



Barnard

Bulletin

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FEBRUARY 28, 1930

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GERMAN STUDENT LIFE DESCRIBED BY ALUMNA

Barnard Graduate Finds Freedom Keynote of Universities.

By Beatrice Heiman, '29

As the roll call is symbolic of the American University, so complete and absolute freedom is the keynote of the German University. The German students are prepared for this freedom by a long, strenuous and highly disciplined training in the gymnasium, the equivalent—and more—of the American high school. The gymnasium lasts six or seven years. Its graduates are generally said to stand on a level with American University sophomores. However their attitude and behavior show a maturer development than their American equivalent.

This maturity demands freedom—of choice of courses, of attendance, of time and place of study, of faculty constraint. These were foundation stones in the building of the universities. As such they are solidly entrenched, and will from all probabilities remain so.

Four Faculties at Berlin

Berlin University, with 12,000 students, is the largest university in Germany. Like most German universities it is divided into four Faculties: Theology, Law, Medicine and Philosophy. The philosophical Fach, as it is abbreviated, includes among a long list, history, economics, literature, philology, languages, natural sciences, mathematics, fine arts, etc. It registers the largest number of students, law ranking second, medicine third and theology last.

As in the American universities there are two semesters. The winter term begins officially October 15, lectures November 1; the spring vacation of two months, March 1 to May 1, provides ex-

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Spring Drive Suspended This Year By Assembly

For the first time in many years there will be no Spring Drive, according to the decision made by Representative Assembly last Monday. The suggestion that money be raised through Spring Drive to provide scholarships for the Industrial Summer School, was rejected. So many expenses arise at this time of the year, such as Junior Prom, other class dances, Senior Week, Junior Show, Head Taxes for Greek houses, and above all the payment of Student Fellowship obligations, that the general sentiment of the college as reflected in the Assembly, seemed opposed to this further taxation.

Both the spring and fall drives are dependent upon the vote of Representative Assembly, and may therefore be suspended at any time. Whereas Fall Drive, by tradition, is devoted to Student Fellowship, the beneficiary of Spring Drive varies from year to year. Whether Spring Drive will be renewed next year is entirely a matter for college opinion, voiced through Representative Assembly, to decide at that time.

Dorothy Adelson Wins Award of Earle Prize in Classics

The Earle Prize, was awarded this year to Dorothy Adelson, with Honorable mention to Elsa Zorn. This prize of \$50, established in memory of Mortimer Lawson Earle, Prof. of Classical Philology 1898-1905, is open to all candidates for the degree of B.A. It is awarded partly on the regular work of the year in Greek and Latin, and partly on the basis of a special examination.

Miss Adelson has been Secretary and President of Menorah and was a member of G.G. music committee. Miss Zorn at present is president of Glee Club, Secretary of Classical Club, and a member of Student Fellowship Committee.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE PRESENTS HERNANI

Hundred Year Old Play Revived Under the Direction of Professor Loiseaux.

The production of one act of Victor Hugo's "Hernani" by the Société Française on Tuesday at four in the College Parlor, marked Barnard's celebration of Hugo's centennial. Professor Loiseaux traced for the benefit of the uninformed, a synopsis of the first act. Donna Sol, the heroine, is loved by Don Carlos, the king, as well as by Hernani, the bandit. In addition she is betrothed to her elderly uncle. The intentions of Hernani to meet Donna Sol the following evening are overheard by the hidden king who promptly decides to intercept him. The balcony scene of the second act was then performed with all gusto and vigor required in this "coup de canon" of the romantic school. Sylvia Jaffin played the title role, Remunda Caddous the eloquent and beloved heroine, and Valentine Snow exhibited the superb disdain of King Don Carlos. Our imagination was spurred on by the painted scenes

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"How Can Barnard Help Bulgarian Students Meet a Crisis?"—Asks The N.S.F.A. Committee

The N.S.F.A. Committee, here at Barnard has found itself confronted with a serious problem. "How may Barnard aid in a cause which challenges the sympathy and action of every student, the world over?" This cause can be briefly stated: unless students of other countries, particularly of America give some sort of relief, the whole University life of Bulgaria will break down. Many of our leading colleges have responded to the plea and have raised money by holding tag days, by giving benefit performances or through direct solicitation of funds throughout the college. How can Barnard aid in this important cause, the N.S.F.A. Committee asks the college?

According to a bulletin issued by the Central Office of the National Student Federation, the situation of the Bulgarian college students, which for some years

WOODBURY'S CAREER REVIEWED BY ERSKINE

Stimulating Professor Inspired Columbia Men to Read Good Literature.

"I know of no other man who exerted as strong an influence on his students as the late George Edward Woodbury," said Professor John Erskine who addressed the college at Tuesday's Assembly. He spoke on the unusual career of the Professor of Literature at Columbia, who died last month. "He broke all the rules of pedagogy and was a splendid teacher. The intimate friend and protegee of James Russell Lowell, Woodbury owed his success to the impression he made on the poet when he was a Freshman at Harvard."

Born in a sea-coast town, near Boston, Woodbury was the first of his family to forsake the sea. As a student, he wrote well, and soon after his graduation, he was allowed to edit one of Shelley's manuscripts. Then began his lifelong admiration for Shelley, and for poetry.

Wrote Poe Biography

On the recommendation of Lowell, he was asked to write a Life of Edgar Allen Poe. It was a scholarly biography, not a best seller. When President Seth Low wanted someone to teach the boys at Columbia to read books, Lowell again suggested Woodbury. The young scholar became Professor of Literature and did just what Low wanted.

"When he walked into a class at first, his low voice and poor eyesight produced a perfect riot," said Prof. Erskine. "Since he refused to be a disciplinarian, he walked right out of the room. He would talk about poetry only to boys who would listen. Within a short time, he became the most popular instructor on the campus. Boys arrived fifteen minutes before the class began, and if he failed to appear waited forty minutes for him."

"Assuming that his students were very intelligent, and of

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1930 CHANGES PROGRAM FOR SENIOR WEEK; SENIORS WILL NOT PARTICIPATE IN SHOW

Dean Gildersleeve sends the following cablegram from Naples: "Splendid voyage. Greetings. (signed) Virginia C. Gildersleeve"

BIG SISTERS PRAISED BY LADY ARMSTRONG

Traces History of Movement at Newman Club Tea.

The need for co-operation between the divisions of the Big Sisters was stressed by Lady Armstrong in an address to Newman Club, on Monday afternoon, February 25.

Lady Armstrong sketched briefly the history of the Big Sister Movement, which started in 1902, when the first Children's Court was organized. The Big Sisters is an outgrowth of the Ladies of Charity. It is an organization of voluntary service, a national and international movement, similar to the Big Brothers organization in its purpose.

Branch in Every Court

At the present time there is a branch of the Big Sisters in every court, a systematic record is kept of every case. There is an executive volunteer worker present at every meeting of the court. This worker supervises each case, looks over the records for the case, the result of a psychiatric examination, physical examination, and case history. The religious side of the case is handled by the respective religious representative, Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. All funds taken in by the Big Sisters are equally divided between the three religious factors.

There is need for greater co-operation between the three divisions. The type of work done by the Big Sisters offers many opportunities for college women. An interesting branch of the Big Sisters is the Crime Prevention Bureau recently organized, which was started by Commissioner Whalen. This bureau is composed of advisory boards in conjunction with social service agencies.

FIRST BARNARD SPONSORS WILL MEET AGAIN AT TEA

In 1894, several residents of New York City came together as the Barnard Club in its early foundation struggles. For several years, their efforts were directed toward establishing the growing institution.

Even when Barnard became definitely established, these early friends continued their interest, a manifestation of which will be on Saturday, March first, when Acting-Dean and Mrs. Mullins will give a tea for the Barnard Club. The tea, to which Faculty and Trustees have been invited, will be held from four to six o'clock in the College Parlor.

Class Will Present \$5000 to College at the End of Ten Years.

BALL MAY BE CHANGED

1930 Senior Show may be abolished, but Seniors and their guests will not have to forfeit the traditional gaiety of that evening for they will be entertained by talent provided from outside of the Senior Class. In this respect and in many others, the form, content, and succession of Senior Week events will undergo a radical change if measures, discussed at Senior meeting on Wednesday, are carried out.

