

Barnard College
The Ella Merz Library

THE BARNARD BULLETIN

Vol. XXI. No. 18.

NEW YORK, MARCH 1st, 1917.

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Undergraduate Mass Meeting.

The Undergraduate Mass Meeting that was held on the twentieth was both long and active. Professor Muzzey started the meeting off with some very good and very apropos advice. First of all, he said, arguments should be weighed and not counted. Although the truth of this is so apparent, it is to be feared that we forget all about it in the heat of discussion. Dr. Muzzey also asked us to remember that analogies are not arguments, and that there are no such things as binding historic precedents or rules.

Dr. Crampton then gave a rather detailed description of the University plan for organization and mobilization. Columbia proposes to have a personal index of all the officers, students and alumni of the university, with notes as to the ability for service of each. Enrollment will be in no way compulsory. The university merely offers a chance to all those in any way connected with it, to enroll for efficient service when the call shall come. In regard to the details of organization, Dr. Crampton said that those who enrolled were to be placed in various corps, such as the medical, Red Cross, technical, social service, and military corps. It is hard to assign unspecialized women to any one group, but Dean Gildersleeve is the chairman of a Women's Conference Committee, which will be glad to advise any girl who wishes to enroll. In answer to questions as to the immediate use of this mobilization, Dr. Crampton said that, even if war did not come, efficient organization would probably be a good thing for the university, with a great value in time of peace.

Katherine Harrower, '17, was the first student speaker. She said that we had tried every way but war, to help the weaker nations, and had not succeeded. Now, she said, the time has come for us to enter the war, not to protect commercial interests, but to take an unselfish place in the world. Her arguments were answered by Aline Pollitzer. Who said that, in the first place, the question was not one of selfishness. There were just three reasons for entering the war: first, to protect our merchant marine; second, to protect our ideal of the freedom of the seas; and third, to crush Prussianism. War, she said, would not really accomplish any of these. The freedom of the seas is an ideal, not a practice, and the way to bring an ideal to be a practice is not through war. Neither can we crush Prussianism by becoming ourselves militaristic. Ger-

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University Committee.

President Butler has appointed the following members of the University to serve as a University Committee on the work of women in connection with the public service of the University in case of need:

Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Chairman.

Professor Romiett Stevens, of the Faculty of Education.

Professor Emma H. Gunther, of the Faculty of Practical Arts.

Miss Katherine C. Reiley, from Extension Teaching.

Miss Clare M. Howard, from the School of Journalism.

Miss Emma P. Smith, Adviser to Women Graduate Students.

Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, ex-officio.

The Committee has held one meeting, at which it decided to appoint an investigation committee to ascertain what types of work for women would be most needed by the community in case of emergency and what training was available for these activities. It also made a preliminary plan for establishing in Room 301, Philosophy Hall, a bureau of registration and information for the women of the University. The enrollment cards are now being printed, and will soon be available for distribution.

Notice!

Greek Games Tickets!

This year Greek Games tickets will be sold as follows:

Application blanks for tickets may be obtained from Bertha Mann '19, Ethel Kossmann '20, and Miss Boyd.

These blanks, accompanied by money and self-addressed envelope MUST be filed with Miss Boyd between March 15 and April 2. Checks payable to Greek Games Committee.

At this time Freshmen and Sophomores may purchase 1 guest ticket at \$.50 and 1 guest ticket at \$1.00.

If a Freshman or Sophomore does not participate in the Games, she must use one of these tickets for her own admission.

Seniors, Juniors and Specials who have paid Undergraduate dues, and Non-Matriculated Specials, may purchase 1 Student admission ticket at \$.50.

After April 2 The remaining tickets will be placed on sale at \$1.00 each. This sale will not be open to Sophomores and Freshmen.

NOTE.—No one will be allowed to buy more than 2 tickets in all.

Is This Phase of Our Honor System Effective?

We are privileged to enjoy the Honor System at Barnard. It has been given to us as a sacred trust by the Faculty because they believe that we, as a body of intelligent young women, are capable of sustaining a sufficiently high ideal for our Alma Mater to loyally live up to the fullest realization of the benefits to be derived from Student Government. Perhaps the greatest benefit to be derived from such an organization is the sense of personal responsibility it is meant to develop in each one of us.

