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Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 17

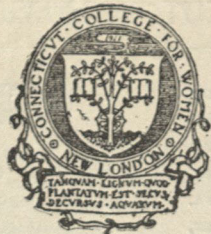
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DOUBLE ALLIANCE BETWEEN PEP AND THE SUBMARINE

Under the auspices of "Pep Junior" and the Senior Sub and convoy, '19, and '20, dined in the Mohican on Saturday afternoon, March 15.

Once again the dignity of the Mohican's marble walls was desecrated by girlish laughter, songs, cheers and speeches—this time, however, from twice as many girls as last year. For '19 had guests.

At the "call to mess," '19 and '20 took their places at the tables, each Junior where a mysterious, fringed, grey and green crepe paper favor awaited her, and each Senior where a similar buff and blue token stood—both well guarded by a staunch, grey submarine place card, ploughing through foaming brine.

Nor was "Pep Junior" forgotten, as he sat on his buff and blue mat at the head table. Scarce had the first course been cleared away when, from behind a red plush curtain, two Seniors brought out a great parcel covered in buff and blue. And when the Junior president unwrapped it, she disclosed a kennel—blue without, and buff within—with a soft excelsior bed in the bottom, a long chain and padlock to keep Pep from getting lost, as C-19 was last year—and the name and date on the roof. Pep immediately claimed the domicile as his own, and insisted on remaining within during the rest of the luncheon, and on being carried home in it after the affair was over. Even such insulting songs as *Junior Pep's homely* did not seem to disturb at all his satisfaction.

As for the Juniors, they seemed to enjoy the event, in spite of the fact that the peas were round. For they knew that '19 "tried her best to get them square, but they could not be found."

It was a gay time—but it was a sad time. The words of the Senior president, the reminiscences of the Junior president, and her mention of the sad bond that binds us so closely, and the songs of the Juniors, especially the beautiful hymn written by Kathryn Hulbert, and sung by four trained voices—all reminded the guests that the hour of parting was near, when C-19 should go out alone, as pioneers again, in the field of alumnae, and there wait, as she did four years ago, for '20 to join her.

The sentiments of the Seniors were expressed in their songs, and especially

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

EMERSON APPRECIATED THE ENGLISH. DO WE?

Mr. Horace Bridges, leader of the Ethical Culture Society in Chicago, addressed the college in convocation on March 11, on *Emerson's Judgment of the English People*.

Mr. Bridges expressed his appreciation of Emerson in terms that were quite unmistakable, and then spoke of the general feeling between England and America; emphasizing particularly the feeling of prejudice against England which has always existed in American minds, and which at this time it is so unnecessary to eradicate if England and America are to stand together in the effort to prevent another such world catastrophe as the one from which we are now emerging.

This was Mr. Bridges' third visit to the college, and it is to be hoped that he will continue his annual lectures here.

JUNIORS GIVE SUCCESSFUL DANCE FOR SYKES FUND

The Juniors held another successful dance for the Sykes Fund in the gymnasium March 15. Gay green streamers and many little evergreen trees decorated the gym in a way most effective as well as most appropriate for the time of St. Patrick's Day. The programmes were also decorated with green, and the lights which hung in the baskets were concealed with green crepe paper. The music, which was furnished by the Coast Guard orchestra, proved most alluring, and neither charmingly dressed girls nor uniformed men could refrain from dancing every dance. During the intermission Sutoro's clever one-act play, *A Marriage Has Been Arranged*, was given. Marion Hendrie, as Lady Aline de Vaux, played her part unusually well. Helen Perry, who took the part of Harrison Crockstead, acted with marked skill. The play is merely a dialogue between these two characters, and they were certainly most successful not only in bringing out its humor, but also in making their audience feel the underlying strain of sadness and bitterness which runs through it.

Since this dance was given for a particular fund, each man was asked to buy two green carnations before the seventh dance, which was called the Green Carnation Dance.

The patronesses of the evening were Miss Blue, Miss Black, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Marshall, and Mrs. Wells.

