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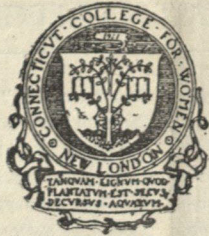
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Service of Smith Unit In France

Miss Alice Leavens, who, with the Smith unit, has been doing reconstruction work in France for over a year, was the Vespers' speaker last Sunday. Miss Leavens said that she went over with the idea of doing reconstruction work in the devastated parts of France, but that before her return she had served in every other capacity imaginable. The Unit first started in a village which had been destroyed by the Germans, and attempted to make some of the houses temporarily habitable and to relieve some of the suffering which resulted from lack of food, clothing and sleep. After a time they were driven out by the return of the Boche, and the work which they had done was demolished so that the enemy might not find it.

They were then pressed into service as nurses and as "cheerers" for the soldiers who were convalescing. The need which our men felt for touches of home and for someone who could speak English Miss Leavens especially brought out, and at the same time emphasized the great good which the various organizations have done in supplying this need. The Smith unit has been able, during its stay in France, to serve, in some way, men in practically every branch of our service. No service has been too menial or uninteresting for it to undertake, and this is the secret of all success in serving. Miss Leavens said at the beginning that the girl who could not forget herself and do the task which no one wanted to do would not in any sense be of value in the work which had to be done nor would she herself have any satisfaction in her work.

One of the most vivid pictures which was drawn during the talk was the one of the people who, because of the guns roaring in the distance and the constant danger of bombs could not sleep and who, when they could stand it no longer took their blankets or, in the case of old people, chairs, and went out on the hillside where they were a little safer than in the city, and where they could get a little rest.

In concluding, Miss Leavens said that there is still much work to be done by American women, but that the work which is now to be taken up will be of a more permanent nature. Houses will be built anew, not just patched, and villages will be planned for the future, not for a few weeks.

Dramatic Club Presents Its First Plays

On January 17th, the Dramatic Club presented the two sketches, "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsany, and "The Man On the Kerb," by Alfred Sutro. Owing to the illness of Miss Helen Perry, the club was unable to give "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," which was to have completed the programme. In view of this fact, Mr. Currie under whose direction the plays were staged gave several recitations, which were done with that expression and spirit which Mr. Currie shows in all his work.

In the "Lost Silk Hat," Miss Doris Patterson enacted with much manliness and humor the part of the man caller who had left his hat in the house of his rejected fiancée. In her vain attempts to recover the hat from the house she sought aid from a laborer, Miss Helen Gage, a clerk, Miss Francis Otten, and a poet, Miss Jeanette Sperry. They all refused to help her, so in desperation she at last was forced to go for it herself, much to the sorrow of the poet.

Miss Mary Hester as Joseph Matthews, and Roberta Newton as Mary, Joseph's wife, played the roles of poverty-stricken parents in "The Man on the Kerb," with deep feeling and emotion. Both the actresses deserve much credit for their work.

The cast of the players follows:

The Lost Silk Hat

The Caller.....Doris Patterson, '21
The Laborer.....Helen Gage, '20
The Clerk.....Francis Otten, '19
The Poet.....Jeanette Sperry, '22
The Policeman.....Lydia Marvin, '21

The Man On the Kerb

Joseph Matthews
Mary St. Clair Hester, '20
Mary (his wife)..Roberta Newton, '21

DISCUSSION GROUPS TO BE CONTINUED

A meeting of the Discussion Groups was held on January 14th. A vote was passed to continue these groups as they have proved of great interest and value. Many subjects were suggested for the five meetings which are to follow. These subjects have all been brought to light at the meetings of the various groups, and have been of especial interest to the members. Winona Young, Marena Prentis and Juline Warner have resigned as group leaders and new leaders will be chosen later.

Second Senior Sing In Full-Moon-Light

Ordinarily one would do a thing more than twice before one dared to call it a custom, but the Seniors felt after their second full moon sing that it was indeed an established tradition. Not one of them but realized that the stonewall gatherings would become one of their most vital memories of C. C., with the gold moon over the live stone of New London Hall, with the harbor lights gleaming, with the familiar tunes in the clear air, with the close comradeship of the black-gowned group (with the honey-colored hair of the cheerleader in the moonlight). The beauty of all these was increased by the delightful flavor of its being indeed a custom.

But just because a thing is a tradition C. C. doesn't think that it shall forever persist firm and unchanging, but hopes that all of its traditions may be enriched and extended with each repetition. While the Seniors gloried in the success of their first two sings, they also enjoyed the anticipation of their ever-widening significance. The full moon and the singing is much too nice to be monopolized, even if the Seniors do have first right to the stone wall and the picturesque (at least in the dark) robes. The Senior sings are really the nucleus for college sings—when the Seniors gather monthly to bring their new songs to the stone wall, the other classes will gather about and contribute something new, too.

