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Connecticut College

New London, Conn.

# The Connecticut College Quarterly

April, 1926

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE  
NEW LONDON, CONN.







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# THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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APRIL, 1926

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## IMITATIONS

(The first scene of a play after the manner of several dramatists)

(*After the manner of Ibsen*)

Scene—An old house. Through the window can be seen the sea with several fishing boats near the shore.

Characters—Elsa, A young woman

Olaf, A fisherman, who loves Elsa

Karl, The father of Elsa

Elsa: Father, why can I not go away with Olaf? He would take me with him in his strong ship and we would be so happy.

Karl: Such a thing is right for no woman. Besides, I can never spare you. You must comfort your old father in his last days.

Elsa: But I cannot live without Olaf. He is my life.

Karl: But you are my life. Why is youth always selfish?

Elsa: Let me go. You had your chance.

Olaf (entering suddenly): Elsa, the ship is ready. It is almost time to part.

Elsa: He says I shall not go. But I must go, Olaf.

Olaf: She must go, truly.

Karl: Never, while I live. I would rather see her dead than married to a poor fisherman. What can you give her? She is used to jewels and pretty things—every luxury.

Elsa: I do not care—let me go. If you do not—

Karl: Be quiet. Go to your room while I turn out this good-for-nothing—

Elsa: I told you— (exit)

Olaf: Why be so cruel? You had your chance. You are old.

Karl: This is no chance; it is ruin. I never will consent.

(Noise from the other room. Olaf runs hastily out and returns with a shocked face)



Olaf: She is dead. She has shot herself. See what you have done.

Karl: It was not I—I acted for her good.

Olaf: No, no—it was because she loved me—

Karl: It is terrible. I wish she could come back.

(Curtain)

(After the manner of Maurice Maeterlinck)

Scene—A cave, very dark except for ghostly blue lights.

Characters—A young girl

A young man

Seven blind old men

Young Girl: Where are we? I am so frightened.

Young Man: I do not know. I do not know.

Young Girl: The lights make me afraid. Why did we come here? Let us go back to the castle.

Young Man: We cannot. I have lost the way.

Seven Blind Old Men: Alas. He has lost the way.

Young Girl: We are lost. Oh, we are lost.

Young Man: It was so dark, I could not find the way.

Three of the Old Blind Men: Alas. He could not find the way.

Young Man: I do not know the way to the palace. I can see nothing.

Seven Old Men: He can see nothing. He is as blind as we are.

Young Girl: Alas, Alas. This cruel light—what can it be? What does it mean?

Young Man: I do not know. I can see nothing.

Young Girl: How terrible it is. He can see nothing.

Seven Old Men: Alas. Alas. Alas. (Lights die out slowly.)

(Curtain)

(After the manner of Oscar Wilde)

Scene—Lady Vandemore's drawing room. The room has been arranged for a large ball, but is empty except for Lady Vandemore and Lord Irvington, who are talking in a corner.

Lord I.: I really can't help being so bad. That is why people say I am so good.

Lady V.: How foolish. I don't care what people are as long as they are interesting.

Lord I.: The most interesting person is extremely boresome, I think.

Lady V.: Even I?

Lord I.: You? I never accused you of being interesting, my dear Lady Vandemore. Beauties should never be interesting.

Lady V.: Stop—you mustn't—

Lord I.: But I must—I always must do everything I mustn't.

Lady V.: Don't do it in my house then. Remember that the Duke of Westchester is to be at my ball tonight.

Lord I.: The Duke—ah—the Duke is too interesting to interest me at all—but the Dutchess—like yourself—

Lady V.: Please go. My husband may come in at any time.

Lord I.: An added incentive to stay. My dear Lady, do you own a scarf?

Lady V.: A scarf? Yes, a beautiful one. Why?

Lord I.: It may be useful to me tonight. I will—

Lady V.: Hush. My husband is coming. Please leave me.

(Exit Lord Irvington)

(After the manner of John Galsworthy)

Scene—Living room of Robert Watson's mansion. Seated around a table are Robert Watson; his son, Irving Watson; Richard Poole, a business associate.

Watson: Everything is in the worst possible mess. The men threaten to leave at once unless we agree to listen to their proposals.

Poole: We will not listen of course. What insolence on their part.

Irving: Oh come, I am not so sure there isn't something to be said on their side.

Poole: Rot. There is nothing to be said on their side. They are a spoiled lot. How can they expect us to give in to such nonsensical ideas?

