PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

France is with us! The French nation has graciously allowed the Sophomore Class the privilege of being entertained by their favorite performer. This kindness is in recognition of the many services rendered that country by th' class. Gentlemen, take a lesson from Pierrot; persistance does it. Girls, let Pierrette show you how she gets him by her coy shyness. Their dainty performance is a lesson to all. With what grace, what delicacy, the duo dance. Tripping the light fantastic is evidently their specialty. Long live France and her subjects if they are all as fascinating as these!

OUR SPANISH SENORITA

The Spanish mantilla, the large comb, the dark eyes, coyly inviting. She has all these and more, our charming senorita. As her tambourine gaily flashes and jingles merrily, she twirls and swirls and her little heels click in a most fascinating manner. The music is intoxicating, the dance dizzying, her charms bewilder ing, so beware for your hearts, men! She has a reputation around this campus.

SOPHOMORE HOP ISSUE

BROADWAY HEADLINERS

The Great White Way has heard of the Sophomore Hop of the college by the sea and has contributed to its entertainment the best acts ever produced on that street. The Palace Theatre of New York is going out of business for a while until they get these talented acts back again. As you will see we have:

CITY OF DREAMS

The neatest couple on Broadway have consented to entertain us with song and dance. This gouty youth and this fair maiden have joined their melodious voices and terpilformance in a great effort to give us pleasure. The "City of Dreams" is their contribution. You'll think you are in heaven, not in the land of dreams.

DON'TS FOR MEN

DON'T come expecting a quiet peaceful time. One never gets it at C. C.

DON'T tell a girl with lovely eyes that the view is lovely. She knows it.

DON'T beg a girl's pardon when you step on her foot. Call an ambulance.

DON'T tell a girl with straight hair that you adore curls. Not if you love life.

DON'T talk about your (?) past. It may make your future look black.

DON'T flirt with the freshman waitresses. We don't want them spoiled.

DON'T drop your gum on the floor. Someone is liable to get stuck on it.

DON'T chimp mee. This is no sanitarium.

DON'T tell a rotten dancer that she dances divinely.

DON'T tell your partner that you are the original "Jazz baby." She'll find it out soon enough.

DO'S FOR MEN

DO send flowers to your lady. It's such a touching little custom.

DO bring your overcoat. It's liable to be cold during intermission.

DO learn all the firedrill rules before entering the gymnasium. You can never tell what will happen.

DO bring some lemon drops. They're much in hand.

DO bring your Stutz. They always come in handy.

DO bring your little brothers. We love children.

DO be nice to our friends—but not too nice.

AMERICAN PUTS ONE OVER

Our soldier boy knows them all. As you will see, the stately English girl, the dusky Spanish senorita, the mincing French miss, the fiery Italian girl, the merry Irish lass, and the lovely desert maiden—all fail to bewitch. Their charms are naught, their wiles less, our sturdy soldier is not moved. But ah! what makes his heart flutter? A vision! A dream in pink and white! Such a one as he has not heretofore encountered—the American girl!

MARDI GRAS

Colored lights and joyous laughter. Winsum' smiles and eyes that speak. Gala days—the Sophs' own week!

THE OLDER THEY GET THE YOUNGER THEY LIKE 'EM

A dainty miss in summer attire, of ordinary and fluffy, and a gay hat drooping over one eye, whilst the other looks out bewitchingly from under the lazy brim; a small foot encased in a tiny slipper, a slender ankle of shiny silk; a nose tilted roguishly, a tiny pink ear tip peeping out from under the golden crown of hair—can we wonder that the old gentlemen are attracted? Do they succeed? Look and you shall see!

PIERCY!

Girls, please don't flirt with Percy. He's just terribly bashful and really would be horribly put out if you made eyes at him. The least thing makes his heart flutter, flutter. And don't giggle when he talks. His lap is the most charming thing about him. The English duchesses and princesses go wild over that lap. But you wasn't get him roused. The Vitagraph movie film corporation has lent us this ornament to society. Percy's fair face shines in some of our best movies, though you'd never think it.

WE HAVE WITH US

Steve is with us! The French nation has graciously allowed the Sophomore Class the privilege of being entertained by their favorite performer. This kindness is in recognition of the many services rendered that country by the class. Gentlemen, take a lesson from Pierrot; persistence does it. Girls, let Pierrette show you how she gets him by her coy shyness. Their dainty performance is a lesson to all. With what grace, what delicacy, the duo dance. Tripping the light fantastic is evidently their specialty. Long live France and her subjects if they are all as fascinating as these!
TO OUR SISTER CLASS

One of the most wonderful things about college gives us a chance to appreciate friendships. We have learned and are learning every day here to "find the hill" to find the good and fine in our neighbors. To see the spirit behind a surface isn't find the real charm within is an "open sesame" to the hearts of those around us. We cannot from day to day be with them without reflecting their influence upon ourselves. Lives can give to us nothing more inspiring and helpful than association and friendship with our sister classes.

As the class of '22 nears the end of its four years, it's worth while understanding the spirit of Connecticut College which fills them. They have caught, during these four college years a sweet vision of life which they unconsiously pass on to all who meet them.

They are our superiors in class, knowledge, and experience but all they are our friends. As the years of our college life go on the memory of that friendship the "open sesame" to us will always remain.

We are sorry that this is their last year here but we are happy because we have known them, happier because they are our own children just now not less happy because they are with us here in our college.

