

The Barnard Bulletin

VOL. XVIII. No. 1

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th, 1913

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Ivy Day

Last May it was announced that, in accordance with the wishes of the Faculty, the Class of 1913 would be the last to set aside a day in Senior Week for the planting of the class ivy, and that hereafter the ivy will be planted after the Class Day exercises, as was the custom several years ago. Everyone agreed that the new plan was a better one, but many regretted it on Tuesday, June 3rd, when the Class of 1913 celebrated its Ivy Day.

The four classes assembled on the steps of Milbank, Brinckerhoff and Fiske Halls. After the Seniors had sung their songs from Freshman to Senior years, the other classes sang farewell songs to them. Gertrude Morris presented the odd fellows' banner to Freda Kirchwey, the incoming Junior president. Imogene Ireland then delivered the steps oration and presented Louise Adams with the cap and gown, the wearing of which is a privilege granted to Seniors. Miss Ireland said the giving of the steps to the next Senior class had begun and ended with "odd" classes.

Nineteen-fourteen accepted the Senior steps and sang for the first time "There's a College on the Hill-top." The classes marched to Milbank Quadrangle, where Priscilla Lockwood gave the ivy oration.

The pageant on the campus symbolized 1913's college life. A group of gypsies met 1913 (M. Kalt) wandering through the woods longing for her college days. The old gypsy mother (H. Goldman) summoned up before '13 some of the events of her college life, as her Greek games dance and chorus and the May-pole dance from the Junior Show. The pageant ended with the planting of the ivy.

All who took part deserved much praise, especially the committee: Priscilla Lockwood (chairman), G. Morris, and M. Stewart (*ex-officio*); E. Burgess, R. Freudenthal, M. Gless, R. Goldstein, S. Pero, M. Van Duyn, and M. Voyse.

Alumnae Parade

On Wednesday afternoon, June 4th, an expectant audience collected on the terrace to see the annual alumnae parade. A juvenile brass band, which played with more spirit than tune tried to entertain them during the half-hour from the time for which the parade was scheduled to the time when it actually commenced. The goodly array of alumnae that finally marched around the Campus made a fine showing. The second time around the different classes came separately, to display their charms before the judges—Dean Gildersleeve, Mrs. Liggett and Miss Weeks.

First came the 343 Club (led by "Jane Professor" Baldwin), wearing quaint pink and green costumes, black mits and yellow curls bobbing under fetching bonnets. They curtseyed demurely before the judges. Next came 1898, as the pioneers of Morningside, who were the first to have a dean, the first to wear caps and gowns, and even the first to misbehave. The Barnard Bear led 1901, clothed in greenbacks and crowned with gold eagles. The class of 1902 appeared as Barnard's hardy perennials. They were dressed as gorgeous sunflowers. 1903 showed a national exhibit of modern portraits, which included the artists with huge palettes as well, as what might well have served as models for many of our "cubist" pictures. The "Nude Descending a Stairway" was recognized by everyone before they could see the label. 1904, as

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The Senior Play

Each Senior Class, before it leaves Barnard to go out into the world, gives as its last entertainment to the College a play on the Campus. Class Day is the Seniors' official farewell, but the Senior Play differs from this latter function in that it is a more private performance than the Class Day celebration. Then, too, it is more closely identified with our own Campus, on which each class has spent such happy years. And so, aside from the charm of a play performed out-of-doors, the Senior Play has an important place in college life.

The Class of 1913 was more than usually ambitious, and decided to introduce music into their play, "Robin Hood." The text was Mr. Alfred Noyes' graceful poem, "Sherwood," and the music consisted of some of the most popular choruses from Mr. Reginald de Koven's operetta, "Robin Hood." On the whole, we should say that the choruses added charm to the performance. In out-of-door acting, it is often very difficult to hear the words of the play, and the choruses gave life and interest. The only drawback was that there had not been time to teach the singers to act as well as to sing, so that much of the effect of action and naturalness was lost.

It is only fair to say, however, that while these defects were noticeable at the performance on Friday night, on Saturday night the improvement was marked, and the play progressed much more smoothly and effectively. One of the chief drawbacks of having a Senior Play is that the rehearsals are necessarily unsatisfactory, occurring, as they do, during the two weeks of final examinations.

It was, however, only the minor characters that suffered in 1913's play from lack of practice. The principal parts were all excellently taken.

Miss Viola Turck as "Robin Hood" was a charming hero. Her costume was excellent, while her voice and acting left little to be desired. She was equally successful as the dashing and reckless outlaw, and as the lover of Maid Marian.

Miss Mariette Gless as Maid Marian acted and spoke well. The only thing about her that we could have wished to change was her wig, which was not as becoming as her own hair would have been. She and Robin made a charming couple and held the interest of the audience throughout the performance.

Of the other characters, Miss Naomi Harris, as the wicked Prince John, was undoubtedly the best. Those of the audience who saw Miss Harris as the "Ideal Dowager" in "Cardland" were, we are sure, surprised to see what strength she put into her acting in the Senior Play. Her costume and make-up were both well suited to her part.

The comic characters—Friar Tuck and Much, the Miller's son—were well taken, by Mary Stewart and Edith Halfpenny.

But much of the charm of the play was due to the grace of the fairies, who hovered in the background and from time to time came out to dance in the open only to shrink back into the bushes startled by the approach of some "mortal." Esther Burgess as Titania and Edith London as Oberon danced a delightful solo and won for themselves and their fairy followers enthusiastic applause. Edith Barnett as Shadow-of-a-Leaf was continually on the stage, and by her excellent interpretation of a very difficult character added to the airy grace of the play and helped to trans-

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Proposed Prize in Memory of Constance vonWahl, 1912

Method of Choosing the Recipient of the vonWahl Prize

The income of a fund of \$4,000, founded in 1913 by friends of Constance von Wahl, Undergraduate President, 1911-1912.

