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### Connecticut College News Vol. 7 No. 16

Connecticut College

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## STANDARDS OF THE THEATRE ARE RISING.

PROFESSOR BURTON DISCUSSES DRAMA.

Professor Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota, who spoke on "The Theatre of Today," at Convocation last Tuesday, is an optimist, who does not conceal the fact. He discussed the tendency of modern drama and gave its bad and its good parts their due, but, through it all, his idea was that we need the theatre and, since it is destined to live forever, we ought to encourage the life of its better side.

The theatre is the child of the church, Church, theatre, and school are related in their origin and in that all three reveal life, motives, and the character of the race. Plays appeal to thoughts and emotions that is to the heart. We leave our outer selves at the door of the theatre and become unconventional while there. Because "seeing" is mightier than "hearing," we unquestioningly accept for fact all that is shown to us there. In this light the popularity of "Way Down East" can be explained though it is "the height of absurdity." "A Bill of Divorcement" is, according to Mr. Burton, "the most serious play in New York now."

But for the question, "Is the Theatre moving upward?" decidedly "Yes!" Twenty years ago there was no such thing as published contemporary drama. Now the play is a part of literature. The most encouraging thing of all is that education today takes the theatre seriously, Harvard, Dartmouth and Vassar have their own theatres and "work-shops," and consider them as essential to the whole system of education as any other department. Pittsburgh has gone further and now gives credit for Costuming, Scenery, Producing, and Play-writing.

The effect of this movement is becoming conspicuous in towns and cities already. They cannot afford to engage the largest companies to come and produce plays for them, so they are giving their own. It is the day of the amateur—when he has simple scenery, lighting, the best plays in relation to the audience, a good coach, and the expense cut to about one-fourth. There are more than eighty "Little Theatres" in the United States now. They have a quick rotation of

*Continued on page 4, column 2.*

## GYM. CLASS ORGANIZED FOR FACULTY CHILDREN.

On a recent Saturday morning, a group of Faculty children suddenly appeared in the Gymnasium and set about having the time of their young lives with basketballs and apparatus. Miss Slawson joined in the sport and almost before she knew it, had started to instruct a class with a most enthusiastic membership. When she saw how interested the children really were, Miss Slawson told them that they might come and bring their small friends every Saturday morning from 9:50 until 10:30 to play games and learn folk-dancing. Presto!—an organized gymnasium class for the Faculty children.

## "ZARAGUETA" PROMISING.

For those who may have an interest in Spanish, and yet have no special knowledge of the language, the following synopsis of the Spanish play soon to be given here, may prove useful.

The action of the comedy "Zaragueta" takes place in the province of Salamanca in Spain. Carlos, a young student in Madrid, has fallen into debt and writes to his aunt and uncle asking for help. Since he is afraid to tell them of his indebtedness, he pretends serious illness and demands money for an operation in Paris. When Carlos comes to Salamanca he takes his cousin Maruja into his confidence and she promises to help him.

Zaragueta, the money lender of Madrid, immediately follows Carlos to his uncle's home, in order to recover his money. As he is deaf, he does not notice that Dona Dolores, the aunt, receives him as a Madrid doctor. However, as soon as Carlos learns that Zaragueta has followed him, he locks him in the wood house and attempts escape. Consequently, the money lender receives a water cure intended for Carlos. Enraged by this, Zaragueta demands his money and leaves the house.

Carlos pleased by this change of affairs, tells his aunt and uncle that he does not need an operation in Paris, but that he would enjoy a honeymoon there with Maruja.

## WHEN IS A LOLLY-POP NOT A LOLLY-POP?

On Friday evening, Feb. 24, many smilingly anticipatory faces (and also necessarily their accompanying persons), assembled in the Plant House living room. "Fun and merriment" were the order of the evening, which was ushered in by "word games." Here Miss Ernst shone, with perfect ease she glibly enumerated a string of authors and a chain of cities that dazzled everyone and gained her the prize. To the huge amusement of all, this prize turned out to be a lolly-pop, disguised as a very fetching baby doll. Miss Ernst was a little puzzled as to what a lolly-pop really was, but Jeanette Sperry, master of ceremonies, assured her that "lolly-pop" meant "good to eat", so the winner was quite satisfied.

