

# BARNARD BULLETIN

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## SOCIALIST CLUB LECTURE.

On Wednesday last, the Socialist Club had an open meeting at which Miss Helen Stokes and Miss Mary Sanford spoke on Socialism. They showed very briefly how all industry to-day is becoming more and more social in character. Before the industrial revolution each man could have his own tool, and could by means of his work, secure for himself a livelihood. To-day, however, our machinery of production has grown to be so complex and so expensive, that it is impossible for each laborer to own his machine. The machines are owned by large capitalists, and the workers are compelled to sell their labor at whatever wage they can get. They must take what their employers are willing to give them, or starve. This enables one man to hold in his own hands the lives and destinies of the thousands of laborers who are dependent upon his whim for their living.

Thousands of men and women, moreover, must come together to make even the very simplest commodity. This again is due to the large scale upon which industry is organized. Socialists believe, accordingly, that since society has reached such a stage, wherein production has become entirely social, the product thus socially produced, should be socially owned. They do not consider it just that this social product should be owned by a private individual or group of individuals, to be disposed of to their personal advantage. Since society creates the product, it should own it, and dispose of it in such a way as to further its best interests.

In a socialist state of society, moreover, where every one will work, all useful labor will become dignified, and idleness alone will be looked upon with scorn. If secure of a living, each person will naturally turn to that kind of work which he can do best, and much more efficient work will be the result. The laborer will, moreover, have more leisure than he has to-day, and will have greater opportunity for leading a higher intellectual and moral life.

At the close of this very informal talk, tea was served in the Undergraduate study, and there was much general discussion of great interest.

## Y. W. C. A.

Elizabeth Nitchie '10, has been obliged to resign the chairmanship of the Missionary Committee of the Y. W. C. A. Edna McKeev'er '11, has been appointed to fill her place for the rest of the term.

## THE GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL BUILDING.

An announcement of the proposed Washington Memorial was made last month at the various class meetings, but, since some of the interested students failed to understand just what this fund is to do, the attention of all Barnard students is again called to the following facts:

The George Washington Memorial Association was incorporated in the City of Washington in September, 1898, for the purpose of erecting a building to be known as the "George Washington Memorial Building," in commemoration of our first President and his interest in higher education in America. Washington often expressed the thought contained in his various messages to Congress, and in his Farewell Address: "Promote, then, as an object of Primary Importance, Institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge." He also urged "the promotion of science and literature."

This Memorial Building is to be practical in plan and construction, and of the most durable character. It is to be planned so as to furnish a home and gathering place for National, Patriotic, Scientific, Educational, Literary, Art, Medical, and similar Organizations that may need such accommodations. It will furnish a place where all the Patriotic Societies both north and south may testify to their love for the Father of his Country. The building will contain a great hall or auditorium and rooms for large congresses, rooms for small and large meetings; office rooms and students' research rooms.

Any contributions made by individuals or by organizations at College would be a great factor in aiding this extremely patriotic and interesting movement.

## THE D. A. R. TEA.

The Barnard Chapter of the D. A. R. gave a colonial tea in honor of Mrs. Joseph F. Wood, the New York State Regent, on Tuesday afternoon. The theatre trimmed with American flags and college banners made a pleasing background for the colonial girls with their powdered hair, flowered paniers and kerchiefs. Many of the regents of New York State Chapters were present, among them Mrs. B. Stewart, Mrs. A. C. Fiske, Miss Baret, Mrs. Treat, Mrs. Story and Miss Vanderpoele. The faculty was represented by Dr. Montague, Dr. Knapp and Prof. Remsen. Mrs. Lowther, the regent of the Barnard Chapter received with Mrs. Wood. Miss May Johnson, a Barnard alumna, entertained the guests with a number of delightful songs.

To the Editors of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

Can you spare a little space in the pages of your excellent weekly BULLETIN for a few remarks from an interested outsider?

Whenever my daughter brings your paper home, I manage to find time to pick it up and learn what she and her young friends are about during the long hours spent behind the friendly walls of Barnard. It is always with interest—often with pleasure, that I read of jolly plays, wonderful Greek games, fine lectures, and the various college activities, which I hope, are all helping to mould my little girl into a capable, happy woman.

Upon reading your last edition (that of March 9) permit me to say, dear madam, that I was both perplexed and amused.

I went to my daughter demanding an explanation. "Is this Philosophy Club," said I, referring to the account of a recent meeting of that organization "composed entirely of the most learned members of the faculty? Why do the editors of this paper for young people describe at such length a meeting of gray-beards?"

My daughter laughed aloud. "The members are all girls of about my age," said she—"that is, they range from seventeen to twenty-one or two, with a prof. or two as honorary members."