Of paramount interest and importance was the discussion and subsequent motion to dispense with any form of show or entertainment in which members of the Senior Class are to participate. In place of the traditional Show, the Senior Week Committee is to devise a suggestion for a substitute and place the plan before members of the class at the next meeting. Although Show is to be discontinued, senior dues will remain at \$12.50 since the substitute will cost the equivalent expenditure.

Ten Year Gift Announced

Betty Linn, 1930 President, conducted the meeting, asking Evelyn Saffran, Chairman of the 10 year gift committee, to explain what has been decided. Miss Saffran reported it has been decided, at the end of ten years, for the class of 1930 to present \$5,000 to the college, which amounts to \$25 tax per person payable either in a lump sum; or spread over the ten year period. Five insurance policies, of \$1,000 each are to be taken out, payment toward which must be regular, or else the entire expenditure will be forfeited. Pledges will be presented to Seniors who are requested to sign, designate their preference for type of payment, and to accept the pledge as a definite responsibility.

In connection with the gift, Margaret Ralph, Senior Week Chairman, reported that there is now a surplus of \$800 in the Senior Treasury. It was decided to utilize this money as a sinking fund to be placed at the disposal of Gift Chairman as a reserve account for lax pledge payments. A discussion followed as to the relative merits of using this money for Senior Week, thus reducing the dues, as opposed to using it for the Gift. Discussion was suspended until Show problem was discussed.

Senior Show Discussed

Fredericka Gaines, Chairman of Senior Show, then took over the meeting to conduct a discussion about the proposed abolition of Show. Briefly she reviewed attendant problems as stated in the last BULLETIN, speaking of its origination as an informal entertainment for parents and friends. Since a professional coach will be out of the question this year, and since the Theatre will be at the Class' disposal for only two weeks, she pointed out the undesirability of producing a show

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BARNARD BULLETIN

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Editorial

What Shall We Do?

According to the Honor Code, Honor Board pledges itself to maintain the college standard of honor and to work for the good of the possible offender. This first task is not a very difficult one. When a student enters college she is told that she is a participant in the Honor System. This is only an externalization of standards which every normal person possesses. Honor Systems are not necessary for them. There are those, however, whose conduct is not governed by these standards, the possible offenders of which the code speaks. Honor systems may prevent a few borderline cases from going over the brink but if these standards mean nothing as principles of conduct they will not be followed, and the offences, whatever their nature, will continue.

Most of Honor Board's attention, then, is focussed on the offenders. The function of Honor Board, as it now seems to be operating, is one similar in large measure to the function of the court. Those who are suspected are to appear before it, in person or in case, to be declared innocent and released, or guilty and treated in such a way as to mean check or cure.

Now Honor Board has carefully considered this "cure" question and feels it is doing everything it can think of in this connection. But Bulletin maintains that it may be possible for a College student to judge when a person is guilty of an offence but we seriously doubt that there is a single person in college whose training or whose experience equips her to treat these cases as they deserve to be treated. Many college offences are not a matter for jury or for judgment, but for the sure understanding of one wisely trained in the field of psychology.

Certainly many of the cases Honor Board has to consider baffle it. Some may be completely beyond the experience of its members. In fact in attempting to meet the situation they have in their hands a means to irreparable psychic

harm. All that they have to work with is the common sense that they share with the expert.

What then is to be done? Certainly something is very radically wrong with the way we are now meeting the situation. Perhaps Honor Board cannot accomplish what is expected of it. Perhaps an expert psychologist is needed, with whom offenders may consult that they may realize the consequences of their offences and alter their conduct. Certainly they deserve all the helpful understanding we can give them. Perhaps we can combine the two ideas in some practical way. But everyone of us must agree that the time has come when we must scrutinize the principles upon which Honor Board is based. The situation presents a serious challenge to our intelligence that we cannot disregard.

Players Will Revive Early American Play

"Clari, or the Maid of Milan" will be played by the Columbia Laboratory Players on Saturday, March 1, at 2:30 and at 8:30 in MacMillan Academic Theatre. This play by John Howard Payne, Esq., which is one of a series of revivals of early American dramas presented by the Laboratory Players was first produced in New York in 1823. At that time this play introduced the song "Home Sweet Home" to the American public, and the Laboratory group are using the original musical score.

The play is being produced under the direction of Mrs. Estelle H. Davis, lecturer in English in University Extension and Barnard College, and founder of the Rehearsal Course, the work of which is supplemented by the production of plays which afford added opportunity to the members of the class to develop their acting experience.

Lately the Players have been giving a series of early American plays, besides an annual Shakespearean production which will be "King Lear" this year, and which will be produced on May 2 and 3.

Notice

Attention is called to the fact that one of the electric lamps, part of the furniture of Even Study—Room 401 Barnard Hall, has been removed.

It is quite possible that this was done in connection with some student activity by someone who did not have knowledge of the very definite ruling covering the moving of any college property from its definite location.

It is requested that if any student has any knowledge of the present location of this lamp that she will report the matter to Mrs. Richards.

While on the subject, attention is called to the Blue Book, pages 55 and 56 under the heading "Use of Furniture and Scenery." This gives definite instruction with regard to college property.

Requests for moving of furniture or other college property in the Residence Halls is to be made in the usual manner through the housekeeper. In the case of Barnard Hall or the Main Building, such requests are to be made to Mrs. Richards, the Supervisor of Academic Buildings. All other cases are to be referred directly to the Comptroller's Office.

J. J. Swan, Comptroller.

Mexican Youths Want Break With Nicaragua

Deplore Influence of U. S. Upon Present Leader of Country.

The seventh annual student congress of Mexico has adopted a resolution requesting the Mexican government to sever relations with the government of Nicaragua.

This action was the result of a long letter to the congress from Augustino Sandino, the Nicaraguan rebel leader, who condemns the influence which the United States exerts over Nicaragua under its present leader General Jose Moncada. Sandino believes that the effects of the United States on the Latin American countries is decidedly reprehensible. Certainly by the ready response which the students of Mexico evinced, it may be easily realized that the idea is not unwelcome. When the young, intellectual people of Mexico want to sever relations with another country because of undue influence of the United States, a serious problem is raised, one worthy of the utmost consideration.

If a spirit of resentment is fostered among these people how can the United States expect to maintain friendly relations, or to assist the Central American countries in any constructive way. Should the United States ever wish to become friendly with the South American countries upon any higher basis than that of Imperialism and the support of big business interests, the havoc wrought by the existing policies of the United States will tend to put any such movement under a cloud of suspicion.

This movement of the students of Mexico serves as an indication of the turn which popular opinion is taking in the exploited countries. With so outspoken a rebuff thrown into its face, it seems that the time has come for the government to decide whether or not its South American Imperialism will be terminated peaceably.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Representative Assembly

A meeting of Representative Assembly was called Monday, February 24th, at 12 o'clock in Room 304, Barnard Hall. The minutes were approved as read.

The first business before the meeting was that of whether or not Representative Assembly approved of holding Spring Drive this year. A suggestion was made that money be raised in Spring Drive to provide scholarships for the Industrial Summer School. It was felt that the college as a whole was tired of giving and collecting money for various causes, therefore it was suggested that Spring Drive be discontinued this year. A motion was made that no Spring Drive be held this year. This motion was carried.

Miss Delice invited the members of Representative Assembly to hear Laffie Armstrong address Newman Club this afternoon. On behalf of Mrs. Hayes, questionnaires on Prohibition were passed out to Representative Assembly members by Miss Delice.

Miss Moeller announced that John Erskine would speak at College Assembly tomorrow.

Miss Harrison asked the mem-

Second Balcony

Those We Love

You will have a chance to see it in the old-style "Those We Love." It will surely, you will say, bring you from your seat and bring you on the stage with a force that is a little startling. It brings you on the stage, striking you hard three times in the first act and it will keep you there until the last curtain, not will it ever let you off at all. For even days later, you will find yourself still on it hopelessly and endlessly involved in the first tragedy and the two tragedies you feel will come. And that is a good play. It won't let you alone.

An audience at a play is like God. It can see everything, the details the mortals it is observing miss, the past, certainly the present, with both sides of the question, and usually the future. It understands thoroughly and completely, can judge with uncanny accuracy because it can be in two or more characters and yet be outside of them, which is not permitted to play characters. It can sit above the picture and see the whole, as is maintained in "Berkeley Square," and is free of the horizon of the stage. Into this position does "Those We Love" force you but then it tricks you. It takes away the most important attribute of a God, omnipotence. It exalts you to omniscience but leaves you helpless. It makes you the almighty master, gives you all knowledge of the delicate mechanism of the characters then ties the hands anxious to pull the strings and lets the dolls dance away to their destruction while you all but cry out your protest. "Doesn't he see what it means and will mean? If only I could show him." Perhaps he says the wrong thing. You make a quick gesture—stop! But your hands are tied. A minute later you discover that you gestured to prevent the mistake before it occurred. The inevitability of the whole thing is frightening in itself.

