Coming Events

Com Events

November 24th.

There will be a Tea for all the faculty and students in the Students' Rest Room at 4 o'clock. Mrs. Sykes will give an informal review of the last volume of the Fabian Essays. Miss Davis and Dr. Barstow are a committee of two to arrange for a series of these teas accompanied by informal readings and reviews of the latest books. They will be held about once a month.

November 24th.

The regular meeting of the Dramatic Club at 4 o'clock in Room 206 N. L. Dr. Sykes will be present.

November 24th.

At 8 o'clock in Thames Hall the Sophomores will give the Freshmen a Harvest Party. Refreshments will be served and all are asked to be attired in farmer costume.

November 25th.

Our brother Eli will meet Harvard in the Yale Bowl at two o'clock.

November 25th.

Convocation Reports.

Convocation was held as usual on Tuesday, Nov. 14. The Rev. W. S. Swisher of New London gave a lecture-recital on "Chopin and the Polonaise." Dr. Kip was chairman and introduced Mr. Swisher as a clergymen who preaches equally well with his tongue, his life, and his fingers.

Mr. Swisher gave an outline of the form and content of the Polonaise, together with its history from the origin as a court dance to the perfect, idealized dance form it assumed under Chopin's genius. Mr. Swisher is a pianist of remarkable ability and his brilliant interpretations of Chopin's masterpieces were a delight to his audience. He generously played several of the most famous of the Chopin polonaises, ending with that great masterpiece in A flat minor, which typifies so realistically Japan Poland resurgent. Mr. Swisher kindly responded to the enthusiastic encore with a final selection, the Military Polonaise. Dr. Sykes expressed deep appreciation to Mr. Swisher for his delightful program.

At Convocation on Tuesday morning, November 21, the College had the pleasure of hearing Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University give an illustrated lecture on "Turkey." Professor Huntington has spent several years in this most interesting country and his lecture and slides, many of which were made from photographs which he took himself, gave us a vivid idea of the country and its inhabitants.

It was rather a surprise to hear that the Turks are a very hospitable people, and kind-hearted, in spite of the many massacres for which they have been responsible.

Professor Huntington also told many exciting experiences which he had encountered in his trip down the rapids of the Euphrates River.

December 7th.

The regular meeting of the Debating Society in Room 106, N. L., at 5 o'clock.

A Report from Our Delegates

The Eleventh Annual Conference of the Women's Intercollegiate Association for Student Government was held at Mt. Holyoke College, November 16, 17, and 18. Among thirty-three Colleges and Universities represented, Connecticut cut for the first time took its place.

The seniors of Mt. Holyoke entertained the delegates at dinner on Thursday evening, after which the Students' League gave a reception and dance in the new Student Alumnae Hall.

The real work of the conference began with a closed meeting from nine until twelve o'clock on Friday morning. Quiet regulations, dormitory rules and various penalty systems were discussed to the mutual benefit of the delegates.

The Barnard president presented a new field for student activity in telling how the undergraduate association of Barnard is co-operating with the faculty in the present revision of the college curriculum.

"The possibilities of future expansion of Student Government was the topic for the open meeting on Friday afternoon. The president of each organization gave a five minute talk upon this topic. All were thus afforded a glimpse of the subject from many standpoints.

"Green Stockings" presented by the Dramatic Club, made Friday evening a play time. Broadway's stars evidently have promising rivals in the Mt. Holyoke Dramatic Club. The Mt. Holyoke girls added an even more festive touch, by singing several of their favorite songs between the acts.

The business of the conference was continued on Saturday morning. Practice and success of the Honor System were fully discussed, and many methods of controlling social life in colleges were explained.

Of the eight invitations extended for next year's conference, that of the University of Syracuse was accepted.

The delegates met together for the last time at a formal luncheon, after which Miss Margaret Davis, of the class of 1920, gave a brief outline of the conference and index is now complete, and we can proceed to the body of this ponderous history.

The False Lay of the Romantic Freshman

(With apologies to all would-be authors in the class of 1920)

If you are a Freshman who takes English from Dr. B—w you will know without my telling you how she happened to have dreamed the wonderful and strange dream which I am about to relate, but if you are a Sophomore you may not understand without this foreword.

The setting of our tale is—do not blush, frankness is a virtue of modern art—in bed. The time is midnight, a crisp autumn midnight with a big misty yellow moon. The attendant mental background, which is now a recognized part of any modern drama, is a peculiar, psychological upheaval due to the plunge from the heights to the depths of freshman literature. There is only one more fact to state, namely that the above heroine is fond of pageantry. Our preface, introduction and index is now complete, and we can proceed to the body of this ponderous history.

