So This Is The Feast Of Twelfth Night

Connecticut College felt itself re-en-chanted by the Shakespearean atmos-phere of 1916, when, in the evergreen-decked and candle-lighted dining room, the students assembled for dinner on the evening of January sixth. The mystery of the festive decoration and of the unoccupied tables in the center of the room was at last revealed when the door of the faculty room opened, and a long, stately procession issued forth.

Faculty in academic costume, a page bearing a candle-lighted boar's head, followed by quire lords and ladies with familiar faces, a minstrel, a fool, and, lastly, the king and queen with attendant pages came slowly down the room and took their places at the tables.

Enthusiastic applause from the students was hushed by a wave from the royal sceptre, as the king proclaimed the meaning of the feast. The sixth of January, declared his highness, the royal President, marked the close of the Christmas festivities: this was the feast of Twelfth Night, when all evergreen decorations should be laid on the fire. Then, bidding his guests be merry, he began the banquet.

While the lords and ladies feasted, the pages pleaded high the fire with cracking evergreens, the minstrel wandered through the hall, singing delicate ditties in a most exquisite soprano, and the jester with capers, jokes, and a grotesque dance, added the digestion of the banqueters by frequent laughter.

After the dance came a dinner to which Miss Turner lent a festive air by serving the traditional New England chicken.

The college students as a body may never spend another New Year's day on campus, but they will always hold the memory of this one.

Koine is Coined

The first Senior Class Book of C. C. is at last named. The Staff of the book has chosen the name submitted by Zevely Green—Koine—a Greek word, signifying, "common," or "demoocratic."

Other Senior plans are under way for being taken by Bachrach's photogra- phers. The Senior class picture was taken in cap and gown Thursday noon. (Continued on page 4, column 1.)

College Spends New Year's Day On Campus

The fact that C. C. spent New Year's day on campus did not prevent her from recognizing the day with due en-thusiasm. The celebration began at midnight, New Year's eve, with war whoops and fire drills, and ended New Year's night with chicken and ice cream. The year of 1919 was heralded with proper appreciation of its significance.

President Marshall presented the thought of the New Year at chapel, and spoke briefly on its possibilities for the college. Classes were suspended at three o'clock. At four o'clock the faculty and students with their friends met at an informal reception and dance. The proper college atmosphere was preserved through various enter-taining features and stunts.

After the dance came a dinner to which Miss Turner lent a festive air by serving the traditional New England chicken.

The college students as a body may never spend another New Year's day on campus, but they will always hold the memory of this one.

Dr. Eleanor Bertine On Social Morality

"This war has brought about great changes in the world's ideas of sex con-duct," said Dr. Bertine to a large college audience January 7th. She told how the world's conceptions of social morality had been transformed by this war. She described the large part the government, aided by patriotic women, was playing in bringing about this change of conditions, and what the country had accomplished in relieving the situation. The role the college woman must play in improving social conditions was given a marked promi-nence in a lecture which was both elo-quent and persuasive. Dr. Bertine held her listeners tense with expectation as she told in a simple, yet magnetic, manner of the pre-war conditions brought about through ignorance and stupidity, and of how they had been altered by the great upheaval of a world war.

Dr. Bertine came to Connecticut Col-lege as the representative of a Medical Society. She was accorded the most enthusiastic reception given this year to a convocation speaker.

There are Fates and Fetes

It began to look as if the fates were against the idea of a Senior Dance. Twice it had had to be postponed be-cause of quarantine, and then to have the day of the third such a bleak and rainy one and every telephone connec-tion on campus out of order. These seemed to be sure signs that the gods were unwilling. Once again, how-ever, it was proved that the gods are a changeable lot, but of course that comes later in the story. So through-out all the day there were those many uncertainties: will I spoil my new pumps? How can I make the curb stay in? He has never come up to college before and will surely get lost. Everyone's mind was filled with them, except probably the committee's, and they had even more serious thoughts than those were. Why enlarge on such bitter disappointment when everything turned out so fortunately, a little fairy tale in itself. The gymnasium was filled with dancers, and not one had the "rainy day" look, but instead looked as if she were thoroughly enjoy-ing herself. No one wanted to play a part which was the very best way of saying that the dance was lots of fun and a great success. Finally the musicians couldn't play any longer and the dancers were turned out, literally and figuratively, into the snowy street.