Now that you have left the theatre you fear to go back and get the curtain up again, behind which those people are still living, and see them in the throes of another tragedy, one that has to follow from the first. Because the play wasn't finished when the curtain went down. There is no end of it. It is the sort of thing that would go on and on in life as it does now in your mind, until every character in it was worn out and glad to be finished at last. But when the characters are gone they will live on in your mind and you will say over and over again always "If only . . . a little tighter rein here . . . a little looser there . . . the right word at that time . . . why didn't somebody . . . why didn't I . . . prevent it."

You must see "Those We Love." We have tried to make it clear that the play is good. It may be mentioned as a candidate for this year's 1930-1931, Pulitzer Prize.

-Florence Healy

Members of the local N. S. F. A. committee to meet after Representative Assembly.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

Frances M. Smith.

Mr. Coburn Reminisces at Graduate Club Tea

Mr. Coburn, who with his wife were guests at the Columbia Graduate Women's Tea on Tuesday at Philosophy Hall gave an informal talk on "The Stage." These popular and old time stage stars are now in "THE PLUTO CRAFT" on Broadway. Theatre goes with memories will recall they are playing in "THE YELLOW JACKET" and "THE BETTER ROLE," and all their Shakespearean performances.

From his long experience Mr. Coburn drew his series of amusing and semi-tragic episodes which were the body of his talk. He told of steam whistles blowing "on cue"—(an accidental happening which coincides with the text at the time the line is spoken.) He told of collie dogs that wandered into pastoral sets before collegiate audiences, taking unexpected part in the play as though to the drama born. He told of dachshunds whose bodies lengthened uncomfortably while held in the arms of frantic actors. He told of madmen escaping from asylums to imperil his life and that of Margaret Anglin with real fire arms and villainous threats. His audience gave all the signs of delighted attention.

He ended his talk with a plea for the endowment of college theatres, and all other school theatres. "School audiences and actors and stage craft-people of today make the playwrights and actors and audiences of tomorrow," said Mr. Coburn. "Some day the people of America will realize what a powerful instrument of education the stage is. An endowment to a school theatre is the best kind of memorial any one can want, and wealthy men ought to be reminded that school theatres need funds as well as other institutions."

Attracted by Mr. Coburn's robust appearance and his warm smile we tried to get a few, more personal, words from him. "Do you know," said Mr. Coburn, lingering his monocle and looking intently at us with his light blue eyes. "do you know that 70 per cent of the young people in America have not seen a legitimate drama." "No?" said we aghast. "What do they do with their time?" Replied Mr. Coburn. "They go to the movies. The talkies are shutting out the stock company players from small towns!"

Then we waited on line to be presented to Mrs. Coburn while she signed autographs for two collectors. She is a smartly dressed woman with a quick assured manner. She greeted a good many of the assembled women as though she knew them long and intimately. Speaking of the school-theatre in New York City she said that she thought it probably quite difficult for a school theatre to flourish, considering the professional attractions that New York can offer.

Prof. Erskine Tells Of Woodbury's Class-

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lofty spirit, he never "talked down" to them.

The tragedy of Woodbury's life was his own failure as a poet. He used antiquated expressions and wrote musical lyrics, while others were writing conversational verse.

Before Assembly, Prof. Erskine was entertained at luncheon in the Dean's Dining Room. The guests included Acting Dean Mullin, Professors Howard, Fairchild, and Braun, and Sarah, Elizabeth Rodger, Ann Ford, and Lucretia Moeller.

Literary Supplement
of the
Barnard Bulletin



Rhythmical Simplicity

THE WOMAN OF ANDROS: by Thornton N. Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Madeleine Stern

As a relief from the vehemence and fury of the bizarre, from the precise, ennuyeux detail of stream of consciousness, comes Thornton Wilder's "The Woman of Andros," recovering an ancient dignity, and offering a richly rhythmical, slow moving simplicity. James Joyce, in one of his more explicit moments, outlined the requirements of a good novel. The third quality, which he refrained from defining, he called "essence." In our opinion, Wilder has to some extent, given us that feeling, not of an age, not of a philosophic principle, but of a gesture of perennial antiquity.

The story, the first part of which is based upon Terence's "Andria," is devoid of the complication of subplot, ulterior motives, or subliminal desires peeping up from a great Unconscious. The woman of Andros, a paramour of the intellect as well as of the body, is the power through which Wilder gives us the renewed, unanswered enigma of love and death. Pamphilus, who has "something of the priest in him," something of the indecision, the diffidence, and the strange eyes of a priest, is the lover of Glycerium, the younger sister of the woman of Andros. Glycerium is finally, after proper cogitation, admitted into the home of Pamphilus where she dies in childbirth. This is the story. In itself it stands for nothing. It is the deep charm, the illicit goodness of the hetaira which, even after her death, is enwrapped about the novel, and diffuses through it the wonder and the strange beauty of the ages.

The book is framed by two descriptions of Brynos before the birth of Christ, and throughout are interspersed "once upon a time" stories told by the Andrian. It is in such parts as these that we find the rhythm which itself glows with color and magic. The golden words slip from the Andrian's lips; her epigrams and tales reveal nothing new; we learn no answer to any of the eternal mysteries. But we are urged through a new expression. We remember, not because of what is spoken, but because the rhythm in which it is spoken is a rhythm of childhood coupled with maturity, the rhythm of the Andrian herself.

With the "bare" externals of human words and human gestures, Wilder, through the art of suggestive restraint conveys the feeling of at least one suggested character, and of one dear place, a Brynos that is not Greek any more than it is American, a place that represents not a nation, but human beings.

Wilder has risen through the so-

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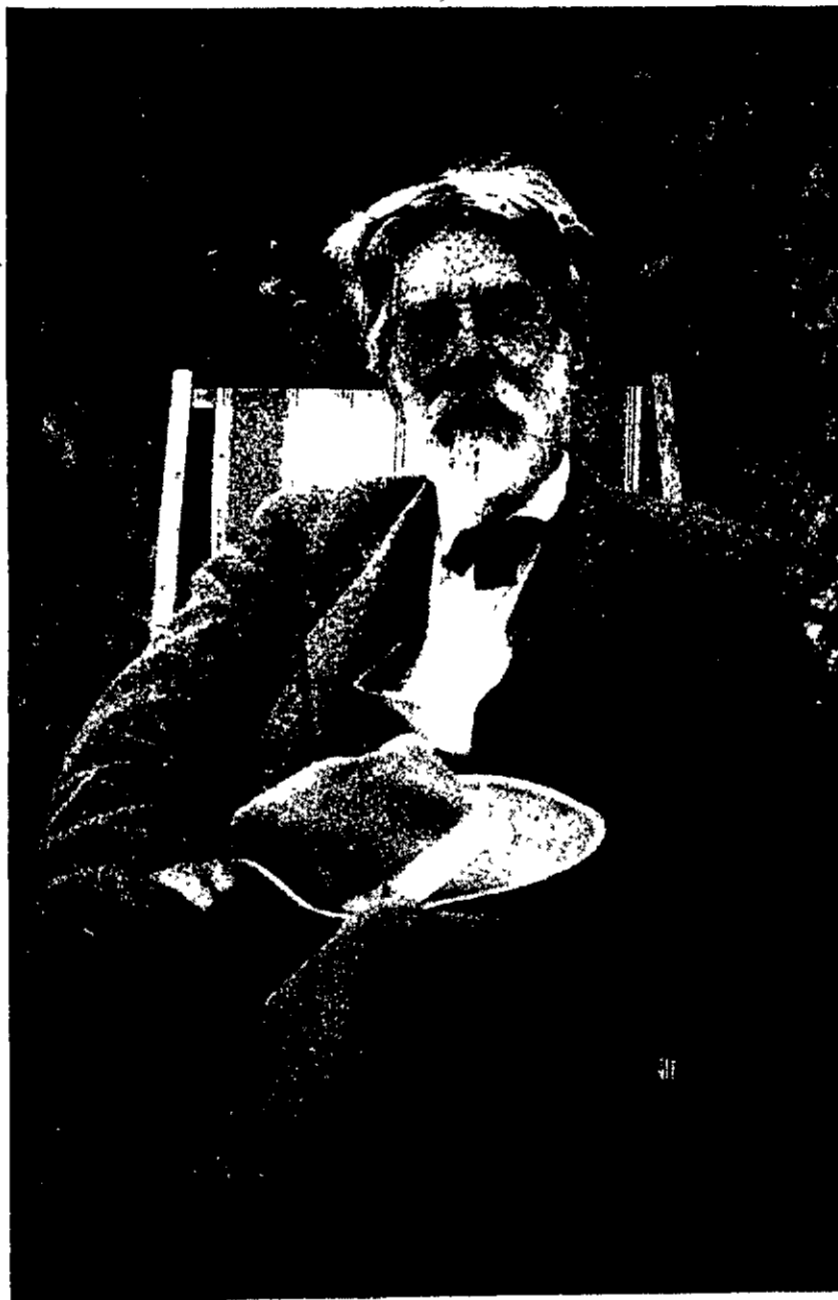
A SOPHISTICATE'S IDEAL OF BEAUTY

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY: A Philosophical Poem. Robert Bridges. Oxford University Press. \$3.50.

