

# BARNARD BULLETIN

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## A Senior's Point of View

As we near the end of our four years of college we continually find ourselves trying to measure what, besides the teaching of concrete facts, college has done for us. We find ourselves and each other in many ways subtly changed and we try to assume the detached position of alumnae, and name the change which has come over us. Unquestionably such a search will reveal to all of us something different: I can only name what I have found, a change which I can do no more than vaguely term an increased interest and faith in human nature.

Try to recall your impression as freshmen; remember how free the seniors seemed to you; how easily they fell into conversation with you when they met you in the hall, even though they had never seen you before! Recall how happy it made you, and how you resolved to be free too, and to stand no longer on the ceremony of introduction! If you were at all shy or self-conscious, you found it hard to gain this ease—perhaps you had to struggle for two or three years before you really mastered it. But when at last it was yours, college seemed to you an infinitely more attractive place. You were continually discovering nice girls in other classes; and in your own class, so many girls that you had almost disliked became attractive to you. Five minutes' chat with a freshman on the way up from the subway disclosed the fact that she was "bad at math," just as you had been, and was "scared stiff about mid-years." And when you told her that "the man was awfully good about marks," her gratitude and relief were touching; you were friends from that day.

And when you were in the Sophomore Show with the girl that was so insufferably conceited, you discovered that her "conceit" was merely the confidence that comes from the possession of unusual gifts. Prejudice after prejudice went down on closer acquaintance, and presently you found yourself liking every girl in your class for some attractive quality or other. And now you were forced to conclude that most people had something nice about them, which a little pains on your part would reveal. You came to take a positive pleasure in probing for this unknown quantity in people and to display the intuition of a seer in locating it. Social intercourse, in college and out, became an exciting quest—a rainbow with a pot of gold always hidden at the end; and you smiled quietly when other people indulged in wholesale condemnations, and patted your own diving-rod, well-content.

Perhaps I have exaggerated this familiar experience, certainly I have erred if I implied that it was confined to college life alone. Every long and close association, where people are encouraged to show their best side, reveals more or less of the same condition. You seldom find misanthropes among men who enter into frank and frequent communion with

## Chapel

### Usual Large Attendance Greet the Dean

On Thursday, apropos of the approaching commencement, Dean Gildersleeve spoke in the chapel on occupations for college women after their graduation. After dwelling for a while on the alumnae committee, which has developed into an organized bureau for giving information regarding the requirements, opportunities and pay of certain positions, the Dean spoke of the choosing. She warned the girls against striking too high, the great aim being to secure work you can do really well. Gage your own capabilities, she said, and then choose according to them. The Dean pointed out that almost any occupation may be looked upon as social service. This is clearly seen in the teaching and scientific professions; more obscurely, perhaps, in the production of works of art; and even in marriage—for surely rearing of children is a social service not to be undervalued. Whatever we undertake, however, we should undertake professionally—that is, thoroughly, and with responsibility, as opposed to dilettantishly and amateurishly. In all our efforts we should be spurred on and helped by the thought that through our actions and our achievements, strangers will judge our college.

### J. L. Murray Speaks

J. L. Murray, the educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, spoke last Tuesday on the appalling needs of India. India is the most religious country in the world. Counting the minor faiths, there are about a hundred religions in India.

At the time of the religious festival at Alla Habad, the speaker witnessed all the horrors of the Indian religion—the procession of squalid, naked brute-looking priests, whose footsteps the eager multitude stooped to kiss; the men buried in the sand as a sign of devotion, and those sitting on spikes to show the zeal of their faith; and at Calcutta, the priests armed with knives and dripping with blood as they busily cut the throats of the victims for sacrifice to the gentle Mother God—all these show the absolutely desperate and horrible need of India. It is "a land that is sunk in shame," it is a land of splendid opportunity.

