

BARNARD BULLETIN

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Miss Gildersleeve is Dean of Barnard

Barnard at last has achieved the long-desired in the person of a Dean. On Thursday, December 13th, President Butler made public the appointment of Miss Virginia Gildersleeve as the Dean-elect of the College. The election had taken place at the last meeting of Barnard Board of Trustees, and Miss Gildersleeve will begin her new duties on February 1st.

There is no need for us in this column to go over once more the innumerable reasons why Miss Gildersleeve is the best possible choice for Dean, or why she is peculiarly fitted for the new office to which she has been appointed. It is all too well known to the Students, Faculty and Alumnae, whom this paper reaches and who are most interested. A member of the Class of 1899, she graduated with highest honors; she studied in the Graduate School of Columbia where she took her M. A. in English; in the spring of 1908, she took the degree of Ph.D., presenting one of the ablest dissertations recorded in the University on "Government Regulation on the Elizabethan Drama." In the meanwhile she had served as a tutor in English on the Barnard Faculty and returned in 1908 as an instructor in that same department. "The quality of her academic courses, in the students' eyes, at least, is attested by the vigor and admiration with which these same courses are pursued.

The new régime will hold great possibilities for Barnard. Provost Brewster and Dean-elect Gildersleeve will work out the destinies of a now thoroughly organized college administration, and in the undergraduate scheme we have the Undergraduate Association to lend coöperation in whatever line that coöperation may have the power to act. Surely a new era of "fulfillment" as President Butler would say, is upon us, and Barnard has come into her own.

Undergraduate Tea

The Undergraduate Tea held last Friday, was, like its predecessors, a great success. The college was beautifully decorated, the music was good, remarkable tho it may seem there was almost enough food to go round; altogether the Tea was well managed, and well attended by most of the College and its friends. The different class studies were all so attractive and clean that they were unrecognizable. It was pleasant to note that the Freshman Study did not look like a barn with a few stray chairs and a mattress in it. As a matter of fact, the Freshman Study was by far the most decorated room in the College.

On the receiving line were Miss Hirst, Miss Reimer, Miss Maltby, Mrs. Braun, Miss Mary Polhemus, Miss Katherine Gay and Miss Adele Duncan. The committee in charge of the Tea, who deserve a great deal of credit for its success, were Adele Duncan, '11, Chairman, Addie Morgenstern, '11, Florence VanVranken, '12, Bertha Junghans, '12, Naomi Harris, '13, Helen Dana, '13, Mary Ross, '14, Virginia Britain.

Christmas Chapel Service

Miss Gildersleeve Speaks

The Christmas chapel service this year were doubly important outside their worth as Christmas services. In the first place, President Butler came over from Columbia and announced formally the appointment of Miss Virginia Gildersleeve as Dean-elect of Barnard, and secondly, the new chimes, the generous gift of Miss Grace Dodge, treasurer of Teachers College, were rung for the first time. It was academic chapel, and the lower floor was crowded with faculty and seniors in cap and gown, while the underclassmen and others were packed closely in the gallery.

The service began with the singing of "Oh Come all Ye Faithful," by the college; and the Glee Club rendered "Once in Bethlehem of Judea." The Violin Club, in collaboration with the chimes, then rendered a selection.

Provost Brewster announced the gift of a set of chimes from Miss Grace Dodge, and expressed his appreciation of the gift to the college in a few appropriate words. The Provost also thanked Doctor Braun who has been most instrumental in procuring the gift.

The most important part of the chapel program came when President Butler rose to announce Miss Gildersleeve's election. In introducing her, the President spoke in the various eras of Barnard's history. The first period was one of perpetual struggle for existence, when a small house on Madison Avenue housed the embryonic college; but the period on which we are entering now under the guidance of Provost Brewster and Miss Gildersleeve is one of fulfillment. Barnard knows exactly what its ideals are, and exactly how we should strive to live up to these ideals; she is giving to young women a thorough education according to approved and new methods. We are not doing the latest and most approved thing; rather are we doing the earlier and more approved thing as well as we are able to do with all our power. We are going to take new steps under the guidance and knowledge of one who has grown up with the college, through the days of small beginnings to these days of large achievements, and it is a good omen for future success to have found a leader among our own.