About one hundred dollars was realized for the fund.

'VARSITY DEFEATS JUNIORS IN FAST GAME

The Juniors sustained their first defeat at the hands of the 'Varsity players to the tune of 42-30 Wednesday night. The invincible combination—Doyle and McGowan—was not employed by the Juniors, but Margaret Davies who played first with Doyle and then with McGowan piled up the score for her class. Helen Coops of the 'Varsity shot 14 field baskets playing in wonderful form. The passing of both teams was very good and made the game a pretty one from the view point of the spectator. The score was tied time and time again and the outcome was very doubtful until the latter part of the second half.

Amid riotous cheering the Junior team introduced their mascot—Junior Pep—but even this representative of luck could not gain them a victory. The game was the fastest and most exciting one yet witnessed on the gymnasium floor.

The line-up was as follows:

Juniors.

Right Forward—J. McGowan, M. Doyle.

Left Forward—M. Davies

Center—M. Hester

Right Guard—E. Williams

Left Guard—M. Howard

'Varsity.

Right Forward—H. Coops

Left Forward—M. Rowe

Center—L. Marvin

Right Guard—A. Brazos

Left Guard—E. Watrous

Field Goals—14 Coops; 8 Davies; 7 Rowe; 3 Doyle; 1 McGowan; Foul Goals—4 Coops; 3 Davies; 1 McGowan; Score—42-30; Referee—Blue.

CONCERT GIVEN BY VIOLIN, 'CELLO AND HARP

On Thursday night, March 13, the Gerardi Trio of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, brought to us a glimpse of the things that are unseen. Mr. Gerardi's charm and skill were revealed in the subtlety of his exquisite tones, and the perfection of his technique. The power and delicacy of the cellist, Mr. Fabrizio, was shown to especial advantage in his rendition of Saint Saen's *Swan Song*. Perhaps the unfamiliarity of the harp tones lent even more charm to Mr. Cella's masterful interpretation of that instrument. His range and

VICTORY CANTATA SUNG AT SECOND CHURCH

Sometimes one feels a great sweep of emotion, as at the time when the armistice was declared, and on Liberty Day when the men in service paraded en masse. Sometimes it makes one silent, and almost choked with suppressed energy. Sometimes one tries to tell what one feels, but is appalled with the mediocrity of the comments that one inflicts upon the bystanders. So it is a very wonderful thing to express one's emotion in its full depth and intensity without detracting from its beauty and significance. And it is even more wonderful when one can express the swelling emotion of nations and at the same time interpret the deepest sentiment of the individual. This, Dr. Coerne has done in his Victory Cantata, which was sung at the Second Congregational Church on Sunday evening, March 16. It is a wonderfully singable piece of music, as the forty-one college girls who had the privilege of rendering it realized. It carries everyone that hears it off his feet for a moment. The inspiring words that were written by Dr. Chapman enhance the force of the melody and rhythm to a wonderful extent.

Of the many descriptive solos and choruses, *The Ships* perhaps was the most impressive, but the cantata moved swiftly and surely from its opening chord to its grand climax in the return of the ships to the Motherland where the lights of home were shining for the men who had been away so long.

At all times is Connecticut College proud of its faculty, but at such an achievement as this it is more than proud. It would rise to its feet with a vote of appreciation touched with awe with as much of enthusiasm and spirit as did the congregation when the last thrilling chord of Victory cantata had died away, and the organ broke into the martial strains of *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

technique were shown in his own composition, a *Rondo*, while his power of expression had freest play in LeBaron's beautiful *Pensee Poetique*, and Paradies' *Mennet Pastel*. The perfect blending and harmony between the instruments was best revealed in Handel's *Largo*. C. C. will always have a welcome for the Gerardi Trio.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

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EDITORIALS

"STAND, TO MOVE THE WORLD, ON A CHILD'S HEART"

While we are rejoicing in our triumphs of democracy abroad, we must not forget that democracy, which implies equal opportunity for everyone to develop to his fullest capacity, should also belong to our children. Child labor can no longer be tolerated; it is time to answer the long unanswered wail of the children. From four different directions child labor is menacing us. It wrecks the child, physically and morally. It increases the number of unemployed adults—a problem which is now pressingly imminent—and it is a flagrant stain on the prospects of society and of its future. From every corner of the country child labor lifts its hideous head. And capital, which has neither morals or ideals, only interests forever selfish, thrusts it down. We, the people—call it public opinion if you will—must obliterate child labor.

