone of dubiously affectionate patronage.

Yet the reality and sincerity of a life compounded of intermittent pulsations ought not to be denied to Mr. Morley simply because these pulsations are of a different origin or a different duration or a different profundity from the constant onward urge of a life like Hardy's. If Mr. Hardy has managed to save what is dear to him from the ravages of life, and chooses to write of them with affection, why call him a vapid sentimentalist? If Mr. Morley desires to remain, for the present, in a condition of post-adolescent youth why call his particular stage of life unreal, second-rate?

Especially is Mr. Morley's particular philosophy to be respected when we consider the indubitable mastery with which he has set it down in print. "John Mistletoe" is a collection of essays and anecdotes of an autobiographical character. It is a recording of a series of transient moods and transient experiences interlarded with some serious reflections of Mr. Morley's Own Ideas. In it, Morley has shown himself a past master of the art of "brief lyric paragraphs," he writes with Force, Clearness and Ease, those three delightful sisters whose shades he evokes out of the limbo of English I. He conveys mood briefly, promptly and with beauty. I quote for example this passage:

"You are swimming in the dark, in Long Island Sound. It is the pure dregs of night: not the clear and spacy vault illustrious with stars, but dull heavy close night, midsummer and drizzling. Black water merges with black air, still, sombre, foreboding as pre-Genesis." There is a jewel-like precision about his phrase-making; his prose is lighted with flashes of lightning insight. His is a genuine talent, at present perhaps underrated, but which, even on the strength of what has been accomplished until now, will undoubtedly take its place among less known, but still loved American authors.

THE CHAOTIC MODERN MAN

MELODY OF CHAOS: by Houston Peterson. Longmans Green \$2.50
Reviewed by Josephine Sonneborn

WRITING books on people who write books is the common failing of a generation which always wants to know what is going on behind the scenes. Usually these biographies are carefully hidden until after the writer's death, and then are hurled forth into the hands of a grateful public. Houston Peterson, professor of Philosophy at Columbia University has broken this rule, and has published his biography of Conrad Aiken, while Aiken is still gaily walking the earth at the age of forty-one.

The book is primarily a commentary on Aiken's longer poems, *Senlin*, *Punch: The Immortal Liar*, *The Charnel Rose*, *The Pilgrimage of Festus*, *Tetelestai*, and *The House of Dust*. All of these poems show the poet to be "the sensitive, utterly disillusioned modern man, uprooted, disinherited, wandering in Babylon." He is the "epitome of disillusioned modernity" without faith, without morals of a rigid sort, and with little hope except in his dreams. He wanders in a world of phantasy, the netherlands of the soul.

Peterson shows an extraordinary understanding of the tragedy of this sensitive soul, lost in the maze of his numerous selves, and following each one of them, hoping vainly to catch the nymph of reality who ever eludes his search, but whose vision haunts him forever. It is a commentary on the chaotic modern man as expressed in Aiken's poetry.

Peterson's writing is brilliant but spotty. Names of writers, a word or so on their works, comparisons between epochs tumble over one another through the pages. It is fascinating reading, and well worth while. The sympathy which he bears toward the characters makes one feel that Peterson finds himself mirrored in the poetry.

The Lawrencian Hero

SON OF WOMAN: by J. Middleton Murry. Johnathan Cape and Harrison Smith \$3.50

Reviewed by Hortense Calisher

"SON OF WOMAN," Middleton Murry's study of the inner motivations of D. H. Lawrence's life and works, is one of those anomalous books which have arisen out of what was formerly known as the new psychology. Like most of those books, it is enormously interesting and slightly ridiculous.

In a mixture of long quotes from Lawrence, aptly grouped together, of critical divination, and adulatory personal recollection,—and, it must be confessed, in rather a welter of darkly allusive simile—Mr. Murry sets forth this thesis:—All his life Lawrence was obsessed by a beautiful but excessive adoration for his mother. This prevented him from having other than distorted sexual relations, and, finally, caused the mental chaos which became so apparent in his later books.

Any discerning reader who will admit that Lawrence identified himself with his hero, must also admit that Mr. Murry's assertion must be true, with qualifications. It explains Lawrence's emphasis on eroticism and the influence of eroticism on human regeneration; it explains the powerful disorder of a book like "The Rainbow." In interpreting Lawrence's later mental chaos, however, Mr. Murry, it seems, prefers to imitate chaos, rather than to explain it. The last chapters, written in a rapidly disintegrating style, exalt Lawrence to a kind of Christ-like state, and are a tribute more of the friend than of the critic.