### Mediaeval Tourney

1912 did its share in entertaining the departing senior class on Wednesday afternoon, May 10th. The party took the form of a mediaeval tournament, suggested by the enthusiastic members of the Chaucer class and though not carried to any elaborate extent, it created a great deal of fun, which hung graceful folds of cheesecloth in a truly mediaeval manner. At about 4:15 the active participants in the tourney paraded in and ascended the stage. King Arthur, gorgeously cloaked in one of Jeanne D'Arc's discarded costumes, sat beside a dainty Queen Guinevere on a

## Joint Meeting of Suffrage and Socialist Clubs

### Mrs. Anita Cahn Block, Speaks

The Suffrage and Socialist clubs of Barnard united forces on Monday afternoon in a joint meeting at which Mrs. Anita Cahn Block, class of 1903, spoke on the relations of the Socialists toward suffrage. Mrs. Block was introduced by Miss Constance von Wohl, the president of the Suffrage club, who introduced her as an alumnae as well as a Socialist-suffrage propagandist.

As an introduction Mrs. Block described the extension of woman's scope in the suffrage and socialist movements. In the early 19th century the American women who would have been suffragists today were expending their energies on the abolition movement. In 1848 the first woman suffrage convention was held, at which Susan B. Anthony was a delegate. Despite the increasing interest in the subject the issue was sidetracked in the wild confusion and during the days of the Civil War and of Reconstruction. After the Reconstruction period, when the question was taken up seriously, the women who wanted the vote were of a new type and were united by a different purpose from those who had desired it formerly. In other words the working-woman through the invention of machinery as an economic factor had stepped into the political and social world. Woman, through her position as an equal economic unit with man in the labor-market, forced social issues to the deciding point—what was to be the fate of the unemployed men whom her cheaper labor had driven out of the market; and what political arrangement was to be made for this sudden addition to the labor class? The answer to the second question was to give her the same political rights as men, since she worked on an equal basis with men, and to let her work out her own salvation accordingly.

As for the various objections that have been raised against woman's participation in the ballot the majority of them fall before the hard, democratic facts of Socialist and suffrage theory—theory that will eventually work out in practice. To fear that the vote in the hands of uneducated women will be the undoing of the Republic is ridiculous. We might as well say that this country is deteriorating because a certain percentage of the male voters of America are not of a high grade of intellectual attainment.

Mrs. Block pointed out that the struggle for the ballot from the very beginning had been a class or economic struggle and that it still is so in struggle of women for the franchise.

(Continued from second column)

roughly constructed throne. A dubiously arrayed Herald announced a folk dance as the first event. This was very pleasingly done, despite the limited size of King Arthur's court chamber.

The second event was the direful "Tragedy of the Upside-Down Damoisels."

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BARNARD BULLETIN

Barnard College, Columbia University, N. Y.  
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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 18th, 1911

A student who heard Dean Gildersleeve in the chapel last week, suggests that, as a deviation from the trite "Remember that you represent Barnard on every occasion," next year's committee insert in the Blue Book the more comprehensive motto, "A soldier is often spurred on to heroism so that he may not be a disgrace to the regiment." We are inclined to support this suggestion. For some inexplicable reason the "Remember that you represent Barnard on every occasion," has become an object of ridicule, a butt for the facetious, a signal for jeering. We wonder why. There is certainly nothing inherently ludicrous in the exhortation. The expression becomes a college joke. The only explanation of this attitude appears to be in the satire involved—in the abyss that lies between the behest and the execution. When a really serious formula becomes so familiar that we roll it off glibly, without any appreciation of its meaning, on occasions appropriate and inappropriate, mocking, or fatuously serious, it is time that that formula were dropped. Let us forget, then, that we represent Barnard on every occasion, and let us bear in mind, instead, that a soldier is often spurred on to heroism that he may not be a disgrace to

the regiment. The metaphor is inspiring. It is rather an exalting subordination (if we may be allowed the paradox), to be an entirely responsible cog in the machine. And we discover ourselves involved in the phenomenon of reconstructing our personalities to suit the standard of the college, in order that the standard of the college may be maintained by our personalities.

We print a letter below from a sophomore in which we are chided for not publishing an account of the burying of The Brief. We shall make a clean breast of the matter. An assistant editor was detailed to report that important function. Somehow she didn't. Probably she forgot. Perhaps she merely neglected. And that assistant editor was herself a sophomore! Apparently all sophomores did not take the event as seriously as the sophomore of our communication.