To be awarded every two years (beginning with 1914) to that member of the graduating class who, in the opinion of the Faculty and of her fellow-students, has best exemplified the high qualities of character which Constance von Wahl herself represented during her college life. The prize is to be used at the discretion of the recipient. If she cannot use it to further her own career or development, she may add the money to the principal of the fund.

At the discretion of the Committee on Award, the prize may be divided between two candidates who seem equally to have merited it, or the award may be omitted if in the class no person shall be found who seems to represent those qualities of character and personality in recognition of which the prize has been founded.

The prize is to be awarded by the Dean on Class Day and shall appear with the Commencement honors in the University program.

In April of each even year the Senior Class is to select not more than ten Seniors whom it regards as eligible for the prize. (Students who graduate in February are eligible, as well as those graduating in June.) From this list the recipient shall be chosen by a Committee on Award, consisting of the Dean and two other members of the Faculty, to be appointed by her (one to be Professor Crampton, as long as he is connected with Barnard), a representative of the donors, the incoming Undergraduate President and Vice-President, and Senior President, who are to take office the following September.

In order to carry out this plan, we hope to receive the remainder of the fund (which is not yet complete) from the subscriptions of other friends of Constance von Wahl. Checks or money orders for this purpose are payable to N. Hamburger, 445 West 153rd Street.

Senior Banquet

"There was a sound of revelry by night," and Barnard's Senior Class had gathered about the festal-board in Brinckerhoff to drink their last toast to '13 before they joined the ranks of alumnae. It was a most auspicious occasion, though it might have been a very teary occasion had not Toastmistress Joan Sperling announced that neither she nor the committee would tolerate any signs of ocular sprinkling.

The tables were prettily decorated with fern and white carnations, while the handsome bull reigned supreme over the footlights, perched on an embankment of flowers. Twelve of the Sophomores waited upon their big sisters and mingled their tears surreptitiously with the salad-dressing at the strains of "In the Beautiful Land Where We Live, Dears."

The meal was served first, and the service was unanimously declared superior to Child's. Then over their demi-tasses the girls listened to the speeches. Clara Buttonweiser gave the class statistics, while Edith Rosenblatt Barnet called up Barnard in 1928 and had Lavinus, as acting Dean, tell her all about the '13 girls. Doris Fleischman in the "Romantic History of

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BARNARD BULLETIN

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NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPT. 29th, 1913

We intended to have our first issue serve a double purpose—that of affectionately and regrettably ringing out the old and at the same time the more joyous one of hopefully and gladly ringing in the new—

—If the "new," our smallest sisters, 1917, think that we have given very little space to them, we can only tell them that this is through no lack of the heartiest feeling of welcome to them, but only because there was so much to tell about those who have left us to give place to the new that we had to send the copy to the printers before we had had a chance to learn much to tell about those whom we are greeting. We can promise you, dear '17, that next week there will be a great deal about you—in fact, it will be almost all about you and the parties that have been given in your honor.

As the date of this number shows, the BULLETIN will appear on Monday instead of Wednesday, as heretofore. We have made this change in order that we may have the news of our Friday "doings" (which forms the bulk of our matter) fresh. We also expect to have larger numbers than heretofore. We hope to have, for the most part, six-page issues.

We hope '13 will like the innovation of a directory of their members.

Next week we shall publish an account of the work of the Fraternity Investigation Committee and the decision of the Faculty, which we had no room for in this number.

Chapel Notice

Academic Chapel on Thursday, October 2nd—address by President Butler. The chapel speaker for Monday, October 6th will be the Reverend Thomas Cuthbert Hall, D. D., of the Union Theological Seminary.

Class Day Exercises

The Class Day exercises opened as usual with a solemn procession of the Seniors. Gertrude F. Morris, 1913 class president, gave the salutatory, which is as follows: Student Friends, Faculty Friends and Good Friends:

Yesterday, on this very platform, with the star spangled banner above us and the brass-buttoned band below us, my classmates and I became Bachelors of Arts, and to-day we are a little uneasy. From the earth where we have trod so merrily for four years the bottom seems suddenly to have dropped out, and I wish I could tell you how we feel. Have you ever tried to live in the rosy future and the reminiscent past all at the present moment? Then you know our feelings on suddenly finding ourselves Bachelors of Arts. We feel like that poor, benighted donkey before whom was placed a pan of oats, a pan of grain and a pan of hay—all at the same time. He was so bewildered by the diversity of his prospects that for a long time he stood before the three electives, in wistful contemplation, like a young Basanio, and finally, poor beast, baffled by the responsibility of having to choose, he gave up in utter dizziness!

We, my friends, are like this donkey. (Ah, bitter thought! Was it for this that we earned our B.A. degree—to be like a donkey!) Yet this is not all. Depressing as it is to be symbolized by the plebeian beast just mentioned, we must, in addition, and in that unlovely likeness, pivot upon a mountain-top (picture it to yourselves). Perhaps to you we seem to be sitting in our seats here. But, no: we are on that mountain-top, which all graduating classes before us have never failed to scale on Class Day, the one from which they survey, behind and beneath, the toilsome trail traversed, mid joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, vanities and vicissitudes, and before them the gleaming star of hope casting its translucent rays upon their scintillating path, and pointing the way to even higher pinnacles, while from time to time at lucid intervals they detect the elongated shadows of themselves coming up through the dim vista of the past. At this very moment, 1913 stands balancing in orthodox fashion upon this same precarious summit—and you can imagine how difficult it will be for us to talk to you reasonably while we are suffering the hallucinations which I have just described.