Miss B—w was awakened, as she thought, by the far-off clang of a musical bell. Her head was lifted suddenly, (we do not mean that a pulley was employed), her head then, as we have said, was lifted by her own volition from the pillow, whose downy contents had been plucked from the wings of many a goose, not to mention a few chickens. Before her eyes was a sight which might well make the heart of any hero from Herr Wilson to Don Villa pause and meditate in wonder, for lo! in a twinkling the room had been changed. In place of the rude wicker chairs, the frugal desk, the warm but homely rug, were furnishings of surpassing magnificence. In fact, not wishing to conceal anything from our innocent readers, we must in all truth say that the small apartment had become a queenly hall where gold and crimson concealed anything from our innocent readers, we must in all truth say that the small apartment had become a queenly hall where gold and crimson twinkling the room had been changed.

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EDITORIAL STAFF
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Joke Editor—Mary Strange.
Faculty Board of Advisors—Dr. Irene
Nye, Dr. Marjorie Barstow and Miss
Carola Ernst.

Editorial
From the time when we were children in the kindergarten or of a habit with us for it to mean what it
see, which happily is becoming less and
less in evidence as time goes on.
Let us for a moment think of the
original Thanksgiving. After a terri-
ble year of suffering and death, the
colonists reaped a plentiful harvest, and
though their numbers were diminished it
was a courageous little band that
grounded that crop. So, it
was decided that a special day should
be set apart to give thanks to God
for his mercy and kindness in bringing
them at last to better joys that held
bright hopes for the future. Did the
Pilgrims get together alone to thank
God that they had lived, though so
many had died, and that they had
plenty to eat though others might not have?
We all know the story of how they in-
vited the Indians and all shared in the
general rejoicing and Thanksgiving.
There were no poor who stood outside
the gates and looked in with hungry
eyes, and were not invited to the feast
and thanksgiving.
When we stop to think of it, is it not
tru that the real spirit of Thanksgiving
is often to some extent lost in our more
highly complex social life! We have
kept the turkey and the pumpkin pie
and the idea that we should be thank-
f ul. But what of the spirit that prompt-
ed the Pilgrims to invite the Indians
and all share their happiness one with
another as they had shared their sor-
towes? There was no selfishness in their
prayers of thankfulness. They were
but the simple, honest expression of
a pure, noble feeling. They were not
thankful God because they were better
off than some one else. As a matter of
fact there were many far better off than
they. They were thankful merely that
they were alive and that life held some
hope for them in the coming winter.
Thanksgiving has become too much
of a habit with us for it to mean what it
really should. The whole Thanksgiving
performance has become a sort of
reflex action. Let us bring it back to
the level of consciousness. We are going
to call the 4th of November this
year a day for a feast in the country,
well and good. If, however, we are
going to call it Thanksgiving let us stop
a minute to think what it really means.
Did not the poet rightly express it in
these words:
"When thy heart with joy o'er flowing
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, oh let thy brother
With thee share.
Share with him thy bread of blessing:
Sorrows' burden share.
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there."

Short Story Contest.
There were only nine contestants in
the "News" Short Story Contest. Con-
ssequently no prize was awarded. From
about two hundred students only nine
had enough ambition, interest in the
paper, or, call it what you will, to sub-
mit stories. It sounds rather pitiful
when you read about it, doesn't it?
At first the editors were tempted to
give up the contest and say, "Well if
the girls really don't want to write
stories for the paper, or if they can't,
let the matter drop." But, on second
thought, we all decided that there was
lack enough in this college, if only
half were there too. Therefore we have
decided to give the literary genius
here a second chance to bloom.
We announce, then, a second story
contest which will close at noon,
Thursday the 7th of December. Now
let's have some interest in this oppor-
tunity to vindicate your literary repu-
tations. Send in some good, sensible
short stories. Don't be melodramatic;
Don't write about something you know
nothing about, but write something
worth while in a natural, simple style.
You know how to do it! Remember,
we want these stories short and crisp.
They must not be over 1,000 words
at the most. An 800 word story would
be about right in length.
Watch the bulletin board for news of
this contest and in the mean time, all
don't write about something you know
nothing about, but write something
worth while in a natural, simple style.
You know how to do it! Remember,
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Joke Column

HEAVENS! ANOTHER APOLOGY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers Life is but an empty dream!"

Many a morning we have pancakes. Sunday noons we have ice-cream.

Steak it is or else starvation

Seems our destined end and way.

Let's remember each to-morrow

Brings us near Thanksgiving Day.

—H. M. H.

Some members of the soccer sections are good players, and others are better still!

LAUGHABLE.

Soph.—"Why aren't you going to the Yale-Harvard game?"

FRESH.—"I haven't been asked."

Soph.—"That's funny!"

FRESH.—"But not half as peculiar as your sense of humor."

Once for all, we wish to announce that we do not know, neither do we care what were the whereabouts of Mr. Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday, on any particular Saturday night, or in fact any other week-day night. We would recommend to those desiring information the three tomes which explain his life and actions.

