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### Connecticut College News Vol. 10 No. 8

Connecticut College

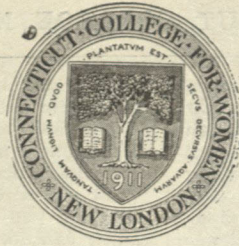
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## EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY URGED AT CONVOCATION.

Professor Bakewell of Yale Advises Thinking Instead of Memorizing.

Charles Montagne Bakewell, Professor of Philosophy at Yale University, spoke at Convocation, November 25th, his subject being "Education for Democracy."

In his lecture, Dr. Bakewell brought out the necessity of education in preparation for democracy. "The primary purpose of education," he said, "is to make man at home in the world of nature and science." The importance of education, he continued, is now recognized as necessary for Democracy. Education on as stupendous a basis as that which America is attempting has never before been tried. "We have gone but a pitifully short distance on toward the goal of our ambitions." Forty per cent. of American school children do not graduate from public schools, and of this number, only five per cent. graduate from High Schools.

The great defect of our school system is the overstandardization. "It is ridiculous to suppose that there can be a fixed standard of education," Professor Bakewell said. Subnormal children require an altogether different kind of education from others.

The foundation requirement in education is thinking. Dr. Bakewell greatly deplored what President Angell named "the infinite capacity of the student to resist intrusive ideas." Not only in schools, but in colleges, too much attention is given to studying other peoples' thoughts. The essential thing is to face facts at first hand and discover truths for one's self.

"Education for citizenship," he said, "involves not only training of the mind but development of character. The student must be trained to thorough work. We Americans are too easy going, we are too apt to do things after a fashion, considering it 'good enough for us.'"

Sports were greatly recommended by Dr. Bakewell as an invaluable means of awakening, in children especially, the spirit of team-work and fair play, absolutely necessary to good citizenship.

In summing up, Dr. Bakewell stated that in the education for Democracy, it is the duty of the individual to think for himself, to use his intellect, not his memory. Furthermore he should acquire the spirit of team-work and fair play.

## THANKSGIVING AT C. C.

Fourteen girls rested and feasted in Vinal Cottage during the Thanksgiving recess. With Hazel Osborne as chef, the time was passed in riotous eating, drinking, and general merriment. A typical day's menu (excepting, of course, the great feast day) would read something like this: breakfast, steak smothered in onions; lunch, steak smothered in onions; dinner, steak smothered in onions, plus potatoes.

The Thanksgiving bird was prepared in true professional style in the Thames Hall kitchen and was delivered, tempting and smoking, at the door of Vinal Cottage. The minor details of

## LAST CALL.

The time for the Last Contest for Koiné has been extended until after Christmas.  
**WAKE UP AND WRITE!**

## Athletic Association Banquet Held.

Thames Hall Scene of Enjoyable Affair.

The Athletic Association Banquet could not have been held at a more opportune time. To quote Dr. Lieb this occasion, as the Senior-Faculty game, is the time when the two tribes—Faculty and Students—mingle with congeniality. Although the tribe of Seniors won the soccer fight, so to speak, the Faculty tribe continue to remain in power. As was prophesied we obtain evidence of this fact on the morrow in the form of warnings. However, we can look back with pleasure upon the few hours of peace.

The scene was laid in Thames Hall with the faculty distributed at tables among the Seniors. The various class and Athletic Association Banners, with pine sprays and flowers, formed the scenery. A crackling fire in the fireplace reminded us that there was a fireplace in the dining hall (a fact hitherto unknown or ignored). Added to this was the soft light afforded by the gold-colored candles tied with purple bows.

When our attention was not absorbed by the delightful repast, and when our surprise at having the water poured individually by the waitresses was overcome, our attention was occupied by the cheering table. At intervals all eyes were turned to Dr. Morris "exerting his neurones," "the posture" of Miss Stanwood, "the unity, coherence and emphasis" of Miss Crosby "the efficiency" of Mr. Lambdin, and "the Exodus" of Dr. Gallup.

As President of the Athletic Association, "Spuddie" Ward congratulated the Seniors upon their victory and extended her sympathy to the Faculty. Miss Emily Warner, as captain of the Soccer Team, was presented with the Soccer Cup, which is passed down from year to year, and to which will be added the numerals of the class of '25. Miss Warner expressed the pleasure of the Seniors in playing with the Faculty and extended to the Juniors the hope that their numerals would be the next on the cup.