It is a sincere book, frequently written with the incoherence of sincerity, but never making an interesting character less interesting. Because of its discussion of the abnormalities of a man so recently dead, it has been called nasty or "unpleasant." Its indecency must be judged, of course, by the amount of truth it contains. In all probability, "Son of Woman" will set the trend for Lawrence criticism, in the coming procession of inevitable "last words."

Armchair Adventure

GREEN HELL: by Julian Duguid. The Century Company \$4.00

Reviewed by Ruth Jacobus

"HER dress is magnificent, a rich eternal garment of every shade of green dappled with gold sun spots. In a measure it portrays the inflexibility of her character, for she never relapses into the browns and reds of autumn nor into the joyous innocence of the young spring. . . . Thousands of gardeners sweep her paths and her children are reared to her service. She flatters them with her smile, shelters them with her gown, lulls them to sleep in the great silence of her bosom; but she starves without mercy any creature that does not minister to the increase of her body."

This is Green Hell, seen through the eyes of a writer and explorer. A tale of adventure in the wild interior of South America, written skillfully and often beautifully, "Green Hell" is the travel book par excellence. It must be understood that it is more than a mere report of a geographical or scientific expedition. It is pregnant with fascinating information but it is at the same time a moving story of men and nature.

For three hundred years no man had fought his way through the trackless forests of Eastern Bolivia. Nature in its virgin state is described in "Green Hell"—and the savage jungle is as lovely as the peaceful countryside sung by the great poets. It is not only as lovely—it is many times as thrilling.

"Green Hell" by Julian Duguid brings to the reader a better understanding of two things: the tremendous significance of true friendship and the lure of the untamed tropics, powerful beyond the imagination of the civilized, sophisticated city dweller.

Dreiser's Credo

DAWN: by Theodore Dreiser. Live-right and Co. \$5.00

Reviewed by Anne Reinhardt

WHEN enough time has passed for one to obtain a perspective for viewing the immediate past, a man may be seen to emerge who epitomizes the changes wrought by the years. From the vantage point of 1930, Farrington has seen Dreiser as the one who embodies The Modern Temper, the climax of the dawning realism of the 1890's and the father of American naturalism from which Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis spring. The Dreiser naturalism has always been peculiar, in that it never had an axe to grind. It saw life and presented what it saw, objectively, and if it explained how certain things came to pass, it offered no panacea which would have brought about another, more desirable end.

Apparently Dreiser has come to the conclusion that he can best explain life by explaining himself. This he has already done partially in "A Book About Myself," "The Hoosier Holiday," and "Hey Rub a Dub." In "Dawn" he begins his more workmanlike and thorough autobiography of the first twenty years. He writes with the air of a melancholy scientist pointing out inescapable realities. And the result is as fascinating as "The Genius" or "The American Tragedy," and more impressive, because it chronicles actual happenings. On the very first page Dreiser enunciates his theory that he may assume the artist's objectivity. Then follows his story about the poor German Catholic family of the Middle West, with all the tragedy that can attach itself to two parents and ten children in their struggle to get bread. The mother is the focal point of the family and makes a profound impression on her son.

"This lone woman who was my mother is of strange import to me—a now vivid shadow who once, by reason of mystic impulse in her, was moved to function as guide and mentor to individuals or mechanisms whose bodies had grown out of her but whose temperaments she little understood."

There is hardly a phase in life that Dreiser did not experience—at least vicariously—through his ten brothers and sisters. And there is very little that arouses his ire.

There is only one thing that annoys him deeply—the futility of his Roman Catholic tutoring. The authoritarianism of Catholics hurts Dreiser's sweeping democracy and he denounced it bitterly.

He later went to college when he realized how much he missed. Unlike Wells, his ultimate view is that education will not save the world. He finds in the instincts and impulses alone an adequate explanation of the way the world has developed. He finds psychology of much greater importance than science and industrialization.

"The mental and physical appetites of man alone explain him. He is, regardless of ideals or dreams or material equipment, an eating, savage animal, and in youth, and often in age, his greatest appetite, sex."

