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College Celebrates Peace Declaration

Under the silk folds of the American flag, in the clear starlight of November 11th, Connecticut College shared New London's peace celebration. Headed by the faculty in cap and gown, and preceded by a student band of kazoos, traps, and bass drum, a long procession of students marched to the city to take part in the peace parade.

An old man stood on his porch, and rang a tea bell as the "college" passed. A woman opened her door and waved. An Italian in paper cap clapped two kettle lids. An army officer raised a wooden hand to salute our flag as it passed. And often there was a cheer, or loud clapping.

In the midst of hundreds of sailors, Red Cross workers, and Yeomanettes, the college girls found it their privilege to march. The intensive training received in the afternoon on the soccer field under the direction of the physical education department and Mr. Selden was not wasted. With its head marshals in cap and gown, and eight student marshals, the college formed an impressive and not unimportant part of the procession.

Returning to the campus in a body, faculty and students concluded peace celebration around a huge bonfire near the flagpole. During the cremation of a Hohenzollern effigy, the audience was entertained by the classes. '19 presented a tableau, "Liberty," protecting soldier and sailor. The Juniors encircled the bonfire, bearing a "wash-on-the-line." A wild snake dance, ending with a sacrifice of Kultur and a song, was the contribution of '21. Songs and cheers, snake dances and games concluded the celebration.

When the party adjourned, Hohenzollern lay smouldering in ashes, while the sparkling stars and a silver moon breathed "Peace."

RESULTS OF BALLOT FOR SENIOR WEEK OFFICERS

That '19 realizes her responsibility as the Senior class is evident from numerous preparations now being made for strictly Senior events.

Recent balloting has resulted in the following elections:

- Class Book—
- Editor-in-Chief, Marion Kofsky.
- Business Manager, Florence Lennon.
- Art Editor, Miriam Pomeroy.
- Class Day Chairman, Esther L. Batchelder.

Seniors Entertain At Sausage Stew

All day Saturday mystery hung in the air for the Seniors were going to entertain the Freshmen. Five o'clock found both classes seated about campfires by the side of the river. Sausages—fat ones, thin ones, lean ones, juicy ones—were a-sizzling over the fire, apples, salad, cake, and the sweetest and gooyest of marshmallows waited for us to eat them. That it was a very dark night with a lifeless moon explains the fact that whole sausages, half sausages, and tips of sausages were found sprouting from the ground the following morning. When everyone had eaten all she could—and that was an unmentionable amount—the entertainment proper began. A famous duet, entitled "Comes out like a Ribbon lies flat on the brush," was charmingly rendered by the Misses Rose and Wells. This was followed by a speech by Dean Nye, amusing monologues by various girls, and singing by the whole crowd. As a fitting climax of the joy of the evening, Miriam Taylor wailed out numerous ditties on the ukelele. Afterwards, trudging up the hill, the Freshmen vowed they had never enjoyed themselves better since their arrival at College. A. F. H. '22.

MR. SELDEN DRAWS FACULTY NOTE

In the November issue of *Motor Boat-ing*, Professor Selden publishes a set of lines and drawings for a 22-foot launch, with an article, entitled "My Ideal Runabout." This is the second boat design and article published by Professor Selden in this magazine in a competitive drawing contest.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION MEETS

The first regular meeting of the Student Government Association was held in the Gymnasium, Tuesday, at five o'clock. The matter of quarantine regulations was discussed and the girls were asked to co-operate in making the rules effective. The questions of promiscuous cutting of classes, Chapel and Vespers and of the noise in the dining-room were brought to the attention of the student body and every girl was requested to assist in remedying the present conditions. All four classes responded enthusiastically to the suggestions and an improvement is to be looked for very soon in regard to these questions.

Student Concert Nets Fund Forty Dollars

Over forty dollars was raised for the benefit of the Allied War Fund Campaign at a concert given in the gymnasium Tuesday evening, November 12th, under the direction of Loretta Higgins '20.

