LIFE INFLUENCES LITERATURE.

Dr. John E. Wells at Convocation.

That literature and life are closely connected is clearly shown by the essential laws of great literature. No one period, no one race, has made literature what it is. Great literature reveals the experience and life of man kind since it is the outworking of the efforts and experiences in life of men of those periods and in the midst of many races and many periods. The story of man and literature is obtained from the accepted theories. In every age certain groups have tried in vain to overthrow this established standard.

But the beauty and beauty of style can never be separated. As style shows by shallow and unsatisfying, beauty of thought must be supreme. Every piece of great literature is the manifestation of the powerful character of its author, who expresses his individuality without making a conscious effort to create an impression.

It is not through facts, but through suggestion, through emotion, through imagination, that great literature makes its appeal. Yet it is more true to the history of humanity than is said history itself. Great literature will always point the life beyond the stars.

PROFESSOR JEPSON OF YALE TO GIVE ORGAN RECITAL.

Dr. Harry B. Jenson, Professor of Applied Music at Yale University will play at an organ recital on March 23d, at the New London跟踪.

Professor Jepson has just returned from a very successful recital tour, which terminated in Washington, D.C. This will be the second opportunity offered him by the Connecticut Valley Chapter of the Yale Alumni Society to give a recital Yale's noted organist. Last spring, his audience was enthusiastic.

This recital is an annual event given for the benefit of the Choir Fund.

THE NEWS-STAFF GROWS PRIVOLOUS.

The News-Staff had a party! Editors, Reporters and Business Managers forget their dignity on Monday night, March 8, and had a rollicking good time in the basement of Branford House. They played games—the kind you used to play when you were young and rambunctious and dancing school.

The crowning feature was the animal contest, which each girl here from the newspaper the likeness of an animal. There was a prize—prizes were half the fun, judging here given by the creator of the only recognizable creature.

The "News-lter" had refreshments, too, nice good hot fudge sundaes and small cakes.

Helen Peals arranged the party and everyone agreed that, by Jove, she knew just how to do it.

The Yers wishes to correct an error made in the issue of March 5. Ethel Adams, the temporary editor-in-chief that week.

ALUMNAE AT SCIENCE CONFERENCE.

A Conference of New Haven Alumnae in Science Work was held in Whipple House at 7 o'clock on March 11. A small but interested audience attended the meeting enthusiastically to the girls who had come back to talk about their work. Miss Holmes introduced the speakers.

Miss Jennie Hippolitus '21 of the Yale Medical School spoke of her work as a Freshman in Medical School. She emphasized the fact that her physiological chemistry and bacteriological courses at Connecticut College had proven a great help to her. Yale had given her credit for the chemistry courses.

Miss Josephine Emerson '19, also of the Yale Medical School, spoke of the beginning phases of first year medical work. The chief work that year is anatomy or dissecting a cow.

Miss Harriet Rodgers '19, of the Deficiency Disease Research Department, under Professor Mendel, advised those who wish to take general work in science to take histology, bacteriology, and physiological chemistry at college. Ranging over the interesting people in the profession that it is her privilege to meet, she is working for a doctor's degree.

Miss Deborah Jackson '21 of the Biology Department, introduced the experimental work under Professor Osbourne, who was present as she had planned. Also Miss Charlotte Hall '21, who is a second year student in the Department of Geology and Geography, could not come but wrote a very interesting letter regarding her work.

Her "exhibition" was made delightfully informal by the coffl'ee and cake, all made by the Home Economics Department, which were served to the guests.

THE "NORTH WIND DOETH BLOW."

EXHIBITED HERE LAST JUNE.

Miss Lilian Westcott Hale is now giving an exhibition of her pictures at the Arlington Galleries, in New York City. The exhibition is in the New York Times, "Her exhibition is a whole has character, a fresh and perceptive quality. It suggests basic, sensitiveness, and a distinguished way of working at the painter's subject. Mrs. Hale knows her craft, and has a point of view." "The North Wind Doeth BLOW" a picture exhibited here at Connecticut College last Commencement is in the most praised pictures at the exhibition. It represents a figure in white, a white wind blowing against a cold, outdoor sight.

JUNIOR AND SOPHOMORE TEAMS WIN BASKETBALL GAMES.

On Friday evening a big, enthusiastic crowd was present in the gym for the opening of the basketball season. The first game was between the junior and sophomore teams of the Juniors and Seniors. Striking red bloomers with white stripes and stockings, greets and gray coat.