This is Dreiser's Credo.

Squalid Sanctuary

SANCTUARY: by William Faulkner. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith \$2.50

Reviewed by Olga Maurer

WHEN the freedom of the press is not always an unmixed blessing. If novels like William Faulkner's "Sanctuary" must be written, it does seem that they should be killed before they are presented to the American public. "Sanctuary" is not a naughty book, it is a disgusting book. The author has taken particular pains to describe all the most sordid aspects of life, to arouse all the most repulsive sensations, and to produce the most nauseating effect possible. And all this is done for no particular reason—the plot is so thin it constantly becomes suffocated in a welter of nasty images.

The dramatis personae is composed of a charming group of people: Popeye spent his childhood cutting up living birds and cats with a pair of scissors just for fun; his adult life is characterized by equally attractive habits. The collegiate heroine, Temple Drake, has some horrible experiences in an old farmhouse-bootlegger joint, and as a consequence is quite content to remain locked up in a house of ill repute for months as the mistress of a drooling imbecile. A clever lawyer leaves his wife after ten years of married life because she likes shrimp and he hates to carry it home every Friday. Throughout the entire novel, a sickly bastard baby with a lead-colored face undergoes a prolonged death illness.

No sensible person argues for a literature composed entirely of sweetness and light. We'll take realism, and take it straight; but there is no justification for portraying the human race as a herd of filthy gutter swine. Any situation is fertile field for an author, and when a sordid story offers a good plot, he may justly use it. But in this case the plot is the least important part of the novel. Mr. Faulkner's prime purpose seems to have been to present as many disgusting images as possible whether or not they have any influence on the story. He revels in psychological abnormalities, physical deformities, and loathsome smells and sights. There is no excuse for that sort of thing. It is inartistic and unnecessary. This is not realism any more than are knights on snow-white chargers, and it has gone to a less pleasant extreme. The saving point about "Sanctuary" is that it is not powerful enough to produce quite the disgusting effect for which the author apparently hoped. It is not a terrifying nightmare, it is just a horrid dream.

EDNA MILLAY'S "WINTER REASON"

FATAL INTERVIEW: by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harpers and Bros. \$2.00

Reviewed by Madeleine Stern

WHEN a contemporary has reached an output of ten books, critics feel, somehow, obliged to reduce her efforts to a series of tags to be stored in a pigeon hole along with other great lights of the past. Genevieve Taggard is already calling Edna St. Vincent Millay an anatomist of love, of which emotion her poems are an evolving cycle. But in reading one who has yet escaped membership in lists of assignments for English XYZ, we in review, should rather graph our emotions after reading, than prepare a series of labels.



Edna Millay

And so the first thing we shall say is that our poet is now middle aged. This does not mean stale, or shabby, or academic. Middle age for all its lack of rapture gathers about itself a certain richness before dying. Cleopatra loving Antony was middle-aged. Something, however, has vanished. A crimson has settled into a browner shade. Miss Millay has lost her tears in contemplation. The "first fine careless rapture" has bowed down to the apprentice philosopher's stone.

That is possibly the reason why Miss Millay no longer sings of ashes of life and shrouds or young girls and roads to Avril. Love unregenerate, and love unrequited, and the time when "already does the dark recede" are her themes now.

Love, however baleful, however foolish, is all to her and being a woman is still her occupation. Before the final, fatal setting of the sun, before the "insolent day," she would crush all the fullness of love into her life. Fearing "molestful age," she no longer looks on love as a light and exquisite plaything to be banded into words. She is heavy-lidded now rising from the last few hours of rapture that biology has allotted her. She has asked the spring, "full of blood, full of breath" for pity; now she is singing winter songs. She has forgotten the friends who die or are estranged or move away, she has trod down the grapes of Hangman's House, and eager to hold life's taste within her lips before the final reckoning, she has concentrated all on love. Nor is her love the same that was given to the "young thin girl wearing a white skirt and a purple sweater," or to the "unremembered lads" who have kissed her lips. Unafraid, she gives a love, "ungemmed, unhidden, wishing not to hurt" to him who is unafraid and believes that love is true. She who loved simple things is back again—but there are no vine leaves in her hair and she has a "winter reason."