Irving: They are not so nonsensical as not to know their side has some justice on it.

Watson: Come, come. We are not getting anywhere.

Poole: And never will until we take a firm stand against them. Mark my words, Watson.

Watson: I do not know what course is right. I am terribly troubled.

Irving: But so are the men. And Joyce—

Watson: Leave Joyce out of this. What my daughter's personal sentiments are does not affect my business arrangements.

Irving: Very well, I will leave you as I can never agree with you (exits).

(After the manner of the Russian)

Scene—A garden. Two young girls, Anna and Olga, sitting beside old Grandfather.

Anna: I would like to travel, Olga. Just think of our five brothers scattered over the world.

Olga: We are not men, sister. It is our place to stay with Grandfather. We cannot travel.

Anna: If we only had enough to eat, it would not be so bad.

Olga: The bread is all gone and the turnips are frozen.

Grandfather: I want some beer. In the old days I had plenty of beer.

Olga: But we have nothing.

Anna: If we only could get work. Perhaps I could go to the city and find something.

Olga: I will not stay alone with the Grandfather. If you go, I shall go too.

Anna: Then let us go together. It is better for us to try to live than to starve here in this garden.

Olga: Yes, yes, let us both go.

Grandfather: Do not leave me. I shall die if you go.

Olga: Come, Anna. Here is your shawl. (To Grandfather): Everything must die anyway. Come, hurry, Anna. (Anna and Olga go out and the Grandfather is left alone.)

(After the manner of Granville Barker)

Scene—A New England parlor. The room is as prim and proper as the persons occupying it. The old sofa has an air of propriety. The Ancestors in their gilt frames on the wall look most dignified. Even the old clock ticks with an air. But there is someone in the room who is different. No one knows what made her different—at any rate, she is different. She is the only young thing in the room, and at present is taking tea with her two old aunts, Miss Julia and Miss Ellen.

Miss Ellen: I trust your father intends to visit you for a short time at least, this summer, Elsie. He has neglected you so long.

Elsie: Oh, no, Papa merely likes to travel. You could not expect him to stay tied down in this little town, while I merely went to school.

Miss Julia: While your mother lived, Elsie, he never stirred from the town. How he could have gone then, I do not see. I was born in this town and hope to die here.

Miss Ellen (proudly): All our ancestors were born in this town.

Miss Julia: Not quite all. (She is reluctant to admit this.)

Miss Ellen: All who were worth their salt.

Elsie: Papa was born in the West. He is different, isn't he?

Miss Ellen (triumphantly): Of course. I have told you so many times. But you are like us, Elsie.

Elsie (hoping she is not like them): Am I?

Miss Julia (who always tries to be strictly truthful): Not just like us, Elsie. I suppose your father—

Miss Ellen: Indeed, she is not a bit like him, sister. She would not go roaming over the world.

Elsie: Perhaps I would if someone were with me.

Miss Julia: It is not ladylike for well-brought-up girls to roam around the world. (She never roamed when she was a girl.)

Miss Ellen: I confess I wanted to once.

Miss Julia: Don't recall the follies of your youth.

Elsie: Well, papa will be with us next week, and it is for him to say. The world is changing, you know.

Miss Ellen: For the worse, I am afraid.

Miss Julia (still strictly truthful): They said that when we were young, Ellen.

Miss Ellen (who likes to imagine she was always staid and proper): I have forgotten.

Elsie: May I go out into the garden now? (She wants to think of her father, but cannot in this atmosphere. The ancestors are frowning at her.)

Miss Julia: Yes, my dear child. Don't forget to wear gloves and carry a sunshade.

Miss Ellen: And do not romp.

Elsie (sighing): Yes, I'll remember. (She thinks as she goes out that perhaps her father won't be so particular about gloves and a sunshade in the garden.)

---

### POEM

What are you made of lovely Moon, lovely Moon  
 Climbing high  
 In the velvet sky  
 Like the soul of a silver tune?

I am the soul of a song unborn, Boy, dear Boy,  
 Waiting here  
 Till the time draws near  
 For the dawn of perfect joy.

But you wait in vain, Soul of Song, Soul of Song,  
 Sing tonight,  
 And forget that right  
 Was lost in a world of wrong.

Nay, ever I'll wait for the dawn to break, Boy, dear Boy.  
 Unsung my song,  
 Tho long—so long  
 I must wait for the perfect joy!