Miss Gildersleeve, in a few words, expressed her appreciation of the responsibility of the position; despite a few misgivings natural at the undertaking of any new and strange duties, she had reassured herself because she felt sure of coöperation on all sides—from President Butler, from Provost Brewster, the faculty and the students. With this as her support and aid, she felt able to go on in the task of doing her best thing for the college to which she has already given fifteen years of her life.

Undergraduate enthusiasm was shown by generous applause, and the chapel service closed with the singing of "Fair Barnard."

Undergraduate Mass Meeting

The Undergraduate Association crowded the theatre Friday noon, to welcome Miss Gildersleeve into the student side of Barnard College. After a short introduction by Mary Polhemus, the president, in which she explained the feeling with which the college greeted the Dean as an old student, faculty member and alumnae. Miss Gildersleeve spoke a few words to the Association. As a new Dean, she was particularly glad to address the students at an undergraduate meeting because her first interest in college organizations had been copying undergraduate rules in the front parlor of the house on Madison Avenue. Miss Gildersleeve added that she had always been interested in the development of the association and that she was looking forward with the greatest pleasure to her new relations with that organization.

After a song of welcome Miss Polhemus thanked Mr. Brewster for his services of Acting Dean and expressed the delight of the college that they were not going to lose him entirely.

Mr. Brewster then addressed the association. He said that for three and one-half years, he had been looking forward to the establishment of a long continued régime which was so essential for Barnard's welfare. He added that Miss Gildersleeve was the one best fitted to be the head of such a régime. After pointing out a few of the difficulties that every dean must meet, Mr. Brewster closed by asking the college to give Miss Gildersleeve their best support in making the new administration the best that Barnard has ever had.

The meeting closed with "Beside the Waters of the Hudson," which was followed by many cheers for the Provost and the new Dean.

Alumnae Directors Meet

The Board of Directors of the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College held a meeting on Saturday, December 10, 1910.

The special business of the meeting was the discussion of the arrangements for the election of a new alumnae trustee, and the notice of appointments to the Christmas reunion committee, as follows:

Julia Goldberg, '09, Chairman.

Anna C. Mellick, '06.

Christine McKim, '01.

Edna Chapin Close, '02.

Lily Murray Jones, '05.

Blanche Reitlinger, '05.

Florence Ernst, '08.

Elizabeth I. Thomson, '02.

Recording Secretary.

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BARNARD BULLETIN

Barnard College, Columbia University, N. Y.
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NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1910

The appointment of Miss Virginia Gildersleeve as the Dean of Barnard College is an event of significance for Barnard. There is no need for the BULLETIN to repeat the too well-known gratification of the college, for that has been evident on every occasion during the past few days. Along with our congratulations, we would only urge the College to wake to the consciousness of our splendid opportunities for development, and realize that every single step by which Barnard will advance cannot be taken by Miss Gildersleeve alone; rather, she is powerless to accomplish any far-reaching results unless we are in the rear, supporting her and the Provost, with all our will and might.

And since we are conscious of our fortunate lot, and likewise conscious of our small defects in our struggle to make the college community as well as the Utopia as possible, we have no hesitations in pledging to the new administration an unflinching cooperation and good-will. The final results of whatever may be done for Barnard rest in the attitudes and actions of every individual Barnard student, and if a slang phrase to force the point home may be pardoned—it is "let us show our real and better selves." We welcome Miss Gildersleeve heartily to her

new office, and we are going to keep her in that office, sustained by our good will and opinion.

Lo Provost Brewster, as he leaves the position of Acting Dean to ascend to a more permanent abode, we feel ourselves enabled to express for the college its united affection and admiration. The college testified that pledge last Friday, and the Provost in his few words, stirred the college to an even deeper avowal. There is no cause for sorrow, for the Provost remains with us, although the Acting Dean has disappeared and the whole college, in a body, has persuaded itself that the ascension into this higher scale will not prevent them from following still. The dim haze of provostial grandeur can as well receive our admiration and affection as the whimsical warmth of the Acting Dean's office. We lay whatever power we may have to assist him in his new work humbly at his disposal.