She, the lover of simple things is here again—but the simple things are gone. Too eager to taste of the goods of the earth, she has neglected to speak of the goods themselves. Lilacs and honeysuckles and a "red sail hanging wrinkled on the bamboo mast" interest Miss Millay no longer. And with their departure all the images and colors and lyric uplift which accompany such tokens are also gone. "Spotted fungus" and "gossamer shawls" "lenten wicks," and "sodden earth in spring" are irrevocably lost. In their place is the maniacal cramming of passion into the last few days on earth—not the passion which was anything apart, dissociated from the part of her which drew pleasure from Paochin's song and pinks and valerians—but passion, which is all that is left of Millay. Passion would suffice if it were

(Continued on page 4)

Mutton on Chopsticks

ABOVE THE DARK TUMULT: by Hugh Walpole. Doubleday Doran \$2.50

Reviewed by Gertrude Epstein

WITH the assistance of a room above Picadilly, rich with fantasy of Eastern color and Spanish treasure, Hugh Walpole has furnished a mystery story that is distinctly different. The American mind, reared on a diet of S. S. Van Dine and Sax Rohmer, wrestles vainly with the intricacies of a tale that, strangely enough, fails to begin with the discovery of a dead body. Perhaps it is not entirely accurate to term "Above the Dark Tumult" mystery; more nearly it approaches that gruesome commingling of tragic horror and psychoneuroses found in the stories of Poe.

In a room that looks down over the street where the futility of their haste inspires men to thoughts of shooting (with a ubiquitous revolver) those hurrying figures, an Iago is murdered by the madmen with whom he has been deliberating. Two men drag his body down three flights of stairs, feeling the weight of the corpse's bones pressing against their knees. There follows an account of the disposition of the body, according to Walpole, a comparatively simple task in London, for we hear no more of this episode. No rude-inbursting of ten armed men, prepared to capture their man dead or alive henceforth will disturb us. After the night brings a round of Picadilly Circus, which takes on many of the attributes of a maze, a party, decidedly in the Hollywood tradition, shatters to bits the awful suspense that has been hanging mercilessly over both the figures in the story and the bewildered reader. Exit villain and madmen; and lo! we find romance, and a happy ending.

There is much in this book that deserves commendation. The character work is good; the atmosphere is almost too good. It is evident that Mr. Walpole has a secret hankering to write Persian tales. In his descriptions of a tryptych in Limoges enamel with its "burning greens and blues" . . . ragged peach color rugs on a worn dark floor . . . ancient silver . . . and the purple air seeping in through blanketed windows from the twilight that hovers innocently outside, there is more than the desire to achieve the dramatic effectiveness of contrast. A self-conscious artistry breaks in on the rapid thread of action with force enough to command not merely appreciation of the poetry of the thing, but also regret that it should have been permitted to interrupt. Perhaps the only other defect in the story consists in the intricate windings of the plot; at times one finds it necessary to reread in order to make it all tally. It would appear that the author has erred on the side of prodigality in detail rather than meagerness. Nevertheless the book makes enjoyable reading; it brings a welcome change from the sadism of our own mystery press.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Friday, June 5, 1931

Supplement Editor: Madeleine Stern

Ex-Officiis: Helen Block, Evelyn Raskin, Miriam Rosenthal

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Chemics of the Soul

THE WEAHER OF SOULS: by
André Maurois. D. Appleton.
\$2.00

Reviewed by Ethel Greenfield

THE same fluid, limpid prose that characterized his earlier work is the principal redeeming feature of André Maurois' latest book, "The Weigher of Souls." In a vein of mild fantasy, Maurois tells the story of a search to discover the material weight of the immortal spirit. While striving for scientific objectivity, the book is at the same time tinged with sentimentality.

The author becomes a partner to a series of scientific investigations. A physician, obsessed by his theory of the soul, performs many intricate experiments on corpses within the hospital. M. Maurois has proved, to his own satisfaction, that the soul consists of a definite compound with the power of leaving the body immediately after death.

There are traces in "The Weigher of Souls" of the fine, clear-cut prose style that Maurois perfected in his biographies. These, however, are all too rare to give the book any real claim to lasting merit. "The Weigher of Souls" is a short, interesting study that manages to hold the attention successfully for the two hours it takes to read.

A "WINTER REASON"

(Continued from page 3)

conveyed through colors or images, as the eleventh sonnet of Fatal Interview—the only one there which makes such an attempt and is hence as beautiful as the earlier sonnets. But no one is a lamp or a silver bell to her now.