This will all be very nice in general, and here is a particular way in which it will be nice—it will stimulate the production of those college songs we need so badly. Why don't YOU fall to and write one for YOUR class to bring to the next sing?

FRESHMEN FEATURE LOLLY-POPS

The final bond of relationship was established between the Freshman and Junior classes on Friday evening, January 10th, when the Freshmen entertained the Juniors in the gym. The Freshmen lived up to their reputation for originality by making it a middy party. The informality implied was carried out to the full by the character of the entertainment. Dignified Juniors joined with great hilarity in the rollicking games. Even the Faculty were pressed into the service of helping amuse. The refreshments

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Give Joint Recital

The first full moon of the New Year beamed auspiciously for the first formal public gathering at Connecticut College this year—the joint recital of Mr. and Mrs. William Wheeler, on Thursday evening, January 16th.

The program was unique in representing various members of the college department of music: Mr. Wheeler, the vocal instructor; Mr. Bauer, accompanist, professor of piano; and Dr. Coerne, head of the department, represented on the program by his charming "Wild Rose," sung by Mr. Wheeler.

The numbers of the program were well chosen and varied. Especially lovely were the duets, in which both voices blended delightfully. The songs by Dvorak were particularly pleasing—especially Mrs. Wheeler's interpretation of the gay "Tune thy Strings, O Gypsy," and Mr. Wheeler's solo, "The Cloudy Heights of Tatra." The old folk songs, quaint, humorous and pathetic, found a sympathetic and appreciative audience, especially "A Ballynure Ballad," which Mr. Wheeler had to repeat.

A pleasant surprise in the program was Professor Bauer's piano solo, Rubenstein's Contredanse, a long and difficult selection, which brought repeated applause from the audience, but no encore from Mr. Bauer.

This is the first of a concert series which includes The Gerardj Trio; Violinist, Violoncellist, and Harpist, all members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on March 13th; and a Violin Recital by Helen Jeffrey on April 17th, in addition to the Student Recitals and the Glee Club Concert. The series is well worth the enthusiastic support of the entire college.

DEEP STUFF

This is the result of psychological discussion upon the active and passive person!

Passive subject: I'm becoming active; I'm beginning now.

Active subject: Well, will you kindly become active enough to hand me that knife?

Passive subject: No, but I'll be passive enough to pass it to you.

fitted into the general spirit of the evening; people pranced gaily through the Virginia Reel with lolly-pops protruding rakishly from their mouths. The evening closed with songs and cheering.

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A MID-YEAR'S REVEILLE.

By this time we have hashed over the exam schedule for uncounted moments of dreadful despair, and we have discussed the immense disadvantages of our particular share in the above mentioned academic activity from every angle. The semester, like a good first act, has skillfully aroused and maintained suspense and interest (see Archer, pages 64-91), heightening the tension at appropriate times by quizzes and mid terms, all leading up to this grand triumphal climax. We have been knitting the scarf of our academic Destiny, until all that remains to be done before submitting the finished article to the faculty for private exhibition is to finish the last row and cast off the stitches.

Yes, that is all. But some of us have several balls of yarn to knit up ere the end. And it's going to mean that we will have to knit a row a minute to catch up to the schedule. Some of us, in fact, will have to work overtime.

We have set ourselves no simple task. It is going to be long and monotonous. It is going to mean staying up late and getting up early. Lucky is it for us that we have no rules and regulations concerning lights out. Cramming is decidedly the most strenuous of college activities.

As to whether it is the most efficient—well, that is another question entirely. Granted that we forget a

large part of what we assimilate in this intensive cultivation of fruit from the tree of knowledge, isn't some of the material driven home more vigorously than it would be by daily research? If intensive training is so highly praised these days, why not intensive culture?

Besides, some cynical friend has remarked that "You go to college to learn to forget." A more optimistic commentator has said that "If you remembered all you learned in college you'd be as wise as Solomon." So, evidently, there is hope for us even though our academic memory be somewhat elusive at times.

But this is no time for prognostication. Nor even for discussion. It is the time for action. By taking thought we cannot add one second to the blessed period before the examinations begin. Excuses and arguments avail no longer. The long-dreaded examinations are upon us.

"Well, but," asks the puzzled observer, "Why didn't you study all along?"