"Girls from seventeen to twenty-two—mere babies!—and could those silly children find no better way to spend a long golden afternoon than by discussing the unknowable until their poor little heads must have ached?"

But my daughter had returned to her lessons and did not wish to be disturbed. I covered her book with my hand.

"Daughter, are you a member of the Philosophy Club?" I asked.

"Oh, no, father! I go in for athletics, dramatics, and anything literary that comes my way, and that is quite enough."

"Quite," I replied dryly. "Moreover, if you ever feel inclined to join it, just let me know, and I will show you some things to do in this work-a-day world."

With that I left her, and sat down at my desk, resolved to write a word of warning to my daughter's young friends.

"How is it possible for a single cell to change into a complex multicellular organism?" "Is man the final product of evolution, and is the anthropomorphic point of view justifiable?"

Dear children, what questions! Are your young minds capable of grasping ideas over which hundreds of learned men have pondered? Is it with any profit to yourselves or others that you look and talk wisely for an hour or so on the subjects which you could not fathom were you all Solomons? "It is pleasurable," you will

Continued on Page 3, Column 2.

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BARNARD BULLETIN,

Barnard College, Columbia University, N. Y.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1910.

If you, oh writers of "Anonymous" letters, had ever been the overworked Assistant Editor of the BULLETIN, who goes scurrying around the classic halls of Barnard clutching your most interesting epistles—if you had ever, in Ancient Mariner-like fashion, been forced to stop each passer-by, and eagerly demand of her: "Did you write this?" If you had ever been forced to invade the secret precincts of the office, and there, like Sherlock Holmes, had tried to solve the mystery by comparing handwritings and post office stations, perhaps the next time you sent one of your much desired letters, not only your nom-de-plume, but also your given name would accompany it.

The BULLETIN wants letters; ever so many of them, and as frequently as possible! In the first place, they are splendid column fillers; in the second place, they show that some one besides the editors is interested; and in the third place, they

are very apt to be the best material in the paper.

Also, it understands fully the sense of modesty which prevents their authors from properly endorsing them, and it is quite willing to keep the public at large in a state of curious and unsatisfied longing.

But really, for several reasons, one member of the board must know who is responsible.

In the first place, she may want to express her thanks to this interesting contributor; or again, she might want to send him the number which contains his point of view, or she might want to keep him informed of any subsequent discussion that his letter arouses.

Of course, one always does find out in the end. All anonymous letters have been carefully tracked by this time, and though the outside world is still in ignorance, the Editorial Powers That Be, know just to whom they must be grateful.

But please, "Interested Outsiders," and "Critical Readers," for the sake of this poor little Assistant Editor, send a little extra slip, with your real name, in the envelope that brings us your next and anxiously awaited letter.

A visitor at a recent College play was delighted with the class singing; only one thing seemed to perplex her. "Why," said she, "do the girls stand every time they sing?" "They don't" her freshman guide told her, "we only stand when it is a College hymn." The visitor seemed rather skeptical, and then asked how many College hymns we had. "Well," said the rather uncertain freshman, "there's 'Stand Columbia,' and 'San Souci,' and I think there's a song called 'Fair Barnard,' but nobody knows that, so of course we couldn't have sung it to-day." "And are those the only songs you sing standing?" asked this feminine Sir Roger de Coverley.

"Almost—except that of course the seniors have to stand when they sing 'There's a College on the Hilltop,' and so the juniors thought they had to stand at their class song, and then of course the sophomores had to have a class hymn, so they stand at 'Hail to the Dragon Bold,' and—well—I'm writing a freshman hymn now, because if all the other classes have one, why we want a song we can sing standing too."

"This sufficiently explains everything, my dear," said the hard-hearted and un-sentimental visitor. "I now see why all the students are adept gymnasts; why the intermissions of your splendid performance were spasmodically interrupted with slamming chairs; why many of your best songs were unintelligible because of scuffling feet, and principally why a real college hymn, which ought to be sung standing, arouses in you instead of reverence, merely a feeling of vexation that once more you must arise from your comfortable positions for 'some old song.'"