Strangely enough, we seem to have no idea of the awful physical, mental and moral wreckage hidden in the lifeless and dumb figures of the child workers. Consumption, fever, all horrible diseases and deformities laugh from their faces. The commercial madness of the nation is devouring her children.

For the problem is not sectional but

national. There are nearly as many child laborers in the North as in the South, and as many machines grind out, at the same time as our clothes, the lives of the nation's children. Robert Owen, the English reformer, calls the mills "those receptacles for living human skeletons almost derobed of intellect."

Of the fearful moral consequences of child labor there can be no question. The parents realize this, and even more than the physical deterioration, it prevents them from selling their children to the factories. A glass-blower remarked: "I'd sooner see my boy dead than working here. You might as well give a boy to the devil at once than send him to a glass factory." Last year about 8,000 children under sixteen years of age were working in glass factories.

Visiting an English coal mine one day, Owen asked a twelve year old boy if he knew God. The boy stared vacantly at his questioner. "God?" he said, "God? No, I don't. He must work in some other mine."

But pitiful ignorance of the finer things of life is not the only consequence of premature employment; coarse knowledge, quickly learned from the adults who work near the children, brutalises them. Potential love, genius, purity, are destroyed. Relaxation of parental authority, roaming the streets, destruction of youthful innocence to be replaced by premature adult consciousness—these are inevitably associated with child labor.

Moreover, we watch with unconcern the toil of the children side by side with the idleness of men. Children are employed because their labor is cheaper than that of adults. This results in, first, the displacement of adults from work, and second, the lowering of wage standards. And this, in a time when the spectre of unemployment has become a threatening reality!

John Spargo tells of an incident which is relative to this question of the unemployment of men while thousands of children are working. He says: "Some months ago I stood outside a clothing factory in Rochester, N. Y. Upon the front of the building, as up on several others on the street, hung a painted sign, 'Small girls wanted.' Two men passed by, and I heard one say to the other, 'That's fourteen places we've seen that want kids today, Bill, but we've tramped around all week an' never got sight of a job.'"

But however indifferent, we may be to the social and economic wrong of child labor, it carries with it a certain and dreadful retribution. It is not possible to injure a child without injuring society and the safety of the future. For that future we are preparing an army of unfit and miserable people whose lot is shame and poverty—the children of to-day. Since the neglect of to-day will be the burden of to-morrow, how can we dare to "pass by on the other side?"

A. F. H. '22.

ABOUT THE COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY.

Every year the Stratford Company, under the special editorship of Mr. Henry Schnittkind, publishes a collection of verse from the pens of college students. Every college is asked to submit contributions to this collection, and many colleges, Eastern and Western and Southern, men's colleges as well as women's, have been represented in the past. The two yearly volumes that have already appeared have been very interesting presentations of the adolescent attitude toward life. Many of the poems are written about love, and love not from a mature and introspective view point, but a truly youthful fervor. And many of them are written about nature—the conventional theme of the poet. Many of them, to be truthful, are not unique in any way. They sing again the praises of the themes and treatments that are almost proverbial. But that can be said of almost any collection. And every poet has to pass through the stage of poetic imitation. Real poets do not pass that way again. But some of the lyrics show a richness of thought and content that really justify the highly optimistic title of the series: *Poets of the Future*.