Well, now you know the worst. For fear you may be entertaining some secret misgivings, and be surreptitiously measuring the distance between you and the back door, understand that I am your friend this afternoon and intend to give you some hints from behind the scenes. In the first place, whenever you hear the words, "Onward and Upward," that is your cue to applaud loudly. "Onward and Upward" has been our motto for four years, and has succeeded in depositing us, under appalling difficulties of fate, flunks and debars, upon this lofty Class Day mountain-top. No other motto could have done it. "Individually and collectively" would have continually suggested to us, "let us all hang together, or we shall each hang separately"; such suicidal sentiments do not appeal to us. "With all your might" is too suggestive of the militant suffragette. "Onward and Upward" is quite the best, and you will notice, besides, how well it works into our Class Day speeches.

And now I want to warn you about the nature of our class in general so that you will not be surprised by anything you see or hear this afternoon. Whenever you do not see the humor of a remark which seems to be pleasing us immensely, just be patient: it is characteristic of our class to seem cheerful, however distressing the circumstances. Born under an unlucky star, and dubbed "13" from the day of our birth, it is only by our persistent cheerfulness that we have vanquished the hand of

fate and achieved heights which our friends have wondered at and our enemies envied. The Faculty have often conceived new ideas of government, just when they would strike us hardest; but we have said with pride, "they chasten those whom they love"; and especially when the brand-new cut-system was imposed on us we said serenely, "the Faculty are loving us again," when none but a cheerful disposition would have taken it that way. At the time when we lost the Sing-Song Contest, it was only our cheerfulness which made us say: "We are very glad 1914 won the trophy. We get great pleasure out of seeing others happy." If we are annoyed by quizzes, or half-cooked beefsteaks, or flies, we are in the habit of saying, "Were we in the jungle a tiger would be ever so much more bothersome than a fly. Nothing is so bad but it might be twice as bad." I have noticed that when I have threatened to punish my classmates, if they did not wear their caps and gowns, they have cheerfully said they would, and then just as cheerfully followed their own inclinations; in this way they have accomplished everything they have attempted. Nor is this cheerfulness a mere shallow levity. The optimism of 1913 is the genial spirit of one who has suffered much and yet is cheerful—very much like that of the weeping philosopher, who smiled at his own tears as they dropped noiselessly into the lake, making little circles of waves and augmenting the tide.

If 1913 has any faults at all, they are merely the defects of our virtues. Do we refrain from singing? 'Tis because our pity for others outweighs our love of self-indulgence. Do we cut classes? 'Tis that we may give our professor's a pleasant surprise on occasions when we attend. Do we make Class Day speeches? 'Tis to give the world lessons in patience.

This then is the class, with this fusion of traits, which you are to witness this afternoon. We have become firmly banded together from having endured and enjoyed many things shoulder to shoulder, and now we are going to tell you what we think of it. We are glad you have come, and we welcome you most heartily to our Class Day exercises.

Viola Turck followed with an amusing speech on:

Our Black Cat

Oh! who has heard of our Black Cat—
Oh! who has heard of our Black Cat—
Of our Black Catastrophe,
It's all about the History
Of old Nineteen Thirteen!"

My Friends—and 1914:

I have here the subject of that effusion (a little, live black kitten). You may know that the other animal (the '13 bulldog) here present is the embodiment of all that's good and wonderful, but you may not realize that this feline monster is equally interesting. Strange things have happened since 1913 came to Barnard. Many times the Faculty have fallen off their pedestals and broken—precedents, Student Council and Investigation Committees, too, have made changes and innovations. Each new thing has been tried on the dog; each new thing has been felt by the cat, until now this animal is the embodiment of all that's strange and unprecedented. We met under unusual circumstances. It was at our first class meeting in room one three nine, when one hundred and thirteen and thirteen beings assembled, 125 of them were us—everyone of us (there's never been such a meeting since)—and one was the cat. There he adopted us, and he has worked valiantly to offset our propensities for misfortune with all the energies of all his lives, and during the four years of our acquaintance he has had four more than an ordinary cat is entitled to. Our tendency toward ill-luck is marked. One night, about 1,300 nights ago, we dreamed of walking under a ladder going up to our new Barnard gymnasium. It was only a dream.

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1915's Sophomore Luncheon

Even a perfectly impartial observer—not a member of 1915, nor yet a tactful BULLETIN editor—would have said, had he but listened at the door of the great dining-room at the "Arrowhead Inn," on June 3rd, that the young ladies within were having an exceptionally good time. This he would have gathered from the frequent roars of laughter and claps of applause, together with such flashes of brilliancy from the speakers as an outsider could see.

Ray Levi as toastmistress gave sprightly introductions to the speechmakers, who, of course, needed no introduction at all, except possibly as a man about to dive for the first time needs a push to make him take the terrifying plunge. Emily Lambert read the class history, which she had written in very charming verse form; Lucie Howe spoke with her characteristic dry humor on "The New Dramatic Association" while Virginia Pulleyn succeeded admirably in her "Rave," and Helen Jenkins and Freda Kirchwey each convinced the other that she was the most wonderful girl the college had ever seen, in their toasts to the old and new presidents.

Not only were there very amusing speeches to entertain the Sophomores, there was also excellent music in the adjoining room—music of that weird, barbaric beauty that causes the feet of all to describe strange and wonderful geometric figures all over the ballroom floor—such gems of harmony as "Row, Row, Row," "Snooky-u-kums" and "Good Night, Nurse."

Much praise is due to Lucy Morgenthau, chairman of the committee, and the other members, who were the following: Ray Levi, Margaret Pollitzer, Frederika Pelknaapp, Margaret Terriberry and Edna Astruk.

Mrs. Morgenthau and Mrs. Jenkins very kindly honored the luncheon with their presence as chaperones.

Class Day Exercises

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Now if we were superstitious (but, of course, we are *not*) we should say the dream was a bad omen, and we should blame on the dream ladder our present state of being without a gym.