After such strenuous exercise an unexpected musical treat was furnished by Loris Gratke, the young violinist who was scheduled for a concert here the following night, with Ann Slade as accompanist. Miss Gratke played several selections, and everyone appreciated this opportunity of hearing so talented a musician.

After the music, more "thinking" games were played—a spelling game in which certain unfortunates were doomed to be "one-third ghosts"; and the "rapid-fire" game of "Fish, Bird, Beast; Beast?—one, two, three, etc", which is always exciting.

But this excitement was soon replaced by deep content, following the arrival of the refreshments. Delicious fruit salad (with plenty of m'ynaise), saltines, and cocoa satisfied the appetites of all, and concluded the evening.

Credit is due Mary Bristol '23, who had charge of the planning of all this merriment.

## COLONIAL DANCES CHARM GUESTS AT WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Numerous charming Colonial dames and gentlemen, especially good music, and fascinating features during the intermissions made the Washington's Birthday Party, an annual event given by President and Mrs. Marshall, an unusually pleasant affair for every one.

A large number of faculty and students came in bewitching costumes which lent a really courtly and colonial atmosphere to the dance.

The dance features during the intermissions were very delightful, indeed. Margaret Vaughn, Genie Walsh, Evelyn Gray, Marion Johnson, Janet Crawford, and Mildred Stiles gave the dance from the Shade Chorus which was so popular in last year's Comedy, and which proved to be as lovely as ever. Caroline Francke, as solo dancer in this chorus, was, as usual, very graceful.

An enjoyable minuet in costume was given by Helen Hemingway, Ellen McCandless, Winifred Powell, Mary Higgins, Janet Preston, Evelyn Ryan, Claire Calnen, and Alice Holcombe.

Kathryn Culver gave a spirited and pleasing Spanish dance, and Virginia Eggleston and Beatrice Boynton were certainly alluring in their Boy and Girl dance.

The dancing, which began early, lasted, to the delight of all, until eleven-thirty.

## FACULTY TO COMPETE IN SPEED CONTEST.

Great and mysterious preparations are being made for the faculty typing contest to be held on Friday evening, March 10, at 7 p. m., in the gymnasium. Although nothing definite can be said as yet, it is rumored that these august disciples of learning will put aside their dignity for one evening and will assemble as honest-to-goodness "stenogs," and (here lies a thrill), will dress to character. Even gum will be furnished (that indispensable stenographical asset), to "reinforce the stimuli," as the psychologists would have it.

This mighty typing tournament is to be enacted on the stage so that each of the hundreds of spectators shall miss nothing.

A clever letter of invitation, telling the rules of the contest, is being sent to each member of the faculty. They are even invited to bring their own machines. No excuse for the absence of a single "Prof." Original and humorous programs are being anticipated also.

The contest is being given under the auspices of the Secretarial Department, with Miss Lovell's office practice class as the committee in charge. Of course the proceeds go to the Endowment Fund, so while you are enjoying this exciting and entertaining spectacle, your money will be helping a worthy cause.

An advance sale of tickets will soon begin—only ten cents apiece. What could be more reasonable?

Miss Lydia Marvin, 1921, has accepted a position as teacher of mathematics at the Seymour High School, Seymour, Conn.

## LORIS GRATKE PLAYS FOR ENDOWMENT FUND.

VIOLIN RECITAL WINS APPLAUSE.

Before an enthusiastic audience of students and townspeople, Miss Loris Gratke, promising pupil of Kneisel, gave a violin recital in the college gymnasium on the evening of February 25. Over fifty dollars was taken at the door and all of this will go to the Endowment Fund.

Although Miss Gratke is only sixteen years old she is an accomplished musician. Her rendition of Lalo's difficult "Andante from Symphonie Espagnole" proved this beyond all question. She played with a flash and brilliance of technique together with a firmness of touch that was amazing.