To the Editors of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

Now is the time when seniors are beginning to think of next year's occupations. I am old fashioned enough to think that about the best thing a girl can do during her first year out of college is to browse. This doesn't mean one should be idle. But perhaps one year can be given to one's mother—a year of companionship. During this year a good deal of experimentation could be carried on—trying out one kind of work or another. Desultory reading is useful. A very active questioning in regard to one's relation to society and the universe is helpful. For women are so practical, so detailed, so housekeepery, that they don't let their wings sprout enough perhaps. But one year of this kind is enough. Indeed in most cases it has to be omitted altogether. For with the majority of college graduates the financial question enters. How to earn one's living at once after graduation is the problem. And how lucky that is! For many a woman would otherwise remain a social parasite contributing nothing to society and in return expecting to get her bills paid! If we bar out the married women, who generally have for a time at least all they can do to manage their homes and bring up their children, we see that the occupations open to be college graduates are not any more numerous than they are for other women, except in the teaching profession, unless graduate work be engaged in. To be a doctor, a nurse, a "social worker" (odious expression; a prize should be awarded to her who can coin a better word), an artist, a lawyer, a deaconess, all requires additional training. To teach, to do newspaper work, to be an office helper, to be a private secretary, these then are the most practical openings for the college graduate, who must go to work without additional training. However, other possibilities, thought not probabilities, may be suggested. Try getting a job which will tide you over while you are getting additional training. Be an office assistant, for example, and in the meantime learn stenography, or at any rate, typewriting. Learn Italian and it will help get you into social work where there is a dearth of Italian speaking helpers. Keep in touch with Mrs. Kelsey's Bureau, 156 Fifth Avenue—a bureau for social workers. Keep track of the civil service examinations, advertised in many daily newspapers, in the City Record, or to be had from the Municipal Civil Service Board. Get on the Department of Education's eligible list for the Recreation centres. Qualify as playground worker for the Park Department.

And if these openings are not attractive why not think of going into business?

To be a florist, a tea room or restaurant manager, a chicken farmer, takes capital, it is true, but under certain circumstances, such occupations become possible and desirable.

To those timid souls who want to be ladylike at all costs, let me point out that duchesses have milk routes and millinery shops.

Do what you like, if you can. But don't start out on any enterprise you know you haven't got the strength, the moral courage, or the energy, to put through to the finish.

MARY KINGSBURY SIMKOVITCH.

To the Editors of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

I have no desire to appear hypercritical, but it does seem to me that your judgment as to the relative importance of the serious and lighter sides of Barnard life is sadly deficient. As a case in point, may I call your attention to your last issue. A description of a callow freshman show occupied two of your valuable columns, while the most important event of the week from a scholastic viewpoint—and is not that viewpoint the one we students should endeavor to hold foremost? I say, the most important event of the week received but a scant column.—I refer, of course, to the meeting of the Philosophy Club.

I feel particularly grieved that a lengthy account was omitted from your columns, because I am one of a number who have not yet fulfilled the necessary requirements for entrance to the Philosophy Club. We must depend upon your publication for our information of the club's transactions.

As a representative of this small but not unimportant group of serious-minded students, I must protest at your cut and garbled account of the discussion of the question, "How is it Possible for a Single Cell to change into a Complex Multicellular Organization?"

Your article concludes with the statement that the "members of the club voted the meeting 'the best ever.'"

May I again ask, nay, may I demand, is it fair to the underclass girls to deprive them of a full account of these important seminar meetings?

A SERIOUS MINDED SOPHOMORE.

To the Editors of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

At the request of Miss Crossman, chairman of the Undergraduate Study Committee, I wish to speak about the magazines. The understanding is, that papers and magazines are not to be taken out of the study. In the last two months more than half of them have disappeared, never to be returned, and the few that are left are in such a bad condition that there is scarcely anything left of them to file. Last fall, the committee got permission to buy a bookcase, but it is hardly ever used. Girls, please help keep the room in order by using the bookcase instead of throwing the magazines around, and please do not mutilate or destroy them, as they are intended for filing in the Library to start a magazine reference department.

Sincerely yours,

EDITH M. DEACON.

Continued from Page 1, Column 3.

answer. Oh, yes, but it is very dangerous pleasure. Many a man older and wiser than you has gone adrift on a sea of questions like that, and lost himself in despair and utter wretchedness.

Wait a little. When you are older and have got a firm hold of God and His Reality, perhaps you may safely play with those shadows. I do not mean that those questions just quoted must lead you astray, but that *trend* of questions is very dangerous—indefinitely so for young girls like you. I should as soon give a baby poison to play with, as to let my daughter stray along that path.

I know what you will say, on reading this. "Oh, he is just an old fogie, who never went to College or had philosophy—he thinks we are babies, and forgets that we are women."

No, my dear young women, you are wrong. I have been to College—I have studied philosophy, though not much of it, I'll confess. And my daughter reminds me every day of her life, that she is "a real young lady," though she is my youngest.

But think a moment. What have you gained? Suppose you decide that you do, (or do not) believe Professor Royce's explanation of the existence of evil. Are you better women for it? What have you achieved for yourself, or the world? Are you better fitted to fight life's battles, and to do a woman's work nobly and faithfully to the end? And when the end comes, are you more ready to meet that unknown something which all your philosophic discussions have not been able to fathom—that which ordinary mortals call death?