F. K. H. '23.

On January 7th, Dr. Ida H. Ogilvie, founder of the Women's Land Army of the United States, told us about the work and life of the farmerette. For a number of years the problem of the farmer has been very serious. Each year more men have been leaving the farms and entering the factories. Land has been cut up into estates and no food produced on it. As a result of this dangerous situation, a committee at Columbia College long before the war conceived the idea of the farmer-ette. They decided that the woman farmer should have standard living conditions and an eight-hour day with pay equal to that of men in the time of peace.

This committee succeeded in recruit-ing between four and five hundred women farmers, but they could find no farmer who would accept the girls. The farmers argued that women in their eight-hour day could not accom-plish as much as men who would work for a much longer time. The commit-tee, however, were insistent upon the shorter hour schedule and to prove that the farmerette could finish her "job" in eight hours they established a unit at Bedford in the summer of 1917. Here they had a very old house for headquarters and from this center they went out to work for the farmers in the vicinity. At the end of the summer they reported.

The farmerettes were a great success. The farmers argued that "girl farmers" were better than men. Thus the success of the farmerette was insured and last winter the Land Army was launched in forty states.

Now that peace has come people are asking whether women will any longer be needed on the farms. The answer is "Yes." More women will be needed this summer than ever before.

The United States has promised to send to Europe twenty million tons of food. There will not be men enough engaged in farming to produce this large amount and care for the Ameri-can population at the same time. For this reason the Department of Labor has made a division for the Land Army workers so that they will be under government supervision next summer.

The life in the camp communities has been proven to be a unique and interesting experience. There all kinds of girls have assembled, including shop girls, girls in ill health who are seek-ing a cure, college girls and professors. The college people set the pace; they (Continued on page 4, column 5.)
There is no one in Connecticut College who cannot truthfully say that she lives a perfectly well-rounded life. First, of course, comes the academic. That takes a large proportion of hours, and embraces a large variety of subjects. Thus we gain inspiration and instruction at once, just by sitting in a classroom. After class, we are free to decide whether we will attend the college is finished and we are making our own experiences. And we do not only absorb wisdom; we make an endeavor on our own part to obtain in the study hours between. And then we take some physical ed., to refresh our minds after our strenuous mental efforts, and to build up our strength so that we can proceed to the next day’s activities with alert bodies and brains. And secondly, we engage in much recreation after the day’s work is over. Perhaps meetings of organizations and committees and everything else we engage to do, are not really recreation. But the result of these countless meetings are dances, vaudeville shows, sings, plays, and entertainments of all kinds, involving the recreation we so greatly prepare for. Our social schedule is always full. Every evening in the week is spoken for some worthy cause or other, and we are sure to find one. Each class entertains its sister class, its elder class, its younger claw. Each organization plans something more unique and unusual than the preceding one. Now in a small college this is a great burden upon a few. In a large college, there is necessarily a division of labor. No one has to enter into everything. But here where every student is on more than one committee and belongs to more than one organization, the amount of time which every student has to give is very disproportionate. We are being deluged with responsibility. And there is a real necessity for such elaboration. All girls are socially enthusiastic, but we are almost letting our enthusiasm run away with us. We undertake too much in our zeal. Just as many girls are giving several evenings in one week to social service, so we others are giving several evenings a week to social recreation. Remember that we are setting precedents. The classes that come after us will have to follow the traditions that we set for them. There is no reason why, even if we are able to keep up the pace ourselves, we should burden the future students of the college with a multiplicity of entertainment. It should be our aim rather to condense our social activity so that it will be a pleasure instead of a burden. None of us has idea enough to run off a successful entertainment every week, or every month. Why? If we can concentrate our energies on a few we can make them much more effective, and reduce the social pressure to a more normal standard. Never in the preceding years have we undertaken so much. It really isn’t necessary to our happiness. And we will enjoy ourselves just as much with a few good times that we really appreciate as with a continuous process that sometimes even bores us.