In Handel's "Sonata in A Major" she ably illustrated her accuracy and sureness in fingering. The selection required considerable work in the second position, probably the hardest of all the positions in which to play. Miss Gratka went through the entire sonata without blurring a single note.

It was in Mozart's "Minuet in D," a selection which called for accurate bowing and double-stopping, that she seemed most perfect. Again and again the audience called her back with enthusiastic applause. Apparently without effort she executed the most difficult strokes, sweeping up and down the entire range of the violin with perfect clearness of tone.

Miss Gratke was ably accompanied by Anna Slade '22, who is conceded by all to be one of the best pianists in college. As an encore Miss Gratke played one of her accompanist's own compositions, "A Tone Poem," which was very lovely.

The program was as follows:

Sonata in A Major ..... Handel  
Andante from Symphonie Espagnole ..... Lalo  
Minuet in D ..... Mozart  
Orientale ..... Cesar Cui  
Valse Sentimentale... Schubert-Franke  
La Capricieuse ..... Edward Elgar

## GLEANINGS FROM GRADUATES.

More and more, those in authority in institutions of country-wide recognition are realizing the value of C. C. graduates. Ella McCollum '21, is the possessor of a statement presented her by Professor H. C. Sherman after less than three months' service in the Department of Food Chemistry at Columbia University. The inscription is as follows: "To Miss Ella McCollum—the season's greetings and cordial congratulations on her success as a member of the research staff. (signed) Henry S. Sherman, December, nineteen twenty-one."

Dr. Sherman is a well known authority on Food Chemistry, and is the author of several standard textbooks used in practically every college throughout the United States.

Miss McCollum's major work at C. C. was in the Departments of Home Economics and Chemistry.

## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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## SINS OF OMISSION.

What can be more uncomfortable or depressing than the realization of things left undone which should have been done? Especially depressing is this thought when the chance to do is gone! Time and again one thinks, "Oh, if I had only said this," or "Oh, if I had only remembered to do that." But this or that isn't done, and the negligent individual can only suffer pangs of regret and remorse, all because of her sins of omission.

These "sins of omission" may be small and seemingly trivial. It may be a failure to write a letter of sympathy or of congratulation to a friend, or of thanks, or even of warning or advice. It may be a 'phone call, or words which should have been spoken, perhaps words in support of a friend or of a worthy project, which were not expressed at the crucial moment when they would have been effective. It may be a social call owed and never made. It may even be a chance to recite in class and this is to show our intelligence, but we have let the chance slip by. Or it may be a courteous act which we might have done, but did not do.

There are countless ways in which we may fail to do our duty for the sake of others or ourselves, and the thoughts of these neglected duties crowd upon our minds and we suffer misery because of them.

All of this seems so unnecessary if we only stop to think about it. How much trouble we might avoid if we could only learn to do things as they come along and as we think of them, and to overcome that popular habit of procrastination. For our failure to do our duty is really a matter of "putting off" or "letting slide" the little, inconsequential things. The doing of the thing would take much less time than the thinking about or the worrying about it afterwards. '23.

## FREE SPEECH.

[The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.]

Dear Editor:

What is the purpose of the News? In this small double sheet there were, last week, four articles entitled respectively "Gossip", "Disregarding Pettiness", "Are We Afraid to Speak?" and "Honor System", each of which had a strange resemblance to a moral sermon. Those of us who attend chapel have become inured to the daily exhortation but must we as well endure a weekly prodding from the News? The News might well be circulated among the Sunday Schools of the town for general uplift. After all it is easier to boost a flood of gossip than to pick up the News expecting enjoyment and humor and to be swamped by essays on the application of our best Christian principles. Like baked beans, dwelling on morals is a New England disease. We have to eat the first, but I, personally, cannot digest the second in such quantity.

I plead for less trite talk and more wit, and this letter is strenuous, not through ill-feeling, but through sincerity. '23.

