PiecE! ICE CREAM! CAKE!

COME TO THE NEW TEA HOUSE.

A great want is about to be satisfied! We are to have a tea-house—-one that will be a "thing of beauty and a gastronomic joy forever." You know how much you've longed for a place to entertain your friends, for a nearly supply of candy, cake and ice cream. Can you imagine anything dearer than a real, old-fashioned Colonial House with a red-tiled roof for our tea-house? It is just above Master House, on campus, yet far enough not to disturb our minds from the work of the day.

Before you hear what it has to offer you'll want to visit it. Ice-cream is to be served regularly. Home-made pastry, candy, fruit, jellyies and package crackers will also be sold. Mrs. Mosier who will conduct it, is anxious to have it open in time for Tea Dance. Think of the opportunity! First customers will be served ice cream free of charge—which in itself is not an opportunity to be slighted.

There will be a contest for a suitable name—a distinctive name. The reward will be a free afternoon among the culinary arts of Mrs. Mosier you know what such a reward means?

CAST FOR FRENCH PLAY.

As a result of the try-outs held last week for the French play, "L'honneur Qui Espace une Fausse Meurtrière," which is to be given March 5th, the following cast has been chosen:—

Monsieur Léonard Botal, (from.)
Helen Clarke
Maitre Adam Funée, (from.)
Elizabeth Merry
Maitre Simon Colline, (from.)
Anna Flaherty
Maitre Jean Maugier, chorugien, (from.)
Gertrude Traver
Maitre Robert Dagnin, (from.)
Elisabeth Hail
Le Sieur Gilles Boiscourtier, (from.)
M. Kreykenbohm
Un Aveugle qui joue de la musette, (from.)
Ruth Krondel
Catherine, femme de M. Léonard
Botal (from.)
M. A. Taylor
Alizon, servante de M. Léonard
Botal (from.)
Dorothy Henkle
Mademoiselle de la Garandière
Claire Calen

MUSIC! MUSIC!

On February 18th, Professor Harry E. Jepson, distinguished university organist at Yale, will give an organ recital at St. James' Church, on the Plant memorial organ, which is the largest in New London. Professor Jepson will play selections from Widor, Jepson, Boold, Boield, Bocdich, Kanzanoff, Lemare, and the War March from Rienzi by Wagner. The program will be selected by recent exams., and resolved to do or die. Evidently some nerves had to be all, but a large number of Juniors and Seniors who came. Mrs. Mosier will give us a very sincere and interesting time.

In Canada, there was a contest for a suitable name—a distinctive name. The reward will be a free afternoon among the culinary arts of Mrs. Mosier you know what such a reward means?

BIRDS VISIT COLLEGE.

Mr. Herbert K. Job gives an illustrated lecture.

Has remarkable photographs.

On Tuesday the 1st of February Mr. Herbert K. Job, formerly State Ornithologist, speaks on "The Charm and Value of Wild Birds."

Mr. Job's interest in birds was aroused when he was a small boy of six or eight and has never slackened. He has written many books on the subject of birds, and taken and collected many unusual pictures of them, but he has also organized a farm at Amston, Connecticut, where wild birds are cared for.

He spoke briefly of the growth and aims of the Audubon Society, mentioning particularly, the importance of its junior membership.

His lecture was illustrated by interesting and amusing pictures of the native birds of New England. He closed his talk with a very sincere plea for the preservation of bird life.

BEWARE OF JOINT MEETINGS.

Do you know when you read last week in the dining room?

"Joint meeting with Juniors and Seniors in room 113?" Did that sound companions. or were-bodings or calamity? Absolutely no, but a large number of Juniors and Seniors who came. Mrs. Mosier will give us a very sincere and interesting time.

In Canada, there was a contest for a suitable name—a distinctive name. The reward will be a free afternoon among the culinary arts of Mrs. Mosier you know what such a reward means?

ALUMNAE!

Teachers—Send us your funny exam. excerpts! We know you must have quite a collection. And all our other fair laborites must have in their experiences found something to laugh at. Let us know. We like to laugh and do so our readers!

KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES FROM SYRIA.

American University.

Beirut, Syria, Jan. 7, 1929.

The candles of Twelfth Night are still burning for you, while I'm up to greet the sunrise of another day, leaping in golden breezes, the cold, dark silhouette of Sunnln, the highest mountain here in the foothills.
It occurs to you that it’s even a better time--you mean a time for other things; or at least to make new resolutions than at New Year’s? We take new breath, new courage, and again launch into life, isn’t it fitting new to dedicate a few vows or old ones that we may in the end be able to range our schedule so that we can spare at least a day an hour for good, substantial reading? If you, then, consider a moment you will see where you can spare, even more than an hour. But don’t do it! Start moderating! Alas! How many resolutions have come to nothing because we promised ourselves too much. And then if you feel you can get away some more reading, give up about fifteen minutes to the newspaper. Don’t ever feel out of it when current events are being discussed? Physical isolation should not involve mental isolation.