M. A. T. '22

JAZZ

I dunno if they'll print what I say, but just the same, fellow citizens, I think it's time that some protest was made. I mean again this jazz nonsense. Some folks may say I ain't got the right to protest, sign my own name, myself, pretty nigh onto three hundred and can't keep a' jazzin' all night the same as some of us can do, but let me remind folks that time was when I could jump a' jazzin' and sing and swing, and be the same with lookin' out for el-ements. They have planned, didn't go on strike, nor did it run short of news or inspiration. The Sophomore didn't have to jump and sing and swing, and be the same with lookin' out for elements. They have planned, didn't go on strike, nor did it run short of news or inspiration. The Sophomore didn't have to jump and swing, and be the same with lookin' out for elements.

"You cannot guess, you cannot know,"

Went on plump Annabelle,

"What troubles come to us poor Sophs,

The men do try us so." 

We both did want the same dear lad

We both did want him sore.

The question was, which of us did wish for him the more.

We thought we would draw lots and

No sooner said than done-

We did draw lots and

My heart did faster run.

I sent a letter to my man

This answer to me came

"I cannot come—I'm sorry, dear—

You know—the football game."

Oh football games, why 1 be?

To break fair maiden's hearts

You steal our hopes and turn aside

Coy Cupid's golden darts.

M. P. T. '22

WANTED A LETTER

S. D. S. Dantig, '22

P. S. Don't dare to say it reduces.

It doesn't. I've tried it.

J. D.

THE SOPHOMORES' LAMENT

Three Sophomores trod the old State

All silently they walked.

Not smiled, nor sang, nor cracked a joke.

They had not even talked.

The day was Monday—blue and damp;

A gloomy bunch were they

They neither talked nor joked nor grinned.

Nor passed the time of day.

"It's hard," cried pretty Annabelle,

"You let it be," said Lu.

"It's hard to what?" quoth Gwendolyn

"Let me in on this, too."

When Annabelle and pretty Lu

They both heaved mournful sighs

And tears dropped large and solid

From out their s'ud'gy eyes.

"You cannot guess, you cannot know,

Went on plump Annabelle,

"What troubles come to us poor Sophs,

The men do try us so."

We both did want the same dear lad

We both did want him sore.

The question was, which of us did wish for him the more.

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M. P. T. '22
ry couldn’t answer letter before. Have been very busy. Accept invitation: Many thanks. Arriving Saturday 5:15 train in afternoon. George.”

Helen (faintly) “My smelling salts! Ye gods and little fishes. How could he come—im that just my luck? Well, I’ll have to give him to Dot. But I don’t see why he had to take this time to accept.”

May: “Oh! Helen, I’m so sorry. I forgot to tell you Dot’s going with her cousin or someone like that. There’s the phone.”

Helen (wringing her hands) “I just know something will happen. Perhaps it’s George, or a telegram from him saying he can’t come after all. I’m so scared.” (Goes to phone.) “Hello—yes—hello! Who? Oh! Hello, Ed. I suppose you can’t—too bad. You what? You are—why—Ed listen—Hello—hello!” (Flings herself in a chair.) “Ed’s coming. Central cut me off just as I was going to tell him I had the mumps or chicken pox. Three men, all at once, and on the day of the hop, too. Well, I’ll just have to go to bed. You can say I have a tooth-ache or a bad headache or some ache. Tell Ed and George I won’t be up for a few days. Tell Trina, who called, was it a man? Honest? Did he sound old or young, thin or fat? My uncle! O perish the thought! Didn’t his voice sound chesty and rough? Did he ask for Miss Carpenter? Yes! O joy! that’s George. He is from the South you know. Hoorah! girls, he man’s come.”

A. H. 20

ECHOES FROM PLANT HOUSE

“Lovey, hey, Lovey. Anybody know where Lovey is?”

“Oh, Lovey, who rang my enuclator? Oh don’t tell me it was just a call to a meeting.”

“Ah done know. I’ve not anserin’...

View Points

Masculine Mental Musings

Wonder if there’s a place a guy change a collair in.

Wonder what I’ll draw next?

Much energy gone wrong.

Oh for the good old days!

Feminine Frustrations

On Clothes

Suppose I must wear that old rag again—

On Dances

How many shall I keep with HIM?

On Music

Much pep—Much thrill,

On Food

Is this what I paid $3.50 for?

hells. Go to Trioa.”

“Trina, who called, was it a MAN? Honest? Did he sound old or young, thin or fat? My uncle! O perish the thought!

Tis THE HOP

Long before the time appointed, Can you hear the understanding, Each and everyone demanding, Oh, a letter!

Tis the Hop!

Fast she holds the craved epistle, Hopes and fears beyond suggestion Tis to solve the vital question For she’s asked him To the Hop!

A silence breathless, tense with feeling Then a shriek, great joy revealing, Swiftly over the campus pealing Tells he’s coming To the Hop!

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STATE STREET, NEW LONDON, CONN.
WHY ARE YOU CRYING

"Why are you crying my pretty dear?"
"'Cause I can't go to the Hop! I pass."
"And why not?" I asked her then.
"Because the town's run short of men."
"But where are your hearts from home?"
"Why, they've all gone to the Cambridge game!"

G. A. T. '22

"Say, Jack, where'd you get the new girl?"
"That's not a new one, that's just the old one repainted."

—Princeton Tiger.

NO CHANCE FOR POSING

"You seem to be very fond of jazz music."
"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrows. "You don't have to put on formal attire when you listen to it; nobody asks you who wrote it, and you don't have to pretend you understand it."

—Washington Star.

D'd you ever?
No I never!
See a Soph? Soph who?
Sophomore.
More what?
More true
To the Blue
Than 23?
No! Never!

A. G. H. '20

Accepted

The invitation—
"Mrs. Brown requests the pleasure of Captain White's company at dinner on Wednesday evening."

The reply—
"With the exception of the men who have other engagements, Captain White's company will come with pleasure."

—Widow

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