The hall was unlighted except by a large rose shaded lamp on the stage.

Clementina Jordan '19, opened the attractive program by two violin solos, accompanied on the piano by Ann Slade '22.

Loretta Higgins' lovely voice appeared to good advantage in two of the "Indian Love Lyrics." She was accompanied by Roberta Newton '21.

Henrietta Costigan '20, interpreted the "Caprice Venoise" with unusually fine technique. Her dancing symbolized the awakening of the soul to the true meaning of life.

Grace Cockings '19, rendered a long and difficult piano selection. In spite of the many mechanical technicalities of the composition, she brought out the fine expression that a less talented player would have overlooked.

This successful concert is the first of a monthly series to be given for the benefit of the Allied War Fund.

CASTS OF THE THREE DRAMATIC CLUB PLAYS

A Marriage Has Been Arranged—Helen Perry '20, and Marion Hendrie '20.

The Man on the Kerb—Mary Hester '20, Roberta Newton '21.

The Lost Silk Hat—Doris Patterson '21, Helen Gage '20, Frances Otten '19, Jeanette Sperry '22, Lydia Marvin '21.

SENIORS WIN TENNIS SINGLES AND DOUBLES

Thirty-six entered the singles tournament played off in the last two weeks. Alice Horrax '20, defeated Margaret Davies '20, 6-2 and 8-6. B. Rumney entered the semi-finals by default. Alice Horrax defeated Betty Rumney, 6-3, 6-4. Alison Hastings '19, defeated Alice Horrax in the finals, 6-1, 6-1.

Fourteen entries were posted for doubles. Mildred White '19, and Alison Hastings '19, defeated Marion Gammons '20, and C. Smith '20, 6-4, 6-1. Grace Fisher '22, and Dorothy Hover '20, defeated M. Wells '22, and C. A. Smith '22, 7-5, 6-4. In the finals Alison Hastings '19, and Mildred White '19, defeated Alice Horrax '20,

As Faculty Are Seen By Blackstone

That the faculty of Connecticut College have close doubles on the campus was the amazing revelation made on the evening of November 12th, when the students of Blackstone House entertained Dean Nye at a birthday party.

Ushered in by "Thomas" and "Ethel," members of the faculty (to all appearances) were received by Dean Nye in the reception room. Only a close examination revealed that a certain small lady in grey hat and glasses was not Mrs. Noel, but Dorothy Doane, and that three individuals were students—not the Coerne family. Mr. Selden, Mr. Currie, Miss Holmes, Dr. Todd, and Dr. Wells proved, only after close examination, to be merely doubles of the originals. But it was not until Mlle. Ernst herself appeared that an individual in mustard coat and black hat was identified as Meddie Dougherty.

Following refreshments of ice cream and birthday cake, the "faculty" entertained each other appropriately. The reticent Mr. Selden, with Miss Sherer's aid, gave a most enlightening illustrated lecture on Spanish Art. Mr. Wheeler charmingly rendered a soprano solo. Mr. Currie's fund of poems did not fail him—he recited a most touching bit of verse. Mlle. Ernst condescended to conduct a French class, not omitting any suggestive gestures. The Shadow Dance was repeated by Miss Blue and Miss Sawyer. Much appreciated was Dr. Wells' impromptu recitation of a classic poem, rendered even more effective by frequent glimpses at his watch, by swinging his Phi Beta Kappa key, and by buttoning and unbuttoning his coat. The program would have been incomplete without classical selections on the organ and piano by Dr. Coerne and Mr. Bauer. Throughout the evening Dr. Coerne proved most entertaining, and even Jack helped out by reciting "Mary had a little Lamb." Other members of the faculty took advantage of the opportunity to make several announcements and suggestions.

As the guests departed, they bore in mind Dr. Todd's parting injunction, to ward off the influenza germs by a salt gargle before retiring.

and Betty Rumney '20, with a score of 6-1, 6-4.