We do not deny the Brief party originality. We merely suggest that it is probably not a red letter occasion in the history of Barnard. We can conceive its being forgotten by next year—by all but the sophomores, that is. Perhaps we may be proven in the wrong. In that case we shall apologize handsomely when the time comes.

Madam Editor:

Has it ever been your fate to experience a cruel, cruel disappointment? Probably yes. Then you can sympathize with us in our sorrow weary tho your ears (or should it be eyes?) must be of constant complaints. I say "us" not in a regal or editorial sense, but with its literal meaning. By "us" I refer to a heart-broken and indignant class of one hundred and thirty.

Not so long ago our class decided to be original. Do you realize the importance of what I say? the effort implied? The Chairman of our Entertainment Committee had excited conferences with the dean about our ideas. The dean was very enthusiastic, she, who measures every word, and expressed the hope that future classes would follow in our footsteps.

Perhaps you have guessed by this time of what I am speaking. It is of our wonderful Brief Party. We were the first class of the many who suffered to think of expressing in some definite way our relief and joy at the end of this dread time. We were the first class to entertain the English faculty to prove to them that you could not kill a Barnard class with anything. The Brief tho is a good way to try.

Buoyed up by the words of the dean we proudly held our heads erect at the thought of our influence on the class immediately following us and on untold generations of classes. What was the end of our hopes and ambitions, Madam Editor. The Bulletin that is supposed to register all the events, all the interests of the college did not grant us the least notice, not a line to signify even the existence of our party. I protest this is gross injustice. Let us hope a later number of the Bulletin will remedy the mistake.

A SOPHOMORE.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

## No Flowers!

Through the columns of the Bulletin, the class day committee of the senior class wishes to reannounce with added vigor the regulation passed by the class some time ago to the effect that no flowers are to be sent to members of the class on Class Day, in the Columbia Gymnasium. If there are any members or friends of the college who wish to show their appreciation to the Seniors by floral tribute, they should send the flowers, either to the home of the student or to Barnard College. But no flowers must be sent to the gymnasium on Class Day.

## Cover Design for the Bear

The editors of the BEAR are planning to have a new cover design next year. Competition for this design will be open during the summer recess. The only requirement is that the designs be simple. The editors reserve the privilege of keeping the old design if none of the proposed ones prove satisfactory.

## Notice

For the benefit of those interested in Settlement work, and for those who want to become interested, we wish to remind everyone of the copy of Jane Adams' "Spirit of Youth in the City Streets," which has been donated to our library and which is on file there for reference.

## Press Club

The Press Club has elected the following members from the Freshman and Sophomore classes, to fill the places made vacant by the resignation of the graduate members: From 1913—Naomi Harris (on the Times); Edith Rosenblatt (New York American); Ethel West (Evening World). From 1914: Isabel Randolph (Morning World); Teau Mohle (the Globe), and Marguerite Bevier (Evening Mail).

The marriage of Florence M. Wolff, '08, and William Klaber, Columbia, '05, Ph. D., '07, will take place on June 24, 1911.

As the program of events for the coming two weeks varies largely with the individual we publish instead the following:

## Program of Events

## For Commencement Week

Friday, June 2nd—Senior Dance.  
Saturday, June 3rd—Outdoor Performance of "As You Like It," by 1911.  
Sunday, June 4th—Baccalaureate Service.  
Monday, June 5th—Columbia Class Day.  
Tuesday, June 6th—Ivy Day.  
Wednesday, June 7th—Commencement luncheon by Trustees to 1911. Evening—Alumnae Reception to 1911.  
Thursday, June 8th—Class Day. Senior Banquet.

## Around College

To the Editor of the Bulletin,

Dear Madam: My text for his homily is, "I must be cruel only to be kind," announced with the hope that the next row of the pious chanson will not be in order.

