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Connecticut College

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Connecticut College News

VOL. 6, No. 8

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, DECEMBER 2, 1920

PRICE 5 CENTS

OLIVE LITTLEHALES WINS $5.00 PRIZE

PRIZE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY

EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

CHAPTER III.

The Secret Order.

In a flash David was at the window of the crimson house, only as the vision it was set high up in a smooth stone wall, and there was low, wailing sound apparently coming from the room. David made a great effort to reach the window, but there was not a chink whereby to get a footing and he slipped back again and again. At last he gave up and hurried around to the outer face of the restaurant. Once inside the brightly lighted room, David felt a sense of the mystery which was so close and yet so far removed from the atmosphere of the gay restaurant. He saw with relief that the table by the above was vacant, and he slowly and carefully opened the curtain. While he waited his chance to slip behind the curtains, he noticed that the bronze Buddha was in its accustomed place. As soon as he felt his actions were in line, he took direct action, he rose silently and stepped backward quietly behind the curtain. Immediately he seemed to be in a different world: the air was heavy with incense, very different from that in the outer room, and the chatter and laughter seemed far away. As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, David saw that the crimson house was a room which was cut off by heavy canvas curtains directly opposite the curtain. While he looked the doors began to slide apart and quickly he crooked back into a corner. The door opened more widely, and a pale green light which glowed through. Suddenly, lighting the recesses, he noticed that the bronze Buddha was in its accustomed place. As soon as he felt his actions were in line, he took direct action, he rose silently and stepped backward quietly behind the curtain. Immediately he seemed to be in a different world: the air was heavy with incense, very different from that in the outer room, and the chatter and laughter seemed far away.

"It's gone—gone out of the setting—gone!"

Before he could make up his mind whether he had best speak to her or wait David saw the doors again slide apart. This time the man who David recognized as the one he had formerly seen at the table with the girl, and a short man with a bushy beard, came through. The tall man stood behind the girl and gave a command in his cold, impassive voice. The girl turned and gazed up at the man, her face ghastly with fear and horror, and she then spoke as if in expectation.

"Mr. Jones, you would not dare! This is America, not India! I will call the police!"

The short man spoke, and his voice was the rough one which David had heard behind the curtain.

"Madamotocile knows what the result will be if she does not give into the relentless face the girl seemed to grow paler. The last she gazed into the face and walked out into the restaurant.

David knew that there would be nothing against the two men, and so

CHAPTER II.

THE ROYAL ENTRANCE.

After the girl had gone a moment the short man turned to his companion and laughed.

"She thinks she can fight us! Let her try, ha, ha! It will be fun to see the face off the old man will live!"

At this the tall man laughed cruely, and touched a spring in the wall. The bell changed, and after a moment the bronze Buddha in hands that trembled pitifully. She disappeared into the inner room, and returned almost immediately with two glasses of bright green liquid. The tall man propped the same toast that David had heard before.

"To the little green god." And they drank.

David was feeling for his revolver and preparing to spring forward, when suddenly the girl threw herself on her knees before the tall man and began to sob.

"I do not ask for my own life, it is your life I ask for. I turned those men away because I have already seen too many. I heard your father was your priest in India, and I was your faithful priestess, but this is America and there are no slaves to die for the little green god. While men are strong, and surety the world would be appeased with other sacrifices, I thought. But Oh! I will obey you, if my father may live. All men who enter shall return to it. And the tall man turned those men apart. This time the man whom David recognized as the one he had formerly seen at the table with the girl, and a short man with a bushy beard, came through. The tall man stood behind the girl and gave a command in his cold, impassive voice. The girl turned and gazed up at the man, her face ghastly with fear and horror, and she then spoke as if in expectation.

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ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College, 10 College Hill, New London, every Thursday throughout the academic year from October to June, except during mid-year vacations.

PHILANTHROPY & SCIENCE

In conclusion we would tell of a Freshman who refused an invitation to the Yale-Harvard game because the football season was on. She had been scheduled for that date. She had been placed on the team—and she did not think the responsibilities of being a Freshman to her! And would there be more news like this.