One thing however remains. And it is the portion of her which will be placed in model copybooks for composers of phrases long after we have ceased to talk about our lady of the laboratory of love. With a twist of thought she groups a few simple monosyllables into a phrase which makes us weep. The octaves of her sonnets often consist of but one sentence. Dryden's brevity has given place to Milton's grammar, but his clarity remains. To illustrate these points, more space than is allotted would be needed. The sonnets beginning

"Not in a silver casket," and

"If to be left were to be left alone"

will demonstrate her propensity to placing subordinate clauses in a one-sentenced octave, and reaching the quip of the main clause in the more incisive, shorter phrases of the sextet. This phrasing which merits studied attention, was the *raison d'être* of "A Few Figs From Thistles," and it remains, to my mind, the reason why we carry Miss Millay so highly in our hearts. For Edna St. Vincent Millay has not scratched the philosopher's stone very deeply, and surely many inarticulate women have lived more richly than she. But she is a writer of the first order,—secondarily a lover of life—primarily a rhythmic being—a master builder of phrases.

An Indictment of Peace

THE ROAD BACK: by Erich Maria
Remarque. Little Brown and Co.
\$2.50

Reviewed by Catherine Riegger

HERE have been many indictments of war, but Remarque's story of the soldier's homecoming is most powerful of them all. The men who have spent their youthful idealism on a war they know now to have been vain and cruel, who have lived by the codes of murder and organized ruthlessness, return to the life of peace. The terrible knowledge they have acquired sets the young soldier apart from the civilians; for four years they had been inhabitants of a different world, speaking an alien language, knowing strange customs and modes of thought. The sense of comradeship and solidarity which was the only fine thing to appear from the mud of the trenches, makes them in a way more admirable than the divided and petty world around them, with its sentimental speeches, its chauvinism, its ingratitude. But even comradeship gradually disintegrates under the pressure of class antagonism. A few forlorn companions rally together at times of crisis. Albert, a young soldier, shoots to kill without thought or hesitation upon finding his sweetheart unfaithful to him. At his trial, his friends release their long suppressed anger, and bitterly and savagely denounce the civilization that taught adolescents to hold human life in contempt. In the course of time the rebellion fades. At the end of the book, some have made an half-hearted adjustment and won an intermittent peace. But one feels that they will never find the "road back." The world has no use for the victims of its own mistakes, and millions of fools are preparing to repeat the crimes of the past.

Herr Remarque writes concisely and well, with even more of the conscious artistry which distinguished "All Quiet." "The Road Back" is stirring propaganda and the characters, though clearly defined, seem rather to be vehicles of the author's ideas than people living in their own right. But their self-consciousness and clarity of protest, however artificial, adds to the emotional intensity of the whole. It is too much to hope that its thousands of readers will feel one half of the bitterness, pity, and indignation which inspired Herr Remarque.

THE CHILD OF SORROW

(Continued from page 1)

live in his consciousness with a sharp-edged tangible existence, they are real, against the background of war and its appalling aftermath of chaos, with a terrible nightmare reality. Ferdinand's months with the half-crazed and decadent parlor intellectuals of Vienna's post-war cafes is strongly reminiscent of certain portions of the German Wassertränke's "The World's Illusion" with its inextricable melange of horror and pity, of love and loathing.

The truth is that Wedekind is considerably less a psychological novelist than either Powys or May Sinclair. Wedekind is, perhaps only half-consciously, a preacher. "The

A History of Art

MEN OF ART: by Thomas Craven.
Simon and Schuster \$3.75

Reviewed by Miriam Schild

"MEN OF ART" by Thomas Craven, not a scientific but an authentic work, is what has been needed to fill the gap between monographs and dull chronological histories. Mr. Craven has limited himself to the highest spots in the history of Western art, beginning with Giotto and ending with the murals done for the New School of Social Research by Orozco and Benton, but he has managed to make a comprehensive and vital history.