Reviewed by Hortense Calisher

There is a certain peculiar quirk among literary critics, which leads them to accept in poetry, muddled thinking which they would repudiate in prose. In the "Testament of Beauty," Robert Bridges' "apologia pro sua vita," we find a conglomeration of dusty philosophy and shiny new textbook science which we would not tolerate if it were stated more baldly, in prose. Unfortunately, there is not even the saving grace of fine poetry. To speak callously, the poem is interesting for what it is not, rather than for what it is. It is a most curious melange of tradition and modernity, and it is one more exhibition of the pathetic modern sophisticate trying to find the fervidly beautiful with one hand, and at the same time rejecting all that savours of illusion, with the other.

In its traditional aspect, it sins on the side of didacticism—always a red flag to our modern literary bulls. Bridges' metaphysics consists of venerable Berkeley on Idealism, set to the tune of current glib scientific jargon.



Courtesy of Oxford University Press

ROBERT BRIDGES
Poet Laureate of England
AUTHOR OF "THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY"

"From Universal mind, the first-born atoms draw their function—"

That is a sorry kind of Romanticism—romanticism a little threadbare, a little reminiscent, and not at all successful in its new masquerade. London gently called the poem "learned." It is more than "learned"; it is pedantic. When metaphysics came in at Mr. Bridges' door, poetry flew out of the window.

The poetry, too, is unmodern, in its almost complete lack of violent sensuousness. Bridges has refused to make the fashionable kow-tow to color. He has perhaps, however, been a little too merciful, in his exclusion of the modern purples and scarlets. Absence of imagery makes page after page flat and grey. When there is poetical ornament, however, it is in the form of a serene almost Arcadian imagery, which has maturity, and a certain grave sweetness.

"How was November's melancholy endear'd to me in the effigy of plowteams following and recrossing patiently the desolate landscape from dawn to dusk, as the slow creeping ripple of their single furrow, submerged the sodden litter of summer's festival."

This extremely hybrid poem has managed to couple with an atavistic sort of idealism, the sort of beauty-worship that is distinctly twentieth century in its intensity. The beauty is metaphysically not poetically expressed. Mr. Bridges, perhaps, in his effort to illustrate the modern Shibboleth that nothing is unsuited to poetry, has gallantly included all the new

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The Three Fannys

LIFE OF JOHN KEATS: Translated from the French of Albert Erlander by Marion Robinson, with a preface by J. Middleton Murray, Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$3.00.

Reviewed by Viola Robinson

It is very strange and not a little refreshing to find a modern biography which does not delve into the pathological or even attempt the psychological explanation of a genius. Monsieur Erlander in his Life of John Keats gives a straightforward well-documented and purely external account of the life of the poet. We have here a clear picture of Keats' life and his friends drawn from his letters and illustrated by his poems. We are similarly shown the disastrous effects of poverty and sickness and the devastation of a love which was too strong for his fragile body and too all engrossingly passionate for the earthy coquetry of Fanny Brawne. Everything is here: Leigh Hunt, Brown, Severn, Tom Keats, George Keats and his beloved wife, the hard-headed guardian, the three adored Fanny's—they are all here. In fact there is only one thing missing and that is the spirit of John Keats.

It is surprising that M. Erlander, with his sensitiveness to the beauty of Keats' poetry, with his excellent comment upon the specific poems which he quotes, with his enormous sympathy and understanding for the boy who has given English poetry its most luxurious expression, has so completely failed to make that poet live in his pages.

The author frankly acknowledges his debt to Amy Lowell's exhaustive and, as yet, unsurpassed monument to Keats. He also admits his indebtedness to Sir Sidney Colvin's interpretation of Keats' work. He himself, however, adds nothing to the existing studies of Keats, but has written Amy Lowell down to the level of those who are not interested in profound scholarship. However, in criticizing M. Erlander, it must be kept in mind that he attempts no more than this, that his work aims to introduce a foreign poet to the French public not to improve upon what has been written already.

It is only natural for M. Erlander to treat Keats in the French idiom. It is only natural for him to compare Keats with the French Romantic poets and to draw an analogy between his life and that of Baudelaire. It is natural also for this reviewer to compare this work with that of M. Erlander's compatriot, André Maurois.

In Ariel, Maurois has captured the spirit of Shelley and the blitheness, of that spirit pervades the work. He seems not to be very

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Picaresque Reappears

THE GOOD COMPANIONS: by Thornton N. Wilder. Harper and Brothers. \$3.00.

Reviewed by Catherine P. Turner

THERE is, without doubt, a cheery book, a splendid book, a volume to be mulled over by the winter fireside. You are either taken with the inimitable charm of Mr. Priestly's writing immediately, or not at all. And once embarked on the venture of reading this, whenever you come up for air—and you'll have to, now and then, for the book is simply tremendous—you'll come up grinning.

The story tells of a well-selected yet undeniably odd assortment of the genus Britannicus wandering about over England. As a matter of fact, "The Good Companions" are a play-acting troupe, but how they happened to get that way, and what strange adventures involved the splendid Mr. Oakroyd, the delicious Miss Tripp, and the enviable Mr. Inigo Jollifant, only J. B. can tell you successfully. This trio provides the main protagonists for the tale, but there are dozens of others, splendid souls, typical Priestly creations, in pursuit of adventure and in love with living, that meander through the pages. And they lead the impatient and envious reader in a merry chase all over the English countryside.

In fact, one is quite convinced, upon finishing the book, and turning back to certain favorite passages, or perhaps starting to reread the whole affair, that it would be very neat of J. B. to inclose a large and detailed map of his England, decorated of course with appropriate X's—"this is where Inigo first got involved with Miss Tripp," and "this is the town where Mr. Oakroyd suffered a severe attack of conscience when confronted by an unsuspecting policeman." Priestly's England is perfectly grand. And although J. B. takes the innocent reader in mad leaps and bounds all over the landscape, his manner is so well-intentioned, his descriptions are so felicitous, and his style is so versatile, that one sticks by him through all sorts of vicissitudes. That is—vicissitudes, intentional to the plot, brought in by the inspired Mr. Priestly from the sheer generosity of his fertile and genial imagination.

In fact, the J. B. Priestly habit is one that ought to be begun right away—and pursued forever'n ever at least as long as the amiable and good-hearted J. B. holds forth. Which we hope, for the sake of good old England—for "The Good Companions" could have come only from an English pen, and through it there is a persistent and enriching glint of Thackeray and Dickens—and for the sake of perfectly swell writing (for it is all that, you know)—and for the purely selfish reason, that (we confess it) we're mad about Inigo Jollifant, whom we suspect to be a good two-thirds Priestly—for all these reasons, we wish Mr. Priestly a hale and hearty and long life, and we hope that he will get out at least one such excellent a book every single year from now on.

WAR AND THE BRITISH GENTLEMEN

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS: H. M. Tomlinson. Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Ruth T. Goldstein

It has been said that "All Our Yesterdays" is a journalistic account of the war. It is more than that. For H. M. Tomlinson dips back into the England of 1900 to detect during the Boer War, the first faint rumblings of the crash that came fourteen years later.