Note—The above mentioned books are no doubt to be had at the library.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The only joke in the last issue was left out (if you can follow so complicated a statement) with the exception of the title which read as follows, "Why is this a joke to English 11-12?" Sometimes this joke will be printed and you will die laughing.

Watch the papers! Watch the papers!

Winthrop House Warming.

A very enjoyable House Warming Party was held in Winthrop on the evening of Friday, November 17th.

The girls gathered about the fire-place—some knitted, popped corn, or toasted marshmallows, and all listened eagerly to the selections read by Dr. and Mrs. Sykes. Hot chocolate and dainty crackers were served.

The False Lay of the Romantic Freshman

(Continued from page 1)

dregs appear—a page clothed in gold and crimson stood before the soft folds of two crimson velvet curtains, known to some as portieres.

Miss B—w smiled at him, a soft winning smile, and he in gratitude for her condescension spoke:

"I am the page. Imagination, and I serve the daughter of the renowned Duchess—Freshman, the Lady Theme of Blackstone Manor, Plant Castle, and Tea House Hall. Behold, for you shall see many marvelous things which it is not written that less fortunate mortals may know and understand."

As he spoke the curtains slowly parted and from the gloomy depths behind them appeared a maiden. Her glossy hair, of raven black, was drawn softly back from her virgin brow, and wound in heavy coils on her alabaster neck. Her milk-white hands—she book on continuous use of "Almond Cream"—carried amber knitting needles, and yarn of violet blue, from which she was weaving something, so he could not understand.

"Lo, before you is the heroine—Sister Susan's sewing socks for soldiers."

Suddenly death-like silence reigned; there on the marble floor came the soft tread of stealthy feet. A swarthy man with dark lantern crouched behind the heroine.

The eyes of the villain shone through the mask, he stole nearer in the hushed silence of midnight, his hand shot out, and his claw-like fingers grasped the soft white flesh of Susan's neck and still the jewels in the frat pin glittered like illomened pools of light—

Miss B—w could control herself no longer. She let forth a piercing scream which echoed through the house. Here we shall leave her, awed and hysterical, in the arms of Miss Dickinson and Mary Strange in a pink bathtub.

Note—This tale was not written for amusement only. It has a deep and hidden moral for the reader's benefit. Observe it and take warning.

Winthrop House Warming.

At the meeting of the Freshman Class held on November seventeenth the following new officers were elected: Cheer Leaders, Helen Hankemeyer and Frances Barlow; Class Historian, Ruth Barber.

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STANTON & COOK
Dr. Hulbert Lectured to Mr. Crandall's Classes.

Rev. Henry W. Hulbert lectured to all classes in European history this past week during Mr. Crandall's absence. The lectures were on the subject of The Age of the French Revolution. Dr. Hulbert is a thorough student of history and his ideas of that most important period in European development were of great help to the history students. Dr. Hulbert did Connecticut College a great kindness in giving it the benefit of so much of his valuable time and work.

Visitors from New Haven High School.

On November 10, Connecticut College entertained fifty girls who are seniors in New Haven High School. The Student Council had appointed committees to meet the guests and conduct them on a tour of inspection. They were shown around each building and finally escorted to the Students' Rest Room where tea was served. The New Haven girls were so delighted with our college that many of them have decided to enter their names on the roll of class 1921.

Blues Won Soccer Game Saturday.

The Blues made the only goal in the game Saturday during the last minute of the last third. If no score had been made the championship would have gone to the Whites. The Blues winning, however, necessitated another game to decide the championship.

Whites Hockey Champions.

The Whites left the hockey field in high spirits Saturday, having won the hockey championship over the Blues. They won two games out of the three in the series. The big event in the hockey field, however, will be on December 9th, when the Freshman and Sophomore Hockey Teams will meet each other.

The Deutschland.

Although I did not see the interior of the merchant submarine, Deutschland, as that privilege was extended to only a very limited number of people, it was my good fortune to get a full view of the exterior.

The Deutschland was anchored between the new million dollar pier and the S. S. Willysheld, a North German Lloyd boat upon which the officers and crew of the submarine lived. It was as I stood upon the deck of the Willysheld that I saw this dream of past centuries.

The submarine is 315 feet long and about 30 feet wide; that is approximately three times the size of United States submarines. It is built in the shape of the lower portion of whale back liners and although its function necessitates size, it does look a bit clumsy. The merchant submarine does not possess those slim lines we usually associate with submarines, as it is rather wide in proportion to its length.

The Deutschland is painted a greenish blue. At both ends are port holes with spiral stair cases leading down through which the crew may get on top. The submarine was submerged about 15 feet when I saw it. The periscopes, two in number, are only about 4 feet long and on the outside are painted in blue and white ripples so as to resemble the water.

The Deutschland has made it impossible to completely shut off trade and thus it has revolutionized war probably more than any other one thing. It was truly inspiring to see a boat of that description and to consider during what tremendous stress it was able to reach New London.

—Leah Nora Pick '20.

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