Last year Connecticut College was represented in the anthology by two selections. Last year there were not many aspirants to poetic fame in Connecticut College. But this year there has been an increasing interest in the writing of verse, as the columns of the News gladly bear witness. Not less than six of our number have contributed more than one set of verses to the college paper, and several others have contributed one. From all of these Connecticut College should be able to send a varied repertoire to the anthology. It is quite an honor to have a piece of work accepted for it, because although there is no remuneration, there is the satisfaction of knowing that one's work was chosen out of the work of a great many other college students. The anthology gives one a very unusual opportunity to measure the excellence of one's work with the work of one's contemporaries. College students are quite young, and the path to fame, like the thoughts of youth, is a long, long trail. Perhaps it is hard for a young poet, just beginning the study of verse, to be obliged to compete with the practiced and mature poets of established reputation and magazine standing. So the anthology has a special appeal for the college poet.

And then there is another anthology, published by the same company, in which are printed short stories written by college students. Last year Connecticut College was not represented therein at all. Of course, short stories are not so fashionable at the present minute as verse, and besides, it takes longer to typewrite them. Still, we have had short stories in the News, and there must be a great many safely

hidden away in the desk drawers of the authors that have never seen the light of day. But why should they be born to blush unseen when there may be some perfectly good pages in the anthology just waiting and reserved for them?

Contributions for these two anthologies are to be submitted before the first of May, so there is plenty of time for us to run through our manuscript books and select our chefs d'oeuvres. You know the old hymn, *When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll Be There*. Now wouldn't it be sad if the roll of the College Anthology were called and C. C. weren't there?

THE PREACHER AGAIN.

Frankly, I know very little about group psychology, but are loss of dignity, all sense of etiquette, and common sense inevitable corollaries of the juxtaposition of several girls? What is there about the meeting or grouping of several friends that occasions all loss of self-respect and respect for others? One would scarcely dream of singing or dancing if alone on State Street. Why is it more permissible for two or more to give a free performance? And why are trolley cars such popular places for public exhibition of clever repartee and general "acting"?

Of old, college students were familiarly pictured as extremely dignified beings, eminently respectable, and somewhat awesome. However little we care for that ideal is the other extreme loss of all reserve and pretense of respectability—any more desirable? There is no doubt which idea of the usual college student is prevalent in New London.

Definitions are distasteful to many, but it might not do us any harm to mediate about two—. According to the New English Dictionary, ETIQUETTE means "the conventional rules of personal behavior observed in the intercourse of polite society." Even people who ride in trolley cars like to be considered as members of such society. And if they are interested in the antics of monkeys, or in vaudeville shows, why not take it for granted that they will find time to observe both in the proper places?

The second word is DIGNITY, which on the same authority means: the quality of being worthy or honorable; nobility, or befitting elevation of aspect, manner, or style; becoming or fit stateliness; gravity. High sounding words, perhaps, but, to my mind, compliance with them does not necessarily mean a funereal aspect.

After all, the main thing is respect for others. If we are not embarrassed by making fools of ourselves, our friends may be, though they be far from being pruders. Noisiness, carelessness, indifference, even "acute-ness," are all attributes of children, and in them are to a certain extent unavoidable. But there is a time and place for everything and it is to be

(Continued on page 3, column 1.)

ATTENDANCE AT VESPERS.

Have we come to the point in the matter of vesper attendance where something must happen to make us go to this service as a college instead of as a few faithful individuals?

Let us stop and think why we do not go to vespers. Possibly we have the legitimate excuse of studying which, however, might have been done before, but more probably it is because we have never heard of the speaker or have heard him once and didn't like him. Our entire lack of interest in the service we will put entirely out of the question.

When we come right down to facts isn't it a matter of thoughtless selfishness? Isn't it because we have had so many things arranged for our pleasure that we think only of what we are going to get out of vespers? Do we ever stop to think that we might contribute something to the service? The speaker's purpose is not to get inspiration from the audience but to give something and he does not succeed when confronted by a multitude of empty chairs. Let us begin to turn the tables and show by our large attendance at vespers hereafter that we have some regard for the spirit of cooperation.