In this first part of the book, which is slow-moving and not always interesting, Mr. Tomlinson introduces a number of characters—not very vivid or important in themselves—the symbol of London and the world. We travel with them from one section of London to another, take a flying leap to the African Jungle, and return to England to learn that an Archduke has been murdered.

From then on, the characters lose what little identity they have, and become part of the mass of humanity, struggling at home and in the trenches. At this point, the book improves infinitely. Mr. Tomlinson paints, in vivid and glaring colors, a picture of that nightmare that gripped the world for more than years, and broke down the physical and moral stamina of millions of men.

There is nothing new in this story which Mr. Tomlinson tells. The novel has little unity—only a unity of mood. But with a poignant style, and careful attention to details, he describes British gentlemen soldiers in a half dozen different battalions; soldiers who didn't tell ribald jokes, who avoided all reference to last month's battle; soldiers who were men to each other, but "only insufficient numbers" to the Gods in the Army Olympus—The General Headquarters.

ET TU, PUBLISHERS!

HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED: by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Lois McIntosh

Vance Weston, a very young man with creative genius, comes out of the raw Middle West, and first encounters the past in the form of a comfortable house with an atmosphere of having been lived in for several generations. This house built in the first part of the nineteenth century belongs to a style of architecture known as "Hudson River Bracketed." That is how the book comes by its name, and it may be added that the title has very little to do with the novel.

For, in showing the growth and development of a young genius in his struggle for recognition, in commenting on various circles of the New York intelligentsia, and in exposing the American Publishing business, Mrs. Wharton leaves the quiet old house far behind her. The concentrated fury of her attack on the publishing business leads one to suspect that she has waited years for this opportunity to expose one more phase of American business that is no more averse to slippery dealing than other less glamorous occupations. The heartbreaking struggles of young genius against the inexorable bondage of inhuman contracts with these dispensers of American culture are told with a quiet fury and a gentle bitterness that betray honest emotion on the part of the author. Only Mrs. Wharton could publish a book like this one, and only Mrs. Wharton could handle her subject so delicately and at the same time so acidly.

The ending threatened to be a conventionally happy one, until Mrs. Wharton saves it on the last page by her splendid irony.

CROWNS AND EMPIRES

CORONET: Manuel Komroff. Coward, McCann Co. \$3.00.

Reviewed by Marion W. Kahn

"Coronet" is one of the most ambitious of the new novels . . . and also one of the most successful. The story covers a period of over four hundred years and is told with the greatest care, yet at no time does Mr. Komroff submerge the entity beneath a mass of irrelevant detail.

The tale begins with the making of the coronet in the time of the Renaissance; it closes in the twentieth century with the coronet back in the hands of the family who had first owned it. In the intervening centuries, the crown has passed through many hands, and it has always brought disaster to its owners.

Particularly vivid is the author's description of Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign. Not only does Mr. Komroff create several unforgettable characters, such as André and Leon, the boy corporals of the army, but he also presents a picture of soldier life which for grim horror has rarely been equalled. The grimness is relieved occasionally by several amusing incidents; again there are some vignettes whose grim irony make an indelible impression. For instance there is the pathetic, tragicomic incident of the dead horse, within whose frame André and Leon find a warm, if not luxurious home.

The central theme of the book is that of the coronet, whose history is supposed to symbolize the fall of aristocracy. And this theme is developed with such manifold skill that "Coronet" becomes the kind of book which, once having begun it, one cannot put down.

Church Militant

THE THING: Why I Am a Catholic, by G. K. Chesterton, D. D. Mead & Co. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Anne Reinhart

DON'T know why G. K. Chesterton has had his thirty-five essays published in book form, unless he wants to save his biographers the task of collecting scattered works. These propagandist papers always end with a declaration of Catholic faith and usually begin with an assault on the theory of some contemporary writer, like H. L. Mencken, or Dean Inge. They deal with events of passing interest. A book should contain matter of more permanent value. Mr. Chesterton's essays would be found more timely were they printed in current periodicals, and would reach the wider public they ask for.

His manner of treatment is the same throughout, whether the title of the essay be "Is Humanism a Religion?" or "Logic—and Lawn Tennis." He has seen or read something to which he takes exception. He names the something, and proceeds to explain his attitude—which naturally leads him to Catholicism. He never concerns himself with dogma or precept. He aims at a larger treatment. It seems to me that this very effort not to be doctrinaire leads him to defeat his real purpose, which is to advance Catholicism.

For Catholicism is individual, not by the large ethical concepts which each thinking person with some moral bias finally establishes for himself—but by its dogmatic interpretation of things.

It requires little to lead Mr. Chesterton to his subject. As he himself says: "I would undertake to pick up any topic at random from pork to pyrotechnics, and show that it illustrates the truth of the only true philosophy." A glance at the table of contents shows the range of material that leads him to Rome.

"The Sceptic as a Critic."
"The Drift from Domesticity."
"The Early Bird in History."
"Protestantism: a Problem Novel."

He is like a medieval schoolman in his explanation of every natural or unnatural happening or tendency by Catholicism.

He writes in that amusing, racy style of his which never once drops into dead level earnestness, and never rises into pure wit or fun. His humor runs quickly, is rarely subtle, and depends mainly on sarcasm for its effect.

Mr. Chesterton, however, remains the leading apologist for the Catholic Church. He is a prolific, rather scholarly, and astute writer, a journalist who can (and does) write good detective stories, but whose facetious style on matters Catholic probably prevents his ideas from being very widely accredited. He is a little like an eel, who is liable to slip through your fingers, but he is a good fighter, and oh how he does enjoy a fight, good or not.

Crime and Criminals

THE POISONED CHOCOLATES
CASE: *Anthony Berkley. Crime*
Club. \$2.25.

NIGHT HAWKS: *John G. Brant-*
ton. Brentano's. \$2.00.

Reviewed by Valentine Snow

THIS is a most fascinating study in crime detection by the author of two very clever books, "The Silk Stocking Murders," and the "Layton Court Mystery." Roger Sheringham, that very human, unprofessional, and by no means infallible detective, appears on the scenes, but this time he is not the one who solves the crime.

Sheringham is president of an amateur Crime Club, whose six members set out to solve a murder case which the police have given up. Each night a different member gives his solution of the crime, each pinning the crime on a different person. Thus six solutions are provided, each of them fairly good, and one, Sheringham's, perhaps a little better than the others.

The nice thing about it all is that one does not have to agree with the author as to the correct solution. In fact, if one accepts the final one, one is faced with the disconcerting discovery that the right person has been killed by mistake, a coincidence too great to be accepted in fiction. But if one chooses Roger Sheringham's explanation, supplying the motive which is disclosed later, everything comes out splendidly. At any rate, the story is very intelligent and interesting.

Another ring of dope-smugglers is captured in London, largely through the efforts of the heroine who looks so like an "old world princess," that she naturally turns out to be a member of the U. S. Secret Service. She unprofessionally forgives the sins of two of the criminals, one of whom was facing a life term, and one gets the impression that the crooks and the police are one happy family, fighting occasionally, but very affectionate towards each other underneath—as perhaps they are. And when finally the unsympathetic character of the book, a grumpy police inspector weeps happily at finding his long-lost daughter under the protection of a lady "whose profession was old as civilization" (a striking phrase, that!) then the reader is made to feel that all's right with the world.

A word of warning, don't read "Nighthawks"; it's no more exciting than a reserve book from the library.

RYTHMICAL SIMPLICITY

Continued from Page 1

distinction of the secrets of a Roman clique in "Cabala," he has climbed above the slightly irreverent exploration of the mysteries of old in the "Bridge of San Luis Rey," and he has arrived, in "The Roman of Andros," at a quiet, more full, simpler story of a tale of love and death.

Growth of a Poet

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF ROBERT GRAVES: *Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.*

Reviewed by Gertrude Glogau

Superficiality is glorious, says Robert Graves in the first series of his poems. The great gift is to steal all the glory from creation, and to keep this splendor sacred and beautiful by not meditating on the way of things. The vivid life about us, all the intimate touches of the landscape, all the tragedy and laughter in the lives of those we know, all our limitless flow of emotion and experience—all this should be so intensely a part of us that we have no room for regrets or bitterness. Whatever comes to us, we should take it so gracefully that, had we the opportunity to repeat our past, we would live vividly every second of it, with all its errors and with all its glamor.