There are heaps of other good and absolutely necessary resolutions we make; here are some with an earnest plea for the hard- working, and you think of the rest. Personally we think it’s just as easy to sit in your own assigned seat as in the wrong one. However, this is merely a personal view. From all accounts most people don’t seem to think so, but it does help the efficiency of the dining room. And if we can’t possibly eat the food, ask the head waiter. He’s usually amenable to reason.

Resolve always to ask for food. Don’t think you can get away with your sins--it isn’t. It still does belong to the.Game.

Children—they are all American with the exception of a little English girl, and two Jewish boys, sons of one of the big doctors in the City. W e are thirty-one and eighteen, (7 and 8). Geometry (7 and 8), Algebra (2 and 3), History (3 and 7), Geography (4 and 7), Algebra (2 and 3), Chemistry (2 and 3), and Latin (8 and 12), Caesar and his friends (8 and 12)....

We would think not! Yet, a deliberately evil act, engendered by a few pitifully narrow Seniors who could not see beyond their own petty prejudices, to a regard-for-the-other fellow’s rights, courtesy, plain common decency, was passed at a Junior assembly meeting.

We are rather discouraged with our pupils regards to the whole matter of such an infinitesimal bit of human frailty—to attempt to instill into the mind of girls who desire a higher necessity of virtue, or to make an utter failure. It is a story which obviously can’t be humanity. The case is as they say, “no sauce.” And how about august Seniors can do no wrong.

We would think not! Yet, a deliberately evil act, engendered by a few pitifully narrow Seniors who could not see beyond their own petty prejudices, to a regard-for-the-other fellow’s rights, courtesy, plain common decency, was passed at a Junior assembly meeting.

A recent assembly meeting that a few staunch souls, appreciating existence to cooperate, and a studious judgment, tried to turn the vote, is an everlasting trial to the judgment of the girl who has chosen these girls as her friends. It is an infinitesimal bit of human frailty. That the clumsily-minded friends were blessed with a persuasive and sway those on the fence to the commission of a wholly desperate act, is only indicative that wrong is still on the throne—win her.

But after all, we can but decry, we cannot remedy the wrong. Our President’s predecessor had the good idea of breaking off the golden images and stigmatizing all after a few were broke —what good did it do?

But we are still ever for the just. Moreover, in the event that ever the sun should sometime on the Venus field of battle—SFINANKOLA,

KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES

(Continued from page 1, column 5)

of the Lebanon, a North wind is blowing against an escarpment point below the lighthouse where I live with the Chemistry Professor. There are Washington’s Birthday and the sixtieth minute ten walk, past the lighthouse, one minaret, and the Modern school. We are on high grounds, and about fifteen acres, a prep depart- ment, and the brick school. There is a branch about which includes a Medical, Dental, En- gineering, Scientific and Chemical depart- ments.

And there are cypress trees, and pepper groves, and tennis courts and glimpses of the great bay of St. George between long vistas of eucalyptus trees and “Kharuba!”

The college owns about forty acres in all, including the Clinics and Hospitals under the care of nurses and doctors and from all over Syria come to study.

The College School has recently moved into a new school building, set back from the lighthouse, at the end of a cactus alley, opposite the college grounds. It is well built on the American plan, with all the necessary square and high-walled, with a circu- lar covered entrance high up in the halls, rooms, and theaters. The College is surrounded by gardens. We occasionally have slugs visitors on our walk, but the popular Latin teacher, Miss Turner, is a friend who comes daily to see the fun.

Children—they are all American with the exception of a little English girl, and two Jewish boys, sons of one of the big doctors in the City. We are thirty-one and eighteen, (7 and 8). Geometry (7 and 8), Algebra (2 and 3), History (3 and 7), Geography (4 and 7), Algebra (2 and 3), Chemistry (2 and 3), and Latin (8 and 12), Caesar and his friends (8 and 12)....

...and the winter snow for two months now, they say. Many of the students have been sick, but news even a half-year doesn’t reach us over here, but our rebirth? Why not ar...
The queer group has been quiet! All these past days have we heard no word from them! The stillness before the storm? Gone is the pencil from the pink ear, and gone are the fluttering papers. But now, four evenings on, and is about as large as we rickety, weather-beaten ladder afforded a perilous foothold. Indeed.

This boulder brings forth many In-Indian legge-days of us and a garnet in a garnet chair under the rock. All hikers should carry chisels when scrambling over boulders—they might find some garnets. Miss Black was admonished by the conductor of her failure to tell the children the stories of the rock. Cochegan boulder is evil to be erratic, having been transported to this spot during the Glacial Period.

The club plans to have a trip every Saturday, with a leader appointed for each trip. The area covered will be in the vicinity of the college for a radius of 25 miles. Do you like to hike—to explore the woods?—and to see the sights around New London?—Then—go on the next trip of the C. C. O. C.

KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES FROM SYRIA.