We were not always thus, for before the 113 and—no, only 12 (we're not counting the cat) came to college the basement was a gymnasium. But when 1913 came there was no room, so "as the Assyrians came down like the wolf on the fold," so we invaded T. C. and Thompson Gym, while lockers invaded our basement. T. C. alone we could have stood; lockers alone we could have stood; but the combination was too much. And this dark-hued cat uttered a cry that meant: "This is too much for my frail endurance." And, lo, one life disappeared! [Shooting kitten with toy pistol]

Tragedy No. 2 will never happen again. Thirteen months ago the last of those old familiar faces that he had for three years flunked and re-flunked threw off their conditions. Then when '13's torture was over the Faculty promptly met, and now Freshmen need no longer take Latin Prose. I feared to mention the word, for see how the animal trembles. The very word has done the work of this instrument of torture, and life No. 2 is gone.

One day during our Freshman year 1910's sturdy oaks shook to their very roots, and even T. C. woke up on perceiving a slight disturbance in the environment. 1912 was showing 1913 some mysteries. Let them remain such—buried in the barbaric archives of the past. Be it mentioned that a year later 1913 had just recovered from their injuries and were ready to do unto 1914 as they had been done unto by 1912 when the decree was passed: "Let mysteries

be nothing, if not dignified." So mysteries were dignified as well as nothing. 1914, instead of doing the blindfold glide down the spiral staircase, were shown a show. With an alarming amount of dignity, Alma Mater sat perilously swaying on a soap box, while College Spirit stamped on Class Spirit, and the Freshman Class slept to the tune of Stand Columbia. The mystery of the thing is that 1914 survived so well, and still "presumes to talk as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of '13 do of puppy dogs." The Cat's constitution is not so strong, and choking with rage that 1913 should have been forced to initiate a safe and sane day he shuffled off his third mortal coil.

With his ten remaining vital capacities he worked for a victory in our Freshman Greek games. It may have been that the dog's Roman nose offended Diana; it may have been that somebody turned back on the way to the Gym (for her hat); but, of course, we're *not* superstitious. Anyway "Let Hercules himself do what he may, Cat will mew and dog will have his day."

Yes, dog had his day of sadness, for the final score showed '13 had 13 points. Cheers, idle cheers, we knew now what they were, but tears came, "not single spies, but in battalions," and it was to a watery grave that the cat's fourth life departed.

At the time of the Sophomore Show we acted heroically and saved to glory all coming Sophomore shows. We feel like the little boy who had been out skating against parental orders and came in dripping wet. "Don't lick me," he cried, "for I've just saved three men and two women from drowning." Then, in answer to his mother's "How?" he explained: "Well, they were just going on the ice when I broke through." Other Freshmen would have gone on flunking, if in our year the new rule had not passed that no one with conditions could take part in Sophomore Show. It may have hurt our show, but who cares for us? And what is a little thing like that compared with the help we gave 1914 and 1915 in making their shows successful? And what is the exodus of this animal's fifth life compared with the successful endurance of Sophomore Shows?

Then came the biggest event of our college life. There were more people mildly insane and more temporarily affected with spring fever than ever before when in Sophomore year the Dean was installed. But then there never was such a Dean before: 1913 thought so, and promptly asked her to be our honorary member. And tragedy number six—she declined. She had never declined before—she had never been asked before. But yet no life departed in such agony before as the sixth, when his Dean rejected him.

Now we come to a solemn matter. Of course it's Junior Ball. Hear the combined voice of Student Council and Faculty as it says: "On with the dance, let joy be well confined to some small place. The Plaza is for 1912. The Astor is for 1914. But let 1913 consider well the Gym." That was "the knell that summoned us to heaven or"—elsewhere. Now heaven lacked college atmosphere, so we went—no, not to the Gym. We compromised. But what we did had never happened before. Farewell to life number 7; and what we did has never happened since. Farewell to life number 8. My friends, we must have a new building to stop this needless and cruel slaughter of the innocents.

Seven times had we been tried, and once doubly, when we came to be Seniors. We loved the Faculty and grinned and bore our misfortunes, feeling that "perhaps it was wise to dissemble their love"; but why, we ask—why need they take 'way our cuts? Until this year Senior classes have always had unlimited cuts. That does not mean, oh, ye uninitiated, anything brutal, nor does it mean anything snobbish. Cutting means simply omitting from one's scheme of exist-

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Alumnae Parade

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gypsies, showed Barnard's fortune, principally in the form of her past history. They danced past the judges, led by two class babies, beneath the sign, "Barnard's Children Are Always Loyal." The "money legends," 1905, passed by with a jingle, and appeared as shades of pink roses, their class flowers. Our old, familiar songs were represented by 1908, the "waters of the Hudson," for instance, being carried in a dishpan. The pirates of 1909 bore down upon a ship flying a dollar sign, captured the treasure with the help of their cannon and presented the \$2,000,000 booty to the Dean. The pirate street-cleaning department then proceeded to clear away the debris of the captured ship. 1910 presented a little local color, such as the "Faithful Rose," predecessor of Violet, a study in brown (Braun) "booklets pink, spirits sink," and finally the golden future, in which Brooks has wings! The "beggar students of Barnard," 1911, clad in rags and holding out hats, were led by an animal, who begged you to "help a poor dog without a (s)cent." The futurists of 1912 were all June brides carrying daisies; also a minister and a groom. Finally, the newest alumnae, resplendent in four-leaf clovers, marched past in companies of thirteen, each singing that famous song of theirs: "The Best Thing Seen in Senior Year."

When the classes had all marched to the reviewing stand once more in a grand phalanx, the Dean announced that the banner had been awarded to 1903, the cubists, with first honorable mention to "343" and second honorable mention to the pirates of 1909.