Last June as I watched 1910 march up the aisle of the gymnasium for its Class Day I was proud of the impression made by my younger sisters. As a body they appeared attractive, well-groomed and dignified, all that can possibly be asked of such an assembly on such an occasion. But when the other three classes followed, what a falling off was there! They seemed to have made a point of selecting for the occasion whatever was unsuitable in garb and *coiffure*; their dresses were mussed, messy, and badly put on; and as they advanced up the aisle they slouched and swaggered and minced like—but comparisons are odious. Agreeable exceptions there were, of course, but they were too few to counteract the general bad effect. I watched the show with mortification, and the sharpest sting of all lay in the certainty that each class, in its turn, would appear as well as 1910—perhaps even better. Yet until that day they chose to affront their hostesses and shame their Alma Mater by their unlovely and unladylike appearance.

Now what I would ask, indignant reader, is that before taking your place in line for the 1911 Class Day you consider the suggestions which I—as an old foggy, of course—shall make. Then if you reject them, and outside guests go away and spread unfavorable reports of you and your ways, you will at least know what you did and why you did it.

Class Day is celebrated in the morning, therefore elaborate costumes are out of place. Class Day is a semi-official function, therefore attire that looks picturesque on Field Day is downright tough here. Moreover, whatever is worn should be clean and fresh. If a girl has but a limited stock of white things she owes it to the seniors and the college to save something expressly for that day. Secondly (or is it sixteenthly?), when a class or any other organization appears in a body the more uniform the appearance of the members the more impressive will the total effect be. This uniformity can to a great extent be gained by the avoidance of anything conspicuous; by the absence of all jewelry, by neat and simple hairdressing, and by the careful adjustments of waists to skirts, collars to necks, and similar trifles. Last but not least look to the way you walk, little sisters! An erect and dignified carriage suggests reserve force; a slovenly, swaggering, or affected gait suggests only lack of training, of courtesy, or of sense.

If my suggestions seem good, independent reader, but the manner of their presentation deficient in tact, pray do not punish your Alma Mater for my offence. Sink your picturesque and vivid personalities, just for this once, for the good of the whole—and then listen to the comments of your friends and relatives from outside.

THEODORA BALDWIN, '00

## Pro-Gilberto—Sullivanogue

To the Editor of the Bulletin:

Last night I had the pleasure of attending a performance of "The Mikado," presented by the High School pupils of the Ethical Culture School. It is a long time since I have enjoyed an amateur performance so thoroughly. The choral work done by the Glee Club was irreproachable. Several of the "leads," all of whom were taken from the graduating class, outdid professionals that I have seen in the same parts, and almost all of them were perfectly satisfactory. There were one or two exceptions of course.

Ever since I have been at college I have from time to time whispered into the ears of chairmen of plays and other powers the suggestion of producing "The Mikado" or "Pinafore" at Barnard. I have heretofore been unable to refute the opposition, and so I have subsided. Today however, I come armed to the teeth with facts.

In the first place, the Brinkerhoff stage is not too small. Last night the play was given on a wingless platform, about two feet above the floor. The proscenium arch had been constructed and decorated after the Japanese by the students themselves, as had been the back-drops. The wings were Japanese screens, which only partly hid the retired choruses from view. Even this did not disturb the audience in the least and naturally it would not be necessary at Brinkerhoff. Of course perfect order and discipline reigned behind the scenes. But that need scarcely be mentioned in connection with a Barnard production! I cannot vouch for the exact area of the platform but by eye-measure it was somewhat smaller than our stage. And you should have seen the mobs of "gentlemen of Japan" they managed to get on it!

We would have absolutely no trouble getting the voices. Only two really good voices are required—the tenor and the soprano. I know of at least two excellent tenors at our command—and we have sopranos galore. As for the comedians, all that is required of them is that they can carry a tune—and scarcely that. The chorus would of course either consist of the Glee Club, which proved its powers and possibilities only a few weeks ago, or be formed with the Glee Club as a nucleus. The club could make this the event of the season, and instead of learning detached selections and presenting them at a concert it could concentrate its effort on the choral work of the play. Likewise the Violin Club. Whereas it was somewhat wavering in its concert recital it would make splendid accompaniment. Last night the whole opera was adequately and successfully supported by one lone youth at a piano. Think, then, of the added vigor of an orchestra, and our mature voices, compared to the somewhat undeveloped voices of youngsters between fourteen and eighteen!