## I WAS COLUMBINE AND YOU—

I HAD a dream—a lovely dream—that the Sandman flung to me as a parting gift—just as I sailed away on my nightly voyage—out on the Sea of Sleep—into the Land of Nod.

I was Columbine—and you were Harlequin! Up and down the land we roamed—happy as happy could be. You wore your suit of many colours, Harlequin—the lovely suit with the vari-coloured lonzenges that I have always loved. You wore your tight, black stocking cap—and your silver mask that cannot—hard as it may try—hide your laughing voice or your bewitching laughter. I wore my loveliest gown, Harlequin—all for you—all for you. It was light and billowy—of finest lace—with tiny rose-bud garlands that peeked out from among the tiny folds and ripples. I wore a forget-me-not in my hair—the forget-me-not that you gave me. You carried your wand, Harlequin—just in case you needed it. Hand in hand we set out on the dusty road—slowly we walked—because we had so much to say to each other, didn't we? But soon we left the dusty road—and took to the open green meadows and the rolling hills that seemed like little mounds to you and me. We didn't walk in the green meadows or over the rolling hills—we danced—oh, how we danced—to the gay, lilting songs of our souls! No one except an occasional feathery bird or chattering squirrel saw as we leaped thru the air or whirled over a bubbling brook—that is, no one except the gay little breezes that played in the treetops or the fairy children that hid under the maple leaves. Suddenly we came to a jagged cliff—which loomed clear and gray against the blue of the morning sky. At the foot of the cliff rippled a dainty little brook. Harlequin, your twinkling feet leaped across the bubbling stream—and mine followed—because you had led. But you stopped there, Harlequin—and I stopped with you. We liked to leap—and to whirl—and pirouette, didn't we? But you knew, Harlequin, as well as I that you never liked to climb precipices—or cliffs—and you always said that it was a waste of perfectly good time to go around such places—and, of course, I thought so too—as long as you did. And so, Harlequin, we played by the brooklet—in and out among the willow trees—playing will o' the wisp. And you picked hazelblossoms for my hair—and I spattered you with water drops—just for fun—and you laughed. Soon we tired of playing—and stretched ourselves out on the cool, green grass. Suddenly your long, slim finger pointed—toward the topmost, jagged point of the cliff—my eyes followed—I blinked in the strong sunlight—and then—then I recognized Pierrot! High upon the precipice—on the highest point—stood Pierrot—as straight and lithe as an Indian boy—his arms outstretched to heaven—a bewitching figure. You looked at me, Harlequin, and I looked at you—for you know how we have laughed at him—you know, Harlequin. But we didn't laugh then, somehow,—we just smiled quietly—because I knew, and so did you, that in spite of his foolish ways—his dreams carried him far and away—far above us. We could never get

up on that jagged rock, Harlequin—we'd be dizzy—or well, perhaps we'd see a lovely tree of appleblossoms—or, more likely—we'd stick to the open, green fields—beautiful green fields—and leave the high spots for such melancholic spirits as Pierrot. But then you laughed, Harlequin—your bewitching laugh—and I laughed too—for we were content with the green meadows—and the tinkling brook—and besides I had you—and you had me—and Pierrot was alone on his heights—all alone.

And then—the dream caught in a mesh—and the sunbeams kissed my nose—it was morning—and Maytime.

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### LULLABY

How would you like to sail away—  
 High, high,  
 Thru the soft dark sky,  
 Up to the land where the star-sprites play  
 Twinkle-wink, in the Milky Way—  
 In the Land of Lullaby?

You'll sail along on a purple sea—  
 Slow, slow,  
 While the breezes blow  
 Gentle kisses of love to thee,  
 Breaths of fragrance from flower and tree  
 Wafted to and fro.

The Man-in-the-moon will wink and smile—  
 Sly, sly,  
 With his great round eye  
 Twinkling at you in his friendly style,  
 Coaxing you just to stay awhile  
 In the Land of Lullaby.

You may sail all night on the purple sea—  
 Far, far,  
 Till the Morning Star  
 Guides my precious one back to me.  
 Just as the Sun-king, drowsily  
 Rises beyond the bar.

So, my pretty one, sail away—  
 High, high  
 Thru the soft dark sky,  
 Up to the land where the star-sprites play—  
 But come back to me at the peep of day  
 From the Land of Lullaby.