The progress of our building fund was also announced amidst much applause. It was as follows:

Given by undergraduates.....	\$3,300
DONATED OR PLEDGED BY ALUMNAE CLUB.	
1893 (20th anniversary)	\$575
1903 (decennial gift)	600
1896	743
1900	665
1901	622
1902 (decennial)	500
1904	1,100
1906	490
1907	610
QUINQUENNIAL GIFT OF 1908, NOT FOR FUND.	
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1912	500
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"	100,000
Making total so far.....	\$284,000

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Class Day Exercises

(Continued from Page 3, Column 2)

once attendance on classes. Appreciate the triviality of the offence of abusing the cut-system and realize how much less crowded rooms would have been, how much better the air would have been, how much less intelligent the class would have been had not '13 been compelled in its Senior year to go occasionally to class. Consider these things, and then answer the question: "Do you think it was unfair to make us first increase the congestion in the class-rooms? Thank you!" So do we. Do you think it was surprising that the blow caused the ninth life of his feline majesty to take up its abode elsewhere? Thank you! Neither do we.

All these catastrophies were very tragic, but never till last week did they touch our tenderest spot. Then it was decreed that at the Senior Dance of 1913 the catering should be done by the Commons. No, the Cat was not there and did not get a taste. It was simply a case of sympathetic vibrations that hastened the departure of life number 10.

Departure reminds me of other things—personal insults. Never before this year had Mrs. Liggett failed to welcome Seniors as they came to college. Never before this year had Miss Meyer failed to see Seniors as they left college. But this year the Secretary took a half-year's leave, and this year the Bursar did likewise. And then to crown our grief, she came back, just in time to collect from our already-flattened pocket-books the various penalties, sundry and large, that are attached to graduation. We managed to escape by paying exorbitant fees, but the Cat, poor, innocent feline, had no money to leave behind, so she took his life—the eleventh—remember.

I tremble to mention the next three words, those odious Greek letters—Phi Beta Kappa—but a change is connected with them, so I must. Last year those who were not elected were not told until Class Day. This year we were told three days before, and our honored ones were told in time to have the *privilege* of going to the Phi Beta Kappa oration. This animal, not approving Greek Letter societies, declined his invitation to join, but he went to the oration and came away with one less life than he entered. Can you blame him? Here let me give a word of warning. I hear that our 13 and 3 victims were told something they should not repeat—something *secret*. It is a shame and a disgrace to the democracy of Barnard that anything so iniquitously secret should exist. Let Phi Beta Kappa consider well not taking in new members for three years—or the Faculty will get them if they don't watch out.

These calamities have been strictly our own—no one else may claim them. But we have another trial. 1911 had to stand it; even 1912 had to endure it, and it will come, I fear, even to you 1913. *We have to leave college.* No, the Cat cannot endure that—his last life is gone. Now we commit the carcass of the cat to the care of Dr. Crampton of the Zoology Department. [Puts cat in a closed basket.]

And now, by virtue of the authority in me vested, I recommend that the candidate now reclining beside me, and whose name is inscribed in the official program, be admitted to the degree of B. S. (meaning Bad Specimen) in the Zoology Department, with all the rights and privileges that attach thereto.

Miss Anna B. Salzman then made the presentation to the classes. To 1915 she gave a mustard plaster "for sisterly affection"; 1916 received an enormous Phi Beta Kappa key as an award for their "extreme studiousness"; 1914 was presented with a tape measure to measure their own "importance," while to her own class, '13, Miss Salzman awarded a medal for not turkey-trotting.

Miss Helen Dana's charming *Class Day Song* was next sung by '13 with such pathos as to cause many of the audience to feel lumps in their throats.

They were quickly cheered up again, however, when Miss Edith Halfpenny distributed mail from the "United States Parcels Post" to every member of the class. Every "parcel" proved to be some amusing "hit" at the recipient, who was not allowed to miss the point of it, for Miss Halfpenny explained the significance of every one in her humorous speech.

Miss Priscilla Lockwood's *Class Day Poem* won a great deal of applause.

Miss Naomi Harris then spoke as follows on:

Plans for the New Building

"The town in which Barnard College is situated is called New York, though it is several hundred years old. My speech calls for plans for the new building, and though the plans are very, very old, the building is still nothing more than a "castle in Spain." However, we are not easily discouraged. Hoping and longing always for the ideal plan we have continued to beg more and still more—so that if we ever *should* have the money we would be ready.

A great many firms have competed for the privilege of erecting this structure. The plans submitted by Avery (Columbia School of Architecture) were very, very good—quite suited our purpose, in fact. But we had to reject them. You see it would have put us on such familiar terms with Columbia, and our greatest pride is that we are not a co-educational institution, and that there is no group of people that we dislike so much as Columbia students of any sort, though, individually, they are very, very nice, and we never refuse invitations to any of their affairs.

McKim, Meade & White were very anxious to let us use their plans gratis. They said it would be such a helpful little advertisement. Well, we looked at the Public Library and the new Municipal Building. They are all very good in their place, but a building of that sort would look so foreboding on our campus, and it would frighten our trees so that they would all shrivel up and die. The firm was so grieved that they couldn't enter the court-house competition with the good old McKim, Meade & White spirit. And that is really how Lowell won. We couldn't use his plans either, for a round building on an oblong campus would be sure, somehow or other, to interfere with our hockey field. We really couldn't take such a risk.

There were many other rejected plans, one after the Parthenon, but this firm refused to install steam heat. Another, on the style of the Obelisk, but in this case elevator service would have been such an expensive item. Another, like the Statue of Liberty, simple and girlish, it is true, but impractical, as you can well understand. So by the process of elimination we arrived at the survival of the fittest, and that is the plans of 1913. Let me point out a few of their most remarkable adaptations to their environment.

The latest way of building institutions is on the cottage plan. Of course on a small campus, we cannot indulge in this luxury, but we have hit on a scheme that is almost as good. The surrounding institutions have offered us suites of rooms in their buildings, to use either as faculty offices or class rooms, or anything we wish.