Sorrow is humiliation; after all, the sun completes its course day after day, and is serene and radiant. Fleeting impressions and random conversations contain in themselves the germ of overwhelming tragedy; but all things should be judged not by their significance, but by what they are—something temporary and fugitive.

In the second series of poems, the World War has deepened Mr. Graves' understanding. With terror and desolation around him, he still believes that what is beautiful is eternal, and that the radiant spirit of a fallen comrade can make the silent forests eloquent.

In the third series, from 1920 to 1923, we see Robert Graves standing aloof from current trends, and smiling sadly and understandingly. In the fourth series, a profound peace has set in. Life and death are one; we see in each other only our own image; and even if we can never attain complete understanding, a least we can trace the process of our own awakening.

In the last series Graves pleads again for the immortalizing of each second, and decries all knowledge; but he doubts whether the new love that is his will maintain its fierce intensity. He has become vehement and literal, and reflection has made his poetry unwieldy and cumbersome. One finds only rarely the verve and the swing and the caprice of his earlier verse.

His is a sensitive soul, profoundly influenced by his age, but not towering above it.

Sic Transit Gloria

THE WAY OF ECBEN: *by James Branch Cabell. McBride. \$2.50.*
Reviewed by Elizabeth Benson

Quite a while ago, when Mr. Cabell was very young, he said that in his opinion an author should stop writing at forty. It is to be regretted that Mr. Cabell did not follow his own sage advice.

"The Way of Ecben" is a slight, graceful book, with an odor of faded yellow roses clinging to its very decorative pages. There is a certain decadent charm to it, and the reader finds himself again fascinated by Mr. Cabell's power to create a rose and silver world, with its not-so-faint undertones of tragedy.

But—

I would like to know just how many of Mr. Cabell's admirers, who with panting hearts rushed to purchase this last effort, put it aside with a sad little feeling of having been tricked, and reached for a worn copy of "Jurgen," or "Figures of Earth."

I would like to know how many of this tribe squirmed a little uncomfortably as they saw someone else reading "The Way of Ecben." And how many said, defensively, "It's a book for the elect. It's a deep book."

So, Mr. Cabell, let us say "Ave atque Vale." You have given us a host of pleasant memories, and a shelf of books that will keep your name alive, without further futile stabbing of the pen on the paper.

PETTY STORIES

MONEY: *by Karl Capek. Brentano's. \$2.50.*

Reviewed by Beatrice Saqui

A play, written by Karl Capek and produced eight years ago, has such enduring qualities that it was reproduced by the Theatre Guild this year. "R. U. R.," the play, contains the strong writing which Capek's book of short stories, "Money," lacks.

The title story in this book depicts the confused emotions of a man whose two sisters prey upon him for money, each woman playing her sister against the brother. At the conclusion of the story, one is inclined to say, "And what of it?" The motivation seems insufficient, while the roving diction does not help to clarify the story.

Of a totally different sort, however, is the story entitled "Two Fathers." The plot is secondary, as is the case in most of the stories. But the writing is sympathetic, especially in the description of the funeral of the young child whose "father" has a passionate love for his daughter, in spite of (or perhaps because of) her illegitimate birth. Here, Mr. Capek brings to

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THORNTON WILDER
Author of "Women of Andros"

Subsoil

DOWN IN THE VALLEY: *by H. W. Freeman. Henry Holt and Company. \$2.50.*

Reviewed by Marjorie E. Mueller

DOWN in the Valley," by H. W. Freeman is a novel told against the background of the Suffolk soil. In a manner far from sentimental, the author reveals his great fondness for the country and describes every phase of farm life so warmly that one is carried away on the spell of his contagion. As Mr. Freeman interprets it, country life is not the uninteresting, monotonous affair city dwellers imagine it to be. The farmers are not so preoccupied with tilling the soil, mowing, harvesting and looking after their live stock but that they have time to be neighborly, to enjoy a leisurely afternoon tea, to spend an evening at the "Olive Leaf," the village inn, sipping beer and discussing the village celebrities with quiet humor.

It is to Lindmer that Everard Mulliver, the hero of the story, comes from town to live. The novel shows the gradual effect of country life upon him, his assimilation of village customs and love of farm life, but it is essentially concerned with his human relationships. With light, deft artistry the author paints the charming love affair of the hero with one of the country girls, Ruthie Gathercole. But in bolder lines he represents the effect of Everard upon his housekeeper, Laura Quainton, married to a brute, and shows how Everard's influence over her is so great that she consents to get a divorce. The retrogression of Mrs. Quainton mars the idyllic serenity of the story and leaves us shocked and rather uncertain despite the supposedly happy ending.

THE THREE FANNYS

(Continued from page 1)

much concerned with historical authenticity and his facts are facilely woven in to the pattern. Monsieur Erlande, however, has placed all emphasis upon historical event and in so doing has failed to give us any more of Keats than a mere chronicle of his life.

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Supplement Editor, *Ruth Goldstein*

Ex-officio: *Mary Dublin, Viola Robinson, Elizabeth Benson*

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HUMANIZED SOCIOLOGY

HEIRS: by Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown and Co. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Olga Maurer

IF you delight in wide expanses of thought, invigorating, sweeping views of Life as it has been, is, and is to be; if people interest you because of the part they play in the progressive development of mankind; you will like "Heirs," by Cornelia James Cannon. But if you care mainly for the individual, entirely apart from the relation he bears to Life as a whole; if you demand that a good novel present a strong personality whom you may love or hate, scorn or emulate, you will find this book disappointing. Mrs. Cannon presents the familiar problem of the dominance of the ignorant, virile immigrants over the intelligent but decadent Americans. In the little New Hampshire town of Lovell we see the New Englanders, heirs of all that is fine in the American tradition, being gradually exterminated by the Polish immigrants who work in the woolen mill all day, keep up, in their spare time, more productive farms than the natives have ever had, and raise families so large that the original settlers are soon in the minority. We may deplore the passing of the Yankee and scorn his prolific successor, but the more intelligent reaction, the author suggests, is to welcome the new comers, bring out and preserve the best that is in their old-world heritage, teach them the traditions of which we are so proud, and thus produce a vigorous new race whose future will be enriched by the ancestral endowment of not one, but several races.

Marilla Lamprey, the heroine, is a reserved though charming school teacher of twenty-eight who marries Seth Walton, the manager of the woolen mill his grandsire founded years before; she loves her husband but is morbidly unhappy because she cannot give him a child. In the end she accepts her barrenness as inevitable and devotes herself to Seth, who has become paralyzed, to the work of the woolen mill, and to helping the immigrant Poles. In marked contrast to her is Ewa Lewenopski, the vain, stupid, little Polish girl whose almost alarming fertility Marilla cannot but envy.

The characters, though human enough, are not impressive, and are important only as typical examples of a great social movement. One puts the book down with the feeling that she will probably not remember the personalities, but that she certainly will not forget the significant evolution of which they are representatives.

PETTY STORIES

(Continued from page 3)

the fore all his ability as an ironical writer, and it is in that field that he is at his best.

Certain idiosyncracies intrude harshly on Capek's generally smooth-reading style. A mixture of tenses, as in "Helena," detracts largely from the story, although meant to impart the transitory feelings of the characters.

A PRECIOUS FRAGILITY

ANGELS AND EARTHLY CREATURES: by Elinor Wylie. Knopf \$2.50.

Reviewed by Sarah Elizabeth G. G. G.

This slim volume of the late Elinor Wylie's poems has a mysterious beauty somehow associated with the author's untimely death. The poetry has so little robustness, so little outward strength, and now and again its lurking metaphysical note suggests a personal philosophy utterly detached from this earth. Absurd to say that Elinor Wylie was writing consciously of her soul's translucent wanderings after death; absurd to say that these poems hold any clairvoyant awareness of what was to come. Yet the reader feels this strongly and surely.

The book is subdivided into parts which seem rather strained and far-fetched. That is, the topical headings are vague and the poems themselves do not fall clearly under them. In the first place, they are poems that do not brook classification. Too, they have a sameness of quality and an evenness of tone.

I like the shorter poems best. The peculiar quality of style that characterize Elinor Wylie—a sort of precious fragility—can rarely be emotionally sustained throughout a long poem. It is bound to seem cloudy and obscure toward the end. There is a charming thing called "Song" that keeps this note and gives it an added vitality rare to the book. A vitality that is in keeping with "earthly creatures."