Dr. Leib, as Captain of the Faculty team, "registered" with a characteristic after-dinner speech. Each of the new members of the Faculty team was awarded the Faculty letters by Miss Ward with the expressed hope that they would be worn even more in the future than they had been in the past.

The announcement of the Varsity team in tennis and hockey with Adeline Muirhead as non-playing manager, was received with enthusiasm.

The banquet formally ended with the Alma Mater.

the meal were thrown together by the girls. Owing to the lack of proper carving facilities, the fowl was torn limb from limb by the Herculean master of ceremonies. It is said that

## New London Poetry at Convocation.

Anna Hempstead Branch Comes Here December 9th.

At convocation on Tuesday, December 9th, there will come to us a poet whose work is truly beautiful, a woman whose personality possesses a rare charm and variety, a person whose interest in our college is peculiarly intimate, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch. At that time she will read to us from her own poems.

For a number of years she has been recognized as one of the foremost of contemporary American poets, though perhaps her work is not so widely read as it well deserves to be. Three volumes of her poems have been published, "The Heart of the Road," "The Shoes That Danced," and "The Rose of the Wind." Her poetry is characterized by an etherealized loveliness which might, perhaps, be likened to the unreal, unearthly beauty that we find in the portrait paintings of Rossetti. In form, perhaps, it might be termed conservative, nor could it be otherwise, for the musical cadences of meter are necessary to its charm.

Not simply is she a great poet, but a charming personality as well, with a warm, sincere, friendly interest in those about her. This characteristic is proven by her work at Christodora House in New York City. There, in company with other poets and authors she is helping to bring beauty into the lives of those who desire it and cannot find it easily without help. Intimately connected with her activity there is her interest in the "Unbound Anthology," the work of the Poet's Guild, of which she is the president. This project seeks to provide poetry for all those who want it, however small their means; and from the profits of the undertaking a "Little Theater" is to be erected at Christodora House.

Those things which bring her particularly near to us are the facts that her home is in New London, that she gave our beloved Bolleswood to us, and that much of our college property once belonged to her ancestors. Her home, the "Hempstead House," built in 1646, is the oldest house in New London and one of the oldest in the country. It is the center of many delightful and stirring tradition. Coming from such a background, and possessing such rare and varied qualities, she will surely bring much to us that is worth while.

one member of the party was forced to keep her foot firmly planted on the neck of the bird during the process.

When the struggle was over and calm had once more descended upon the household, the lovely, lonely ladies wended their way to the President's, where he and Mrs. Marshall graciously received them at a Bridge and Mah Jong party.

## ENDOWMENT FOR SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART AT YALE.

Professor Baker of Harvard Called to Direct New Theatrical Experiment.

Edward S. Harkness of New York, has made a gift of \$1,000,000 to Yale University for the purpose of establishing a Department of Dramatic Art in the Yale School of Fine Arts. This gift will provide for the erection of a theatre where the plays written in the department may be produced. The work of the Department will include instruction in the writing of plays, their effective staging, and actual presentation.

George Pierce Baker, the founder of the famous 47 Workshop, who has resigned as Professor of Dramatic Literature at Harvard, will be the head of the new Department at Yale. The announcement of Professor Baker's resignation came as a shock to Harvard graduates and undergraduates. It was known that Professor Baker had been thwarted in his attempts to increase the scope of work in his department, but it was not believed that a break was inevitable.

### The Harvard Announcement.

The Harvard announcement is as follows: "Harvard University announces with regret the resignation as Professor of Dramatic Literature of Professor George Pierce Baker, but is glad of his splendid opportunity to continue, under an endowment difficult to equal, the work which he began and carried on so admirably for many years at Harvard."

In a letter to Professor Baker, President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard says, "The corporation has no alternative but to accept your resignation with regret, a regret that will be felt by every one connected with the university. We owe you a large debt of gratitude for all you have done for the university during a long service. In the early period you did more than any one else has ever done for debating and in the later years you have been the great teacher of dramatic writing in the United States.

"But the gift to Yale of \$1,000,000 supplies an endowment which does not exist elsewhere. Sorry as I am to have you leave, I must congratulate you upon this endowment and Yale upon securing you for the position."