1920.

THE PREACHER AGAIN.

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.)

doubted that everybody appreciated the entertainments we are prone to give, even in such inauspicious places as above-mentioned trolley car!

Do not take this little sermon too lightly, or too seriously, but consider a moment—If you do not care to cultivate self-respect, and my twins, Etiquette and Dignity, in the "garden of your soul," why not comply with the demands of society to the extent of cultivating the practical and invaluable asset of respect for others?

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AT YOUR SIDE!

You who go calmly about your business, who pass from class to class with quiet dignity, who plainly state your knowledge, or signify your lack of it, you who have no fear of speaking wrongly, and no thrill when speaking rightly—do you, oh common sense, logical, matter of fact person, ever dream that often at your side there sits a neighbor, for whom the recitation is a succession of conflicting emotions — of quickened pulses, of throbbing heart-beats, and of burning cheeks? You doubt my word? You think a class can hold no terror sufficient to create this turmoil in a student's mind. Then look about you—at Mary, at your right hand.

Calm, indeed, she seems, but watch for a moment and observe. The teacher is lecturing upon an interesting subject, but in a second she will pause, to question you. Mary is suddenly seized with an idea that may in some remote way be connected with the discourse. She wonders if the distance is too great—she thinks she'll take a chance, she mentally raises her hand, while her heart starts to pound (you must hear that thumping). She loses her breath, she gasps, her eyes shine, becomes pale, then blushes—well enough, if the teacher is a woman, but if the instructor happens to be a man, a young one, poor Mary! for you know men are vain. Meantime the teacher voices his question. Mary's "idea" will answer it perfectly. She is pale again, she has a sinking sensation, such as one experiences when taking ether (or being hypnotized). But alas! Her hand is glued to her side, her tongue to her mouth, while you, dear Matter-of-Fact, have spoken the word and earned your A. Exhausted, Mary gradually subsides into a normal state when an unexpected question is popped at her, and with a repetition of all her conflicting emotions, she, too miserable to think, forgets the passage she had learned by heart, and had even taught to you before the class began.

Stammering and stuttering, if luck be hers, she receives a D.

And the teacher, Friend Candida! Have you ever really thought of her? Patiently, she lectures on, amidst the yawning of Jennie, the giggling and jesting of Grace, the sleeping of Susie, and the blushing of Mary. The sea of expressions she must encounter! Grace is ready to burst with laughter, Jennie is very apparently bored, Susie's mouth is open, and Mary's eyes are popping.

But the lecture continues, and I am keeping you from your notations and your criticisms. All right, then! Back to your work! Only remember, dear one, that Candida is necessary, but also, that Morrell, Eugene, and Burgess DO exist in the class-room of life.

— '20.

"MOCK ME NOT
OH! FELLOW STUDENT"

Long years ago, when life was young, I worked a host of girls among, and owned a thing called conscience. "Daily, with soul that cringed" and fought, I played the fool, and knew it not. I toiled, I worked, I crammed. I studied without ceasing. For never had the idea bold to my young mind been duly told, that play to Jack means more by far than work which will his comfort mar. My wisdom swelled and as I learned, "my wonder grew that one small head could carry all I knew."

And then, alas—it came upon a mid-term clear, that wondrous test of old—they asked me for the swollen horde, the facts my head did hold. "Mock me not! Oh! Fellow Student," I knew not what I did. No more my conscience bothers me! No longer is life young! No more my soul does cringe and fight for any bit of deep insight! Nor does my wonder larger grow, that one small head can carry all I know. For I have lived, and yearned, and learned! But now no more I toil and cram. For I have found it is more sound to bluff through an exam.

D. M. M.

AMONG OUR POETS

ALMA MATER.

(Immortalized by the quartet and dedicated to the memory of the Senior-Junior banquet.)

Tune: Mendelssohn's Farewell

O college years, how swift they run!
Our love for thee has but begun,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea.
We'll soon be far away from thee,
And river, hills, and thy gray walls
Will ever seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.