The Union Theological Seminary showed us a suite of offices right next to the chapel. They assured us that it was the quietest spot of one of the quietest buildings in the city. Where better would we place Mrs. Liggett? We were surprised

that when they were offering us this opportunity they made no mention of giving us the use of their chapel. Perhaps they thought eight hundred girls, rushing in and out twice a week, would be too great a wear and tear on the furniture. Perhaps their divine eye enabled them to look right through Milbank Hall and see the speaker and Dr. Braun and the benches bowed in prayer during services. But we have a very comfortable corner for chapel in our new building. It is in the southeast corner of the offices of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literature. There is a very comfortable couch and Morris chair, and Dr. Braun assures all future speakers that they will have a full house.

We next went to the School of Journalism, and there we saw a sign: "Alterations to suit occupants." And so we are having a room equipped with direct telephone connections to the desks of the city editors of all New York papers. Here Katherine Swift Doty will direct the policy of the papers on Barnard matters. And if in the course of five years she is able to persuade any city editor, whosoever, from printing whatsoever he wishes, whenever he may wish to print it, and however he may wish to print it, then the Barnard Press Club will resign in a body in her favor. Meanwhile we shall be looking with pleasure for "all the news that's fit to print," from the Doty standpoint.

St. Luke's Hospital was anxious that she should not be behind the rest in helping Barnard in her great undertaking. We thought the hospital too far from the main building to be used for offices or class rooms. So they kindly changed their offer and have consented to hold special clinics for Barnard College just before examination periods to bind up all cuts.

The question of the gymnasium, we intend to settle once and forever. The only thing we have at Barnard now, approaching a gymnasium, is a gymnasium fee. And now when Commencement comes, and we look forward to services in a beautiful chapel, we are forcibly thrust into a gymnasium. Those of you who were with us at Baccalaureate Service heard Bishop Gaird, after his statement of facts, turn to the audience and say: "Is this evolution, or is this God?" The audience cast their eyes on high to find God, and there they saw rope ladders and running tracks, and decided that it must be evolution.

There is a delightful chapter in the catalogue on the opportunities offered to students for swimming, but this is all a myth. In the first place, you have to go over to Teachers College, and there guard No. 1 asks you for the number of your heart. And since we do not carry our hearts on our sleeves, it is quite some time before we are able to find Dr. Wood and have him tell us what the number really is. Once more we dash down to the pool. But again we are stopped by an angry-looking guard, who asks: "Where is your receipt?" Now, when we receive our receipts in the fall we are warned by the Bursar that they are valuable and must not be lost. So, of course, we are not carrying them around with us, for that is the surest way to lose them. Well, we manage to get a receipt, get to the brink of the tank, and Mr. Holm turns to us with a beaming smile and says: "There are already fifteen in the pool; you will have to wait." With resolution in your heart you sit down to wait. After a half an hour the bell rings, and the mermaids emerge from the tank. Again you present yourself at the gate. Peter says, "What do you wish?" With the tank at one side and your bathing suit on your arm, I should think he would know without asking. But when you state that you wish to go in swimming, he turns and says: "No more Barnard students to-day. Horace Mann and Teachers College have the rest of the hours." Bursting with rage,

(Continued on Page 5 Column 1)

Plans for New Building

(Continued from Page 4 Column 3)

you return to college, and there, sitting on the steps, is a group of girls singing, "Beside the waters of the Hudson." Now the moral of this tale is that in the new building we will tear down all artificial barriers. We will have six little bathing houses at 116th street and Riverside Drive.

"Till the lordly Hudson seaward
Cease to roll its heaving tide."

The library will be much the same as it is now, except that we shall adopt the honor system machine—that is, an entrance fee of twenty-five cents will be charged. This will be returned on exit, on sworn testimony that the reader has neither talked, whispered, laughed, sneezed too loudly or given way to any of those human weaknesses that are so distressing to would-be studiers.

Dr. Richards, you will not have to construct your little roof-garden. We have decided that President Butler has enough to do without becoming a gardener, and so we bequeath the greenhouses, which the University has presented to our President, to the Botanical Department of Barnard College. We hope that with this solace the Botany Department will not be so strict as it has been in the past.

The dormitories we shall not interfere with, except that Miss Gildersleeve must break her family ties. We know that woman's place is in the home, but Barnard College is really her home. And so the Dean must live at the dormitories, at least as long as she is Dean Gildersleeve.

Now we come to the building proper. At the entrance there will be a little closet, manned by a P. O. Boy—P. O. standing for Public Opinion. This youth will relieve each Senior of her hat and coat on entrance and substitute for it a cap and gown. (High collars and long sleeves forcibly supplied, when necessary.) We do not intend to have all our class rooms of one size. Why should we? In family life small families choose small apartments, and large families choose large homes, so far as they are able. We intend to devote the entire second floor to one large class room. This room is to be occupied at alternate hours by Dr. Crampton and Dr. Robinson. With their permission and the consent of Student Council they may rent it out to other professors—Dr. Mussey, for instance, or Dr. Shotwell, if he is willing to lecture to undergraduates, and women at that. Since Latin Prose is no longer required, there is a motion on foot to let Dr. Knapp use this room. But I doubt that this motion will pass. Anyhow, we shall leave it to next year's council.

We are going to have a small hall of fame. You see when we were advertising for subscribers we had to put in inducements for contributors of all sorts, and this hall of fame happened to attract Mr. Carnegie. In it we shall have pictures of chairmen of class flower committees, business managers of mortarboards, Seniors who wear their caps and gowns every day, students who are never absent from chapel. In one corner there will be statues of all those worthy heroines who have succeeded in collecting fines for screaming in the hall and talking in the library.