Some may maintain that "The Mikado" and "Pinafore" are too hackneyed. Very well then. How about the "Pirates of Penzance?" "I never heard of it," did I hear some one say? Ah, my point exactly. It is rarely given altho it is fully as clever, satirical, and musically as "catchy" as the others. A revival of it would produce a furore.

People would flock to see it. All admirers of Gilbert and Sullivan are waiting for an opportunity.

Just think, Madam Editor and readers of the Bulletin, of the interest of such a performance! Friends and relatives of the Glee Club, the Violin Club, the Dramatic element, the usual heterogeneous crowd that comes to college performances because it's invited; and all good Gilbert and Sullivanites to boot would throng to Brinkerhoff. Why, I would guarantee you a full house for a week!

Besides, it would do some thing toward avoiding the desultoriness of Barnard entertainments. At least three elements would unite in producing one worth-while event.

Here's hoping!

Pro-Gilberto Sullivanogue.

To the Editor of the Bulletin:

Dear Madam: I should like to bring up for discussion, through the Bulletin, a subject which has long been talked about, namely the wearing of caps and gowns by all the students. It seems to me that the college would have a more academic appearance and would look much neater if they were permitted to do this. Girls' clothes are not neat, and as each one wears something different, a class presents a somewhat untidy appearance to a visitor, while the uniformity made by all students wearing the same is very pleasing to the eye. Second: At Oxford, the students are not permitted to attend academic functions without the academic robe. While I do not wish for it as compulsory, I think it ought to be voluntary. I have been told that the Seniors wear caps and gowns so as to be known as Seniors and, also, so that they may present a more dignified appearance. I think that the Seniors should be able to be dignified enough to be distinguished from the rest of the college without the means of the cap and gown.

Little Miss Fixit.

Dear Little Miss Fixit:

It is true that the subject of the universal wearing of caps and gowns has been slightly discussed during Barnard's interesting career. That fact, however, is neither here nor there, for it is my pleasant duty to answer any—lorn letters whatever.

You say that "girls' clothes are not neat." Do you realize, dear, that you are making a very broad statement. Girls' clothes should be neat and the academic robe was not made, let us hope, for the purpose of "covering a multitude of sins." Do you think that Oxford students wear gowns merely to conceal their untidy garments?

Then, too, you have been told that Seniors wear gowns simply to establish their dignity and seniority. You have been basely misinformed, dear, for the truth of the matter is that their position in life, is by no means the result of the academic garb. It is the cause thereof. Seniors were made before gowns, not gowns before seniors, as you would have it.

Well, dear, do not be discouraged by this informal little talk of mine.

Faithfully yours,

Beatrix Fairfax, Senior

To the Editor of the Barnard Bulletin:

At Barnard with each incoming class of Freshmen numbering more than its predecessor, the entertaining of one class by another is getting to be quite an undertaking on the committees, which have charge of such affairs. There are usually five girls who hold office for the entire year. At the end of that time, especially if they attempt to do anything else, they are thought out and worn out. One event often follows another so quickly that they haven't time to catch their breath in between.

Now, of course, the classes want affairs. They create fun, and go a long way toward making Barnard what it is. But is it necessary to have so many, or such complicated ones? If each class was limited to giving one entertainment to every other class, and possibly one to itself, it would have seven events a year in which it could actively participate, and many others which it could view from the privacy of the balcony. These affairs might be elaborate or not, just as the class and committee might feel about it. Such an arrangement would lessen the class expenses, reduce the work of the entertainment committee, and when the affairs did come they would be much more appreciated.

An Entertainer.

### A Senior's Point of View

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)

their fellows; it is only the unsocial hermit who looks upon all men with distrust and finds in them all a predominance of evil.