President Marshall presented the winners of the doubles with three new tennis balls.

Connecticut College News

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Published Weekly

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief—Alison Hastings '19

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Miriam Pomeroy '19

Fanchon Hartman '20

Irene Wholey '20

News Editor—

Julie Hatch '19

Managing Editor—

Kathryn Hulbert '20

Art and Publicity Editor—

Elizabeth Williams '20

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May Buckley '19

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Dora Schwartz '20

Hattie Goldman '21

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Juline Warner '19

Marion Hendrie '20

Alice Gardner '20

Ann Arkin '21

Abby Gallup '21

Evalene Taylor '21

Proof Readers—

Dorothy Matteson '20

Barbara Ashenden '21

Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

MAINTAINING MORALE.

The war is ended. Active hostilities have ceased on the firing line. But troops are to be stationed on the enemy borders for a long time to come. The German machine guns are silent. But the American munition factories are still working on Government orders. Belgium and France have been evacuated. But crops cannot grow up in a night. Not alone Belgium and France and Servia are starving, but Germany and Austria were forced to surrender because they were hungry. The United States Food Administrators have a big proposition before them, much bigger than before. An armistice has been declared. But there is no demobilization.

Peace negotiations have only begun. The number of issues at stake will prolong the conference over months and months. Have you wondered how our boys will spend those months of inaction and suspense? Suppose you had celebrated peace in Paris or Brussels or Rome. When the wild jubilation had died away, what would you do next? See the town? Yes, but what would you do if you had to stay there weeks and weeks? And suppose you happened to be in some little out-of-the-way place which had been shot to pieces by the Germans? What would you do then? Even if there were room for you on the train, there would be a pretty good chance that you'd be ordered to stay just where you were. Well, what then? You would be both restless and bored by that interminable hanging around.

Think of being tied down that way with nothing to do.

Now this is the prospect that a lot of our boys are facing today. What active duty can there be for them? You know how exciting it would be to patrol the Thames for hours each day with a gun on your shoulder. Well, it wouldn't be much more exciting to patrol the Rhine.

That is why we are looking to the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. and the Jewish Welfare Board with especial interest today. Through them will come the only entertainment that many of the boys will have in these long days of peace. The United War Work agencies need our money now. Think how sorry you would be if your soldier wrote you that they couldn't have any movies or soccer games in his camp because there wasn't any money. We miss the movies enough when we're quarantined for a little while. And we haven't been on the qui vive for a year and a half the way the boys have. Wouldn't your Thanksgivings mean a lot more to you if you are not only feeling happy yourself because peace has been declared, but if you are also feeling that you have done something to make the boys happy, too, on this Thanksgiving day?

AN UNNECESSARY

DEFENSE OF POETRY

There is a little magazine which proudly bears on its cover these words, "a Magazine with a Message." The magazine is published in a Western prison, and the message is meant primarily for the prison inmates. But I wonder how many in the world at large could read it without finding in it a message for themselves? We seldom if ever pause and think what it might mean to us to be deprived of liberty—liberty which is a "special privilege of exemption," but which we look upon as our natural heritage. Shut up in a dreary prison cell, some sneer at life and scoff at God, but some are granted a clearer vision than that of their brothers of Freedom.

Realism—the representation of the nature of social life as it actually appears—and idealism, which strives to realize the highest type of any natural object, to-day go hand in hand. Realism in all its dreary dogmatism has yielded to a practical idealism which is striving for righteousness and peace. Humanity demands beauty—beauty which can be found in the most prosaic and ugly things of life, with the aid of art, imagination, ideals, what you will. Humanity demands an art that is "philosophical, passionate, dignified, happily mirthful, or at the last and least, romantic in design."

I do not remember the context of the quotation, but somewhere in the same little book of essays, Stevenson says, "Every article, every piece of verse, every essay, every *entre-filet* is destined to pass, however swiftly, through the minds of some portion of the public, and to color, however transiently, their thoughts." Which

brings me back again to my prison magazine.