### APOLGIA PRO "JAZZ"

IN some moods I could worship at the throne of the muse of music, just because one of her children is jazz. The sensation is with me now. Plebian, common, even gross I may be, but the emotional reaction, that the playing of a popular record can give me, is something that is vital and strangely moving. I could give myself over, at this very moment, to the spell of that wierdly moaning victrola on the table beside me, and be literally abandoned to an emotional orgy of purely sensuous delight in those low writhing rhythms. Oh, I love it! I love it! It is a force that swings me out of myself, and makes me forget whether the thing I am delighting in is standard, or approved, or ticketed with the label: "This is quite *au fait*. The best people enjoy it." I revel in my own keen joy in something of which I have not questioned the worth. The sweetness of it, to me is honest; and that is enough.

Listen to it, won't you! Catch those high dancing notes swinging up above the regular beat of the rhythm, in kind of mad jargon of melodies. Is your ear atune like mine to the heavy, regular pulsing of the base notes, the barbaric wail of the saxaphone swaying through all the biazarre harmony, like a great weaving spell, the lilting minor strains, delicately touching the whole into some queer, warped, abnormal phrase of music—a froth of tunes?

Oh, what force has been tremendous enough to create such a paradox, such a complex and varied thing! It is sobbing gaily, laughing sadly, beautifully grotesque, lovely with insanity, in its appeal barbaric, yet the product of civilization. Those ripples of sound, tender and throbbing, that little melancholy song, panting to itself through the coarser melodies, the harsher notes smashing on the ear, blatant, raucous, shouting with the carnal joys of life, that weird, twisting, writhing of tunes together in one striking and discordant sound wreathing into the greater and stranger harmony—oh can you turn away from all that and say, "Absurd! Stupid! Worthless! A blot on modern life"? Tho create harmony from discord, a beauteous form from a fantastic riot of drifting notes, an exquisite titellation of the emotions from a grotesque crudity—I may be unrefined, but I call it art.

It's mine! It's ours! It's the spirit of us—of this great embryonic force that the world is referring to with horror, as the "younger generation." It is glorious, vital, dancing, superficial in its beauty perhaps, but with an odd, new strength running through it like a steady current which is purposeful, in spite of the froth flecking it and the glamorous glints of sun. How gay and brave, with the light firmness running through it like a steel wire! What if it be the periphery of beauty—I think I recall a geometrical theorem stating that no circle is complete lacking its outer edge. It is gallant music, unconventional, essentially new—so is this monstrosity of the "coming generation." It is the symbol of our delight in life, our originality (attempted at least), our directness,—crude if you will,—in dealing with existence.

That swinging harmony is one side of us in metaphor. It is the sound symbol of the force that stands behind the roaring, fur-coated masses at football games. It is the spirit of the crowds who delight in dancing at unique Coffee houses and teating at the Westchester-Biltmore. It stands back of all the open-handed comradeship of the sportsman. Superficial? Oh Yes, Yes—! But, in its way something that follows beauty, and after its own fashion, craves the exquisite. And who can say that this is all nugatory? Where is the judge who dares? . . . But this is jazz . . . !

So now it comes over me that my radiator is stone-cold, that the river is black and the gleams of lights on it few, that the victrola has long since sobbed itself into silence. I come back from the impractical world where all my illusions live, and realize with a sniff of self-annoyance, all the fallacies of the things I have been thinking and writing. Yet still I can glimpse a flash of the ideal I was reaching for, but could not grasp; and the thought I was trying to embrace, glows for an instant in lovely and lucid words before it fades. And still could I do reverence at the throne of the teacher of Orpheus, because of this, her youngest and rebellious child.

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## THE MESSAGE OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

(Contributed)

From distant countries, one by one they came  
 Their only guide a star—the Star of Fame.  
 It led them to the manger of the King  
 Surrounded by sweet angels, who did sing,  
 “Glory to God, and peace on earth to men”—  
 The message of the Star of Bethlehem!

The rich and poor alike, came one and all  
 To kneel and worship in the lowly stall,  
 They gazed enraptured at the lovely Child  
 Who looked on them with peace and mercy mild.  
 And there His starry eyes conveyed to men  
 The message of the Star of Bethlehem!

The Child grew up; He grew in wondrous ways  
 And growing merited both love and praise.  
 Beloved by all, their eyes would dim with joy  
 When to their humble homes would come the Boy.  
 Such was His life, portraying to all men  
 The message of the Star of Bethlehem!



Where'er He went, there gathered crowds who came  
 To hear Him and be healed,—both sick and lame—  
 In deeds of kindness all His days were passed,  
 He lived a glorious life unto the last,  
 Exemplifying by His death, to men,  
 The message of the Star of Bethlehem!