I believe that the benefits resulting from such a system have been great, and I believe in our ability to continue to deserve this high trust which has been given us; but I cannot help but feel that some phases of our Honor System are sadly deteriorating in the spirit in which they are being carried out by many of the Undergraduate Students at the present time. I refer particularly to the lack of a spirit of real academic discipline which seems to have generally pervaded the college during this last period of mid-year examinations.

When we are left alone, after the examination has been formally opened by the instructor, it is supposed that a spirit of real quiet will pervade the whole room all of the time. Yet this was not the atmosphere which I found prevailing in any of the six rooms in which I recently sat, nor does it seem to have been in many of the rooms, from what I hear from other students who feel the matter keenly, like myself.

I cannot see why so much as a whisper is necessary, unless perhaps a student becomes ill and needs to ask her neighbor for assistance in leaving the room. Each student should make it her business to come to every examination fully equipped with all needed materials, so that asking to borrow from her neighbor is unnecessary. But when it comes to a state of almost constant whispering, talking and giggling parties, shifting spasmodically from one corner of the room and back again, it is to me intolerable.

I do not really believe that dishonest communications are made in this manner, but I do deplore the lack of academic discipline which it manifests, and in answer to all who may choose to argue that such deportment can still be within the bounds of the Honor System. I say emphatically that I am convinced that it is not! Nor is it fair to those of us who are not able, under such conditions to concentrate our full amount of mental

(Continued on Page 3, Column 2.)

BARNARD BULLETIN

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1917

The BULLETIN staff has, of late, been much maligned. Let us say here that the staff is always more or less maligned, but just now we are going through a moment of "more." You may ask just what we have done now, or more likely, if you are one of the majority you maintain the indifference which you boast. Well—we'll enlighten the few. We've neglected to put in the BULLETIN the edifying account of the X. Y. Z. Club, of which you are one of the pillars. We have omitted the report of your class-meeting, where you made an enlightening speech. Your contribution to *The Oven* was never published. What is the BULLETIN for anyway, if not to

publish accounts of your particular doings and your particular witticisms? You are entirely correct—this is the BULLETIN's only purpose. Several issues of the BULLETIN have been 8-page issues, but those happy days are gone. We must confess, we're on the decline. The BULLETIN, we warn you, will become leaner every week—fewer and fewer accounts of your doings will appear.

When the question of abolishing the BULLETIN was brought up at an Undergraduate meeting last year, the meeting vociferously protested, and unanimously promised its support, support which has never been given. Less than a third of Barnard's undergraduates subscribe to the BULLETIN, Barnard's official undergraduate organ. The solution is obvious. Eight-page issues are impossible, and four-page issues will soon be. The BULLETIN funds are in a dreadful state
WHAT WILL YOU DO?

2030 Broadway,
New York City,
Feb 24, 1917

To the Editor of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

I should like to thank Miss Baldwin, through your columns, for her splendid letter printed in your last number. It is indeed a relief to hear the viewpoint of "just a plain American," and most encouraging to those of us who resent being called militarists by our pacifist friends. The latter seem to think that those who do not agree with them look upon war as a desirable thing. Certainly, war is horrible and ought to be avoided when possible, but there are certain ideals which to many people are the only things that make life worth living. Internationalism may be our ultimate goal but at present it seems very far off. Even when it is achieved it will have to be based on nationalism. The other day I was talking to a girl who said that she didn't think America was worth fighting for! Even granted that America as it is today might not seem worth fighting for, is it not possible to be willing to fight for the defense of the America that is to be? We have little respect for the man who does not vote because politics are so corrupt. It seems to me that we should have as little respect for the man or woman who will not sacrifice personal comfort and even life because the country is not worthy of the sacrifice. It is exactly that spirit of selfish individualism that is the cause of the country's unworthiness. It is time for Americans to forget themselves and unite to uphold a great principle. While I am on this subject, I want to protest against the form of the resolution that we were called upon to approve or reject. The wording was most deceptive:—"We

Calendar.

Thursday, March 1

Academic Chapel, Theatre, 12:00.
1917 Tea to Faculty, Undergrad. Study, 4:00.
French Society Meeting, Room 304, 4:00.

Monday, March 5

Chapel, Theatre, 12:00.
1919 Tea to 1917, Undergrad. Study, 4:00.

Tuesday, March 6

Classical Club Meeting, Undergrad. Study, 4:00.