On the whole then we are undeniably fortunate; let us show both the Provost and the Dean that we are capable of showing our real appreciation "Deeds not words," holds true here, as on all other occasions.

The selection of an Undergraduate play is obviously a decision fraught with great hidden pitfalls and unseen misfortunes. Naturally, the committee has a dim prospect of these possible perils, and there is every reason to believe that no play will be chosen that has not received the most serious reflection in all its phases. The sentiment of the college this year seems to be against Shakespeare, and we have a secret, lurking regret that hardly dares show itself in public. But if Shakespeare is not given, we hope and trust that a sound drama of some worth will not be chosen, and not some mystic panorama or pageant far beyond the abilities of the average Barnard talent. A play that requires elaborate scenic effects or stage atmosphere should be considered as posing a great demand on Barnard resources.

Rather let us have a play in which the carrying powers will depend on the actors, and on certain elements of humor, pathos or tragedy—as you will—all to be interpreted by the innate dramatic talent of the students themselves. Stage effects that might be necessary for certain types of plays might outdo and weigh down our necessarily limited stock of dramatic talent. The reason that Shakespeare has carried, is not because he contains so many quotations—as an old lady put it, but because his people are always in action—talking, laughing, praying, drinking, swearing, or what you will—they live! Let us have that rather than a series of religious ecstasies.

Suffrage Club Play

The Suffrage Club proved itself as one of the most vigorous organizations at Barnard when it presented "How the Vote was Won" on last Thursday. So active were they that they stirred up the Antis and made them organize in direct opposition, the opposition consisting in a big banner labelled "Ain't I Suffered Yet" some "libellous" songs, and some striking ribbons. The best seats in the house were reserved for them and the dynamic force of the Suffrage arguments thus more easily hurled itself in their faces. Yet they seemed rather tipsy still at the end.

When the footlights first went on, Miss Pauline Cahn stepped out and read a very convincing poem by Charlotte Perkins—"The Women Don't Want It." The curtain then went up and the audience settled back to hear "How the Vote was Won."

Ethel Cole (Stella Bloch), a happy, domestic young wife, is found in her sitting room with her sister, Winifred (Constance von Wahl), who is a rabid suffragette. The latter is trying to convince her sister that every woman in the city will go on strike that afternoon and turn to her nearest male relative for support. Ethel will listen to no such nonsense until Lily (Anna Salzman), her maid, appears and reports that both she and the cook are leaving, since they prefer the work-house to breaking the strike. They leave and shortly afterwards Horace Cole (K. Gay) enters with his friend, Gerald Williams (C. Straiton). The former gives Gerald a book, with which he will surely succeed in winning his wife over from the ranks of the suffragettes. With this, Gerald leaves. Ethel proceeds to tell her husband of the coming strike, but he will not hear of such a thing being possible, ignorantly asking "what is the difference to the government, if they do?" He soon has cause to change his mind. One after another his female relatives troop in, demanding shelter and support. There is his sister, Agatha (Ethel Webb), who has been a respectable companion in a private family; there is his niece, Molly (Lillie Stein), who is the author of a number of shocking books; then comes his second cousin, the fashionable dressmaker, Madame Cristine (Myrtle Schweitzer), and worst of all, Maudie Spark (Mildred Hamburger), who is a comedienne and considered by Horace a disgrace to the family. Last of all, Lizzie Wilkins (Edith Deacon), Horace's aunt, appears with all the newspapers, which announce that the strike is on. Either from sheer desperation or a sudden illuminating conviction, Horace becomes converted and makes a glorious final speech on the rights of women before leaving to join the parade followed by all his triumphant female relatives crying, "Votes for Women."

The sketch is very clever and was very well acted by an all star cast and we congratulate the Suffrage Club on being among the first of Barnard organizations to produce that much-desired thing—a "clever skit that requires neither coaching, expensive costumes and scenery, and

(Continued on Page 4, Column 3)

1912

At a recent meeting of the 1912 Basketball team, Lucille Weil was chosen captain to fill the place of Mary Wegener, who did not return to college this year.