Dear Editor:

To judge by the various articles in the recent issue of the News, the Honor System has, at last, aroused some semblance of interest. I should, however, like to take exception to one of the points made: namely, "argument with one's acquaintances is more likely to accomplish definite results."

The trouble lies in those very acquaintances. When we argue, it is usually with persons rather closely associated with us. Therefore, since we are not much given to "palling around" with persons whose views on honor, morality, etc., radically differ from ours, argument with "acquaintances" does not afford us great opportunity for seeing various sides of a question. "Birds of a feather flock together." What good will it do to talk over a matter in a circle of acquaintances whose opinions harmonize beautifully?

But if we express our views in a larger company, there will not be the likelihood of so much agreement, and perhaps some of us might obtain new ideas on the subject of honor. Surely, even though we may abhor the Honor System, none of us are too petty to consider arguments in favor of it. On the other hand, if anyone has arguments against it, why not give the adherents of the Honor System a chance to think over the opposite side? Great movements may begin in small circles but they have to extend to larger groups before they can succeed. Why not speak out and start something? There is always the possibility of Evolution or Revolution! AUTOLYCUS.

## "DANGEROUS AGES" BY ROSE MACAULAY.

"All ages are dangerous to all people in this dangerous life we live." This is indeed the key-note of "Dangerous Ages," the latest book by the author of "Potterism." The problems of the "ages" are stated rather clearly when Middle Age says, "Time is so short, I can't bear it!" Youth says, "Time gets on that quick, I can't keep up with it." And Old Age says, "Time is dead. What next?"

The book is an exceedingly interesting discussion of the problems of life, with a suggested solution of the grave difficulties confronting all those who puzzle with them. "Well-written, forceful, a book with—in our common phraseology—"something to it," it is worth your while to read it.

"Yes, Dr. Crampton, I am behind in lab. work. I have a heart, a liver and three nerves left over from before the holidays."—Exchange.

## THE INFERNAL ASH-SIFTER.

"Mother, Mother, Mother!" This, from the side garden in a wonderful crescendo effect.

"Please tell him that if he wishes to speak to me, he must come upstairs to my room," Mother asked me quietly. I hurried down to the porch, quickly translating Mother's statement as I went. "Say, Gil, Mother says to cut out that infernal racket and hustle upstairs."

"Aw, say, what do you think I am? Do you think I have time to take off my arctics 'n' walk 'way up there? I guess no, I'm busy, I am," he muttered as he proceeded to remove muddy overshoes by that excellent method of the application of one toe to the heel of the other foot, followed by a vigorous kick. He clattered up the shining mahogany stairs, whistling, in violent gusts of sound, bits of "A Baby in Love." I stood discreetly outside the door, waiting patiently.

"Say, Mother, Mr. Hathaway says I kin borrow his ash-sifter—pardon? Oh yes—sifter—'n' Owen'll put it over the fence 'n' I kin shift-sift 'em three or four times as quick as before 'n' kin I borrow it?"

"May I? Yes, I think you may, provided Mr. Hathaway is perfectly willing."

"He said he was. Hey, Eth, I kin have it! Say, c'm' on 'n' help a fellow! Owen'll put it over the fence and you and I kin carry it together. Gee, it's immense! Gee, I'll get 'em done quick now!"

"Sure, c'm' on, put some speed in it!" I felt rather proud of that sentence—it sounded like real small-boy talk. We hurried across the lawn, the Boy counting madly, meanwhile, all the hours to be saved by his "Hustle 'em" method. Owen had already put the machine over the fence and it lay—an ugly blot on the smooth lawn.

"Great, isn't it? See, you put the ashes in here, turn the crank, all the coals come out thru' these little doors at the bottom—right here—and the ashes stay on top. Well-er—that is, I guess it's kinda the other way around. Anyhow, the coals come out one place and the ashes, the other, 'n' all you gotta do is to cart the ashes away."

We tugged the great, galvanized iron monster to the cellar and put it on a tool chest. I straightened up and looked around. I gasped, I gulped—there, in the center of the floor, was a mound of unsieved ashes, a mound of incalculable dimensions. "Gil, I that you took out the ashes every day!"