Thursday, March 8

Chapel, Theatre, 12:00.
Brooks Tea to 1919, 4:00.

condemn war as a means of settling international disputes. Therefore we believe that some means other than war should be used in the present situation." It is extremely difficult to answer "Yes" or "No" to such a statement. Of course we all condemn war. But we have tried every other method in the present situation and none of them have succeeded. Germany recognizes no power but force. We must therefore resort to force ourselves in order that this false idea may be stamped out forever.

RUTH BENJAMIN, '17.

To the Editor of the BARNARD BULLETIN:

The Juniors have gratefully received the friendly advice concerning the care of man given by their senior sister. We beg to state that the men at Junior Prom were, on the whole, a husky lot and accustomed to stay out after nine o'clock, but believing in preparedness, we, as women, and trying to forward the "woman movement" warned them that a beauty sleep the night before would be advisable. It is rather tiresome to walk downstairs for supper, we admit, and as experienced Juniors we would suggest that coming classes hold their Proms in a grill where "tea" is served to prevent "intolerable slowness," or in the Barnard Cafeteria where there can be "swift-marshalling."

How unfortunate to have had a dance-order so poor that four encores made dancing "monotonous!" Moreover, it was a pity that some poor unfortunates had to attend the Prom in gowns not creations of Lady Duff Gordon, hence not included among those few "charming" ones.

Would that we could hold another prom!

JUNIOR SEXTETTE.

Earle Prize Award.

The Earle Prize in Classics has been awarded to Sylvia Hecht, '17. The prize is open for competition to the whole university. This is the second consecutive year that Barnard has captured the prize.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)

man democracy, she said, must come from within.

The open discussion which followed was lively and heated. Most of the speeches—and some of them bordered on orations, especially one which started out "I don't think," and she didn't, were on the question of national policy and as such were very much up in the air. Aline Pollitzer finally brought the meeting back to the question of the minute, by making a motion that the undergraduates of Barnard take no action in support of President Butler until he or the authorities made some effort to get the opinion of the undergraduate body. Many objected to any vote being taken, as 250 people could not possibly represent the whole college in the expressing of college opinion. Others said that this was not expressing opinion, but merely refusing to express it. However, a vote was taken and the motion lost.

Hilda Rau then made a characteristically impassioned plea for us to form a committee if we ever intended to, as the girls would affiliate themselves elsewhere otherwise. The motion was made and carried that the Undergraduate President appoint a committee to co-operate with the university committee.

The motion to adjourn was carried by only a small majority.

Deutscher Kreis Play.

Try-outs for "Der Bibliothekar" resulted as follows:

Edith, Gretchen Torek '19.

Eva, Victorine Mayer '19.

Sarah, Mabel Gutmann '20.

Dickson, Elsie Oschrin '18.

Johanna, Hedwig Liebeskind '20.

Rehearsals begin at once. The performances are scheduled for March 23 and March 24.

English Club.

The last meeting of the English Club was at the home of Isabel Greenbaum. Ray Levi, 1915, read a story called "In the Pasha's Garden," from *Stamboul Nights*, and a Japanese fairy tale from Lafcadio Hearn's *Hokoro*. Selections from Louis Untermeyer, and Arthur Guiterman *Laughing Muse* were also read and discussed.

At a business meeting of the club, it was decided to hold elections at the beginning of the second semester for prospective journalism students, seniors and new senior transfers. It was also decided that at every meeting one member of the club to be chosen by secret lot, should write a paper on some English topic and give it to the hostess. After the reading of the paper discussion and guessing of the author are to follow.

(Continued from Page 1, Column 3.)

energy. We should be given three hours of absolute quiet, and not one of our thoughtless sisters has a right to take that away.

Personally, I would like to see a formal request made by the Undergraduate Body of students to have the instructors proctor their examinations again, as formerly. We did not resent having our entrance examinations formally proctored; why should we resent such treatment after we have been admitted to college?

It seems to me that the facts of the case bar all argument. We have been requested by members of the Student Council to maintain quiet throughout the examinations, and an effort has been made by them to leave with us a written request for quiet, clearly framed on the blackboards in the various rooms. This authority many students have utterly ignored; it seems to me time that we should be placed under a proctor whose presence we will not forget, and whose authority we will not question.

I believe heartily in an Honor System; but I also believe that Student Government must, like all organizations of government, have certain checks to keep the pendulum of Liberty from swinging too far. "Liberty, unbridled, can lead one into bondage."

JUNIOR.

