EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY URGED AT CONVOCATION.

Professor Bakewell of Yale Advises Thinking Instead.

Charles Montague Bakewell, Professor of Philosophy at Yale University, spoke at Convocation, November 28th, 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 society. The student of education, he continued, is now recognized by society as a citizen for thinking. Education on as stupendous a basis as that which America is attempting has never before been tried. "We have gone but a pitiful short distance toward the goal of our ambitions."

Forty per cent. of American school children receive their education from public schools, and of this number, only five per cent. graduate from High Schools.

The great defect of our school system is the over-standardization. "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 inductive ideas."

Not only in schools, but in colleges, too, much education is given to studying other people's thoughts. The essential thing is to face facts at first hand and discard the month or two. One's self. "Education for citizenship," he said, "is an activity of the mind but development of character. The student of education must have a work that we Americans are too easy going, we are too apt to do things after a fad or to regard them enough for us."

Scenes were greatly recommended by Dr. Bakewell as an invaluable means of education for democracy. His idea 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 Thames Hall during the Thanksgiving recess. With Hazel Osborne as chef, the menu included roast chicken, drinking, and general merriment. A typical guest at the table (by the way, 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; and dessert. The Thursday bird was prepared in the back kitchen of the Thames Hall kitchen and was delivered, poisoned and smoking, at the door of Thames Cottage. The minor details of the meal were thrown together by the girls. finesting to the lack of proper carving facilities, the fowl was torn limb by limb by the accompaniment of master of ceremonies. It is said that no one member of the party was forced to keep her feet firmly planted on the neck of the bird during the process. The atmosphere was over and calm had once more descended upon the household, the lovely, lovely ladies ended their way to the Thames Hall, where he and Mrs. Marshall graciously made an appearance 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 H. Harkness of New York has made a gift of $1,000,000 to Yale University, 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 the training of teachers of their effective staging, and actual production work.

George Pierce Baker, the founder of Ycmen's Workshop, who has resigned as Professor of English at Harvard, will be the head of the new Department at Yale. The announcement of Professor Baker's resignation comes as a great satisfaction to the Harvard graduates and undergraduates.

Edward H. Harkness, it is said, had thwarted in his attempt to increase the scope of work in his department, but it was not believed that a break was inevitable.

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 writes, "the corporation has no alternative but to accept your resignation with regret. This is done by every one connected with the universe as a way of saying that we do not have the gratitude for all you have done for the university during the time of your service. In the early period you did more than any one else to develop Yach and in the later years you have been the great teacher of dramatic writing in America.

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

In commenting on the work done by Professor Baker at Harvard, the Harvard dean declares, "At every turn his requests have been denied and his suggestions have been met with a puerile 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 as he apparently underhanded can be explained on no other ground than that he is a man, and as such a member in the same college, an attitude worthy of a better return than he has so far been given."
THEATER

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 greater place in the Yale curriculum. Business administration has its niche in the academic world. 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 so little is spent on the students who have been turned.

We have wondered in the past, and are now wondering whether, to present, why Connecticut College does not have a standard marking system. To the best of our knowledge, there is no such mark of A means a percentage of 65 to 95 or over, to others an A is 50 per cent. To others the other grades are only portional. In an advanced class a few days ago, the professor took five minutes time to put the classes in order that various other members of the faculty would be spared the work of putting together the marks of A mean.

Another example of this individual system of marking is to be found in the reports of three rather large classes all the course in the same course. In one of these classes, under one professor, there were a single A, and in the other two classes, under another professor, there were no A's, and for the majority of the class received marks of D.

The unfairness of such a system of marking is obvious. See "A DREAMER'S TALE." 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, un

She is just right for the part of the heroine. That is a flower's fragrance, imagery after the book is closed and laid aside. One can imagine the glory of the world, the beauty of nature and the loveliness of life.

She complains about this and then about that. About the prices of supplies and the rest, about what they are selling and what and why. She thinks that the thing is not worth it. To her the time it's open seems somehow irrelevant.

To be about just as it should. I think she is right. They've been too busy to do anything new.

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

And handing out things to a college is not your job, isn't it? We'll be doing all play. While about buying books—It's no more than right.

That's what they're ordered for. For we ordered something and then didn't get it.

I know that we'd make quite a find.

Let's have the old bookstore alone.

It's neither so good nor so bad.

For we ordered we may soon have none—

And will then want the one that we had.

SOUTHERN FRANCE.

October 1-6-In the land of the Alloges. Through Dauphine, Provence, the French Riviera, the Côte d'Azur, the Alps, we precipices, entrusting ourselves to the most skilful of drivers.

A day, a play of mist and sun, around us, an intermediate region between earth and sky of snowy peaks, of dark depths, of cloud. Above, the snow, among dark confiers touched with foliage white. "La Grande Chartreuse" no longer has its clinic, its symbol of the gigantic alpine of the Alps.

A third day, speeding down to the valley, on a road through with peacocks in blouses, leading choice cattle, sheep and goats, it is all a little country.

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THE COLLEGE GIRLS' MEETING

Helen Gage '20 Dorothy Marvin '20

LES BUFFONS.

This review 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 14th century, in the very ancient, dilapidated castle of the Baron De Maupe, whose financial affairs are in a very critical state. Even the servants, incited by Vulcano, their treacherous leader in all evil-doing, are clamoring for the eight months' wages due them.

Two young noblemen of the vicinity, Rene, Comte de Caucescu, and Robert, Chevalier de Boffons, both secretly in love with Solange, the Baron's beautiful daughter, forbidden access to the princes, gain admittance to the castle in the guise of assistants to a cloth merchant. They confide in Olivier, an efficient manager of the Baron's estate, and secure the promise of his aid in contriving a scheme to win the princess. Acting upon a sudden inspiration, Olivier orders the beautiful 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 boffon to amuse and divert Solange. After a trial of two months, the prince is to be determined and the victor named.

The day of the tournament arrives, with the servants busy covering up the deceit, cracked walls with flowers 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—Hilire, tragically sad and lugubrious; Baroco, a schemer; and in a continual state of insubordination, and Jeanmot, 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—Florentine—presents with great violence that there is no longer need for a contest, for Baroco is the only possible candidate. Fortunately his attention is diverted upon the arrival of Rene, disguised with a bunch-bak, 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 Solange very much perplexed as to which her choice will be; she is at once charmed 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 baron as an appropriate subject for testing the relative merits of the contestants. Hilire offers a painfully and sinistre dissertation on the icy breeze, followed by a more pleasing bit of verse, rendered by Jacasse with exquisite grace. Jacasse, however, gives a beautiful tale of infinite eloquence and charm. Baroco, drunk, and embarrased for words, declares that Jacasse has stolen the very stars of poetry.

The servants come aside to Jacasse with their complaint about not being paid, and are assured 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 assembly signal at the right moment.

At last Solange proclaims Jacasse to be victor of the day. Vulcano, desirous at hearing this news, and supported by the servants impertinent for their money, threatens the Baron and Vulcano. An uproar ensues, and it is only through the skilful swordsmanship of Jacasse and Narcisse that the angry crowd is held at bay, and Vulcano is finally beamed 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 bunch-bak. Suddenly, another waves in the astonishment news that, in the ruins of the Baron's old chateau in Poil-Boule, has been found a box filled with shining gold pieces. This revelation produces a joyous outburst among the servants. Roger, the stranger, continues the wise and noble discovery, when he is interrupted by the entrance of four porters bearing the treasure itself. Even the Baron is completely taken aback by this carefully planned ruse.

Jacasse, by his cleverness and innocence, 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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