"Why, I do, er, that is, I do sometimes. I did yesterday—a lot." He blushed a beautiful brick red which was subdued, here and there, by the soft brown of freckles.

I frowned, gravely. "How many?" "Why, that is, well—a pail—or almost a pail of ashes, I imagine."

Continued next column.

## EXCHANGES.

Mt. Holyoke—In response to the need of a small informal theatre where students in advanced courses might produce and take part in short plays and recitals, the Speech Department has transformed its class-room into a Little Theatre, called the "Garret," so named because of its position in the top of Mary Lyon Hall.

Smith—The Glee Club of Smith College will present at its concert, this year, the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Pinafore."—Barnard Bulletin.

Bryn Mawr—Plans for a United States Hockey Association are being made at Bryn Mawr, by a committee of women interested in the sport. They hope to organize hockey for women in this country.—Barnard Bulletin.

## THE INFERNAL ASH-SIFTER.

Continued from last column.

"Hump, I understand. About three poor, lost coals rescued from this E-normous pile and your work for the day finished." I felt that all I needed was the traditional spectacles to be a typical "school-marm."

"You've hit it, Old Girl." He grinned sheepishly. "But no more! From now on, it's going to finished up, day by day. Honest, it's so easy. C'm, on, now, just watch me!"

I sat up on the work-bench and, humped up in approved boy fashion, swung my feet furiously. "Listen, now, don't dump the ashes on the—"

"Say, cut out the advice—I'm doin' this." He put into the funnel-shaped mouth of the metal animal a huge, furnace-shovel of ashes; he gave the crank a violent and powerful turn. Simultaneously there arose a thick cloud of grey dust—an enveloping, clinging cloud—and simultaneously I began to sneeze. Now, I am certain that no creature on earth sneezes as I do—I sneeze not once or twice in a dainty, lady-like fashion, but five, ten, fifteen times with awe-inspiring gasps and chokings in between each, which those ignorant of this peculiarity of mine think to be my last breath on earth.

Immediately I began, Gil stopt his cranking and held up two grimy fists. At each sneeze, he solemnly raised a short, stubby finger. I determined to stop at the tenth if it killed me. It was a struggle, but I did. He gravely resumed his furious cranking, without a remark.

"Say, you might, you might kinda open a few windows" I did. The entire cellar was filled with immense billows of gritty ash dust, which refused to leave by way of open windows.

"How is it coming?" I asked sympathetically.

Continued on page 3, column 3.

Jack: "My brother takes up French, Spanish, Italian, Hebrew, German and Scotch."

Jill: "Goodness, when does he study?"

Jack: "He doesn't study. He runs an elevator."—Exchange.

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**BASKET BALL SEASON  
OPENS SOON.**

The basketball season promises to be a good one. The teams, given below, have been chosen and we may soon expect six o'clock practices.

**Senior First Team**—Mildred Duncan, center; Grace Fisher, guard; Blanch Pinesilver, forward; Elizabeth Hall, guard; Catherine McCarthy, forward.

**Senior Second Team**—Mary Damerel, center; Constance Hill, guard; Elizabeth Merrill, guard; Miriam P. Taylor, forward; Gertrude Traurig, forward.

**Junior First Team**—McCarthy, forward; Hemingway, forward; Pickett, center; Buell, guard; Holcombe, guard.

**Junior Second Team**—Le Witt, forward; Boynton, forward; Bigelow, center; Whitford, guard; M. Johnson, guard.

**Sophomore First Team**—Dorothy Hubbell, center; Amy Hilker, guard; Katherine Hamblet, guard; Margaret Kendall, forward; Merial Cornelius, forward.

**Sophomore Second Team**—Gloria Hollister, center; Katherine Slayter, guard; Margaret Dunham, guard; Elizabeth Mahan, forward; Edith Lowenthal, forward.