(The column page 6, columna.)

late is better than none at all. Now in New London, new year and term of adjustment have brought an evocative balance in the week’s work. I have to keep more closely in touch with you all.

The column page 6, columna.)

late is better than none at all. Now in New London, new year and term of adjustment have brought an evocative balance in the week’s work. I have to keep more closely in touch with you all. There are times when Black.

C. C. O. C. -THE DREAM.

A pale, nebulous crescent, the moon
A'd caressed with silvery touch
The sleeping, swaying lily
Whose petals, white and cool, untainted
Closed o'er its depth of gold.

A glittering, gliding thing, the serpent crept
And cleaned—wet, nauseous coils
That dragging, twisting, whirling,
Leant crushed the dark, moist earth
And broken the dewy grass.

I saw your soul in the heart of that flower
As I stood near, chain mist
And in aching to-ture my unseen arms
Strretched out to you; but in whittling
Like the sighing of spent wind, the words
Dropped from my mournful lips.

The serpent al'd near and still more near
And nodded on its coils a green, dark head
Whose eyes swam in yellow, unholy desire
To tour and earn your cold, pure bosom
And foul your gold with its slime.

A one-way street.

Madam, ightly and icily.

That dragging, twisting, whirling,
Leant crushed the dark, moist earth
And broken the dewy grass.

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And in aching to-ture my unseen arms
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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

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TAIL LIGHTS.
Barbara A. Ashenden wishes to announce that she purchased a wedding ring at the auction and now the one thing missing is the man.

Stomach tubes are coming into their own—the stomach. Miss McKee's physiological chemistry class had to swallow one as part of the mid-year examinations. It took Jenne Hippolita exactly one hour. Helen Tyson, however, distinguished herself—neatly extirpated herself—by gulp- ing it down in the record time of 15 minutes.

Extract from Sociology, 1-2 exam.:
"The family has improved. We used to have polygamy, but now we have monogamy, too."

John Doe is not dead. We wish to contradict the former statement. We thought he was dead but he isn't. Richard Roe, too, is still trea- ding this mortal sphere. We heard of them both in '11-12 this A. M.

The gym resembled a pawn shop Thursday night when really fountain pens and umbrellas went for 25 cents and $1.00, and perfectly good coats and sweaters for a nickel. It would seem the freshmen are de- generating if marks in Hygiene have anything to say about it. Did you ever meet anyone who knew why a cold was called a cold—or why one is prone to colds in December and not in May? It strikes us that these are a lot elementary even for freshmen.

"China plate to Mike" "America for Yare" But the question is Will-it-wear?

Fumes of Blackstone—after the chin-up party! No wonder every one made cocoas!

We hear that some of the faculty objected to our wearing black shoes with green stockings—blue slacks. Can any one manage to conform with the wishes and tastes of our precep- tors by wearing green shoes with our green skirts and green stockings. We would suggest the usual "ParisGreen" for metamorphosing. If finances are too low to enable us to purchase new commodities.

Proposed reform in dining hall. Shift seats often and frequently so that one does not sit with one's little chums. The resulting quiet is aston- ishing.

Why should a person complain of a chronic eye givc on the left eye if she will look constantly at a blinding light on shall we say—the left hand?

DISSENSION ON COUNCIL.
There's a certain member of Council (she's addicted to wearing a red knitted snood) who openly voms her in- tention of voting as if ever the im- portant question of punishing Grace Fisher comes up again. Grace has proved much too formidable in derailing means of torture for the aforenaid red holed individual's peace of mind.

TIME UP.
Yes—A—A Mascot.

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EXCHANGE.
IN THEIR RECENT EXAM. ISSUE
MT. HOPE: SUGGESTS FOLLOWING EXAMS FOR THE FACULTY:
I. Outline the least offensive method of conducting chapel service, including the following points:
   a. Nineteen fresh and original methods of introducing the Lord's Prayer and your personal theories as to how often the congregation may be induced to repent said prayer in one service.
   b. Demonstration by the use of diagram, of the best means of shutting off a speaker at 8:55 sharp.
II. Make a rough estimate of the number of times you have inscribed, in quiz books and papers, the follow- ing comments: and, if possible, explain what they mean:
   a. Well written, forceful, entertaining, vigorous, colorful, pleasing, vague, in- adequate, slapdash.
   b.Compile a syllabus for the study of Saturday night chaperoning as a science, include a complete survey of the modern dances, their development and probable origin; qualifications for an ideal chaperon; methods of dis- criminating between the teddle and the camel walk; and a discussion of check-to-check versus chin-to-ear.

Hunter had a joyous celebration on January 4th when the Associate Alumnae gathered under the college roof-tree.

Goucher has inaugurated a new custom—a Sunday eve "Pirate Hour" when the students gather around an open fire and sing old-fashioned songs.

Vassar held an ice carnival on Pratt Lake on Tuesday last. Bonfires, bands, and drape and umbrella's went for 25 cents.

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