Our New Year Editorial

The "Barnard cat," Samuel Johnson, leaped lightly to the top of our desk and curled herself among the litter and dust. We were in deep perplexity and the Barnard cat knew it. That's why she assumed an air of peace and content. After a while she looked up, and studied our wrinkled brow, watched us chewing away at a pencil, writing, crossing out and re-writing. She appeared to be assuming a more sympathetic attitude, and almost seemed to ask, "Well, what's bothering you?"

That gave us the opportunity to let off steam—we had been waiting for all afternoon.

"What's bothering us?" we said. "Well, if you had our trouble, you would have already used up seven or eight of the castles we have set aside for your nine lives. Do you realize what time of the year it is? Do you hear the sleighbells outside? Do you see the people homeward bound, their arms full of Christmas presents? Do you know that we are up against one hard proposition of the year, after having gone through three months unscathed and with our head crowned with laurel leaf?"

The Barnard cat shook her head and looks as solemn as she was presiding at a meeting of the Trustees. She didn't know what we were talking about.

"Well, then," we said. "We have got to write a New Year's Editorial. Of course, that doesn't mean anything to you. But to us, it means a whole lot."

"Everything that could possibly be said about New Year being the time to make resolutions, to turn over new leaves, to forget old scores, and all that sort of thing has been said a hundred and one times in a thousand and one different ways."

"Of course, it would be an easy thing for us to write a beautiful history of the year's achievements, to tell our friends that never before have we made such progress, never before brought out so many helpful inventions, never before evolved so many grand ideas, never before been of such service to our friends."

"Then we could go on and paint a wondrous rainbow, we could speak of new vistas opening up before us, of the promised land being on hand, where a Bulletin could be gotten out daily with no misprints and no costs."

"And we could end up with a Daniel Websterian peroration, stowing blessing and lollies with our right hand, and mildly suggesting with our left that we are not entirely destitute of a suspicion that we aren't such a bad concern after all."

"As we say, we might write such an editorial as that"—we looked up. Samuel Johnson yawned. We could almost hear her say, "Well, why don't you?"

"The telephone bell rang before we could answer. "Hello," said we, "oh it's you, is it, and you want that editorial. Well, we just finished it. All right. Same to you and many of 'em."

To the Editor-in-Chief of the BULLETIN:—For the last nine years or so the French Society has been giving an annual play, for the last two years in cooperation with the corresponding organization in Columbia. Some of these plays have been quite successful—And yet I am bold enough to hold the opinion that such shows are superfluous.

Considering only the Barnard part of the affair, not enough girls come out for it in the first place. Very few can come out, in fact. A student who has no F's, who can speak French decently enough to be heard in public, and who can act well, is a rare phenomenon indeed. Even in the Undergraduate Play where the coach has a large selection of material for each part there is usually more than one rôle badly acted. How much worse is the case likely to be in a foreign language play! Many members of the cast take advantage of the law of supply and demand which acts in their favor. Half the girls clamor for the heroine's part, and most of the other half rages at the coach for assigning them their particular rôles. Can one imagine such a condition of affairs in any class play? The manager is driven to desperation. If the next-to-the-leading lady does not have her grievous wrongs redressed she will strike. If she should strike there would be no one to take her place, and the whole enterprise would fizzle out into nothingness. Really such a precarious existence were better cut short. It would save its promoters many a prematurely gray hair.

And it gets no more support from the college than it deserves. The large body of students who don't understand French well enough to laugh in the right places surely will not spend a dollar to see it; and many of those who know the language do not consider the play worth the price. Its main support comes from outsiders. Although there are three performances of it and its expenses are perhaps less than those of the Sophomore Show, there is an ever-present danger of financial loss. Once in a while it nets a fair amount of money; usually it just covers expenses. But a deficit has been the outcome more than once. No Undergraduate club can afford such a gamble.