O may the freedom and the strength
Of hill and river be at length,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,
A symbol of our love for thee,
And friendships prove that college
days

Will never seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.

K. H. '20.

THE PASSER-BY.

I am glad that you passed without
speaking.
And left me still with my dream—
Glad that you told me by looking
By smiling, Life's beautiful theme.

You left me my silence unbroken,
Yet questioned my lonely ideal
Of wisdom and reason in living,
And silently taught me to feel—

To feel and be sure that the knowl-
edge

I sought is a lesser goal
Than the truth you gave me in pass-
ing—

That Love is lord of the Soul.

M. K. P. '19.

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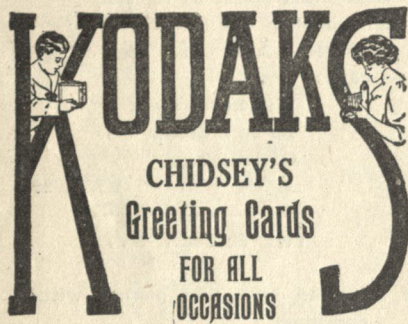
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DOUBLE ALLIANCE BETWEEN
PEP AND THE SUBMARINE

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

in the words of Alison Hastings' ditty
on "Pep and the Submarine Question."

With Apologies to Lewis Carroll, to
'19, and to '20.

"The sun was shining on C. C.,
Shining upon the bay,
Doing its very best to make
New London green and gray.
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the day.

"Pep's tail was wagging joyfully,
Because he knew the sun
Had every business to be there,
Since dog days had begun.
It's sim ly great to celebrate,
I'll squeak, and join the fun."

"The Seniors and their submarine
Were sailing close at hand,
Nearly submerged with joy to see
The luncheon they had planned.
If meals were like this every day,
They said, 'it would be grand.'

"If seven men with seven trays
Waited for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Seniors asked,
'That they could get it clear?'
'I fear so,' said the submarine,
And wept a bitter tear.

"Oh Juniors, come and dine with us,
The Seniors did beseech.
'A pleasant meal, a pleasant talk,
And many a witty speech.
We cannot do without you all,
To give a hand to each.'

"The time has come,' the Seniors said,
To talk of many things,
Of seas and ships and submarines,
Of periscopes and sings.
And why ice cream is freezing cold,
And whether Pep has wings.'

"But wait a bit,' the Juniors cried,
'Before we have our chat,
Till we have eaten all our lunch,
And Pep has had his bat.'

'No hurry,' said the Seniors then,
'We quite agree to that.'

"It was so kind of you to come,
Oh, you are very nice

To come here to our banquet.
Now give us your advice.
If we were here another year,
'Then could we ask you twice?'

"Oh Juniors,' say the Seniors all,
We love you every one.
Will you be friends and play with us?
We'll have the bestest fun!
The first two classes, Juniors and
The Seniors, they are one.'

"The Seniors and the Juniors, they
Came first to dear C. C.,
And those two years were happy years,
As happy as could be.
So we must make the coming years
As happy, and as free.

"So here's to all the Junior class,
And all the Seniors too,
Who love their college broad and free,
And join to see it through,
Who to the spirit of C. C.
Forever will be true.

"The submarine can straighter sail
If Pep is at the wheel,
And, sailing, Pep can faster go
Than swimming, a great deal,
Across the sea of knowledge deep
To find the college weal."

AMONG OUR POETS

ROMANCE.

We sit in the dim lighted playhouse,
Hand in hand, dear, you and I,
And watch on the animated screen
The world fast flashing by.

And you clasp my hand, my love, my
love,
And all the world may see.
Behind the scenes life's a sorry place—
So glad for you and me.

We sit in the hush of the twilight,
Together, you and I,
And watch the street as the people
pass
Beneath a starry sky.

And you clasp my hand, my dearest
love,
So close, so silently—
Let the people pass and go their way.
You are the world to me.

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