Continued on page 5, column 4.
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

PUBLICITY AND THE COLLEGE

When your family writes you that they saw a picture of a new "dorm" at Connecticut College on the front page of the Bingville Gazette, your home paper, do you wonder how it got there? Or do you write back that they're wrong, that there wasn't. As it happens, drawings of Vinal Cottage appear in some of the college newspapers a short time ago,—newspapers that have a wide circulation. Some of you, perhaps, have seen these pictures in the public press! And what is more, --Boston, Brooklyn, Washington, and New Haven papers are printing every week, accounts of happenings here which are of interest to other than local girls who are directly concerned or because they know the college.

And yet,—with all this,—people who ask what Press Board is, anyway, and why it exists. It is the gate through which passes to your home papers all the college publicity that you hear about or see. There is no particular glory attached to it. It functions quietly, with weekly meetings held under Mr. Loomis' direction. Its seven or eight members dispatch news items to their papers regularly and in most cases receive remuneration. They are doing the college a real service.

Membership at present is limited and all failing to maintain the required standard of efficiency are dropped. They are thus assured a campaign for membership in the near future.

CONFessions Of THE ABSENT-MINDED

It was one of those sultry, drizzly days in March, and as I went to church, made all the more unpleasant by contrast to the picture of a "cool, delightful weather." For this reason I was very reluctant to go shopping, especially in the drab atmosphere of New London. Since, however, my roommate and I were incited to a certain persistent nature, I found myself a few hours later plodding up and down State Street, holding my umbrella at various levels above me in attempts to avoid the dripping corners of the building held by the rest of mankind jostling past me. Taking everything into consideration I was in a most ungenial frame of mind and frightened hopelessly by my roommate's Higgsian vitality. It was with infinite relief that I received an invitation to a party that I purchase some sugar while she went to the post office. Still considering myself as a rather exotic figure, I slid across the slime of the carsfronts and precipitated myself into the Methodist-Grovey. I purchased the sugar and immediately found myself fascinated by the delicacy of the pastries on a nearby corner. For a moment the haphazard form in which I was, was forgotten, the very clerks seemed to me more cheerful than the clerks, I leisurely started, pushed the door open, and then a dreadful realization was forced upon me. No wonder I dragged said roommates hand back next car! No wonder the clerks had been smiling! After acquiring the sugar I had raised my umbrella to go out, and unfortunately had been lured into being an active passerby in the fashionable stores, and now realised the entire store.—Taken from a diary. For further details, see E. B. Sayre.

TO THE REAR, MARCH!

It was one of those sultry, drizzly days in March, and as I went to church, made all the more unpleasant by contrast to the picture of a "cool, delightful weather." For this reason I was very reluctant to go shopping, especially in the drab atmosphere of New London. Since, however, my roommate and I were incited to a certain persistent nature, I found myself a few hours later plodding up and down State Street, holding my umbrella at various levels above me in attempts to avoid the dripping corners of the building held by the rest of mankind jostling past me. Taking everything into consideration I was in a most ungenial frame of mind and frightened hopelessly by my roommate's Higgsian vitality. It was with infinite relief that I received an invitation to a party that I purchase some sugar while she went to the post office. Still considering myself as a rather exotic figure, I slid across the slime of the carsfronts and precipitated myself into the Methodist-Grovey. I purchased the sugar and immediately found myself fascinated by the delicacy of the pastries on a nearby corner. For a moment the haphazard form in which I was, was forgotten, the very clerks seemed to me more cheerful than the clerks, I leisurely started, pushed the door open, and then a dreadful realization was forced upon me. No wonder I dragged said roommates hand back next car! No wonder the clerks had been smiling! After acquiring the sugar I had raised my umbrella to go out, and unfortunately had been lured into being an active passerby in the fashionable stores, and now realised the entire store.—Taken from a diary. For further details, see E. B. Sayre.

FREE SPEECH.

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

In answer to the letter by Autolyca, I, as the writer of the first letter, wish to say that I am not willing to have my name associated with her polemics and I cannot accept the responsibility for the issue last week. I am sorry that I should have been the cause of such an unseemly occurrence. I hope that such efforts will cease at once; her polemics and her unfortunate exasperation filled the role of the captivating Elodie in "The Tragedy of a Gentleman."