"Without poetry," says one of its writers, "Life would be ugly to me, and I would be unhappy. Poetry showed me that sources of happiness are in barred cells as well as cities, woods, or fields."

After all, it is the great experiences of life that inspire poetry, its creation, or its appreciation. We are learning to-day to seek beyond realism; we are longing again to have visions and dream dreams.

A little article in a tiny magazine—but I venture to say it brought a very definite message to many others within the dreary walls and colored their thoughts not a little, stirring their imagination and, at least for the moment, transforming their cheerless existence, even as the writer imagined that an ugly lamp-post may be turned by the wand of Poetry into a flower-stalk with a lemon-yellow blossom flaming through the night.

From behind the iron bars its message wings across the continent to us. "Poetry makes the world more beautiful" for the man with a number. How much more beautiful shall it render the world for us who are so infinitely less handicapped. "People have a right to be happy," he cries, "But how can they be until they see each other as poetry?"

M. K. P. '19.

THE LATEST NEWS

Olive Tuthill, you know,
Was elected class president
Some time ago.
She gets free subscription at last.
Our apologies. So
As result of Thames Hall competition
(Although
She subscribed like a good citizen)
We offer the News, and our best
wishes also.
N. B. This is free verse.

AMONG OUR POETS

THE DAY.

The dawn breaks—
The long, dark night has passed.
Right triumphs, and the world gives
thanks
At last.
Peace,
And a flag unfurled.
Peace,
And a joy-maddened world.
The dawn breaks—But ah, for me
The night has but begun—
The long, dark night of waiting
Until my task is done.
My task—
Oh Lord, teach me to pray!
My task—
To mutely bow—Thanksgiving Day.
The Day—
And you are lying
Alone in Flanders field—
And what of joy but memories

Can the stern future yield?
I bow my head, and wait
Another Day,
When, like a homing pigeon
My soul shall fly away—

When the years shall be as nothing
And I meet you, Love, again.
Ah, can it be that ever
I shall know surcease from pain?
My task—
To smile and say
Thank God—at last
The Day!

Miriam Pomeroy '19.

LOVE THE PIPER.

The things from which I spin my songs
Do lie within my heart.
The jostling world without me throngs
Past and heeds me not.

But I can laugh and sing alone
For in my heart I hold
That which is more precious grown
Than all their sordid gold.

A golden web with a silver thread
Woven from moonbeams and stars;
The light on a cloud from an angel's
tread;
The mem'ry of sea-grayed spars.

Against the pale pearl evening sky.
And rarer, sweeter things
That in my heart lie silently—
That have not yet found wings.

O. I have love for all who glance
And pass so swiftly by.
And I will pipe that they may dance
And let their hearts be high.

But if there be no joy within
Their souls to echo mine
Still must I sing and strive to win
That silent praise divine.

A. L. G. '20.

THANKSGIVING, 1918.

Lord God of Hosts, who ended war in
peace,
I thank you not alone for world re-
lease—
For Belgium and for Poland I will
pray,
And Lord, for them I thank you every
day—
Rejoicing with evacuated France;
Rejoicing in the Allied troops' advance
Across the border of Alsace-Lorraine,
Where ties of blood have won their
own again;
Rejoicing with new Russia, free at
last;
Rejoicing with Armenia's struggle
passed;
And all the nations of the world un-
bound,
One song of brotherhood the world
around—
Lord God of Hosts, you are my Father,
too,
And I a girl who loving prays to you.
This day I thank you most because you
send
To me, in your good time, my soldier
friend.

A. H. '19.

DR. BARR SATISFIES OUR 'SATIABLE CURIOSITY'

Some extracts from the recent letters of Dr. Nancy Barr Mavity, formerly instructor in Philosophy and English at Connecticut College:

"Two essays were taken last week which is encouraging as far as it goes; one is a brief skit for the 'casserole' section of the Unpop, which you will like (it is mostly about C. C.—give 'satiabile curiosity free rein!') and the other goes to the Stratford Journal of Boston."