**Freshman First Team**—E. Warner, center; A. Brown, forward; E. Edwards, forward; J. Bauer, guard; S. Crawford, guard.

**Freshman Second Team**—H. Ferguson, center; S. Stolzenberg, forward; G. Ward, forward; A. Doody, guard; C. Barker, guard.

**MR. WHITE EXPLAINS  
BANKING SYSTEMS.**

On February 24, at 7 o'clock, Mr. Charles E. White of the Savings Bank of New London spoke to the students of the Economics classes on the practical working of a bank. After starting with the rather discouraging statement that a good deal of our theory must be modified in practical appliance and that nearly all successful bankers are those without theoretical training, Mr. White went on to show different forms used by the bank in its various operations and to discuss fully the five different kinds of banks in the country—Federal Reserve Banks, National Banks, State Banks, Mutual Savings Banks, and Trust Companies. At the end of his talk, which was interesting as well as instructive, Mr. White kindly answered questions asked by the students.

They say a tug never goes straight, for some tow in and some tow out.

**Wellesley**—A Wellesley film was recently shown in Los Angeles, for the benefit of the College Endowment Fund. The film aroused such enthusiasm that a second print had to be made. This is to appear in Providence and Philadelphia. The original print will be shown in Salt Lake City and San Francisco.

Wellesley's contribution to the Service Fund now stands at \$15,408.53.

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**THE INFERNAL ASH-SIFTER.**

*Concluded from page 2, column 4.*

"Say, I'm doin' this. Women never do know anything about fires 'n' ashes 'n' things. It (crank) takes (crank) a man!"

I subsided—for awhile. "I thought you said it was a quick way," I meekly suggested.

"Now I ask you, isn't that a woman all over—never give a thing a chance, jumping on the poor man, impatient as the deuce! Can't you give it a fair trial?" He cranked; the billows rose, bigger and more gritty; the ashes stayed in the funnel-like mouth; the coals fail to appear; I waited.

Suddenly he stopt, slightly pale. Then he choked out, "Could you, would you (almost pleadingly) go up the stairs, kinda easy and close the door into the kitchen? I think, maybe—I'm not sure—I left it a little open. Look out, the third from the top squeaks on the left hand side."

"Evidently kinda left the door open before," I thought as I went up, avoiding the third step from the top. The door stood wide open; the clouds evidently preferred to make their exit by the door rather than by the windows. I stole quietly into the library to see if the dust were half an inch thick yet. I was sorely disappointed—it was only a quarter. Picking up a book, I sank, exhausted, into a deep fireside chair and read in comfort for awhile. Then I began to think of the Boy.

"Poor youngster, working away down there! I don't hear the crank going, he must be picking coals by hand. His throat must be parched by now. John Pebbles probably wanted him to go bicycling with him, too. I ought to go down and see if I can't help him. I suppose that pile does seem interminable to him."

I listened; from outside I heard—"Say, shall we play with your electric trains now?"

A deep and awful suspicion entered my mind. I hurried to the cellar stairs, crept down them, and looked for the bent back of the Little Toiler—Gone! The infernal machine was quiet, no longer did clouds issue from its nostrils. I looked at the pile of ashes—undiminished. I looked into the depths of the coal pail—there, at the bottom, were three lone coals, gleaming up at me, maliciously, as tho' to say, "Wasted sympathy! Wasted sympathy!" E. K. '23.

**CONNECTICUT COLLEGE  
PLAYERS GIVE PER-  
FORMANCE IN NOANK.**

Through the efforts of Constance Hill, "Never-the-less," by Stuart Walker, "Will-O'-Wisp," by Doris Halman, and "The Maker of Dreams," by Oliphant Downs, were given in Noank last Friday by members of the College Dramatic Club. The audience, although small, was appreciative, applauding many times as the plays progressed. During intermissions other college girls entertained by songs accompanied with ukeleles.

We go to school that we may be examined. Why do they examine us? That we may fail, since the upper class-room holds only forty scholars. —Barrie.

Examine our work. See if we fail to give service.