But to go to college and long remain a hermit is practically impossible. Even though you yourself have no social instincts; the leading spirits of your class will force you into co-operation. You cannot help seeing the winning qualities in other people; you cannot help struggling to develop the best in yourself; you cannot keep down an increasing faith, that even where graces of character are not at first visible, they lie enfolded somewhere out of sight, to stimulate such a search as you have often before found worth while. The reserved girls, the repellent girls, draw you on irresistably to the quest; and when you find the hidden beauty—"the jewel in the toad's head," if you will pardon the metaphor—your pleasure is thrilling. It is the discovery of a spark of the divine where you least suspected it, and social intercourse becomes for you the progressive revelation of an imminent God. This, I say, is the highest result of college life—a deeply religious result, whatever loss of specific creed may attend it.

And if it is criticized as unduly optimistic, I can only say that it is founded on experience. To find time and again, the traces of spiritual beauty in unpromising places, and yet to conclude that many people are unconditionally bad, is inconceivable. The conclusion we draw about human nature from four years of college life, must be optimistic, because their premises—the faculty and the student

body—are shot through and through with beauties of character, which intercourse is bound to reveal. And it is because of their readiness to seek for and to recognize the divine qualities in others that college alumnae are justly called broad and open-minded women.

### To the Seniors

This is a time of year when good a many organizations, membership in which is open to college women, are seeking to interest the Senior class and to enlist the help of the most recent graduates for the coming year. It is a time of picking and choosing, and the girl who as a Freshman joined every club she could, must now, as a Senior, decide on what is really most worth while.

It is the earnest hope the Associate Alumnae of Barnard College that every single member of the Class of 1911 will join the Association next autumn and that all will attend the annual meeting which is always held on the morning of the last Saturday in October. A committee consisting of the Misses Edith Josephi, Antoinette Riordon, Herlinda Smithers, Helen Newbold, all 1909, and Miss Sophie P. Woodman, 1907, has been appointed to speak to the members of 1911 personally.

We hope to prove to each doubting mind that the Alumnae Association of one's college is the first organization with which every loyal alumna must ally herself, and that there is an opportunity for service to Barnard and a real need of workers in our own alumnae organization.

SOPHIE P. WOODMAN, 1907

Chairman Membership Committee

### Mediaeval Tourney

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

This was acted a la pantomime by a couple of dramatic artists, while the story was read aloud. Two Barnard damoisels have been deprived of their heads by Dame Liggett, because of the loss of their registration slips. Sir Tin Tray, a great court hero, armed with trays and sauce pans, champions their cause, and sets out to find the lost registrations. Adventures in the form of blue reptiles and rag dolls are carefully steered across the stage to meet him till finally he encounters Dame Liggett herself. Though fierce at first, she finally softens in pity and returns heads and registration slips to the damoisels.

The court bard was next announced. He read a very clever ballad, in which he successfully punned on at least fifty seniors' names. A herald stood by his side, trumpeting triumphantly after each pun. The Joust, the greatest event of the afternoon, was last. Six gallant knights, among whom were Sir Eleanor Launcelot, Sir Luly Tristram and Sir Marion Gawain took part. Clad in dazzling silver paper armor and gymnasium bloomers, they pranced on the stage on fiery steeds, attached to brooms. The rules of the joust read that "whatsoever parts the knight be hit upon, that part shall he cease using until he be completely disabled." It took but a few minutes before the heroes were felled to the ground and Sir Marion Gawain the winner, was crowned with the wreath of victory. The tournament closed with very modern refreshments and dancing.

### Class News

Senior year with 1911 has been a gradual process of maturation, and an unconscious growth with senior privileges and prerogatives. The squalls and tempests that slivered the truckles of the class bark until the college Insurance Company feared for its finances, have become things of the past, and an unknown peace has rested in the Senior study. As usual, the activities of the class have been confined to the Senior Entertainment to the Freshmen—which was a galaxy of brilliant witticism, jokes, and satire—the holding of weekly Senior Teas, and the preservation of quiet and dignity in the halls. Such a programme may not seem excessively varied or stimulating, but it is all that is left to the Senior. To become what she has not been and to protect others from being what she once rejoiced to be, is the guiding principle of her day's work.