"Our new address is 82 Seaman Avenue and we like it better and better (like the sheep in Alice). We can watch the leaves growing more golden and less green almost day by day, for we face the woods as we walk up from the subway, so that even when we do not have time to go out we cannot miss all the beauty of it. Also the morning sun comes streaming in at our dining and living-room windows, and in the evening when we are at dinner, we can look out on a sort of rocky meadow where the children build bon-fires and hop around them like elves in the dusk. It is so lovely that we can never bear to have the curtains drawn."

"* * * Annie's final escapade was to leave the tubs full of half-washed clothes and to fail to show up for two days. That finished me completely, especially as I had to finish the clothes. Our next trial (in more senses than one) was a Hinglish person I called Alice, who had fewer brains than anybody living above the anthropoid ape stage; I am sure our old friend the Neanderthal man was a genius compared with her. Item, she talked all the time about her past experiences; item, she could not take a list of groceries to buy and come home with the right ones! Item, she could not cook a-tall, though she had a high idea of her own capacities in

that respect—though our meals are reduced to the simplest proportions she was always saying that she had never cooked this or that thing before, until one wondered what she ever had cooked, though she announced to our amusement that she never made a failure in anything she undertook to prepare. She lasted one week and left in the middle of a disastrous attempt to prepare Sunday morning breakfast. She was providentially ill, and so spared us the necessity of dismissing her. When we investigated, we found that she had left the kitchen in a state which the wildest imaginings could not conceive. This creature told us that she had been a trained nurse for seventeen years!"

(Later). "* * * We have had some beautiful October strolls and picnics in the woods, which are glorious now. Those behind the house are a lot like Bolleswood in spots, except that they have no ravine. When I was 'convalescing' from the flu I took the old brown rug and sat out there all of one afternoon. By crossing the river to the Palisades we can get wonderful woodsy walks with places to build fires among the rocks."

(Later). "* * * This has been an extraordinarily full week, reducing me to the extremity of reading MSS. on the subway going and coming, and of rushing through others whenever I was dummy at a bridge game."

"* * * I have manuscript reading from Dutton and Holt as a sure thing; a similar assurance from Century regarding revision of manuscripts for the press to make them stylish as to grammar, etc., and accurate as to fact. The 'Tribune' has sent me some books on spiritualism, immortality and psychi-

cal research (!) to review, and—I am just beginning Hockings' 'Human Nature and its Remaking' to review for the Post. Judging from its beginning, it will be fine."

(Later). "* * * The tremendous report of the Armistice came while we were at luncheon at the National Arts Club, and afterwards I walked up Fifth Avenue from Twentieth Street to Forty-fourth. It was a memorable experience: the most cosmopolitan city in the world, I suppose, and all nationalities suddenly united by a common excitement. Impromptu parades of Italians carrying banners of wrapping paper inscribed 'Vittoria'; British and American soldiers and sailors standing on top of the slow-moving automobiles, singing; French officers with their dapper little canes, saluting right and left; Japanese standing outside their shops holding American flags. Mr. Woolworth must have done a large business, for tin lids and little frying pans were much in evidence as noise-producers. The snowstorm of paper was beautiful to watch; within a couple of hours the streets were covered four or five inches deep. Men swarmed over the great map in front of the library and marked it with huge footprints going to Berlin. The spontaneity of the demonstration made it particularly interesting, though mob enthusiasm seems a useless and wasteful thing. I was glad to have seen it, but was also glad to be able to slip away to our home hillside."

"* * * I had lunch with Woody, Miss Blue and Mary Edwin on Friday. Woody has a fill-in job with the Y. M. C. A. personnel department, but hopes to get away this week."

"I am so pleased that our best girls

got into the college anthology. When is it published?"