Sing-Song.

January twenty-third has come and gone, and a new trophy now hangs serenely on the walls of Senior Study! Great was the excitement in the theatre on that Friday afternoon—everyone, from the judges down to the "motley mob" seemed to share in the general thrill. Praise is certainly due all four cheerleaders, not only for the success which their respective classes *did* win, but also for their indefatigable efforts all along. Any uninitiated soul, glancing at our studies during the past week or so, could easily have supposed us to be candidates for the degree of Bachelor of the Art of Advertising.

The final score was very close; ten and a third for 1917; nine and a third for 1919; eight and a third for 1920, and only two points for 1918. There's an empty spot on '19's left-hand wall and a sore spot in her heart, but as long as her sister class won—well, that's so much to be grateful for!

Library Notice.

The Times Current History Magazine for January and February, 1917, and Harper's Monthly for January, 1917, have been missing for some time.

The Library would greatly appreciate their immediate return.

Firelight Club.

Miss Sturtevant gave Firelight members a delightful introduction to Emily Dickinson last Monday evening. And indeed, not only did we learn to know about her, but we felt ourselves intimately acquainted, desirous of knowing still more of her unique and fascinating life. Her extreme shyness, intense love of nature, and joyous outlook on life make her a being apart from us sophisticated city dwellers. "Instead of going to Heaven at last, I'm going all along," seems to be her philosophy in part, for it is far from being all sunshine and happiness. But we would advise each and every one, unable to enjoy Miss Sturtevant's treat, to read the volume of Emily Dickinson's letters, as a key to hidden treasures in her poetry.

Notice of Importance.

The Student Bulletin Board on the second floor is to be used for the posting of notices strictly relative to Barnard and College activities. All irrelevant matter will be taken down. Notices of other importance may be posted on the bulletin boards in the basement, with the consent of Miss Boyd. Petitions are to be passed among the students of the classes for signatures, *not* to be posted on the board.

Publications, ballot-boxes, etc., must not be placed on the banister of the stairway. This space is to be left absolutely clear.

The blackboard of the second floor has been put in the charge of two students. All notices of special importance *must* be given to Bertha Mann, Locker 57 Soph. Study, before 9:00 o'clock of the day for the posting thereof. No notices will be permitted to remain on the blackboard unless written by Miss Mann.

ELEANOR CURNOW,

Chairman of the Bulletin Board.

Additions to the Library.

Trotter, W.—Instincts of the herd in peace and war. 2 copies.

Gregorius, St.—History of the Franks, translated by E. Brehaut.

The book of the Popes, translated by L. R. Loomis.

Munsterberg, H.—Psychology and industrial efficiency.

Grimmelshausen, H. J. C. von—The adventures of Simplicissimus.

Glazier, R.—Manual of historic ornament.

Mach, E. R. O. von—Greek sculpture.

Blades, W.—Pentateuch of printing.

Taylor, A. E.—Aristotle. 2 copies.

Kieffer, G. L.—List of references on the history of the Reformation in Germany.

Fowler, H. N.—History of sculpture.

ALUMNAE DEPARTMENT

Alumnae Day.

Enthusiastic "Alums" representing many stages in Barnard's history thronged the theatre on Saturday to see three short plays given by the undergraduates. We should say two playlets and a play with a capital "P," for Cornelia Geer's "The Cost of Living," was, as Hermione would have expressed it, "So full of wit and wisdom, if you get what I mean," as to stand alone in our editorial experience of home-made plays. It was not only the admirable acting—the play delineates with a sure touch its characters—*Molly* and *Granny*, are not only consistent but truly Irish. In the sophisticated, as usual, we have common sense and the scene between the cousins, whose subject is dangerously trite, is well sustained. The account book, the automobile horn, the broom and the rat motives are skillfully used to enhance the dramatic situations. As to acting: Agnes Surgeoner was perfect. It would be blasphemy to criticise her. Katherine Harrower's "nice young man" made up in charm what it lacked in strength. It was sincere without being wholly convincing. *Terrence* had a way with him, a freshness and a tang which made this son of the soil quite irresistible. We highly recommend that Miss Geer make love for us again on a larger scale! Isabel Greenbaum who stepped into *Granny*, as well as *Granny's* part on such short notice, deserves every praise. But the honors of the play were shared with *Molly* by the rake, whom we feel sure was a real man. From the soles of his boots to his eyebrows he was the "blasé roué." His name should have been Gilbert. We were told, which was a great shock, that it was Theresa Mayer.