The Junior Class, in the height of its responsibility as the motive center of college energy, can hardly be persuaded to stop in its meteoric career to tell of the past. The class activities, from the class wedding to 1914, to the Junior Show "Trelawney of the Wells," and the mortarboard have been highly successful financially and artistically, and as Junior activities they are lost in the collegiate public's eye.

The Mortarboard appeared in the first week of April and threw a larger halo of glory than ever around the head of the class. We leave them to further triumphs.

Probably the activities of a Sophomore class seem trivial in importance, but they must be recorded in order to complete the outline of class news. 1913 has given a Sophomore Show "Quality Street." She has given herself a Sophomore Dance, in which the class regaled itself with dancing in the most approved style. The rest of its energy, outside of the usual series of inter-class parties, has been expended in arranging for next year's triumphs and in planning for elections. No mention of 1913's Sophomore year, however, would be complete unless Greek games were named as the most noteworthy and most artistic event of the college year. As the Sophomore Class is usually responsible for the planning and management of Greek games the credit surely belongs to them.

The Freshmen are yet too young to print their characteristics in a few short words which shall be fair and inclusive at once. The class as a whole has done all the regular Freshman deeds, the usual Freshman enthusiasm—they have cheered and sung themselves hoarse, they crowded to basket ball games, they have given a Freshman Show, and they have been beaten in Greek games. They have failed where others have succeeded and succeeded where others have failed; yet over and above all such material events, the one salient characteristic of the class has stood out pre-eminent—its democratic spirit. May it remain as strong and virile in the future, as it has been in the past.

## A Modest Proposal

I am not an anti-vivisectionist, I am no lover of bacteria, nor do I disapprove of sanitary precautions. But, oh! may we have germ-proofed water at Barnard! It is well sacrificing one's life to bacteria, to be delivered from the delicious, sanitary, hygienic taste of lunch room ice water. If this delicious beverage is kept in a tin can without a cover—so that as many bacteria as possible can fly into it when they sweep the floor, I suppose. And then the exterminated ice is put in, and the germinated water on top of it. Whether the air of the ice kills all the germs in the water and those accumulated around the can I don't know positively; but it surely might, for it's enough to half kill a human being of ordinary size: and from hearsay the germs in New York City water are happily more than half the size of a human. Now the lady at the head of the lunch room is a "germ authority" and she knows where they die; that is, she can tell whether the fly has been trapped and drowned or whether it's only taking a little pleasure swim—especially if it's summer time. Now I say it is unnecessary to put this good lady to the unrequired bother of observation—and I make the modest proposal that we have plain, pure animalized reservoir water, in a can with a cover: both can and cover to be washed at least semi-annually.

## The Barnard Suffrage Society

The Barnard Suffrage Society may well be proud of what it has accomplished during the year. Both intentionally and otherwise it has added to the fame of itself and the entire suffrage movement. If we are not too timid we might discuss in detail the heated war carried on in one of New York's leading conservative papers; the war concerning suffrage in general, and the Barnard Chapter in particular. We might mention that in the eyes of many the suffragists "came out on top." But we tremble, and remain modestly silent.

The Society at Barnard has grown to marked extent this year. The membership has increased from thirty-one to fifty-one. For the first time a number of the Faculty have become members of the Society. Freshmen are ineligible, and this should certainly be taken into account in trying to decide how Suffrage is getting on at Barnard.

The little one-act play "How the Vote Was Won," given by members of the Society as an entertainment to the College, was undoubtedly one of the biggest dramatic successes of the year. If it did not convert by its altogether logical arguments it at any rate showed the enthusiasm and sincerity of the Society, and brought the cause of Suffrage before the College.

Mrs. Philip Snowden spoke, under the auspices of the Society, at the beginning of the winter, and was received by a large and interested audience.