He is not dead; His spirit still doth live  
 In heart of him who can in kindness give  
 To aid a suff'ring brother; who can rise  
 Above life's petty trials and jealousies.  
 Thus lives unheralded in hearts of men  
 The message of the Star of Bethlehem!

Oh may the world be clothed in robes of peace!  
 May all strife end, and pain and sorrow cease!  
 May all hearts join and make the echoes ring  
 Singing with love as did the angels sing—  
 "Glory to God, and peace on earth to men"—  
 The message of the Star of Bethlehem! .

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### SPRING

Come along! Come along!  
 Come to the hills.  
 We'll find pussy-willows  
 And bright daffodils.

Come along! Come along!  
 Come to the plain,  
 For brooks now are calling  
 Calling again.

Come along! Come along!  
 Come to the sea,  
 And sailing in ships  
 Forever we'll be.

Come along! Come along!  
 Come for it's Spring!  
 Dance to world's end!  
 Play! Play and sing!

## THE STORKLINGS

JAN brought ice cream home last night. What an extravagance! We had just come down from tucking in the children when he went to the ice-box and brought it out—a surprise.

“Oh goody!” I exclaimed, clapping my hands and running to the cupboard for saucers. “The children aren’t asleep yet. Won’t they be surprised to be pulled from the Sandy-man and given it! They’ll think Santa Claus—”

“Let’s forget the children,” put in Jan.

I stared in amazement. “Forget the children,” I repeated. “Why—Jan!”

“Well yes, you always share everything with them,” he returned, a little embarrassed I thought. “Come now, Lois, you know I wouldn’t exchange them for anything in the world,—but can’t we get away from them just once—and pretend,—pretend we didn’t have any?”

He was in earnest, I saw it in his face. “What fun!” I crowed. “Let’s pretend we’re on our honeymoon, shan’t we?—Eating ice cream at—well say at The Jenny Lind?” It was delightful this idea. A little thrill of pleasure swept over me. I ran to the china closet and got down two pink honeymoon china dishes for the ice cream, and lighted our silver candlestick on the table. Then, slipping on a light fluffy-ruffle dress, I went into the living room. Jan smiled. He had his cue.

“I never imagined the mountains could be so hot at night,” he said. “Shan’t we just step in and have a little ice cream?” We stepped.

“How daintily they have arranged things here, candle-light and all. We must remember this place, Lois dear, when we are older and—ah—have children.”

The ice cream was luscious—maple nut. It was so long since I had had any. I took tiny bites to make it all last longer and I noticed, wickedly, that Jan did too. It was over at last.

“Do you feel exceptionally strong?” I asked tenderly.

“Robust!”

At that I slipped over and sat upon his knee, laying my head on his shoulder. We sat there together, watching the candle burn lower and lower.

“This is so perfect,” I began.

“What is?”

“This honeymoon, of course. I just hate to see it all end.”

He smiled. “Oh yes, but other things are coming—the new house and all.”

“Jan,” I said softly, picking at his lapel.

“Yes?”

“If the stork should come, what should we name them?” It was sudden—this question.

“Oh—why,—it wouldn’t matter much, ‘Reginald’ or ‘Petunia’ or—”

“How about ‘Lois’ and ‘Jan,’” I hinted.

He grinned. "Nope, no 'Lois' for me. Reminds me too much of a girl I used to know."

"Jan!—another woman!"

"Oh. She's long forgotten, and well—'Jan' is a no-account name too. No wee Storkling of mine shall be dubbed that."

We talked on. Soon I got down and ran upstairs. "Jan," I called in an excited whisper, "he's been here."

"Who has?"

"The—The stork! Come up quick." He was up the stairs in a bound. I led the way to the little back room. There in wee white beds were the Storklings,—one a slim, fairy-like, little girl of five with fine dark hair and lashes, and the other a round, chubby bunch of blue flannelette with a curly golden head—arms and legs tightly wound about a big brown Teddy Bear.

"Aren't they darlings?" I whispered.

"Humph, sort of large for beginners seems to me," he muttered.

"You can't tell about sizes much. And besides, you'd hate them wee, red, and squally. Some fathers I know have had to walk the floor with theirs at night. That would irritate you, I know."

Jan grinned widely. "Well I guess I could make out with this little piece. Looks like she could cook for her old dad."