What a contrast to all this was the little skit given by the Suffrage Club. No grand and fussy preparation, no expense, a little good, intelligent work on the part of a few girls. Result—a delightful entertainment that the college attended and enjoyed. Of course, the outside world was not impressed, but then we have no record that the foreign language play created a furore there, either. Cannot La Société Française satisfy its worthy ambitions by giving gratis informal little French sketches, dialogues, tableaux, etc., every six or eight weeks and inviting the college? These humbler efforts would have a decidedly greater social and educational value, for the simple reason that the students would come to see them.

The French Society of Barnard is probably better administrated now than ever before. It is doing more to justify its existence—so, at least, its members assert. Why should it waste its energy on an annual playlet, for which it is difficult to find a raison d'être? I have heard it said that the Society exists only to give this performance. Surely that statement is libellous. Such organizations in other colleges seem to hold their own pretty sturdily without any such outbursts. It would take a long time to convince me that the Barnard Club cannot do it.

Q. E. D.

To the Editor-in-Chief of the BULLETIN:—Plagiarism at Barnard! Are you proud of it, girls? Are you proud of it that Barnard girls should have so little brains as to be reduced to borrowing stories and anecdotes from comic sheets and magazines for material for "daily themes"? Are you proud of it that they should have so little wit as to suppose that they will go undetected by their classmates? Are you proud of it, last of all, that they should have so little honor as to be willing to stoop to passing off as their own what they have taken bodily from another? If you are not, then why don't you do something? Why don't you do something beside standing around in corners and discussing the outrage with your bosom friend, but never letting the culprit know by word or look that she has lost caste in your eyes? If they were material thefts that were being committed, the whole college would be up in arms. But now no one is the loser, so we all sit back with folded hands, gossip about the literary thefts a little, and then forget them. Don't you suppose I feel the same way myself? Nobody wants to dirty her hands with the business, and if she did, nine chances out of ten she could not think of any way to go about it. But in the meantime, our college honor and morals are slipping, slipping, slipping, and something has got to be done about it. This is the only thing I could think of (perhaps someone else will think of something better), so I am doing it. At any rate, the offenders can no longer have any doubt as to the attitude of the college toward their practice. It seems a little too bad to have to advertise such a failing within our midst, in a paper that in some cases goes to outsiders. It savors strongly of disloyalty to our college family. But we must remember that the Bulletin is destined, first of all, for our personal edification, and in the light of this, there can be no question as to the propriety of making it an instrument of correction, rather than allowing such grave faults to go unadmonished. I propose that each one of us be so scrupulous in her personal honor, that such violations of the college honor will, in the future, be impossible.

VERITAS.

To the Editor-in-Chief of the BULLETIN:
Just another protest against the established order of our universe. It is, indeed, true that nothing can be done in this world without someone telling afterwards how if he, or she, had had anything to say about it, it certainly would have been better managed. However, once in a while, these post-mortems are of some value, because then the mistakes that have really been made will not be repeated in the future. So here goes for another complaint about something that is now past.

It is about the way in which both the Sophomore and Junior shows were managed, or rather, a certain tendency shown in the plays, for not even such an experienced kicker as I could find anything to criticise in the technical part of the management, which is, by far, the most important part.

What I am protesting against is this that it has become the custom for the committee in charge to portray the good parts in the play. In the Sophomore show, we found that the three best parts were taken by members of the committee; in the Junior, the heroine, as well as the good minor parts, were played by the committee. Now, this state of affairs is neither fair to those of the class, who would have liked to take an active interest in the play, but whose services were unnecessary; nor is it fair to those of the committee who did not take part in the play; nor is it fair to the girls themselves, who are both on the committee and in the play. And these are my reasons for such a rather sweeping statement. Those girls who have a double duty to perform are naturally not able to perform both as well as they would be able to do either one. They try to do both, and either they slight both duties, or they use up all their energy in trying to do both well, and in consequence, by the time the play is over they are physical and nervous wrecks. Then the two or three committee members on whom nearly all the heavy work falls, have to do the work that ought to be divided among five or six girls.

"But," you will say, "what if the girl on the committee is best suited to the part in the show? Shouldn't she take it? There are seldom many actresses in the class." By all means she should take the part in the play, but at the same time she should resign from the committee, and her part on the committee will be taken by some other girl.