Of course we intended to. It's one of our regular New Year's resolutions. But like some other resolutions, it's too good to keep. So here we are, in the year 1919, A. D. absorbed in the whirl of the semi-annual academic clearance sale. In which some of us will get the worst of the bargain. But, as Tiny Tim did not say, may luck be with us, every one!

ALMS—FOR THE LOVE OF ALLAH—ALMS

If we were suddenly stricken with poverty, discovered to be absolutely penniless, and in our abject misery turned to you, oh, my sisters—you, whose pockets are full and overflowing—tell me, would you turn away, ignoring our outstretched, empty hands and white, beseeching faces? Say not so!

Now it happens that we have lost what is far more precious than mere money—to wit, our bag of tricks and clever ideas—without which what paper can succeed? You, on the other hand, have scarcely opened your bags this year; wherefore, they must be full of splendid, original ideas. Ah, my sisters, hearken, I prithee, to our woe-ful cry—be generous, open your bags, and out with all your clever thoughts!

Alms—for the love of Allah—Alms!

ON DELEGATIONS

Eight Connecticut College students attended the Y. W. C. A. conference at Silver Bay last summer, where they acquired a great deal of valuable information. Not one of the eight would hesitate to say that the trip was well worth the two or three hundred dollars which it cost the students and friends of the college.

However, does it not seem that this delegation, like some others the students have sent out, has fallen into the habit of reporting that the trip

was "thrilling" or the place was "wonderful," and letting it go at that?

Would it not be possible for all the girls who have been to Silver Bay in the last two years to constitute themselves a little group which should interest other girls in the annual conferences, and help to send more girls from Connecticut College than has yet been possible? I hesitate to speak of the group as a Silver Bay Club, such as exist in many colleges, for some one would immediately object that we are already over organized. Doubtless we are. Without the necessity of charter or constitution, a little informal group of delegates could do a great deal toward devising ways and means of raising a Silver Bay Fund to defray future delegation expenses, and could find ways of expressing the true inspiration which came into their lives during the ten days of the conference. What do the other delegates think about it?

W. F. Y. '19.

SYMPATHY FROM THAMES HALL

All the other reception rooms must be lonely! They are never the rendezvous of every house on campus, of every class, of every organization. Other reception halls are actually occasionally empty for the people of the house to enter, to use without interrupting a meeting.

Think how uninteresting that would be! All the uncertainty of being disappointed of reaching the reception room and finding it resounding with a class sing would be done away with. Life would indeed be monotonous!

What dissipated lives the other students must lead! Why, they may gather in the reception room with their dormitory mates every night after dinner until the quiet hour bell rings!

How thankful the girls of Thames Hall are that their lives will always be righteous, studious, and exciting, because they cannot meet nightly—weekly or monthly either—in their reception room.

Oh, it's a grand and glorious feeling!

A. M. A. '21.

BAKED BEANS AND BROWN BREAD

A Plea to the Culinary Department For An Old-fashioned Saturday Night Supper.

Do joyful thoughts arise in your mind when you read the words *baked beans and brown bread*? If not, read no further for, I can assure you, you will be bored. Furthermore, you will think my paper trivial, foolish, quite as foolish indeed as would be a paper on creamed toast or stewed prunes. But I am not writing for you who think my subject nonsensical, because you, I know, have never lived in that circle of people around Ecston to whom Saturday night, throughout the fall and winter at least, means inevitably beans

and brown bread. I am writing for you who have happy recollections when you think of the Saturday night supper, for you, who like myself, fate has removed to new regions, and has doomed to disappointment on each succeeding Saturday night when no dish of beans with a piece of crisped pork half hidden in them, and no plate with a steaming loaf of brown bread on it graces the supper table. I wonder if your memories of preparations for the Saturday night supper are like mine.

Didn't your mother used to say, briskly, when the dishes were finished on Friday night? "Now gather round the fire, children, and shell the beans, for I want to put them to soak as soon as I can." Then amidst much rattling of dried bean pods, amidst much laughter, and amidst much spilling of beans, you shelled them and watched the dry pods blaze merrily as you threw them on the fire. In the morning you all had to be up early. Saturday was a busy day—the beans must first be made ready for the oven, the baking must be done, the cream must be churned, for you always wanted freshly made butter with the brown bread. But in an unbelievably short time noon had come. The beans were baking, the butter in golden pats lay on its white plate, and all the cooking except the making of the brown bread was finished. After dinner your mother made that, and put it in the big copper kettle to steam. Then you were free till supper time, at least you always believed that you were, but no sooner did you become buried in an exciting story than your mother called, "Mary Jane, will you see if there is water enough in the beans, I think I can smell them?" You had to leave your story and pour water into the beans. Yet after you were in the kitchen, you didn't much mind that you had been disturbed, for you could taste the beans to be sure that they were cooking fast enough—at least you believed that that was why you tasted them—you could eat a freshly baked cookie, and nibble a tiny bit of pie. At last supper time came. Didn't your whole family gather around, while your mother got the brown bread out of the pail, and all offer suggestions as to the best way of making it come out whole? But finally without your mother's taking anyone's advice, it came out a steaming and perfect loaf, which the youngest of the family proudly carried to the table, while someone else followed with the beans, and someone else with the butter. Wasn't the Saturday night supper always the jolliest in the week, for wasn't your whole family at home, and wasn't everyone hungry and happy; and didn't everyone have such funny stories to tell that the room fairly resounded with your laughter and merriment? But most of all on Saturday night, didn't you wish that you never had to stop eating baked beans and brown bread?