The two playlets were Arnold Bennett's "Stepmother," one of the Polite Farces and "The Rehearsal," a diminutive drama by Maurice Baring, we could not quite determine whether these two were overdone or underdone, but certainly they were amusing. Gladys Cripps completed the circle of her dramatic versatility by reverting to type as a "crisp" young lady, and Frances Rule as *Mr. Burbage*, alias *Macbeth*, was superb. Mary Talmage as *Lady Macbeth* was a truly Elizabethan figure—we mean that as a compliment! And the début of Marion Alleman as the prototype of Professor Braun, delightful. We must not close without a last press notice for *Mrs. Prout*, who undoubtedly has a genius for hysteria. (We can testify from acquaintance with Miss Judson that the character was acquired.)

The best-known member of the Class of '99—who shall be nameless here—gave us some reminiscences of Barnard on Madison Avenue, and a history of our refractory curtain.

Anything for Suffrage. A Campaign Diary.

IV.

When I got back to Los Angeles, Inez had arrived. I was frightened when I saw her. She is very white and tired, but she insisted that she could speak. And how she spoke! She seemed more than human—it wasn't just my imagination. Lots of people spoke of it. And then, right at her climax, when the whole packed hall was breathless, she fainted quietly in my arms, with just a little moan of utter exhaustion. The crowd behaved wonderfully. A doctor and a nurse hurried forward; everyone else sat quiet, while we carried her into an ante room. Because there was no one else there to do it, I had to go on—for we couldn't leave things half said like that. In ten minutes they told me that she wanted to come back. She did come back, with her shimmery white dress torn, where some one had tried to open it too quickly, and her hair wet and draggled from the water some one had splashed, and her face white, and her whole splendid, slim body swaying so that we had to make her sit down and stand beside her to hold her. But the flame was there—and she picked up the crowd, and carried them to the same heights where she had taken them before. There was something uncanny about that meeting, something too big for words, a spirit that you felt and almost feared. When she stopped talking, people rushed forward to speak to her, to touch her. I heard dozens of men and women say: "If suffrage means that much to any woman, I'll do my part . . ." I had my arm around her as she walked down the platform. She turned for one last word. Just the sight of her face seemed to make people quiet. It was tensely still as she said: "Let me repeat, it is not in any man or in any party that we put our faith, but in the women of the West . . . they will not fail!" And the answer was a great shivering sigh, that was a promise of loyalty.

I think we must have Inez rest here a few days before she goes on. She has almost reached her limit.

Friday—Inez is in the hospital, resting. I have been telegraphing frantically, trying to help to get her schedule straightened out. They say it will be a week before she can go on.

Saturday—Running five meetings

Another interlude was a part of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, read by Ray Levi. Lots of us were most glad of a chance to hear Ray in that at last. The gathering closed with refreshments and sociability. E. W.

in San Diego and seven here is no joke! And the long distance telephone bills are something appalling. The Democratic spell-binder is in town, and sent headquarters a box of the most marvellous, huge, white chrysanthemums I have ever seen. "Just as a symbol of the fine, brave fight you are making." They are wonderful things, but, oh, think of the printer's bill the price of them would pay!

Wednesday—The wholesale lot of meetings went exceedingly well. The nicest one was in the music room of the Mission Inn, at Riverside, a great, quiet, splendid room, with stained glass windows, and lovely light, and atmosphere galore. It is easy to thrill people in such a place. Of course, it made a hectic day—a "breakfast" of ninety people at the hotel this morning, the sixty-mile drive by auto to Riverside, the lovely drive back, just at sunset, and then the big mass meeting to-night. A celebrity who will stand a programme like that is a good sport! "Anything for suffrage," she said, but she was a tired, tired celebrity when I put her on her train.

(To be continued.)

Personals.

'03—Jean W. Miller is working as a member of the Council of Guidance of the Woodcraft League. Ernest Thompson Seton is the Chief of the League, which has its offices at 13 West 29th Street.

Ex-'09—Dorothy Calman is doing volunteer social work at the Crippled Children's East Side Free School, 157 Henry Street.

'15—Viola Stokes is teaching stenography and typewriting in the Franklin High School at Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey.