In the presentation of his subject, Mr. Craven has taken a different viewpoint. He starts in reverse, as it were, using his critical judgment unsparingly on what is left of the famous nations and cities that gave birth to the outstanding geniuses of a few decades ago. Thus he works back from the artistically barren Italy of Mussolini to the exciting Renaissance that supplied Giotto, Leonard, Michaelangelo and Titian with inspiration. What makes Mr. Craven's book particularly valuable is his ability to set his artists in their true historical background and bring them out from it. He treats the men he has chosen historically, biographically, and aesthetically—a difficult problem for a one-volume book, but solved easily by Mr. Craven's ability as a prose writer. Throughout he has made his language vivid and expressive. He has been able to inject his vast store of historical and aesthetic knowledge into a fascinating literary work.

"Men of Art" does not startle one with any upsets in aesthetic principles. Mr. Craven accents those extraordinary personalities of the past who are considered by most people, not hemmed in by their own esoteric gods, as giants. When he comes down to the modern movement he strikes a much more unlevel plane of critical judgment. He has little respect for radists and has placed most of the men following Cezanne into this class. An appreciation of what is contemporary is always difficult. Mr. Craven ends with hopes for America. He is quite right in blaming those men who imitate what they consider French, but personally we do not quite want an art heavily bounded by nationality. It must be left free and then if the artist is sincere and of his age, his work will naturally reflect his national heritage.

"Pure in Heart" is an attack on the diseases of an intellectual age—an attack on the cult of cleverness, on the spiritual death inherent in "gotterism," on the empty frenzies of an unbelieving age. It is a mystic exalting of the supreme value of a perfect love—the love between an old peasant woman and the sensitive boy he nurtured. It is a reaffirmation of faith and a psalm to the ineffable serenity of communion with God. Thus the thought of the fifty-year-old Ferdinand looking into the stars alone in a tropical midnight on the ocean:—

"It more than repays me everything, even death, since I know that nothing in the world can be either won or reached but You. Ah, what else could I ever reach or win, since I am Yours in this made ecstasy."

Comfortable Essays

OUT OF SOUNDINGS: by H. M.
Tomlinson. Harper and Bros.
\$4.00

Reviewed by Beatrice Saquin

ARE, indeed, the experience of finishing a book of modern essays with utter comfortableness. Such is the feeling after reading H. M. Tomlinson's *Out of Soundings*, a collection of heterogeneous essays ranging from travels to personalities.

Tomlinson has an endearing way of injecting empathy into his treatment of subjects, a quality which, however, does not obviate an intelligent appraisal of matters demanding scrutiny. If the author's topic be "A Brown Owl," he is at once the objective observer and the creature itself. Joseph Conrad has not written a more perceptive description of the sea than has Tomlinson in "The Turn of the Tide." From a boulder on the shore, the author surveys sea and strand, and the community life existing in the village on the edge of the sea. It is straightforward writing with few embellishments.

One essay, replete with genial commentaries on the failure of the talkies to capture the charm of true art, shows Mr. Tomlinson at home with more urban subjects. The title of the essay is indicative of Tomlinson's attitude—"Beauty and the Beast." The reader is gaily swept along with the writer from the moment he enters the gigantic movie palace and sits through the lengthy preliminaries to the picture, preliminaries during which the music . . . "comes in from the main like our supply of water."

One is inclined to agree with his conclusion that "the cinematograph, in the hands of imaginative genius, could have excelled poetry in its direct challenge to the ugliness in our institutions and traditional rites and manners; and that it was silent was the secret of its power."

MOORE'S ULTIMA THULE

APHRODITE IN AULIS: by
George Moore. Brentano.
\$2.50

Reviewed by Evelyn Raskin

George Moore's swan song is a tale of love in Greece of the Golden Age, a radical departure from the Zolaesque reality of the author's earlier novels. He has, nevertheless, written skillfully, if not penetratingly, of love and life, at once simple and subtle.

Kreben, beautiful as a young god, follows a mysterious summons to Aulis, marries the blonde daughter of his host and remains as a merchant. Although aspiring to be a rhapsodist, singing of the new worship of Helen, he is completely engulfed in the rising materialism of his life. His own is continued in that of his sons, who find inspiration for their art in two maidens, rising, like Aphrodite, from the sea at dawn.

Mr. Moore is still a brilliant prose master; but this book lacks the vigor of our inspiration of youth. Although he has caught something of the dignity and simplicity of ancient life, he has not infused it with a sense of the essence or meaning of love and life of Greece or of any age. The book remains a rather senile summary of the author's theories of love and art.

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