CECILIA WASHBURN '22.

FREE VERSE AND PUBLIC OPINION

We have refrained from discussing verse, free and otherwise, to any extent in our columns—very wisely, perhaps—but it is a subject more or less interesting to all of us. In spite of a certain popularity, for the most part among novelty-seekers, so-called free verse has not found many doors open in the literary market. There is a demand for optimistic lyrical verse; for verse which is strictly classical in form; for verse in unusual but determined form, such as sonnet or ballad:—but most editors are apt to leave the "New Poetry" out in the cold.

There was a time when poetic genius found its expression in lyrical verse—verse with a glorious, lilting melody, as intense and sweet as the voice of the nightingale, varying and full of charm. In the hands of masters, the form was expressive of beauty and truth; in the hands of imitators, the form is mere form, words, sounds—music of a sort, perhaps, but lacking real feeling, or real meaning. It is in revolt against such poetry—"form for form's sake"—that the new poetry has arisen. And there is something very salutary in the new movement, in spite of the abortive attempts that flooded the market as soon as the first door opened to admit free verse.

Some people find a poem's chief charm in its music, or in the picture it is supposed to paint. Supporters of the new movement rebel against this, declaring that poetry, music, and painting should not be ingredients of one concoction, but distinct and by themselves. In a poem, every line, every stanza, should stand by itself, without color, without rime, without decorations of any sort whatever. A severe simplicity is essential.

There is such a thing as all form, and no thought, but a thought to stand quite by itself in naked simplicity must be starkly real and beautiful—which is

an argument for free verse, since it encourages the simplest expression of genuine emotion, and thus gets down to truth and life—or reaches up to them, if you prefer—far more surely than by soaring on the wings of form alone.

Simplicity, sincerity, reality, truth—they are the vital factors in a poem. Music may have its charm, color its charm, but the best expression of the greatest things in life is the simplest.

Some of our ultra-modern free verse is horrible, but some so-called lyrical verse is equally so. Stripped of all artificialities, beautiful in clarity and elemental simplicity, they are equally beautiful. Thought, mood, motive, determine the form.

We have grown used to a certain type of verse, and are accustomed to associate with the word "poem," a certain position on a page; a certain method of printing, indentations, stanzas, etc.; certain rhythms; and usually rime. And our systems are so ordered that we object to new things, object to having to adjust ourselves to a new order, and to changing our well-formed opinions. A simple theme, beautiful in its nudity, expressive of basic, elemental emotions, seems crude and vulgar to our sensitive ears. It startles us, and we object to being startled. But after all, shocks are very salutary.

The pitfalls of verse-making are many, more perhaps, in free verse than in lyric, because, after all, form will "hide a multitude of sins." All the more reason, then, why we should not utterly condemn the new poetry. It is difficult to do well, it is crude, and undeveloped, but its aim is to dig down beneath the surface, to thrust off all artificialities, and stand forth in its own sheer beauty—the beauty of unadorned simplicity and truth. It is an attempt to crawl out from the suffocating mediocrity of yesterday, and approach the sincere and simple beauty of our real masters.

Public opinion sneers, but that is a

OUR DARK BROTHERS

Before the United States entered into the world-war there was much said in this country about the attitude the negroes would take if called upon to fight. There was a great deal of speculation as to whether the negroes would forget the lynchings, race riots, and shameful arrests of the past. It has already been seen how willingly they did enter the conflict, and how courageously they fought for a democracy not in the full sense of the word theirs. And why was this? Merely in the hope that after they had faithfully and heroically done their duty they would be given real democracy and justice.

Yet only a short time ago from some small town in Georgia comes the news of the lynching of a negro soldier returned from the trenches of France. On the trivial charge of having robbed a fellow negro he was arrested. Upon resisting the officer, he was pursued and killed. Had it been a white man, he would have been given a slight imprisonment or a fine for a similar offense. Well might those who fell in France demand: "Is this then what we have fought and died for?"