PROMPTNESS AT CONVOCATION

There seems rarely an excuse for late arrivals in Convocation, that is, among students. In order to get through for the five o'clock period, it is necessary to try to begin promptly. It is most annoying to a speaker to be obliged to face a constantly opening crowd,—closed some so solidly,—and out of the tail of his eye, scattered groups of late arrivals line up against the back wall or climb the stairs to the balcony. It is not only discouraging to the speaker himself, but very distracting to those of the audience who are attempting to focus their attention on what he has to say, and even help him by the scraping of chairs, the whispered conferences, and the treading of stairs to the upper windows. Conformity is a wholesome habit to form. Let's make a specischould nothing be on time at Convocation. A word to the wise is sufficient. Great Aunt ALICIA.

FREE SPEECH

The "would-be-if-it-weren't" MYSTERY.

To the Editor:—We have been curious, and most amused at the moral story, "Emeralds and Absinthe," that has been published. That the student should be endowed with the power of building up such a delightfully unreal, and spontaneous conglomeration of mystery as this story contains, must be a tale to be deeply appreciated. The atmosphere of green eyes, green jewels, and green liqueur. Deep, it lies so deep! We wait with impatience for its ultimate emergence to the world of being. For the pervert an old adage, we hope, "what goes down, will come up." Like David, the hero of the clock table, we feel that we have "discovered a mystery," but it is so well concealed that we can only point it out, and we hold on to the author herself known as the "emerald,"

"What is the significance of the emerald?"

"And how can David help the girl?"

"And who is the man with the cold, hard, laugh?"

And "what happened to the shadow?"

We hereby request her to let us know the solution.

Surely, we do believe, that she must know this story of her own making. Yet, after all, perhaps we expect too much. A bohemian mixture of "ankles," "eyes," and "clutche throats," "and disregard the odor that discloses the mystery," but it is so well concealed that we can only point it out, and we hold on to the author herself known as the "emerald,"

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EXCHANGES

Mr. Holyoke visited Smith on November 15th, when both colleges combined to give a "Holyoke-Smith" dance. Dedication of the new boat-house was the program. The top floor of the boat-house, a dancing pavilion, was presented. The top floor of the boat-house, a dancing pavilion, was presented. The top floor of the boat-house, a dancing pavilion, was presented. The top floor of the boat-house, a dancing pavilion, was presented.

If Leib were Liebe as some folks deem, and we had been in Liebe on Saturday, if the Morris boys were not so long, and the Keilago and Bauer kicks so strong, if they picked the players from the "Irish Line," then those plucky Seniors would have been left out of the game.

The Rev. R. B. Ogilvy was installed as President of Trinity College on Wednesday, November 17th. An academic procession formed in front of Northampton Hall where the exercises were held.

Middlebury voted a ten dollar prize to the most original and best all-around get-up in the Freshman Parade on Saturday.

If you can crow into a "movie pal- ace," you'll vellotted, peanut strained, and without the slightest evidence of mal- ing. At falling feet out in the aisle. If you can listen kindly to some Silly Hal retard the titles flashed upon the screen.