To the Editor-in-Chief of the Bulletin:

Dear Madam: About this season, everybody who is at all athletically inclined, wants to be out on the campus, spending her spare time exercising. But everybody has not so much time on her hands that she can afford to sit around doing nothing for half an hour—or often more—until a baseball team can be collected or hockey sticks found. It has often occurred to me that if the captains or managers of teams would feel some responsibility about having the necessary materials for a game in hand when they have arranged practice, that much time could be saved. Then, too, they should have other teams punctual, so that a dozen girls would not be kept waiting because six or eight were missing. Of course, it is not always the manager's fault if a player is late, and yet such things as scheduling games when one or more girls have classes, or as not having substitutes ready, should be avoided.

There is also another serious defect in the way athletics are managed at college. Often, on the same afternoon, there is baseball, hockey and field day practice, besides swimming and perchance a tennis tournament. No one can do all these things, or even three of them, on a single afternoon, and yet I think that everyone will agree with me when I say that the girls who excel in any one of these sports are the girls who "go out" for them all. The inevitable result, then, is that one game or another is spoiled, because of lack of players, or that there is no field day practice because the girls who were to arrange it are playing on another part of the quadrangle.

There is no doubt that some system of giving each sport its particular time should be adopted in scheduling athletics, just as there is in scheduling classes. Then, perhaps, there would be no conflicts, no time wasted, and more accomplished.

R. H.

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## Alumnae Personals

There have been a number of marriages among the Alumnae in April. Mabel D. McCann was married on the evening of the 19th, at Trinity Church, Brooklyn, to Mr. Henry Pierce Malloy. Mr. Malloy has a law office in New York and is the Clerk of Kings County. Three Barnard girls were among the wedding attendants:—Alta Anderson, 1910, Adele Duncan and Elizabeth Thomson, 1911. Mr. and Mrs. Malloy will live in Brooklyn at 324 McDonough Street.

Gladys A. Bonfils, 1910, was married on the evening of the 20th, at the First Presbyterian Church of Jamaica to Mr. H. Lincoln Rogers. After their wedding journey to England, Scotland and Wales, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers will live in Clinton Park, Jamaica, L. I.

Louise Comfort Tiffany, 1909, was married at her home, 27 East 72nd Street, to Mr. Rodman DeKay Gilder, a son of Richard Watson Gilder. Mr. Gilder is a Harvard man.

Priscilla Dixon Hauton, 1909, was married at her home, to Mr. Howland Auchincloss. Mr. Auchincloss is a Harvard man, and a brother-in-law of Lee Alexander Auchincloss, 1909.

Josephine Prahl, 1908, was married quietly at her home on Ft. Washington Avenue. Margaret H. Yates, 1908, attended her. Her husband, Mr. Smith, is in the lumber business, and he and his bride will make their home in West Virginia.

Mrs. Stahl (Mildred Farmer), 1905, has recently moved to 21 Danis Ave., New Rochelle, which will be her permanent address.

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### Student Council

A combined meeting was held on Friday of the Student Council for 1910-1911 and the Student Council for 1911-1912.

Motion was made and passed that permission be granted to the Sunday World to print an article on Barnard Athletics with some accompanying pictures.

The chairman then made several recommendations and gave some advice to the different members of next year's Student Council.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

### Deutscher Kreis Meets

A special meeting of the Deutscher Kreis was called for the purpose of electing next year's officers. The results were these:

Gertrude Borchardt, president; Pauline Cahn, vice-president; Lucille Bunzl, secretary; Eleanor Franklin, treasurer; Madeleine Bunzl, chairman of the entertainment committee; Rhoda Freudenthal, chairman of the play committee.

### French Society Meets

The regular spring meeting of the French Society was held on May 11. The business of the meeting was elections. Florence Lowther was elected president; Ruth Guy, vice-president; Edith Thomas, secretary; Marguerite Allen, treasurer, and Caroline Kahn, fifth member of the executive committee.

Died, May 8, 1911, Minnie Neumann, ex-1912

### Freshmen Meet

The remaining Freshmen elections are as follows: Rita Hilborn, historian; Louise Lincoln, chairman decoration committee; Eleanor Hadsell, cheer leader; Lucie Petri, sub-cheer leader; Julia Pierpont, sub-treasurer.

*Foley*

### Photographer

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