### Crimson Reaction.

In commenting on the work done by Professor Baker at Harvard, the Harvard Crimson declares, "At every turn his requests have been denied and his work hampered by an utterly inexplicable passive resistance of the governing powers of the university. He has asked for official cooperation and has been refused. He has attempted to solicit funds and has been expressly forbidden to do so. Why he continues his apparently undesired labors can be explained on no other ground than that of a wish to be of service to his college, an attitude worthy of a better return than has so far been his."

"Bitter indeed to all Harvard men is the announcement of the resignation of Professor Baker," continues the

Continued on page 4, column 2.

## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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## HIGHER LEARNING AND THE THEATER.

Highly significant is the gift to Yale University of a very substantial endowment for a School of Dramatic Art. It means that the study of the theater in all its different phases is attaining a position commensurate to its value in human life and activity. The other arts have their separate schools and their definite places in a college curriculum. Business administration has its niche in the academic wall. But where has Dramatic art been placed? At the bottom of the wall, if it has been recognized at all.

Perhaps one of the reasons for this apparent oversight has been the fact that a considerable amount of money is needed to carry on a worthwhile course in the art of the theater. For this reason it is unfortunate that in a university as influential as Harvard, this branch of study has not been encouraged, and has not been properly provided for to the maximum capacity, when the eager will to do was found in Professor Baker.

Harvard's loss has become Yale's great gain. There is no man in the country who deserves to have a freer and wider field in the extension of his work than does Harvard's erstwhile professor. Yale is to be congratulated on the generous endowment, and upon the choice for the head of the new department.

## FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the News do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

Dear Editor:

Last Tuesday evening, while the Freshmen serenaded, I was very interested in the way different groups of girls showed their appreciation to the serenaders.

Particularly I noticed the difference in two of the larger dormitories. When the Freshmen had finished their caroling, one of the dorms burst into a medley of shouts, clapping of hands and siren-like whistling. The other dormitory waited in hushed silence and then, at an appropriate time, a group of girls burst into a short song of response. Which was the more impressive?

Since my own Freshman year (it may be pure eccentricity, of course) I have been exceedingly amazed at the

hand clapping method of appreciation. It seems wrong to me, and somehow out of keeping with the spirit in which the serenading or caroling is done. I can see no reason why applauding should fit the rendering of sentimental songs any more than it would the singing of the church choir. A dead silence impresses me much more than does a roar of hand-clapping.

In my Sophomore year I was particularly thrilled, when, during the singing of our early morning Christmas carols, we encountered one dormitory full of girls, who lighted all the windows with candles, and who remained silent except for a single answering carol. It was a different, queer, gorgeously unusual occurrence. A memory to be treasured, a memory of a deeper feeling of appreciation than any we had ever had before.

These must be some deeper way of expressing gratitude than the worn old hand-clapping method. Can't we do something about it and find this deeper way? S.

To the Editor:

The coming of mid-semesters, with its consequent flock of warnings, is always a time of vain regrets and good resolutions. This year, however, there seems to be the need of a change for the better other than the usual one on the part of the students who have been warned.

We have wondered in the past, and are wondering harder than ever just at present, why Connecticut College does not have a standard marking system. To some professors, we understand, a mark of A means a percentage of 95 or over, B, 85 or over, and C, 75 or over, to others an A is 90 per cent. or over, and the other marks are proportional. In an advanced class a few days ago, the professor took five minutes to explain that while he had heard various other members of the faculty say that to them C was an unsatisfactory mark, it was to him satisfactory and average. Apparently then, unless every professor takes time to explain just what his marking system is—and they do not—the student who receives C as a mark does not know whether or not her work is satisfactory.

Another example of this individual system of marking is to be found in the reports of three rather large classes all pursuing the same course. In one of these classes, under one professor, there was not a single warning; in the other two classes, under another professor, there were no A's, several C's and the majority of the class received warnings.

The unfairness of such a system of marking is obvious. '28.

## "A DREAMER'S TALES."

Are you a little wearied by the actual and do you wish to escape for a while into dreamland? Then read Lord Dunsany's "A Dreamer's Tales and Other Stories," for there you will find a fantastic world, music, beautiful, unreal. You will wander through old forgotten cities, you will hear the sweet and powerful songs of great magicians, you will see all the color and grace of form that there is in the Medieval and Oriental worlds.

The stories have no philosophic or moral purpose, unless it be to nourish and enrich imagination. They are as insubstantial as a cobweb, jewelled with the dew at dawn, and the music in them sounds a minor strain like the last wind sighing over marsh lands in the darkness. Their color has the wealth and richness of Maxfield Parrish's pictures, but is more refined and etherealized than the work of his brush.