As for "Billy." No, "Billy" is not the goat—he is William Tenney Brewster, A.B., M.A., Provost of Barnard College. We did not know just what provision to make for him, because we did not know what he wanted and what he didn't want, except that he didn't want fraternities. And since he usually gets his own way, we thought we would not waste our time in drawing up plans that would be disregarded. But we suggest that, since he hates secrecy, he have his office on the campus, unhampered by four walls, a sort of sublimated Aristotelean Peripatetic School. There are a

great many other schemes that the class has suggested, but architectural art is long and time is fleeting, so I shall have to omit them. But in return for having submitted these plans, 1913 requests that when the money is finally collected and the edifice is at last being reared they be permitted to lay the cornerstone. On it will be engraved these words:

"To all who have contributed,
To all who have been dunned,
We thank you, but we beg of you
Forget the *Building Fund*."

Miss Mary W. Stewart, then in a gracious little speech, presented to the college the class gift—a handsome drinking fountain to be placed on the campus.

After Miss Marian Latham, Secretary of the Barnard section of the New York Delta of Phi Beta Kappa, had made the announcements of the '13 elections, Miss Helen Dana gave a short and gracious valedictory, which could not be obtained for this issue of the BULLETIN.

The Exercises ended with a touch of pathos, as the departing class sang the Sunset Song, and then filed slowly out.

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Senior Banquet

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3)

the Class" traced the courtships of those who had boldly admitted to plighted troths. Then the nineteen "suspects" were lined up in the front of the room, and the roll was called. But the answer was "not guilty" in every case. In toasting the Faculty, the Siamese twins, Harriet Seibert and Edith Halfpenny—but this entertaining scene we cannot tell you about, for they expressly asserted that it was not for publication in the *Bear*, BULLETIN or *New York Evening Journal*!

The crowning glory of all was a letter to the class from "Cheese", so full of laughter and so full of tears that—well, suffice it to say that they immediately sent her a telegram to tell her how hard they missed her.

Then Gertrude Morris, resplendent in a red cape and battered black hat, presented Edith Halfpenny with the degree of A.P. (alumnae president), and amid singing the class filed out on the campus. Here they gathered around the Brooks steps and sang all the songs they had ever sung.



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Senior Play

(Continued from Page 1 Column 2)

form the bushes of Milbank Quadrangle into the tangled thickets of Sherwood Forest.

Ideal weather and large and enthusiastic audiences both contributed to make 1913's Senior Play unusually successful, and the more finished performance on Saturday night left little to be desired.

Announcement

The Class of 1908 celebrated its fifth anniversary of graduation by a gift to the college. The present, a Haines piano, was presented to Barnard on Commencement Day, June 4. For the present, at least, it will be placed in Brooks Hall.

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To Barnard College and Teachers College

1913 Directory

The following are the answers, quoted verbatim, that were received from the members of '13 in response to the BULLETIN'S request to them to send in their names, addresses and occupations for the year 1913-1914. The names which are omitted are those of the girls from whom the BULLETIN received no reply:

Allen, Marguerite, 604 West 115th St. Student at Barnard College.

Ballot, Martha, 913 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Expects to substitute in the High Schools of the City of New York.

Bartling, Louise, 110 Morningside Drive—Private tutoring in Latin.

Barnet, Edith Rosenblatt, Woodmere, L. I.—Keeping house.

Brown, Grace, 556 West 140th St.—To be married early in the winter.

Cagliostro, Concetta, L., 1856 Bath Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—None.

Callan, Marion E., 870 East 175th St.—I expect to stay in the city this fall and tutor and take "sub" exams. at board.

Comes, Louise, 345 Park St., Hackensack, N. J.—Teaching mathematics and English in Intermediate Department, 7th and 8th grades—Departmental, of Hackensack Schools, New Jersey.

Craddock, Ethel, 420 West 121st St.—At home in the near future, but I hope to work for my M.A.

Dana, Helen M., Hudson Terrace, North Tarrytown, N. Y.—Teaching Latin and gymnastics, Knox School for Girls, Tarrytown, N. Y.

Diaz de Villavilla, Maria, 536 West 113th St.—Will continue her graduate work under the Faculty of Political Science in Columbia University until February, 1914, when she will get her M.A. degree in History and Economics.

Douglas, Isabella P., 815 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Teaching St. John Baptist School, 233 East 17th St., New York City.

Edell, Alberta C., Blossvale, N. Y.—Teaching at Waterbury, Conn., in Saint Margaret's School.

Emerson, Nan M., 124 St. James Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Teaching in Brooklyn.

Feeley, Vera, 586 City Island Ave., City Island, N. Y.—Lady of leisure at present. I am waiting to take the board exams. in order to teach.

Foland, Helen A., 511 Hudson St.—Teaching in the Public School at Garden City, L. I.

Franklin, Marjorie, 39 Claremont Ave.—Graduate student in Economics at Bryn Mawr.

Freudenthal, Rhoda F., 1003 Madison Ave.—Looking for a job.

Friend, Etta V., 62 West 124th St.—Substitute in Mathematics and Physics in New York City High Schools. Now substituting in German in the Julia Richman High School.

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Goldman, Harriet L., 413 West 117th St.—Probation work for Bureau for Personal Service in Philadelphia.

Gless, Marietta L., 774 High St., Newark, N. J.—Teacher of English, Miss Beard's School, Orange, N. J.

Goldstein, Rebecca, 54 East 108th St.—Served as Outing Leader for the Educational Alliance during part of the summer. The work consisted in taking children from the East Side on trips to the parks and Coney Island.

Gottlieb, Saida E., 173 Amity St., Flushing, N. Y.—I intend to take a course in secretarial work.

Gough, Zella, 406 South Columbus Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Teaching seventh grade in Freehold, N. J., Grammar School.

Halfpenny, Edith, P. O. Box 337, Lynbrook, L. I.—Teaching in the South Side High School, Rockville Centre, Long Island, "cultivating wayward minds."