A Chronic Complainant.

1911 Class Meeting

At a special meeting of the Class of 1911 on Tuesday, December 13th, the resignation of Miss Ida Bokshitskay as Chairman of the Undergraduate Play Committee, was accepted, and Miss Stella Bloch was unanimously elected Chairman. Miss Myrtle Schweitzer was then chosen as second member of the Committee.

Intercollegiate Socialist Society

Annual Convention, December 29th-30th

The Christmas holiday will offer an event of considerable note and much interest to collegians in the form of the Second Annual Convention of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, to be held in New York City on Thursday and Friday, December 29-30.

The New York Alumni Chapter will entertain the visiting delegates at a reception on Thursday evening, December 29, in a quaint old studio at 90 Grove street, where Lincoln Steffens, the well-known publicist, will deliver an address of welcome. This occasion will afford the delegates an opportunity to meet many persons of prominence in the social and Socialist movements.

On Friday morning the executive session will take place in the library of the Rand School of Social Science, 112 East 19th street. J. G. Phelps Stokes, president of the society, will open the meeting, at which reports from the delegates of the various chapters will be heard and methods of organization and procedure discussed.

The Friday afternoon session, from 2-4 o'clock, will be devoted to an address on "What Socialism Is," by John Spargo, author of "The Bitter Cry of the Children," "Socialism," etc., to be followed by questions and general discussion.

The culminating feature of the conference will be the dinner on Friday evening, 6-8 o'clock, at Kalil's restaurant, 16 Park Place. The topic for the evening will be "The Place of College Men and Women in the Socialist Movement." An enlightening treatment of the subject is ensured by the presence of the following list of speakers: Dr. Albert Sudekum, for eleven years Socialist member of the German Reichstag; Mrs. Florence Kelley, well-known in the field of labor legislation; Upton Sinclair, Socialist author; Franklin H. Wentworth, speaker and writer; Miss Elizabeth Dutcher (Vassar, 1901), especially active in the Woman's Trade Union movement; and Walter Lippmann (Harvard, 1900), formerly president of the Harvard Socialist Club. J. G. Phelps Stokes will preside.

Among the colleges where affiliated Chapters for the study of Socialism exist are Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Barnard, Wellesley, the City College of New York, New York University Law School and the New York School of Dentistry; the Universities of Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, Washington and Oklahoma, Stanford University, Clark College, Kansas State Agricultural College, Marietta College, Meadville Theological School and other institutions.

The society was organized in 1905 "to promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women." Its headquarters are at room 602, Tilden building, 105 West 40th street, New York City, telephone Bryant 4000. Harry W. Laidler (Wesleyan, 1907) is the or-

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Craigie Club Meeting

The Craigie Club held its second regular open meeting of the year on Tuesday, December 13. The speaker was Dr. James Walsh, Dean of Fordham Medical School, who addressed the club on the "Theory of Evolution."

Dr. Walsh's presentation of the subject was very instructive and highly amusing, a thing which cannot often be said of a discussion of the Theory of Evolution. He began by telling that evolution is not a new study, although we at the end of a century of evolution are apt to consider it an entirely new idea, something peculiar to our own extraordinary thinking. However, this thought or "lack of thought," as he called it, may be traced back to the Greeks, where the idea of evolution found an early if rudimentary expression. St. Augustine and Thomas of Aquin, too, expressed the general ideas of evolution in their works.

Dr. Walsh said chiefly that the Democratic type of evolution had been entirely overestimated and exaggerated in real scientific value. The origin of species, for instance, describes development within the species, but discusses no origin in itself. In proof, he read extracts from various books of Prof. Kellogg, a zoologist of Leland Stanford University.

Before Darwinism can stand at all, the missing links must be found between the species. The followers of this theory have supplied these in rather unusual ways. In Fleischmann's "Evolution of the Horse," the scientist, in his eager haste for proofs, quite neglects the fact that although the horse is a European animal, the various links in its evolution have been collected indiscriminately from two continents from animals of which only the teeth or one or two bones remain.