The tales are slightly reminiscent of William Morris in their mystic imagery, and their language has a biblical sonority that dignifies and chastens

their exotic brilliancy. Exquisite as the fragile petals that bruise and fade at the slightest earthly touch, their charm, like a flower's fragrance, lingers after the book is closed and laid aside. But a few of the words themselves will tell you of their beauty better than I can do.

"But the marvel of that place was the dreams of Gaznak; for beyond the wide court slept a dark abyss, and into the abyss there poured a white cascade of marble stairways, and widened out below into terraces and balconies with fair white statues on them, and descended again in a wide stairway, and came to lower terraces in the dark, where swart uncertain shapes went to and fro. All these were the dreams of Gaznak, and issued from his mind, and, becoming marble, passed over the edge of the abyss as the musicians played. And all the while out of the mind of Gaznak, lulled by that strange music, went spires and pinnacles beautiful and slender, ever ascending skywards."

## SHELF READING.

No Shakespeare! Instead, an afternoon of browsing in the library, of reading snatches here and there, of opening tempting books. How seldom we, as students, have time or take time to do this. Even less often do we investigate, for our own enjoyment, the magazine stacks. The pile of "Atlantic Monthlies," for instance, looks new and untouched. The Atlantics at home, where only four people read them, look far more worn than these. Perhaps you think the "Atlantic Monthly" is high-brow. Some do. Nevertheless, you would all enjoy the articles I found while rummaging about on my Shakespeare-less Sunday afternoon.

In the November issue, I noticed "One Crowded Hour of Owning," by Fullerton Waldo. With my mind full of Jackie Coogan in "Circus Days" I turned to the article. It was was a writer's experience as a clown under the "Big Top"—a sympathetic, humorous sketch which I found extremely diverting, diverting enough for even those scoffers of things high-brow.

In the September number appeared an article of another sort,—but equally interesting to college students,—"Ferguson-Rex," by "'90," and is the most balanced opinion of the present day college student which I have ever found. "'90" represents a typical "24-er,"—his good qualities, his bad, his viewpoint and his ideas. Indeed it is worthwhile reading the opinion of one who sees both sides of the question and shows that admirable quality—common sense.

Back in the August Atlantic I discovered a gem,—the quaintest, most appealing article I have ever read: "A Boy's Way is the Wind's Way," by Nelson Collins. It is a professor's story of a waif, studied by the Psychology Department, as an example of low mentality; watched by the Juvenile Court, as a lad having criminal instincts. And yet, from the professor's point of view, he is a clean minded boy with a remarkable knowledge of books and of writers. His charmingly written article enchanted me. I read it twice, so would you.

And so I browsed on, peering in at other magazines, reading other articles. It was a happy afternoon. If only there were time enough in college to study, live, and still be able to browse in library corners and investigate magazine stacks.

## THIS SETTLES IT.

Fear Editor:

The girl who complained about bookstore

Seems to be thinking all wrong: She abuses the place somehow quite a lot

In language that's forceful and strong.

She complains about this and then about that,

About hours, supplies and the rest, About what they are selling and what they are not:

She thinks that the whole thing is "messed."

The time that it's open seems somehow to me

To be about just as it should.

I'm sure that they'd gladly stay longer at work,

If they could, why, they certainly would!

But those girls have classes, as well as the rest;

They need some time also for play: And handing out things to a college of girls

Isn't work to be doing all day.

While about buying books—It's no more than right

That we buy those they've ordered for us,

For if we ordered something and then didn't get it

I know that we'd make quite a fuss!

Let's leave the old bookstore alone after this:

It's neither so good nor so bad,

For if they're offended we may soon have none—

And we'll then want the one that we had!

## IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.

October 1-6—In the land of the Allobroges . . . . . Through Dauphiné and Savoy, scaling ridges and skirting precipices, entrusting ourselves to the most skillful of drivers. One day, a play of mist and sun; around us, an intermediate region between earth and sky of snowy peaks, remote, detached, sublime. Then, above the mist, in the snow, among dark conifers touched with feathery white. "La Grande Chartreuse," desolate without its monks imposes itself strongly still on the imagination. Another day, still on the heights, under a clear sky, with nature transformed: on the slopes, vivid greens studded with the brown, wooden-chimned huts of the Savoyards. Autumnal hues contrasting with the silver of the gigantic silhouette of the Alps . . . . . A third day, speeding down to the valley, on a road thronged with peasants in blouses, leading choice cattle, sheep and goats to the nearby fair . . . . .