There! I have preached a sermon instead of making fun of you, as I intended! But what of it. I don't believe you get half enough sermons over there.

Hoping, dear madam, that I shall not be mobbed in the dark by the members of the Philosophy Club, and wishing your capital paper all success, I am a very much amused and somewhat irate

PATERFAMILIAS.

PERSONALS.

Miss Helene Wise, 1910, has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Rothschild, Columbia, 1905, C. E., 1907.

A son, Leonard Wallstein, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Wallstein. Mrs. Wallstein was Miss Olive Roe, Barnard, 1908.

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The following letter, which appeared recently in the *Columbia Spectator*, may be of interest to some of our readers:

To the Editor of *Spectator*:

I would like to enter a protest against allowing the young ladies of Barnard and Teachers College, to wear their large hats in certain graduate courses which they have been given special permission to enter. In a graduate course in Sociology in which I am enrolled, the Barnard and Teachers College young ladies, by always taking the front seats in the class room, and leaving their hats on, have obstructed the view of the other students in the course. At Wednesday's lecture, it was impossible to see over the large hats which the young ladies had on.

The proper action on the part of these Barnard and Teachers College students it seems to me, would be to quietly remove their head dress in the future and thus put an end to any further trouble which undoubtedly will come unless something is done.

COLLEGE SENIOR.

1910 NEWS.

Those of the Commencement Week Committees that are already organized are:

Class Day Committee—Elsie Plaut, Chairman; Mary Nammiack, Mary Bailey, Nannette Hamburger, Marion Weinstein, Grace Reeder.

Senior Barquet Committee—Helen, Worrall, Chairman; Olive Thompson, Hazel Wayt, Rose Moses, Clarice Auerbach, Margery Eggleston, Marion Monteser, Bessie Holzman.

Senior Dance Committee—Mabel McCann, Chairman; Bertha Firebaugh, Clarita Crosby, Grace Henderson, Helene Wise, Grace Meier, Natalie Thorne, Florence Read.

Ivy Day Committee—Harriet Fox, Chairman; Hazel Woodhull, Lilian Eggleston, Vora Jaques, Christella McMurray, Tessie Barrows, Helen Crossman, Florence Rose.

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**BASKETBALL.**

One of the most interesting games of the year, and also the final one, which marked the end of the basketball season, was played last Saturday morning, between the Varsity and the Scrub team.

The line-up was as follows:

<b>'VARSITY</b>		<b>SCRUBS</b>
Mamie Wegener	F	Lucile Weil
Elsie Gleason	F	Doris Fleischman
Lillian Schoedler	C	Margaret Van Duyne
Shirley Gleason	S C	Bessie McDonald
Helen Dana	G	Elinor Burns
Amy Weil	G	Aurill Bishop

At the end of the first half the score was 10-3 in favor of the Varsity. The final score was 18-3 in their favor. The most exciting events of the game were some splendid baskets made from the centre of the floor by Lillian Schoedler.

**LENTEN TALKS.**

- Wednesday, March 16—  
Rev. Henry Cobb.
- Wednesday, March 23—  
Helen Whittier.
- Wednesday, March 30—  
Deaconess Goodwin.

These talks held under the auspices of the Devotional Committee of the Y. W. C. A., will be in the theatre at 12 o'clock on the dates given above. Every one who is interested is cordially invited to be present.

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To the Editors of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

Now that spring cleaning time is coming around, I am sure that there are a great many old suits, waists, shoes and hats to be given away. I shall be very glad to send for them if you wish to give them to the girls of Waverly House, 165 West Tenth street. These girls really need them very badly. Most of these young women, who live here temporarily, have had rather unfortunate lives. They are trying to get a new start. I am sure a great many of you Barnard girls will feel that you would like to help them a little bit.

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**BASKETBALL.**

Last week two exciting class basketball games were played. As the line-up was in many cases not composed of the regular team, they are all given below. 1910 versus 1912. Score, 15-1, in favor of 1912:

1910 TEAM		1912 TEAM
R. Platt		M. Wegener
	F	
C. Auerbach		E. Wigand
	F	
M. Eggleston		S. Gleason
	C	
C. Crosby		G. Segee
J. Schwarte		
	S C	
N. Hamburger		C. Straiton
	G	
B. Holzman		M. Hamburger
	G	

1911 versus 1913. Score, 6-3 in favor of 1911.

1911 TEAM		1913 TEAM
E. Gleason		D. Fleishman
	F	
V. Fueslein		S. Piers
	F	
L. Schoedler		M. Van Duyne
	C	
A. Bishop		B. MacDonald
	S C	
A. Weil		H. Dana
	G	
E. Burne		R. Goldstein
	G	

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