"And I'll take him," I said, pulling the blanket over the chubby sleeper. "But Jan—I'll have to tell you. They came all named so we can't change. And the names are—"

"Yes?"

"'Jan' and 'Lois.' I'm sorry you—"

"Bother," he said boyishly, "forget it. 'Lois' did remind me of a girl I knew but it is a mighty nice memory after all."

"That's kind of you. And, come to think of it,—I quite doted on a 'Jan' once, not such a chubby fellow as this but the curls are the same. We'll keep them then?"

"Sure thing," said Jan, with true fatherly pride.

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### CYCLE

The summer things are gone, and they will not come back.  
 You have called to them, but they will not answer.  
 You want them—those beautiful summer things—but they will not come back.

The scent of flowers hanging softly in the summer air.  
 Locusts and crickets chirping and droning a buzzing medley.  
 Stars so low that long fingers might pull them from the spotted sky.  
 A street of silver sequins bridging the sheaf of shining river from the low-riding moon to the still, black figure which is you.

A giant oak lifting fingers of wondering praise into the silver stillness of the sky.

The cool of summer evening soothing your uplifted face with fine fingertips of little breezes.

And then—Love.

Love that makes the peace in your soul;

Love that will never die;

Love that fills your being with singing;

Love that is yours, and yours.

These are the beautiful things that are gone from you. Will you never return, beautiful things?

Then tell me where you are, and why you will not come back.

“We flowers are dead now. We lived for beauty and for love. Today we are husks and stalks of hideous ugliness—insults to the earth that bore us.

Yes, we loved life and beauty once—but we are dead. How shall we come back to you?”

“Even we happy insects are dead. Life that is cold and drab and ugly is not for us—and so we die.”

“We stars are far away from you. Once we came to you and you would not take us from the sky with your long fingers. Now we hang high in the sky, proud and disdainful stars. You passed us by once, but now, nevermore!”

“I am the low-riding moon with her train of silver sequins. You shall never see my silver sequins, more. Once I stooped to kiss you with my silver lips, but now I am far away from your bare, bleak earth. I am soft, and warm, and lovely, but I am not for you.”

“And I, the giant oak tree, am stripped and bared—my arms no longer lift in wonder and in praise.—I curse and revile the things I see—for what is Life that it should kill my beauty and leave but the anguish of an empty, life-loving soul? I too, am dead.”

“I am the cool summer breezes. Now winter has come, and I will beat you and buffet you with my strong flailing arms. I am strong and cruel, and I am heartless. I am the North Wind—and I will beat you.”

“And I, Love, am also dead. You killed me. You loved Beauty—but you forgot Soul. Once you said two little words that withered up my heart—and you, Other One, you would not speak—and so I died. You were bitter—and hate grew in your hearts—how can I return to you?—for you have killed me.”

And yet—today I heard a robin sing.

And at evening I saw that the stars were low.

And I knew that a long-fingered man might reach them.

UPON THE STRATEGY OF LOSING A COMPANION  
(IN A TIME OF NECESSITY)

Hello! Yes, do walk too—  
Just anywhere;  
I often walk alone  
To get the air.  
(Oh dear!  
Why does she tag me here?)

I like the brown fields  
Turning green;  
It makes me think  
Of other Springs I've seen—  
(Hush, don't be mean.)

The sky, the river, and the birds—  
You love them too?  
And all those chirpy noises that are heard  
When Spring is new.  
(What can I say to you!)

Look out, it's wet.  
I'm stepping in a pool  
Up to my ankles  
But I love it—cool—  
(Go home—don't be a fool.)

Too wet for you?  
Don't go!  
But then, I guess  
It is quite slushy, though.  
I'll turn back too.

Goodbye, get warm—  
So glad you came.  
Yes—I'm staying out,  
I like the rain  
But don't you come;  
You'll get a cold again.





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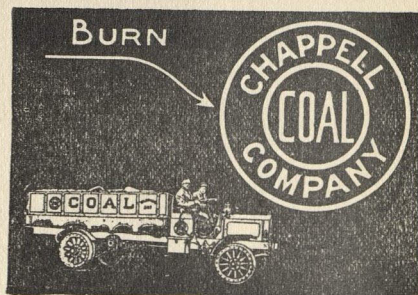
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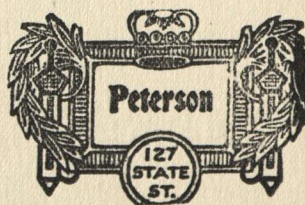
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