'16—Amanda Schulte is teaching in a small charity school in Heath, Massachusetts. She says: "The school, which was started last fall, is an industrial school for girls, under supervision, do all the house-work, and even their own laundry work. They are also taught practical sewing in addition to the regular school work. I am teaching all the school work, and as the girls are from twelve to fifteen years of age it is much like teaching an ungraded school. The school provides everything for the girls free of charge, but it is hoped that in a few years they will be admitted on scholarships—to cover the cost of tuition—founded by those who are interested in the work."

'16—Francenia Child is a Teacher-in-Training of English in the Washington Irving High School.

'16—Beatrice Rittenberg is doing volunteer work for the Neighborhood Playhouse. She assists in the staging of the children's plays.

The Oven.

We have a Professor
 Who always comes to his nine o'clock
 class
 At any time thereafter.
 With hasty step he scrambles on the
 rostrum
 And e'en before he folds his *Times*
 He starts to call the roll.
 Occasionally he gets there early,
 Not at nine o'clock—Heaven forfend!
 But at five or six minutes past;
 And on these rare and beautiful occa-
 sions
 A room of empty seats confronts him
 While we, the class, parade the halls
 outside
 And stop for one word more with
 boon companions
 At ten minutes past nine
 Or any time between nine five and
 nine fifteen
 We saunter in the room,
 And amble to our seats,
 And are marked "Late" day after
 day
 Because however hard we try
 We can not gauge the exact moment
 When the *Times* shall be folded,
 And the cap and coat disposed of,
 And the lecture be begun.

**TO THE VERS LIBRISTS OF
 "THE OVEN."**

If I could write free verse
 As you do
 In so untrammelled and such sprightly
 fashion
 With so much of real poetry
 (If you know what I mean)
 I should spend my time
 Writing odes to girls with "fancy"
 faces
 Or describing beautiful scenery
 Or decrying social evils
 And then I'd send them all
 To F. P. A. in the *Conning Tower*
 And some day I'd be famous!
 But I—
 I just write to *The Oven*
 To say
 How much
 I like you.

SISARO.

Dear Editor: They may say that
 Barnard is cruel but you couldn't ex-
 actly call it Ruth-less, could you?
 RUTH.

**WHAT SORT OF FRIENDS DO
 YOU THINK WE HAVE,
 MR. STOUT?**

On page 729 of "A Manual of Psy-
 chology" Mr. Stout begs the gentle
 reader, apropos of impulse and inhi-
 bitions, thusly: "Ask half the common
 drunkards you know why they fall a
 prey to temptation and they will say
 most of the time that they can not
 tell!"

L. K. G.



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What part of *The Oven* is like the
 tail of a fish?
 Why, the

Fin-is. B. S. D.

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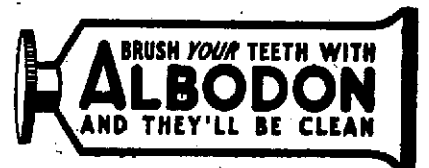
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The February Bear.

A college magazine, we think, should be judged not so much on its actual as upon its potential value. That little four-page trifle of a stori-ette is the much be-love-labored result of what its young author conceived to be a true inspiration, and should be delicately treated as such. Its composition is fraught with varied emotions: the almost gasping joy at the birth of the idea, the exulting sense of power at its development, and the assured confidence in first tapping keys on paper; then the hard, laborious struggle of finding the evasive *mot just*, the disappointment in the crude, bare result, the disheartening sense of failure until a new inspiration is born—and then the play all over again.

So rather than criticise our winging authors on the comparative standard of the foremost writers of the ages, we prefer to go to the other extreme and criticise them not so much upon their accomplishments as upon the possible powers their accomplishments suggest.

All of which is a most weighty introduction to our rather under-fed young *Bear*, but, if nothing else, Cornelia Geer's beautiful "Death of a Poet" would make us wary of playing "the blundering critic." The poem has that subtle musical quality which causes one almost unconsciously to repeat the lines aloud for the mere pleasure of lingering over their limpid tones. There is an unusual ease in the poem, a finished quality, and a well-rounded polish. One remembers this line: "He is a voiceless flute of silent hurt, of unexpressed delight."

"Beginnings" by Margaret Moses, and "Chrisy" by Bertha Wallerstein, are two pieces of prose related in theme, that of childhood memories, though different in handling. They both succeed admirably in creating their respective atmospheres, though the beginning of "Beginnings" is a bit mystifying until one gets the drift of the thing. But once you have it, it holds you in a most soothingly and softly reminiscing embrace.