One by one the various points of their science have been discredited.

The various phrases that commonly are used as formulæ in evolutionary discussion in some cases have no meaning, have never been sufficiently proved, and likewise are tautological. For instance, the "Survival of the Fittest." Evolution according to Lamarck is the true basis on which to work.

Suffrage Club Play

(Continued from Page 2, Column 3)

nervous breakdowns." Heroes and heroines of '11, '12 and '13 joined ranks for forwarding the good cause. Each part was convincingly brought out and the audience were made to feel that there were real, modern, human beings before them on the stage. After the play, the cast sang the following song in answer to their opponents, the "Antis:"

What's the matter with Suffrage?

It's all right.

What's it matter if ladies howl and fight?

It's no use, brothers, to fume and fret.

For lovely woman will get the vote yet.

What's the matter with Suffrage?

It's all right.

"Eager Heart" at Barnard

Old Christmas spirit was here last Wednesday afternoon. Miss Bucknell, in Bruekerhof, gave a solemnly-peaceful reading of her Christmas Mystery play, "Eager Heart." The theatre was filled, for the most part, with strangers—elderly men and women, and a few Columbians—the Barnard girls, with unwonted courtesy, occupied the rear seats.

The story of the play is simple. Eager Heart's innocent faith in the coming of the King, on Christmas night; her admission of the three tattered beggars—a man, woman and child; her sharing (reluctantly) of the humble food she had lovingly prepared for the King. The shepherds and the three wise Kings come to her door, directed by the bright guiding star. The beggar child is the King! Eager Heart's happiness and rejoicing are interrupted by a knock at the door. It is the two sisters who had frowned at the beggars. But no, Eager Sense and Eager Fame, "too late, too late, ye cannot enter now." The prologue solemnly sums up the lesson:

"The play is out; the faithful feed in bliss;
The foolish turn to find true nobleness;
Say, gentle listener, at this Christmas tide,
Is your hearth ready? are your doors flung wide?
Hath He come in with you to make His stay?
Nay, let us enter in, before we part,
And pray together here with Eager Heart,
That never, O Thou Son of Man! may we
Weary of search, or miss of seeing Thee,
In every human form, and human dress,
The Homeless Child of Peace and Righteousness."

The play is short, quaint and wholesome in spirit, and beautifully written. "Eager Heart" has been given in London for seven years, as an act of love, not for money. This year, it is given in New York for the first time.

Miss Bucknell has a gentle, full voice, and reminds one forcefully of an old English proverb. We were all glad to shake hands with her afterwards in the Undergrad, where we, again with unwonted courtesy, refrained from the solitary cake-plate. When but a few Barnard girls remained, Miss Bucknell sat down and showed some handsome pictures of the players of "Eager Heart," and picked out three of us to be angels when the play is given at Carnegie Lyceum.

Intercollegiate Socialist Society

(Continued from Page 4, Column 2)

ganizer. The officers and members of the executive committee are: J. G. Phelps Stokes, president; Upton Sinclair, first vice-president; Miss Elsie LaG. Cole, second vice-president; Morris Hillquit, treasurer; Algernon Lee, secretary. Executive committee: Mrs. Jessica G. Finch, Rene E. Houget, Miss Jessie Wallace Hughan, Paul Kennaday, Harry W. Laidler, Ernest Poole, Miss Ida Rauh, Miss Mary R. Sanford, Leroy Scott and Miss Helen Phelps Stokes.

Second Social Rally of the Kreis

The Deutscher Kreis had the opportunity of meeting its honorary vice-president, Dr. Rudolph Tombo, Senior, on Tuesday afternoon, December 13. It is interesting to notice that the Kreis persists in maintaining the Teutonic atmosphere. Dr. Tombo lectured in German on Prussia during the Napoleonic Era. His lecture consisted of an outline of the history of that era. He dwelt particularly on the glories of Queen Louise and read several poems indited to her. These were rendered peculiarly impressive by Dr. Tombo's splendid delivery.