GRACEFUL GALLICISMS

ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE: by André Maurois. D. Appleton. \$2.50

Reviewed by Florence Suskind

André Maurois, who has so successfully added the charms of a novelist's art to Biography in his skillful and sympathetic versions of the lives of Shelley and Disraeli, creates in "Atmosphere of Love," a novel which unmistakably bears his masterly touch which even in a fine translation by Dr. Joseph Collins, author of "The Doctor Looks At Life and Love," smacks of the French School.

"Atmosphere of Love" is a highly original study of a man and two women he loved, and a keen and intelligent analysis of jealousy in love.

In the opening chapters, Philippe Marcenat relates the history of his past life in a letter to Isabelle, his fiancée. In it he gives a detailed and realistic picture of his affairs with Odile, his ideal, whom he loved to distraction, but lost to another man. The rest of the novel, on the other hand, presents Marcenat from the point of view of Isabelle, who narrates the story of their poignant relations.

It may well be said that the outstanding virtue of the book lies in its excellent characterizations. The critic who once remarked that the author "has the Tolstoyan gift of making his characters not only more interesting but more real than living people, so that while you read it, the book is life, and what goes on around you unsubstantial fiction," did not exaggerate.

Maurois understands the modern Parisians she writes about and by means of his subtle style gracefully sets his characters down before the reader's very eyes. Philippe Marcenat becomes the long, lean introspective, sensualist, who finds pleasure in suffering from love. Odile is fascinating despite some of her repulsive weaknesses. And Isabelle makes one feel that she has really learned to live in "an atmosphere of love."

THE GOLDEN WEST

PURE GOLD: O. E. Rolvaag, Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Ethel Greenfield.

Once again Rolvaag has turned to the West for the material of his latest novel, "Pure Gold." On the broad canvas of the wheat plains he again paints his picture of early Norwegian settlers. In "Giants in the Earth" he has depicted the trials of the pioneers and their brave struggle against overwhelming, incomprehensible odds; in "Peder Victorious" the prairies have already been subdued; in "Pure Gold" the working of subtle forces of a new, materialistic civilization brings his chronicle up to date.

Lizzie and Louis are married; Lizzie is a buxom, cheerful girl well on in her twenties when she succumbs to Louis' strength and rude charm. Man and wife set about cultivating the soil and raising cattle as their fathers had done and as they were expected to do. One day Louis brings home from the city a shiny, glittering piece of gold that was to change their lives. How the lust for gold gradually gains hold and finally becomes an obsession, absorbing both their lives is Rolvaag's theme. The slow evolution of Lizzie's character to a state bordering on fanaticism, the guileless Louis becoming crafty and untruthful—both are traced through a series of homely events and misfortunes. Their inevitable doom is held off skilfully and is brought about finally by Lizzie's half-insane fear for her gold.

While lacking the sweep and the epic quality of "Giants in the Earth," "Pure Gold" is written in the same, masterful, simple style. The process of change that goes on in the two main characters is followed faithfully as the compelling story unfolds. Although Lizzie and her husband in their morbid love for gold are often unpleasant to the reader, Rolvaag's artistry lifts the novel above the purely sordid.

BEAUTY'S TESTAMENT

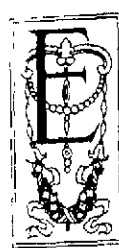
(Continued from page 1)

science, from the zoological genus of sex, to the physics of white light. It is a crying shame that poetry should degenerate into something so utterly matter-of-fact. Bridges has a thesis, and a poet with a thesis is a dangerous sort of man. The "Testament of Beauty" is more rhetoric than poetry. Outside of its real laboratory interests to students of literary tendencies, it has a few supple passages of poetry, perhaps more mature than our daily bread of poetry today. The rest is gentlemanly silence.

A Feminine Arnold

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN: Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.00.

Reviewed by Ruth T. Goldstein



EVEN if Virginia Woolf had nothing to say in "A Room of One's Own," her beautiful prose would make the book a joy to read. True, she gushes occasionally in

her exuberance, but her pictures are so vivid, her choice of words so adequate, that we can forgive her extravagances. However, Mrs. Woolf had a purpose in writing this essay, for in it she steps forth as the champion of femininity. Here, however, is no Susan B. Anthony, no rabid Lucy Stoner. She is just an intelligent woman tackling the problem of woman's place under the sun.

Asked to lecture on "Women and Fiction," Mrs. Woolf sets out on an imaginary voyage of inspection and research. She sips champagne and cognac at luncheon in a men's university, eats custard and prunes at a women's college, browses around the British Museum, and comes to the conclusion that two things are necessary for the production of literature. An author must have a room of his own, and at least five hundred pounds a year. Both of these have been the birthright of men for centuries. It is only in the last fifty years that they have been granted to women.

Great authoresses will not spring up immediately as a result of two generations of opportunity. Shakespeare required the heritage of Chaucer, Chaucer the legacy of forgotten troubadours, and so on. In the same way a tradition of feminine writers must grow up. It will take a century or more before women produce an abundance of great literature. Women can not take their inspiration from masculine predecessors; men and women have a different approach to life, and their books will represent divergent points of view.

Let us hope that the authoresses of the future take inspiration from Mrs. Woolf, and inject into their works the same charm, the same wit, the same analytic viewpoint. That those skeptics who still regret giving women a vote, need no longer fear for the future of civilization or its literature.

German Student Life
Described by Alumna

Continued from Page 1

cellent opportunity for travel or study, with the summer term beginning May 1 and lasting till August 1. In the German universities study is reckoned by semesters and not by years. Therefore the student can begin either in the winter or summer term. This allows for transfer from one university to another, not only in Germany but in any other country, as often as the student wishes.

No Compulsory Courses

There is no compulsion of any sort, in Berlin or any other German university. There are some 1300 courses of every variety and description given in Berlin University. The student is at perfect liberty to attend practically every one of these or none at all.

During the first month of the semester the student visits all those lectures which interest him and bear on his chosen field. At the end of that time he decides for which he will register and pay. A number of lectures, some given by outstanding professors, are free. In the small note-book which each student receives on matriculating he writes the names of his courses, each of which is duly countersigned by the respective professor. Then the duty of the student to appear in the lecture-room is finished. He comes when the mood so urges him, and otherwise goes to the libraries or stays at home and does his real work by himself.

Attendance at lectures depends entirely on the subject and the manner in which it is handled by the professor or dozent. At some lectures 500 students and more jam the hall, overflowing into the aisles and standing along the walls. Among such extraordinarily popular lectures those on current politics, on philosophy and literature take first place. Professor Otto Hoetzsch, a member of the Reichstag, former leading Nationalist until his resignation in protest against his party's tactics, and authority on Russia and eastern Europe, lectures weekly on present-day Russia to a minimum student audience of 500. Some 700 students crowd the auditorium to hear Professor Spranger lecture on ethics and Professor Hermann Oncken on statesmen of the World War. On the other side of the picture there are many professors whose dullness and prosiness limit their hearers to 20, 30 and 40.

The important point, however, is that the students do not lay such holy importance on every word uttered by the lecturer, as do American students. They take notes, yes, many in shorthand, but without that feverish solicitude to record every dropped pearl. They stamp the floor in loud approval at some *bon mot* or neatly driven point, and shuffle just as loudly their disapproval.

Real Work in Seminars

Together with individual study the real work is accomplished in the *Uebungen* or seminars. Here each student prepares a piece of individual work, delivers it before the assembled seminar and participates, with the other students and the professor, in discussion. Agreement is practically unanimous among the students that self study and seminar participation are the only real and thorough means of learning. It takes no more than a few semesters' practice, on either side of the ocean, to enter a lecture-room and simultaneously a state of coma—and then to leave, having

MORTARBOARD A TONIC

"I am a Junior, and since I am on probation I am forced to retire to the library very, very often. I cannot say that I have enjoyed doing this, and I must confess it has had a bad effect on my usually exuberant spirits. But since I have subscribed to "Mortarboard," my health and spirits have improved vastly. I am now eagerly looking forward to the time when I can go gaily into that same library, bent on chucking over the copy of the 1931 "Mortarboard" which is tucked under my arm.

Delightedly,
(Miss) N.Y.Z."

heard everything and remembering nothing.

There are no periodic examinations. The only examination comes when the student prepares himself for the doctor's degree, the only degree given in German universities. There are no B.A.'s or M.A.'s. The doctor's examination usually comes anywhere during the sixth to the eleventh semester. There is no fixed time. The student appears when he considers himself prepared.