"Chrisy" is so very well done that we feel it to be our duty to search for faults. The child's viewpoint of a stronger child, her vague wonder that there can be any existence different from her own, is carefully worked out in telling child psychology; it is only in a little slip here and there that the author forgets that not she, but herself at nine, is telling the story. The ending attains the difficult success of being entirely in keeping with the spirit of the narrative and the characters. Indeed, we would like more of Chrisy—or Miss Wallerstein.

Somehow, "One More or Less" by Rhoda J. Milliken does not get across with us. We like war stories, we like this particular plot, we appreciate the

cold psychology of the French girl who would save an enemy because of his sweetheart and then scorn his gratitude with a contemptuous, "Bah, you pig of a Prussian!"—but it all left us emotionally cold, which war stories shouldn't, without caring particularly whether there were one more or less, or not. It lacked atmosphere, it lacked intensity, it lacked the power of reacting suffering. But then, it takes a genius to write a war story. We know—we tried to write one once ourself.

Whenever we read Miss Teall's criticisms we break the coveting commandment and wish woefully that we too had the balanced mind, the decisive judgment that knows neither ye-nays nor nay-yeas, but only yea! and nay!—the *savoir-stvoir*, as it were. So we shall not presume to criticise her criticism, but merely with our best wishes for her future work, refer her to G. B. S.'s article on Dixon Scott in last week's "New Republic."

But even we become almost decisive about Dorothy Graffe's "Shaw and Galsworthy, a Comparison"—she is so undecided herself. The author seems to have tried so hard to be fair to both playwrights (or dramatists?) that she forgot to be fair to her readers by presenting them with a firm, unwobbly opinion on one side or the other without confusing exceptions and alternatives.

Miss Guinzburg's Exchange page is always very discreetly nice and precise. Sometimes we wish it weren't. However, just as a matter of a free ad. among friends, she might give the names of the authors she quotes. And we do think this borders, dangerously on the humorous: "We wish to make an ardent plea for less *Vers Libre* in undergraduate verse. To be perfectly frank, we consider most of it absolutely unpoetic and not even good prose!"

By the way, what has become of our own vers librists? If pleas are in order, may we not make one for *more vers libre* in our patticular undergraduate verse? For there is something of the poet in every young one of us, and there is no reason, even though one cannot master the intricacies of rhyme schemes, why one should not give expression to her poetic emotions. Miss Geer's poem looked very lonesome in its solitary state.

And so for that matter did the single editorial, which we approach last merely because it is last in the magazine—where it certainly should not be. The very subject matter, that of curriculum reform and vocational training, demands at least a stallbox conspicuousness. And surely Barnard is not so light-headed but that it can stand more than one editorial a month—Barnard with its pacifism and militarism, its socialism, its femi-

Geology Club.

A meeting of the Geology Club of Barnard was held on Wednesday, February 21 at 4 o'clock. There was first, a lecture in Room 330 by Mr. Lehrnetz of the University of Minnesota. Mr. Lehrnetz had intended to lecture on the Yellowstone Park, but was unable to procure lantern slides for that; he delivered a very interesting lecture on Glacier National Park. The talk was so given that even those who had never studied geology could understand it and those who had studied geology were far from bored.

After the lecture, tea was served in the Geology Laboratory and Mr. Lehrnetz told of some expeditions of University students which had been planned for coming summers, and continued from the lecture, some of his anecdotes of former expeditions. Everyone enjoyed the meeting.

Miss Lillian Schaeffer, vice-president, presided in the absence of the president.

Co-operative Dormitory.

Applications for residence in the Co-operative Dormitory of Barnard College for the fall of 1917 must be in the hands of Mrs. Florence Lowther, Chairman of the Committee, Room 416, by Friday, March 9, 1917.

Pacifism at Barnard.

Of the 110 votes cast concerning the resolution: "That we condemn war as a method of settling international disputes, and that, therefore, we urge that some alternative to war be adopted in the present situation."—36 votes, or 33 per cent. of the total, were opposed to the resolution, and 74 votes or 67 per cent. were in favor.

nism, its radicalism and conservatism, and -isms—ad infin.?

We can't resist the temptation of saying a word about the Theatre Review ad., although it is not directly in our province. It is most neatly done and the person who did it reads exactly the same dramatic critics we do.

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