A fourth day among the mediaeval halls, arches and towers, finding a surprisingly different aspect of Gothic expression, in the Capital of Dauphiné. Big logs in the open fire cheering our evening study. Everywhere Lamartine and Rousseau are present. Chambéry, and the lakes of Bourget and Annécly, still recall Elvire and Madame de Warens. The whole region recites Jocelyn, and the mountain priest, with whom we lunched, when he caressed his dog, was not without resemblance to the romantic hero. From our balcony at Chamonix, the sight of Mont Blanc and of the Mer de Glace was glorious in the evening glow.

October 10-18—The Rhone and Provence. It is the land "where the sky is in love with the earth," "where the stones sing," where the imagination, limpid and unbounded, creates her own lovely world, where it is a perpetual joy to harmonize the contrast between the imposing strength of the ancient and mediaeval monuments, and the charm and poetry diffused in the soft air and sky. . . . The common people are astonishingly awake. Here is our guide at the Palace of the Popes, quoting the troubadours with flashing eyes. Here, our chauffeur short and stocky, a true brother of Tartarin, humming "Mireille" with pure delight. Here are the citizens of Nêmes gathered in their theatre to enjoy their own opera company of this season. You

Continued on page 4, column 1.

AT THE SIGN OF THE  
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**LES BUFFONS.**

This resume of the French Play to be given on December 6th, was prepared to aid in the understanding of the play.

The story takes place in France toward the end of the 16th century, in the very ancient, dilapidated castle of the Baron De Mautpre, whose financial affairs are in a very critical state. Even the servants, incited by Vulcano, their tempestuous leader in all evil-doing, are clamoring for the eight months' wages due them.

Two young noblemen of the vicinity, Rene, Comte de Chaucaenac, and Robert, Chevalier de Belfonte, both secretly in love with Solange, the Baron's beautiful daughter, forbidden access to the princess, gain admittance to the castle in the guise of assistants to a cloth merchant. They confide in Olivier, the efficient manager of the Baron's estate, and secure the promise of his aid in conceiving a scheme to win the princess. Acting upon a sudden inspiration, Olivier orders the bewildered Solange to feign a distressing languor. The Baron, alarmed at his daughter's strange melancholy, consents to the plan submitted by Olivier, to advertise for a bouffon to amuse and divert Solange. After a trial of two months, the prize is to be determined and the victor named.

The day of the tournament arrives, with the servants busy covering up the decrepit, cracked walls with garlands and flowers. Even awkward, shy Nicole is forced to don the fine clothes of a lady to help create an atmosphere of ease and luxury. Vulcano brings in the only three fools who have made their appearance—Hilare, tragically sad and lugubrious, Baroco, a schemer, in a continual state of inebriation, and Jeannot, a simple villager, obviously stupid. Each one in turn delivers an equally amusing speech of introduction. Vulcano, when he discovers that Baroco is a countryman of his—a Florentine—persists with great violence that there is no longer need for a contest, for Baroco is the only possible bouffon. Fortunately his attention is diverted upon the arrival of Rene, disguised with a hunch-back, as Jacasse, and Robert, as Narcisse, who announce their intention of running in the race. The elegance and beauty of Narcisse excites a burst of admiration, especially from poor Nicole, who is hopelessly fascinated; and the brilliant eloquence of Jacasse brings mighty applause. Solange is very much perplexed as to which her choice will be; she is at once dazzled by the grace of Narcisse, and the spirit of Jacasse. Vulcano, meanwhile, worried over the fate of his friend Baroco, is using rather violent measures to arouse him to action.

Finally, all assemble for the final tournament. Solange suggests the breeze as an appropriate subject for testing the relative merits of the contestants. Hilare offers a painfully sad, and sinister dissertation on the icy breeze, followed by a more pleasing bit of verse, rendered by Narcisse with exquisite grace. Jacasse, however, gives a beautiful tale of infinite eloquence and charm. Baroco, drunk, and embarrassed for words, declares that Jacasse has stolen the very story he had planned to tell. Vulcano, disappointed at the clumsiness of his protege, and furious at the taunts of the audience, leads the protesting and befogged Baroco out of the room.