The real author was Tom Lonly in the difficult and emotional part of the statue of Louis, showed a remarkable tenacity and depth of feeling. Michaela Namorovitch, as Valen, did a most effective and professional bit of acting. Elizabeth Merry carried off the part of the devoted half-sitf soldier with great ease.

Listen, while I tell you what I saw last night.

Out upon the high-road, blindly no the brine.

I saw the silver pointed-fire;

I heard the phantom mermaids singing.

For upon the wave,

All her bells were tolling, tolling, tolling deep and low for me.

I saw the fields, the fields.

 которой.

The freehands-Sophomore game was surprisingly excellent. The perfect team-work of the Sophomore team was expected—Not's long, clean shots. Hubbell's unostentatious speed, but what was totally unexpected was her form. She was total fire for weeks. The Sophomores won with a score of 24-16.

The next event was the Senior and Junior events. The Sophomores played. The Sophomore was 26-7 favoring the Sophomores. The freehands appeared to be the game of the college.

The STYLE SHOP

17 Back St. Lawrence Hall Building
MISSES' AND WOMEN'S READY-TO-WEAR APPAREL
OF DISTINCTION
Always Moderately Priced

Organ Recital
by
Harry J. Bepton
Professor of Applied Music and University Organist
Yale University
at
St. James Church
Thursday, March 23
5:00 P.M.
"Will you dance this?"
"I'd love to."
"You know you won't rove it at night."
"You know we were abducted and was even my lying gagged in some dive of cinematographic repute."
"Tell your sixteenth birthday."
"Dance here?"
"Tend to me tonight?"
"No. I want you to take back—just this once."
"I can't really."
"Never."
"Why?"
"Because it would be only the organdy 'me' who could agree, and against all the others it could never win."
"What creatures of habit!"
"Moonlight and a waltz, and the lightning flash results."
"Do you take astronomy or something?"
"No, I'm not. I can't endure her hair."
"That's why I can't endure it."
"Not sure which is the 'me'."
"You are heartless, aren't you."
"They hated each other for ever after?"
"No. I want you to take back—just this once."
"The 'me' who says 'perhaps this one, just this once'. And you?"
"I'm not clever—I am so. You are, I like you."
"All the 'me'. Impossible. I'm not intellectual and I don't know what organdy is, and I hate to wait. Now you know the worst."
"Then you'll hate the rest."
"You know, the organdy one would probably meet on a rainy day."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
"Tell me why."
CONNETICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Have you tasted the delicious, round, sugar-covered doughnuts and the dizzy, fresh sandwiches which the Juniors have brought to your door, and to the bas-
ketball games? If you haven’t, you
had better make a wild dash the next

time a Junior appears with a basket

on her arm.

The Juniors are extremely anxious
that you should be hungry—often and
eveningly—and that you should have
been a small change, for Junior Prom
is approaching at a mighty speed and
Prom means money—lots of it, they
claim.

D. Lntown has charge of the dough-

nut business, and groups of girls in
each dormitory are providing and sell-

ing them.

So when you are hungry, you will
not need to rush to the teashop. Just
apply to the Juniors and they will
supply your needs.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND

DAMNED.

Fitzgerald’s—and more Fitzgerald—
four hundred and forty-nine pages of
Fitzgerald! The first few chapters
arouse a faint spark of amusement,

perhaps even of interest, but that
feebly glow is soon drowned in

liquor!

By the beginning, a cocktail every page
or so is sufficient. Then, as
Anthony Patch and his beautiful—and
damned—wife Gloria—sink down
from the Ritz to 47th Street, whiskey
comes from every word—whiskey,

vermouth, gin—anything!

Week-end parties—when Anthony
and Gloria forget how—and when—
they came home—parties that lasted
longer and longer until their reputa-
tion reaches the Coast—Anthony
drinking something constantly—an
infinitesimal woman—Gloria growing
older—a little war—more liquor—and
so the book rambles on until its

longer reads, but merely wanders thru

in the minds that one may join the

slippery path to futility asks, “Have
you read ‘The Beautiful and Damned’?”

WATCH THE FACULTY!