No College Spirit

The students are on the whole, older, more serious, conscious of their purpose in studying and their later goal, and entirely lacking in any "college spirit." That is an absolutely unknown quantity in German universities. The only organization is in political groups, which are numerous, and in the "corporations."

Most Americans probably picture these "corporations" in the light of "The Student Prince," as many Europeans see American college life centered in flaming youth orgies and the final union of the football hero and the sweet sorority Fräulein. The corporations are historically traditional and exclusive fraternities who consider it their bounden duty to continue, unchanged, the customs of 300 or more years ago, i.e.: extreme conservatism, beer-swiggling, duelling; and who punctiliously wear the student caps at a 45 degree angle, switch a cane and exhibit as many of the highly prized sword-cuts on their faces as, historically computed, make for the least beauty.

Students Politically Conscious

Political consciousness is very high among the students. There are innumerable political groups: Democrats, Nationalists, Communists, Pan-Europäers, Nationalsocialists, Social-Democrats, each with its bulletin board and particular meeting place in the big hall of the main building. Every day, at 11 o'clock the groups and corporations meet at their appointed spot. The hall then resembles nothing so much as Times Square at five o'clock.

There is no organized sport movement, no monumental football bowls and scandals, no rah-rahing, no university newspaper, self-government, glee club, hazing, faculty pushing and supervision. The German university system regards the student as a mature individual who, when he comes to the university knows what he wants, and whose responsibility it is to learn for himself and through his own initiative. Organized activity, the keystone of the American university, the students leave severely alone. They make their own social contacts.

The students value their freedom, academic and social. On hearing of compulsory class attendance, roll call, points, marks, they smile and shake their heads. It is incomprehensible to them.

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Miss 1834 Had a Hard Time Getting An Education.

Can you wash potatoes, repeat the multiplication table, walk a mile a day, and recite at least two thirds of the shorter catechism? If not, consider yourself duly disgraced, for you could not have been a member of the Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1834.

Admission was barred to all those who didn't live up to the above requirements—and more. The daily walk had to be taken "unless a freshet, earthquake, or other calamity prevents."

If you belong to a "Book-of-the-Hour" club, woe unto you, for "no young lady shall devote more than an hour a day to miscellaneous reading." Of course, it is a mooted question as to whether this edict included prescribed reading lists. If so, we have at least found a suitable epithet with which to designate those precious little reading lists—miscellaneous

It is to be hoped that there were sufficient "returned missionaries" to go around, for "no young lady is expected to have any gentleman acquaintances unless they are returned missionaries. Alas! What happened to the sweet girl undergraduate when all the heathers were converted? Perhaps they finally resorted to "agents of benevolent societies," who were permissible callers under the stipulations.

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9
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IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

Calendar

FRIDAY

6:30 — Junior Show Rehearsal, Theatre

MONDAY

6:30 — Junior Show Rehearsal, Theatre

TUESDAY

4:00 — Junior Show Rehearsal, Theatre

4 — Glee Club, Room 408

4 — Menorah, College Parlor

SENIOR WEEK PLANS DISCUSSED BY CLASS
(Continued from Page 1)

although requiring less time to prepare for production, are unsatisfactory unless particularly clever, accomplishment which is rare. Therefore, she suggested that a motion be made that Senior Show be dispensed with entirely, thus alleviating the terrific rush in which rehearsal and production are involved.

This suggestion, however, aroused dissension leading to a suggestion that the entire show (or skits) be written, enacted and filmed early in the term, and released as a movie in place of the customary show. The suggestion, however, was automatically dropped with passage of the motion that there be no form of entertainment in which seniors participate in any capacity.

Show Substitute Considered

Once decided that show be abolished, the question arose as to an adequate substitution. One suggestion was put forward that no substitution be offered, but that Senior Ball be changed to Friday night in place of the customary Monday night. It was explained that the lateness of Senior Ball made it difficult to attend the activities of Tuesday which is the fullest day of the entire week. Thus, it would be better if the Ball could be changed to Friday night.

Nothing, however, was definitely decided on this matter, since it was felt that step singing would be seriously interfered with if this transferal took place.

The Senior Week Committee will present its suggestion for the Show substitute. Meanwhile, all Seniors are urged to consider the proposed changes and offer suggestions to the Committee.

Professor Moore To Lead

Singing at Next Assembly

Next Tuesday, at one o'clock, Prof. Moore will direct another musical by the Music Musical Assemblies which inaugurated last semester and proved immensely popular. The program will be devoted to singing, and Prof. Moore will present some of the more difficult songs of the Song Book.

Mrs. Laidlaw Awarded Doctor of Law Degree

Mrs. James Lees Laidlaw, Barnard 1905, was recently honored by Rollins College when she was given the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mrs. Laidlaw has been active since her graduation in both the affairs of Barnard and affairs of world wide import. She is at present a member of the executive committee of the League of Nations of which President Butler is Chairman and Dean Gildersleeve is a member.

In his speech conferring the degree upon her, President Holt of Rollins College said that the degree was being awarded to "Burton Laidlaw, good wife, good mother, good citizen, great stateswoman of both achievement and promise, for your services in the emancipation of your sex, for your conspicuous, consistent and courageous championship of the great cause of peace through justice, and for your high conception of a woman's highest duties within and without the home."

Talk on Switzerland Feature of Meeting

The Swiss meeting of the International Club was held Friday afternoon in the Conference Room. The President, Anne Gunther, dressed in her native costume described Swiss Customs and manners. Her talk was colored by childhood reminiscences of the country and the life of the people.

The Club was then taken on a walking trip up the Alps and back again. The description was so vivid that some of the thrills of the actual trip were felt by the audience. Miss Gunther's description of the cow festival especially delighted the Club.

One of the most enjoyable features of the afternoon was the presentation of old Swiss folk songs. Miss Gunther and her sister sang these in duet form, creating a real Swiss atmosphere which was materially aided by the refreshment of genuine Swiss milk chocolates. These, as the speaker said, were made from the milk of the cows who pastured on the Alps.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANCAISE PRESENTS HERNANI
(Continued from Page 1)

which constituted the mise en scene, and by the primitive but suggestive costumes. After being needlessly urged to discover the end of the tragedy for ourselves, tea was served, thus completing the celebration of the Société Française.

It is interesting to note in this connection, that many other colleges throughout the country have also presented excerpts of this first great expression of Romantic principles in French Drama.

Poverty of Bulgarian Students A Hindrance
(Continued from Page 1)

schools of Sofia. The situation is desperate. The minimum amount necessary for existence in Sofia is \$20 to \$22 per month. About 40 per cent of the students have less than \$11 per month; 10 per cent have less than \$6 per month; and one third of the whole student body has only one meal a day. The situation with regard to lodgings is extremely bad. They live in garrets, cellars and bathrooms in Sofia. The inevitable result of such living conditions is illness. The last statistics drawn up by the Ministry of Health prove that 50 per cent of the students are tubercular. Thousands of students are always hungry, have no money to buy books or clothes and have no home.

Effort to Save the Bulgarian Youth

The Government, the university professors and the professional classes have done their utmost to help the students, but they are so poor themselves that they have had to appeal for help to foreign countries and organizations. With the help of U.S.S. a special committee has been set up which is running financial campaigns in Bulgaria for the creation of Student House in Sofia. The plan for the creation of such a house has existed since 1903. Immediately before the war \$79,000 had been collected for its construction, but the depreciation of the Bulgarian currency reduced this fund to about \$6,000. This sum has since been increased to \$9,000. A further amount of \$26,000 is needed to build a Student House on even a very modest scale.

U.S.S. has promised Bulgaria its support. With the help of the students of the world we hope to contribute \$15,000 by March 31, 1930 if the remaining \$11,000 are raised in Bulgaria. In view of this the Bulgarian Committee is doing its utmost. During one winter they have been able to raise \$5,000 in spite of the great economic and financial difficulties from which the country is suffering. The municipality has presented them with a site. The Government, besides granting a small subsidy, has promised to give a part of the building material free of charge.

American students could give with tremendously constructive results, if they would back U.S.S. in this project of promised help for the Bulgarian student hostel. It is desperately needed, as a center of help and social life for the students but more profoundly is it needed as a check to the destructive sense of being social outcasts that is slowly getting many of the young people in Bulgaria. A wholehearted and fully gesture at this time would do much to stave off the disaster which is the fate of the Bulgarian and would help to bring a more interlocking and sincere understanding that makes the task of fund-raising much harder.

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