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Concluded from page 1, column 1.

plays and an ensemble of characters on a level, with no "star." This sort of community, co-operative theatre is accomplishing astonishing results and has, moreover, a great influence on the social democracy of the community.

Mr. Burton spoke for a few moments about the movies. They are the fourth largest industry in the United States. In criticizing them, one should remember that they are only twenty-one years old, while literature and drama have hundreds of years of experience back of them. Three-fourths of the people of the United States cannot afford the theatre at \$3.30 a seat, but can go to the movies. Mr. Burton said he went to see "What Every Woman Knows," by Barry, on the screen, expecting to scoff at it, but he said that he was delightfully surprised to find it a splendid production. This is true of many more movies. They are not nearly so bad as their reputations. He cited the instances of "The Three Musketeers," "The Kid," and "Humoresque," all of which he ranked as "good shows." His criticism is that the movie is not a finished art—far from it! He thinks it should ultimately be, not a play, but a pictorial narrative. This would do away with all insets or words of explanations. In any case there is enough good in the movies to warrant their being supported, saved, and improved.

But to return to the drama, which was really his subject, Mr. Burton gave four essential points for a good play:

1. A play should be a piece of literature, that you would want to buy and read afterwards. It should have stylistic value.
2. It should have technical excellence—beginning, middle, and end.
3. It should present an interesting view of life. It must give something to think and talk about the next morning at the breakfast table.
4. It should not have "a spiritually devitalizing effect." This does not bar all tragedy by any means, but such a play as "The Jest," which leaves depression and a hopeless attitude toward mankind. Such things are not true to human nature. This is proved by the fact that the plays which have the longest runs, while often very light, are always sympathetic in their judgments and portrayals of human life. Mr. Burton named "Lightnin'," "Servant in the House," "Green Goddess," "Music Master," and "Disraeli," as good types of the play the public likes.

He finished by giving three pieces of advice:

1. Kill the bad plays by giving your \$3.30 for the good ones.
2. Join "The Drama League of America" and do team work for the theatre.
3. Matthew Arnold said: "The theatre is irresistible. Organize the theatre."

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Max, mouse of Katharine, died in his cage in the Psyc. Lab. about 4.30 on Saturday afternoon. Funeral services have already been conducted, so please omit flowers.

COMMISERATION ON THE DEATH  
OF MAX.

I mourn fore'er my dear, dead mouse  
Beneath the cold, cold ground,  
With a silent rain of many tears  
Do I my heart surround.

The west winds blow, and squeaking  
low

I hear his own sweet voice  
As when to supper I did call  
He always did rejoice.

And now poor Maxine is alone,  
No friend with whom to play;  
Hour by hour she sits and squeals  
Throughout the livelong day.

We'll weep together, Maxine and I,  
For his departed soul;  
For his psychic smile that did respond  
To death's unbidden toll.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

After a few moments of discussion in Sociology: "Yes, money is a medium of exchange. But what is this money? What does it look like?" They do say a professor's salary is small!!

Little Billie Bauer went down to the Public Library all by himself one day and brought home a large volume about Eskimos. He went directly to his father and said: "Here, Daddy, read this and learn how to make Eskimo Pies."

Dr. Jensen (on mislaying a list of words): "Has anyone seen my vocabulary? Someone has run off with it!" Reward offered!

WANTED: Suggestions for  
an editorial which does not re-  
semble a sermon.

DR. LEIB ENTERTAINS.

For the February meeting, Dr. Leib entertained the Mathematics Club, by an informal party, held at his home. Progressive games of all kinds were played, and in one Dr. Leib revealed his former experience in Chinese restaurants by the quick and efficient manner in which he lifted beans from a pan with two toothpicks. While the party was at its height, fruit salad and cheese dreams were produced, a perfect end for the evening.

Middlebury College—This college is rejoicing in the announcement that one of its students, Albert T. Gollnick, of the class of 1922, has received the appointment as Rhodes Scholar from Vermont to Oxford University. The scholarship amounts to \$1,750 annually and continues for three years.

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