The servants come aside to Jacasse with their complaint about not being paid, and are reassured by the mysterious statement that the buried treasure which they have heard so much about, may soon appear. Meanwhile, Olivier has completed secret plans with Jacasse, and agrees to give the necessary signal at the right moment.

At last Solange proclaims Jacasse to be victor of the day. Vulcano, des-

perate at hearing this news, and supported by the servants impatient for their money, threatens the Baron and Solange. An uproar ensues, and it is only through the skillful swordsmanship of Jacasse and Narcisse that the angry crowd is held at bay, and Vulcano is finally beaten and carried out. After this glorious victory, Jacasse and Narcisse reveal their true identities to the astonishment of the assembly; and Jacasse very dramatically casts off his artificial hunchback. Suddenly, a stranger rushes in with the astounding news that, in the ruins of the Baron's old chateau in Fol-Bois, has been found a box filled with shining gold pieces. This revelation produces a joyful outburst among the servants. Roger, the stranger, continues the weird tale of the discovery, when he is interrupted by the entrance of four porters bearing the treasure itself. Even the Baron is completely duped by this carefully planned ruse.

Jacasse, by his cleverness and ingenuity, has surmounted all obstacles has rendered all happy, and has won his prize—Solange. Love forgives his deception. Intellect triumphs over beauty.

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**IN SOUTHERN FRANCE.**

*Concluded from page 2, column 1.*

must come to southern France to see artistic responsiveness in a whole people. The audience seems to say to the artist: "We shall encourage you, but we must have your best; we shall judge fairly, but shall express our disapproval as clearly as our pleasure." Leopold in "La Juive," fails on a high note; a wave of protest passes through the crowded ranks of workingmen who stand leaning eagerly forward in the upper galleries. The orchestra stops. Leopold accepts the challenge, begins the song again succeeds, and is greeted with a thunder of applause.

It is a country of poets and imaginative writers. Francis of Assisi belongs here as much as to Umbria. We meet Petrarch at the "Fontaine de Vaucluse," this dashing stream, whose waters foaming through the gorges swell the Sorgue, which, miles away, in the "rue des Teinturiers" at Avignon, turns the wheels of mossy mills and caresses the ruins of the little chapel that once sheltered Laura's remains.

Mistral and Daudet pervade the land. We read them at the fireside, before our visit at Maillane to the home and the grave of the Provençal genius; and later to the mill and the birthplace of the most human of modern novelists—striking indeed is the close connection of each with nature. We face here a superior realism. We follow Mireille to the "Grotte des Fées" at Les Baux, and in her flight over the desolate Camargne where, in the strange fortress-like church of "Les Saintes Maries de la Mer," we, too, feel the mysterious spell of the Marys. We imagine "Les Vieux" in a flower-surrounded cottage near Arles; we behold the very house of the baobab as we pass through Tournascon; we hear the shepherd of the mountains recall the stories of the

stars, and a thousand legends spring forth.

Next to this Provence of the legends, there is the Provence of history, of the Greeks, the Romans, the Celts, the Saracens, the Popes . . . Arenas, antique theatres, the "Maison Carrée," baths, palaces, forums, temples, towers, gates, triumphal arches, bridges, the Necropolis of the Aurelian Way, statues, lapidary, museums, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance buildings. We miss nothing in the four centres of Avignon, Orange, Arles and Nîmes. But it is often at places less known that our impression is deepest. At Vaison, where a scholarly priest is directing new excavations; at Les Baux, where a dead city, fantastic under the moon, supremely beautiful in the sunset, crowns the abrupt rocks, at Ville-neuve with its unique, fourteenth-century ivory virgin; passing the ruins of Montmajour; on the ramparts of Aigues-Mortes, at St Remy at Carpentras . . .

Beautiful land of Provence with its musical language . . . All honor to the "félibres" who save it in its integrity! Alceste.

**ENDOWMENT FOR SCHOOL OF DRAMATIC ART AT YALE.**

*Concluded from page 1, column 4.*

Crimson. No one can blame him. It is but what he was practically forced to do. For three decades he has fought for decent quarters and equipment for his work, and not once has his cry been heeded by the authorities. It is at the foot of the latter Harvard should lay the blame for his loss. The President and Board of Overseers with their shameful neglect are accountable for today's announcement. Their guilt must not go unnoticed. The facts of the present case demand action to prevent their recurrence in the future. Not in years has there been such a justified need for an outburst of indignation from every Harvard man against the powers that be in the university as there is today.

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