IF

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EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.
(Continued from page 1, column 4.)
were Hindoos. These latter were an elderly Englishman toward whom the girl started crying, "Father!" She was withheld by the tall man who spoke to the Hindoos.
"O judges! These persons who have been priest and priestess of our order, wish to decree that no more men shall die for the Green Goddess. Shall we hear you?"
The circle of men gasped greedily toward the dagger before them, and after a short conference with the others, one elderly Hindoos rose and said solemnly: "They shall die!"
There was a murmur of satisfaction. The henna Buddha was opened and a long, cruel stiletto taken out of a secret part of it; the girl and her father were led forward and to the ivory altar, and David saw now with horror what his former hurried survey of the room had not shown him—the marble altar was brown with a hideous stain. He gripped his revolver, sprang forward, and ordered the men to stop. Agitated and infuriated the worshipers seized the weapon and struck him. He lived desperately, but found himself borne down under a shock of pain. Suddenly he heard a voice say into his ear: "Well, you have made a pretty mess of things, now!"
"You had better keep pretty quiet for a while and let me do the talking, for I have been dimly conscious of some one beside him fighting the attackers. The girl and her father were across the room fighting for their lives. He watched them, so glancing behind him to find out what was going on here, and saw with a great amusement, the man with the cold, hard voice strike down one of the Hindoos.
At that moment there came a great knocking at the doors and the slamming of feet on the stairway leading down from the trap door. Suddenly David felt a cruel cutting of steel into his shoulder, and he sank into darkness with the sound of the pounding bearing down upon him.
When his consciousness returned to him, David found himself on a low couch, and was able to realize events slowly as he recovered from the disorder and evidences of the struggle. He felt hands working at his shoulders and turned to find the Englishman and the tall man beside him. The Englishman crouching beside the couch holding a basin of water. Suddenly he sat bolt upright with "astonishment," as he realized that the girl and her father were still in the room with the very man who, not a half an hour before, had sought their lives.
"What the—I!" said David.
"Hold on. Take it easy, old chap. You've had enough, you know. You're going to keep pretty quiet for a while, and as I know what you want to ask I'll talk while you rest." And the tall man forced him to lie down again. While he told his story the Englishman and the girl interrupted now and then to add a detail or cor-

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS
ANNOUNCEMENT!
On Friday, December 10th, Connecticut College will have the pleasure of entertainment on campus. Miss Carol- line D. F. Penniman, Superintendent of the State Normal Schools for girls at Middletown, also a member of the Child Welfare Commission of Connecti-
cut, will take part in the Service League to speak at 5:00 P. M. in the gymnasium on "Helping the Girl Who Never Had a Chance." Surely we who have so much to be thankful for, and so much to look forward to in this world must feel a great deal of interest in what she may have to tell us about what the state is doing for delinquent girls. She is a woman of striking per-
sanality and a fine speaker. This lecture offers especially opportunity for girls interested in Social Service Work, for in this branch of the work may lie a career.

FRENCH CLUB INITIATIONS.
The French Club met on Wednesday evening, November 17th, at seven-
in New London Hall, for the in-

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French Club Initiations.
The French Club met on Wednesday evening, November 17th, at seventy-three in New London Hall, for the initiation of new members. Those inducted were Jeanette Letney, Irene Steele, Evelyn Stroh, Rose Wachtmann, Virginia Hayes, Lucy McDaniel, Claire Calten, Grace Byron, Jane Gardner, Minnie Kortman, Rose Marie Hayes, Nellie Le Witt, Virginia Reed, Dorothy Bagley, Elizabeth Merry, Helen Dougas, Hannah Sheas, Frances Setlow, Dorothy Brockett, Ruth Reynolds, Viola Zarko, Marcia Jasper, Elizabeth Holmes, Catharine Holmes.

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Greeks in This Country.
On Sunday afternoon, November 28, a considerable number of faculty and students as well as guests from down town met in Branford living-room to hear Mr. E. G. Canouzas, who talked on "The Greeks in This Country." Mr. Canouzas first gave a brief history of the Greeks in America, saying that they first came here in 1765, when a group of Italian and Greek immigrants taken from Smyrna, settled in Florida. From this beginning, the Greeks have immigrated to this country until before the war, they came by the thousands yearly.

The condition of the early comers upon first landing was very miserable, but they had to make a living and some started by selling flowers and candy in the streets of New York City. Then they bought stores and later many became prosperous merchants. Since their first coming they have prospered amazingly and thousands of Greek stories are scattered over the country. These new Americans have contributed much to the welfare and development of the country.

Mr. Canouzas has done a great work among the Greeks here in America, helping and protecting them and try-

in every way to bring about a better understanding and appreciation of the non-English-speaking immi-

Canouzas.