Hawkey, Ethel M., care Miss Mary A. Frank, Pleasant St. and Starr Ave., Monticello, Sullivan County, N. Y.—Teaching Mathematics and Latin in the Monticello High School.

Hildebrand, Mary A., 444 Stockholm St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Announced her engagement to J. F. Berbenback, of Far Rockaway, L. I., June, 1913.

Horkheimer, Pauline, Kenwood Place, Wheeling, W. Va.—Home and doing settlement work.

Ireland, Imogene B., 94 Saratoga Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.—Taking course in "The Teaching of School Music" at Teachers College, N. Y. City.

Kalt, Marguerite J., 124 E. 64th St.—Studying music.

Katz, Mollie, 736 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Substituting in public school.

Katzenstein, Marguerite N., 136 Franklin Ave., Far Rockaway, Long Island.—Housekeeping. Student of Man.

Kinch, Dorothy, 74 West 69th St.—Keeping house with mother. A little bit of everything, including the securing of magazine subscriptions.

Lockwood, Priscilla, 550 Park Ave.—Teaching at Miss Chapin's School, 32 East 57th St., N. Y. City. Assistant in the Middle School in English.

London, Edith W., 920 Tiffany St.—Teaching millinery at the Hebrew Technical School, 15th St. and 2nd Ave.

MacDonald, Bessie, 133 Richmond Ave., Port Richmond, N. Y.—A governess until October 1st; then a lady of leisure.

Magid, Augusta, 1740 East 19th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Manager and Designer. Business. Wholesale Millinery.

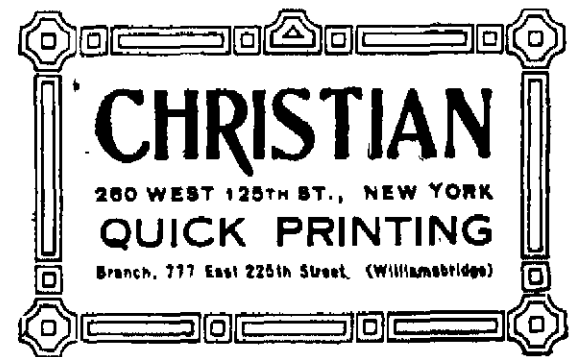
Martin, Hazel, 26 Convent Ave.—I am to have charge of the English in Westchester Academy, White Plains, from Oct. 1st to June 1st.

Melsha, Josephine C., Ramsey, N. J., care of C. Rohman.—Teacher of Mathematics and Science in Ramsey High School.

Mumford, Amelia, 540 Spruce St., Morgantown, W. Va.—Instructor in English in West Virginia University.

Mumford, Mary B., 86 Court St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—I am at the Albany Normal College, at Albany, N. Y., taking pedagogical work. I expect to get the degree, Master of Pedagogy next June. As far as I know, I shall commute each day from Saratoga.

Better Be Sure Than Sorry We Never Disappoint



Telephone Morningside 4113

Morris, Gertrude E., 396 E. 171st St.—Studying for M. A. degree at Columbia. Major in English, minor in Latin and Greek.

Noble, Katharine, 304 West 77th St.—I expect to study for an M. A.

Powell, Lucy Reed, 607 West 116th St. (temp.), 5025 12th Ave., N. E., Seattle, Wash. (perm.).—Honorary Fellow at Columbia, working for M. A. in Classics.

Richey, Margaret C., St. Mary's School, 714 Poplar Ave., Memphis, Tenn.—Teacher French and English.

Robinson, Marjorie, Plainfield, N. J.—Teacher of fifth and sixth grades in Leal Private School for Boys, Plainfield, N. J.

Roy, Marion S., Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.—Teacher of Domestic Science and Domestic Art in the Irvington High School at Irvington-on-Hudson for 1913-1914.

Sage, Leontine, 51 Cleveland St., Orange, N. J.—Teaching in Orange.

Saltzman, Anna B., 5403 15th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Business. Assistant Designer, etc. Columbia M. A., Political Science.

Seibert, Harriet, 2230 83rd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Studying for M. A. at Columbia. Major in English, minor in Classics.

Shaw, Jean M., Rockland Lake, N. Y.—Teaching in Congers, N. Y., History.

Sistrunk, Mary, 719 Madison Ave., Montgomery, Ala.—Have none at present, but I expect to teach later on in the winter in Montgomery, Ala.

Sperling, Joan, 601 West 115th St.—Married Sept. 25th to Sydney Lewinson.

Stewart, Mary W., 1058 A Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Assistant in Botany, Barnard College. Study for M. A. at Columbia.

Turek, Viola, 460 Riverside Drive.—Research Assistant to Dr. Reimer, Barnard Chemistry Department.

Tyndall, Ruth, 56 East 102d St.—Fashion drawing.

Van Duyn, Marguerite, 612 West 135th St.—Taking Physical Education Course at Teachers College.

Van Glabbe, Irma, Stony Point, N. Y., care Mrs. DeLaney.—Teacher of Latin and German at Stony Point, N. Y.

Voyse, Mary, 409 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.—Teacher at Miss Bangs' and Miss Whiton's Private School for Girls at Riverdale, N. Y. Teacher of Ancient History and Latin. Working for Master's in afternoon.

Waring, Lillian A., 70 Ashford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Nothing as yet, except to tutor or do clerical work this year and teach in Leesburg, Fla., 1914-1915.

Webb, Ethel W., Bay Shore, L. I., N. Y.—Teaching Ancient, English and American History and Caesar, Cicero and Virgil in the Bay Shore High School.

White, Varian, 382 Main St., Hackensack, N. J.—At home, studying music.

Wilmot, Harriet E., 391 Dean St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—M. A. in History at Columbia.

Woolworth, Anna B., 148 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tutoring.