After the lecture, the gathering descended en masse to the lunch-room where the *aufwartung* was temptingly laid forth. There were black, fragrant coffee to delight the Germanic souls, and *Pfeffernüsschen*, and bread-and-jam, and other good things. Every one sat down at the tables in good Kaffee Klatsch fashion. Dr. Braun, Mr. Bechert and Mr. Porterfield lent masculinity to the occasion.

To the Editor-in-Chief of the BULLETIN:

There is in the Blue Book, under "Advice to New Students," a sentence that we have all read when, as Freshmen, the little book first came into our possession. Some of us immediately forgot it, others thought it entirely superfluous, but most of us have accepted it as Barnard's oldest joke. "Don't forget, that you represent Barnard on every occasion," is not a joke nor is it, as the upper classmen think, for the Freshmen alone. "Every occasion" means to most of us life outside of our college activities. However, when away from college, we are far more apt to be judged as individuals than as Barnard students. But it is in our class songs, the care of our studies, our actions in the halls and on the campus, and above all, in our class parties, that we represent Barnard. The reputation of our college depends on us. We can make her atmosphere one that develops the best and finest in her students and gives them that nice discrimination and refinement of character which is so essential to a really cultured personality. Let us have college spirit and fun and lots of it but let us not forget in our enthusiasm our reputations, realizing that even the most passing event has an influence upon our college as well as upon ourselves.

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To the Editor-in-Chief of the BULLETIN:

Let us turn our hopeful young faces to the dim past. Let us turn over the dusty, musty pages of time. Let us paraphrase Francois Villon, and with one spirit, and one voice, shriek into departed 1910, "Where are the trees of yesterday?" or, rather to-morrow, or next week, or next century? Perhaps, now that the campus is decorated with a white mantle, and the wintry winds gaily disport themselves with our wearing apparel, we may be accused of inconsistency in lifting our voices for the trees that are not. But the reason we are being inconsistent, if inconsistent we are, is because we trust an appeal sent out now may pierce the ears of the evidently hibernating trees, and give them sufficient energy to hobble up to our campus next spring, and range themselves artistically along the boardwalk which leads from this domain of knowledge into Brooks Hall. Let us, at any rate, hope for the best.

JUNIOR.

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Treat for Music Lovers
 Recitals Typical of Period

Under the direction of Mr. Arthur Whiting, of the Department of Music, proposes to give five expositions of classical and modern chamber music. The recitals are to be held during the season in the Horace Mann Auditorium, the first being given tomorrow afternoon.

The detailed schedule follows:

December 1, 4:10 p. m. French School of the 17th and 18th Centuries. Mrs. Edith Chapman Gould (Soprano), Mr. George Barrere (Flute), Mr. Paul Kefer (Viola da Gamba), Mr. Whiting (Harpsichord).

December 9, 4:10 p. m. French School of the 19th and 20th Centuries. Miss Susan Metcalfe (Soprano), Mr. Whiting (Piano-forte).

January 18, 4:10 p. m. Beethoven Program. (Artists to be announced.)

February 15, 4:10 p. m. English and German Schools of the 17th and 18th Centuries. (Artists to be announced.)

March 15, 4:10 p. m. Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms. The Kneisel Quartet.

Admission will be by ticket. Written application should be made to the secretary of the University for each recital. Preference will be given to members of the University and no tickets will be given to the public until two days before the recital.



The Editors of the Bulletin most cordially extend to its Readers and Advertisers the Compliments of the Season, and wish you

A Merry Christmas
 and
A Happy New Year



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For Those Who Do Not Know

On the bulletin board in the first floor corridor there hangs a small tin box. But, friends, this is not a mail box, and any letters, postals or packages dropped therein have very few chances of ever reaching their destination. This is the "Bear" box. If you are a modest young authoress or poetess, who would like to hand in a contribution to this magazine, but prefer that no one knows of your doing so, drop it in this box. In some enlightened moment the editor-in-chief will find it there and if it comes up to Bear standards, you will find the name of your contribution posted on a sheet of paper next to the box. In this case, go to the editor, claim your work, prove you are the author by a handwriting test and attach your name to it. The contribution with your name (or possibly somebody else's) will appear in the next issue of the Bear.

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