BOLSHEVISM AND THE ACADEMIC.

Bolshevism is flying its red flag over Russia and Germany to-day. Closer to home, it has shown its colors in the streets of New York and the assembly halls of Hartford. It is the most natural result in the world of the four years of actual physical starvation which have repressed the European nations. When men are prosperous, they are well content with things as they are. That is why Socialism is having such a hard fight. In this country do you mean? When men are down and out of a job, they raise violent protests against the society that denies them their economic opportunity. As soon as they find employment, their protests begin to die away. Men are fundamentally non-altruistic. But the nations of Europe have been starved too long. Men’s overworked minds are turning again to the old industrial unrest and unjust. In blind revolt against deprivation they are waging war against all established institutions. They are battering down the gates of Society’s well-nigh impregnable fortress. They are flaunting the red flag in our very faces. And all the great army of the discontented in every land are rallying around them. Why does the press rail against the menace of Bolshevism? Why is the flag a danger signal? Fundamental institutions, the church, the state, depend upon authority. Their claim to existence lies in the recognition of their claim to respect by society. And now the spirit of unrest is attacking institutions as well as men. Men are losing their respect for authority. They are questioning their obligations. They are trying to undermine the foundations of society. And this turmoil of changing values affects even those who are far removed from the very Bohemianism of their economic struggle. We, the college students, are touched by the wave of unrest even while we are not carried away by it. We do not depreciate the advantages of the academic. The red touches so much more effective, and reduce the social pressure to a more normal standard. Never in the preceding years have we undertaken so much. It really isn’t necessary to our happiness. And we will enjoy ourselves just as much with a few good times that we really appreciate as with a continuous process that sometimes even bores us.

AMONG OUR POETS

The following verses are the work of an ensign in the great army of the discontented in 1861.

HERE’S THE OLD GOOD NORWICH TROLLEY LINE.

Here’s a toast to New London, it is known throughout the land, inspected by many, and all pronounce it arrayed.

It is known for poor car service and for girls who can’t keep dates.

It’s the sweetest town existing in a dozen different states.

And the service of its street cars—

That’s the one thing superb.

How the folks are jammed together on the Norwich Trolley Line.

A car leaves the parade in the early evening haste.

On a half-hour schedule, and is gone perhaps three days.

For the trolley slips the wire, and the car stops still as death.

And the victims curse the carmen till they’re nearly out of breath;

And the car returns the compliment, in tons of fierce design;

And they chew the rag eternal on the Norwich Trolley Line.

Then a crash and grinding timbers, broken glass flies all around,

And the scared, disgusted riders pile out on the frozen ground.

Some poor soul consults the motorman to see if he is dead;

And he says, “Don’t get excited, we just smashed the car ahead.”

Choke your wrath and can the cuss words, all such things you should confine.

For you’re lucky to be living on the Norwich Trolley Line.

You can look the country over, from New London up to Maine.

And from Oakland, California, back to here again.

You may study all the systems for their defects and merit.

And be forced to know when finished that this is the worst on earth.

There’s not another like it where the lights of heaven shine,

But maybe below they’re riding on the good old Norwich Line.

HEARD IN THE LIBRARY

J. W.—"I had an eight o’clock class today and did not wake up until 8:15."

L. P.—"Did you get to your class on time?"
Dearest Marionette Jeanette:

You can easily see how grateful you are, because I'm always so busy, They never seem to understand around here—but at least that's what my roommate says. I always take her word for things. She has taught me such lots of stuff just as valuable as that. You don't want to know about her, though, really. You said you didn't in that letter where you told me that the Widow Corning married again and that you had been asked to recite "Break Wild Waves" at the reception for the new colors at that store, so if you happen to see some pretty magazine covers and pasted them on magazine covers and pasted them on.