Small nations, weak nations, oppressed European races are all being cared for at the Council of the League of Nations. Is it not only fair that the negro question be considered and looked into? Can we say that the United States is truly safe for Democracy without doing so?

BLANCHE FINESILVER '22.

habit she has—and since mediocrity is what she most admires and is most in sympathy with, let us hope it will be some time before she sagely nods her head and says, "Free verse is so charming—I understand it thoroughly."

M. K. P. '19.

APPRECIATION

Both the girls were slender and dark. It was not until you saw them dance that you realized how inherently different they were.

On the night of the performance the house was crowded with people who were restlessly watching the heavy curtains. Suddenly the lights went out, the orchestra began playing softly, and the rising curtain revealed Wrey in spangled yellow reclining on a divan at the back of the stage. Against her head lay her sleek, black hair; her cheeks were conspicuously painted, and her long, glittering eyes dared anyone to challenge her beauty. Fascinated I felt a strange infatuation creeping over me. Then she began to dance—the slow, sensual, gliding dance of Cleopatra. In the slight motion of her bare arms, the slow twist of her supple body, the narrowing of her gleaming eyes, you could feel her snaky charm—all compelling. It was a wonderful interpretation.

Then for a moment there was silence; the dancer seemed to fade away, the music changed, and Lucy came leaping across the stage in the wild red dance of a gypsy—swirling, turning, tossing her arms, spinning her whole body in wild, fantastic ecstasy. My spirits soared with hers. I was out beneath the stars on a windy night and rushing to meet her over long stretches of barren fields.

All at once the curtain fell, followed by cries of encore, but the dancers only came to the footlights and bowed. One was a Cleopatra, the other a gypsy.

ANN HASTINGS '22.

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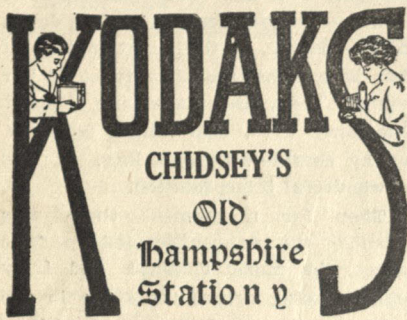
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"A multitude of things—
From 'ships at sea, and sealing-wax,'
To 'Cabbages and kings.'"

"Gobs, if you will, and ensigns, too,
And dances, games, or boys;
Things you have, and things you want,
From pocketbooks to toys;
Whether the campus is a thing
Of charm and joy for aye—
Whether you'd rather watch the sun,
Or see the geese at play."

I care not *what* you write, my dears,
But only, darlings, *when*—
Of war, of peace, of politics,
Of mid-years, or of men—
Of movies, gym, or powder-puffs,
Of oats or grass or hay—

Oh write, my dears, of anything,
But, prithee, write to-day!

M. K. P. '19.

PESSIM

They tell me true love never dies.
But is it so?
They tell me man is faithful to the
death.
But is it so?
The winds sweep up and the winds
sweep down,
The moon sails sleepily over the town,
But she soon sets.
They tell me life is long and sweet.
But—is it so?

OPTIMISM

The road is long and sun is hot.
But what care I?
Money soon goes and fame comes not.
But what care I?
There's a shade by a tree and a sail
on the sea,
There's the song of a child coming
up to me
From the daisied meadow.
Life is short—but life is strong,
So what care I?

'20.

'19.

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Vassar—Several members of the unit which has been doing civilian relief work, have been transferred to aid in the work of the American army. Vassar saved \$96.50 in one week by turning lights off during dinner.

Goucher—A sub-committee of the War Council has been formed which is known as the Committee of Patriotic Education. This committee asks students to devote regular periods, equivalent to three fifty-minute periods, to their reading. It promises to compile lists that no time "may be wasted in unsystematic wanderings among the pages of the latest magazines."

Barnard—The Sophomore class recently gave a very successful musical comedy for the benefit of war relief work.

Mt. Holyoke—Flags of the allied nations have been presented to the college by the class of 1919. The banners will be hung in the chapel.

MY LOST LOVE.

My first love—she was slim and fair,
Grey gowned, with yellow ribbons
In her hair.
And many a time she danced with me
Across the shimmering ripples
Of the sea.
Dreaming beneath the crescent moon
I listened with her to the swaying
Tide waves' croon.
Now I search the painted crowd
Of little ships and cry her
Name aloud.
Oh lovers, can you tell me where
My love is hid, my love so
Slim and fair?
I sit beside the sea and moan
My dear lost love and watch the
Waves alone.

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