--The--

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GLEAMS OF "DAY" LIGHT.
Some emphasis was laid in Tuesday's paper on the fact that "wireless messages" have been tendered to President-elect Harding, by the citizens of Panama. We wonder what kind the writer of the item usually has.

A Contemporary of Charlemagne Speaks to Us.
"The Convocation speaker at Connecticut College tomorrow afternoon will be Douglas Johnson, professor of Physiography at Columbia University. In 1915 Professor Johnson was commissioned major in the C. & A. Army."

FUNNY PINGS.
He (over the phone) "Would you like to go to the play Friday night?"
She (excitedly) "Oh, I'd love to." He: "Well, I'm selling tickets. Will you buy yours from me?"--Washington Review.

HEARD IN "LAB."
H--"Miss M--gave me 350 grams of brains, and only 150 grams to you."--H--"Of course, Miss M--gave them out as they were needed."

In Hockey--"Roll in! Gallup out!"
The hoary-headed examiner glanced over the top of his spectacles, "Are you sure," he inquired, "that this is a purely original composition you have handed in?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer. "But you may possibly, sir, have come across one or two of the words in the dictionary."--The Liverpool Post.

Freddie, "I want my hair cut college-boy style."
Barber, "You mean you want Yale bucket?"--Brown Jug.

McC--"I told the Seniors decide to play the Juniors in Soccer next week?"
Marvin--"I think so."
McC--"Weren't you at the meeting?"
Marvin--"No."
McC--"Then they couldn't have decided for the majority of the team wasn't there."

EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.
(Concluded from page 3, column 1.)
Miss Emlyn Turner was in New York over the week-end to attend the meeting of the New York Library Association.

Mr. Otis, through whom several designs executed in the Art Department were sold to Grafton & Dolson of New York, entertained Miss Sherer and a number of her art students at tea at his home in Groton on Sunday afternoon, November 29th.

Dr. Eleanor Crosby Kemp, consulting psychologist, was a visitor on Campus on Wednesday, November 24th.

Miss Walters was in Holyoke on Saturday, November 27th, on business for the Zoology department.

NOTICES!
On Tuesday, December 7th, the Literary Club will hold its regular meeting at which three stories will be read from the collection of the best short stories of 1918. Following the reading, tea will be served.

There will be a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees in the President's office on December 16th.

The Sophomore Hop is scheduled for December 11th. The Sophomore Class will put out this issue of the Yest as The Sophomore Hop Jess which they will sell at the dance.

On Thursday night, December 16th, before our Christmas vacation there will be a Christmas party in the gymnasium to which the entire college is invited.

CONNECTICUT SPENDS A JOYFUL THANKSGIVING.
(Concluded from page 3, column 1.)
A Contemporary of Charlemagne

harmless, well-fed one that would eat right out of your hand, and he (Dr. Kellogg) ruffled in great style. Vassar rejoiced in two charming though weak voices, while Washington's song of the prairies was most mirthfully rendered. Dr. Leib cracked up Dickinson and rapped Dartmouth. But Dartmouth's "zep!" was upheld by a throng of tri--two of whom were Marshalls, Senior and Junior.

And that's not all. Oh no! At night the tables were pushed back and a regular, old-fashioned dance was held--Paul Joneses and everything. A few Dartmouth lads helped liven up the affair. Popcorn and apples wore in abundance, and joy and good fun reigned supreme. We were especially delighted with President Marshall's reading of Heilmann Day's poems and thrilled with the reading of Noyes' "The Highwayman."

And then the incoming "studens" wonder why we don't weep with envy when they rave about the good times at home. "It is to laugh," as the Frenchmen say. "Why, we didn't even have a chance to think of home!" We think we even detected a twinge of regret in some of the "lucky" ones' faces. Such is life. Those who don't expect to get the best out of things, usually do. We'll say we did when we stayed at C. C. for Thanksgiving!

Excited waitress, rushing up to Carmella in the kitchen one morning: "Come on, kid. Hurry up with those drink orders! Evelene and Barbara just arrived so it's only three minutes till bell time."

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