"* * * I allow for the housekeeping from 6 to 9 a. m. and from 5 to 7 p. m., with half a day Saturday for special cleaning. So far it has worked out very well: breakfast at 6.45; dishes washed and beds made by 7.30; marketing, 7.30 to 8; 'straightening up,' making dinner dessert, etc., 8 to 9. Thus I have my working day free and can keep from spending hours in 'puttering around.' Another thing I am doing is to make a deliberate effort to simplify the externals of life. Elaborate dishes must have been invented either for the sake of 'conspicuous waste' or because women had no other outlet for their energies of creation and emulation. I will not beat eggs separately instead of whole when the difference in the end would be discernable only to an expert and the whole business is destined to vanish 'as snow flakes before the sun' at the next meal. So you will find us a Spartan household to visit. I like it heaps better than trying to direct a maid with the intellectual acumen of a paramoecium."

"* * * The News has just come. Will you kindly tell Miriam Pomeroy from me that I consider her editorial an unusually sane and valuable contribution—an able piece of work?"



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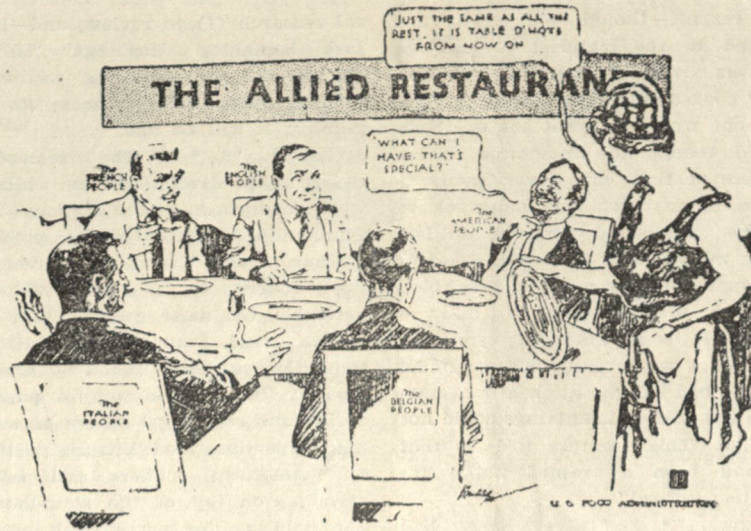
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PRESIDENT WILSON AT
THE PEACE TABLE

Now that the armistice has been signed, the subject of peace is the next consideration, and along with that problem goes the problem which has been causing a great deal of discussion: Should President Wilson be the representative of the United States at this conference. It has never been the custom for the President to leave the United States while in office, and it hardly seems necessary for him to do so now. It is his thoughts and opinions which are needed, although his presence is desired. The Secretary of State could do just as well as far as expression of opinion goes, for by means of the cables quick communication between the continents can be made, and our representative at the conference would be the mouthpiece or medium through which the chief executive could express himself. The other big factor which should be considered is the unnecessary personal risks which he would have to take. The trip is a long one, and when he finally arrives across the ocean there are doubtless some fanatics harboring a grudge who will be only too glad of a chance to show their hostility in some disastrous way. Sacrifice in war

WHAT OTHER
COLLEGES ARE DOING

Wellesley—For the first time since 1914 the Junior Class won Field Day.

Barnard—Members of the Debating Club will be trained as four-minute speakers by the English Department. They plan to assist the Government in its campaign for the Woman's Land Army and in the Reconstruction program.

Vassar—Four hundred students volunteered to help the people of the surrounding districts during the influenza epidemic. They cooked, sewed, and helped fill emergency calls for clothing, bandages, and food supplies.

Under the universal registration system each student is required to devote a fixed number of hours each week to war work. This includes farming, canning, and caring for the college lawns.

is imperative. A great and noble cause demands and deserves such sacrifice. It hardly seems right that peace should extract the same toll of us that war did. Peace should mean a lessening of danger, and not an increase in it. There is all to lose and nothing to gain except possibly the honor of having the President of the United States as the chairman of the conference. F. K. H. '20.

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