Well, I belong to some clubs that aren't clubs but are really organizations. I don't see any difference, because I have to pay dues just the same and go to meetings. That's one of the things I don't understand around here that I spoke of before. Well, the biggest club is the Environmental League. The Service League has about same and go to meetings. That's one of the things I don't understand around here that I spoke of before. Well, the biggest club is the Environmental League.

I've got to stop writing more because I'm the proctor and someone's making a terrible noise. The proctor is supposed to go out and drawn them out with a loud sh-h like that.

Give me your love to your mother, to Annie, if you see the new boy in the grocery store tell him how I entertain and anything else about me that's nice. I'm going to write oftener now that the tests are coming and I'll have a lot of free time.

Yours till you hear, ANNIE JENNIE.

P. S.—Don't say anything about the soldiers and sailors to me, knowing how particular she is and all that.

P. S.—Don't show this letter to a busy Saturday crowd.

Keep Smiling,

O'Learny's

KEEP SMILING

LOOSE LEAF BOOKS
DIARIES AND STATIONERY
J. SOLOMON
44 MAIN STREET
NORTH COTTAGE AT HOME

North Cottage has at last received the furniture for its living room, and may now be considered quite completed. On Sunday afternoon the residents of the house were at home to students and faculty from three until five, thus initiating a custom which is to be continued for the remainder of the year. A large open fire gave the room a home-like atmosphere, and harmonized with the lovely simple furniture and gay cretonnes which have been chosen for it.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

OF TWO SUFFRAGISTS

(Concluded from page 4, column 4.)

"Dull, spasmodic eyes to stare, and hasten by. Do they understand? Surely some of them do, for the next moment a crowd presses around us eager to sign. They seem to be more interested than their more well-to-do neighbors. We have hardly expected such good fortune. It becomes exciting. We have forgotten the cold. We are fired with enthusiasm.

We hurry into a dreary tenement and climb three flights of steep, dark, rickety stairs. A vague light shines through a keyhole. "Who is concealed behind that door?" we wonder. We knock. A gruff man's voice says, "Come in." Half fearfully we enter. A strong odor of tobacco and beer pervades the crowded room. A flickering gas light gives a vague indefinite color to everything. A man sits eating while his wife tries to quiet her fretful baby. "What do you want?" the man asks roughly. Suddenly we realize that we have been gazing around without speaking.

"Do you believe that men and women have equal rights?" we ask.

"No, she does not sign it," he says to us, crossly. It is quite evident that we are no longer welcome. We make a hasty retreat.

When we are down the street again we find that our time is up. We hastily return to headquarters and report that fifty people have signed the petition.

C. W. and A. F. H., '22.

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SOCIAL NOTES

Mrs. Marshall will be at home to students and faculty every Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kellor entertained a large number of students and faculty at an indoor garden party given at their home Saturday evening, January eleventh.

KOIKE IS COINED

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

The Senators have accepted with great enthusiasm the invitation of the Juniors to an informal "get together" monthly sing, which shall bind the two classes more firmly together.

"(The common language is not the original or fundamental meaning of the word, but a later application.)"

WORK AND LIFE OF

THE FARMERETTES

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

have the spirit and get the job done. Through these camps they have spread their influence broad-cast and done much for the development of women. With lantern slides Dr. Ogilvie showed pictures of life at the various camps, including the one at Bedford and others in New Hampshire, several in New York state and one at Wellesley. Wellesley has an especially well organized camp and has already recruited a large unit for 1919. How many is C. C. going to recruit?

"Yes, that she should sign this paper, aren't you?" we ask.

"No, she does not sign it," he says to us, crossly. It is quite evident that we are no longer welcome. We make a hasty retreat.

When we are down the street again we find that our time is up. We hastily return to headquarters and report that fifty people have signed the petition.

C. W. and A. F. H., '22.

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