Who would have thought that the

faculty speed contest would have

brought forth such unexpected re-
sults? An innovation occurred Fri-

day night. The game commenced di-

rectly after the type contest, before

both the faculty had had time to

leave. Perhaps it was the heightly

costumed smokers, perhaps the

cheering or the quick passing or per-

haps the little twirling human forms

that attracted the faculty. In any
case they were quick to catch the

spirit and hilarious enthusiasm of the

spectators, nor did their interest

abate on Saturday night. Who knows

but that the faculty will be so carried

away with the marvels of the game

that they too will form a team of their

own and challenge the winner, as they
do in soccer? What could be a more

charming and altogether delightful

picture than Dr. Leib guarding Helen
Hemingway or Grace Fisher guarding
President Marshall? We optimists wait in breathless an-

ticipation. Come on, faculty, don’t

disappoint us!

WE, THE IMMIGRANTS.

One used to write odes about the
dinner bell, but now it is the din-
er button. Really, you know, this dinner

button thing is no joke. Ever since

it started I have worn one suit with
my white darling nestled costly under

the lapel. I dare not change. The

suit may crumble in ruins, becomes
dedicated with age, actually dictate-
rate, but as long as the lapel re-

mains as a garaze for my dinner pass-

port I shall be faithful. I will wear

it in the cold, I will wear it in the

heat. Otherwise I would continually

present an empty stomach at a barred
door.

However, the business has its

charms. As I file past Ramsey’s con-


centrated gaze, turning down the fa-

mous lapel, and barely restraining a

knowing glance, I feel like some de-

bona fide spion on the trail of illicit

liquor. Try wearing your button

mystically concealed, and revealing it

suddenly like a high-hat, and then

slide by with the wicked leer, and see

what a kick you get. Touched by the
gentle finger of imagination, even

this little game of Ellis Island that we

play twice a day is delightful.

I WISH I WERE A PIRATE BOLD.

I wish I were a pirate bold—”

I’d sail the pirate seas!

I’d have my ship with my pirate flag,

And I’d do my pirate deeds!

I’d sleep in the day, but not at night;

Then I’d have my favorite patch,

With my one good eye, and my one

good leg.

And my private keg of rum!

Oh, I’d fix the ships that’d scorn my

flag,

I’d have them walk the plank—

Those captains and cooks and gentle-

men who!”

With their high-falutin’ rank.

I’d hoist their mates from my mast, I

would.

If the didn’t hand over their loot—

And I’d curse ‘em right and I’d curse

‘em left.

And leave ‘em to rot, to rot.

I’d hide my treasure like Captain Kidd.

With a skull or two quite near.

And I’d come back to sneak around

Every seventh or eleventh year.

Oh, I wish I were a pirate bold—”

I’d do the pirate saucy.

I’d have my ship with my pirate flag,

And I’d do my pirate deeds! 23

Construction of fourteen capital

ships is suspended by Secretary Denby

at the direction of President Harding,

in anticipation of ratification of the

nuclear limitation treaty.

LYN & EWALD

Think of Us for any
SPORTING GOODS
You May Want

FLASH LIGHTS and GENERAL HARDWARE
88 State Street, New London

NEW SPORT HATS, SCARFS and SWEATERS
PUR CHOKER SCARFS for present and spring wear

TATE & NEILAN

Hatters and Furnishers
State and Green Streets, New London, Conn.
A NEW EXPERIENCE.

It was nearly five o'clock-closing time. I expressed a part of my anxiety and discomfort for, not taking the hat. I had a vague feeling that I might need all the money I had with me.

"What shall I do? What shall I do? O you wise fool! Come, knock a little sense into yourself. Where were we to go? I don't feel like a Buren for dinner? Gay mentioned the place, as we were coming down. Wait—there's the Parlor Room and Central! That was it! What does Hilda look like? All I've ever heard Gay say is that she had parasol-like eyes. Well, I'll go to the Grand Central and look thru the waiting room for a little girl with brilliancy eye, and if I find one I'll ask her if she's seen Gay. Divine comedy that will be!
The store had officially closed. They led me out a side door. I was so stupid I think I must have completed the block before I could find the Avenue.

I never knew a time when I was so weak as when I was in the sight of the Grand Central. "A girl with bright eyes, in the waiting room. Well, then, that's a female crowd—but I wonder, is that one looking for?"" Pardon me, but are you Hilda Van Buren?"

"Yes, are you Doris?"

"Yes, here you seen Gay?"

"Yes, answered after a short silence.

"She bad me! The poor fool! She means she skipped me! Why, I had all Mrs. McCreery's department searching an hour for her! I bought she was to be here! Then thru the door burst a medium-sized figure, with bald hair, wearing a blue suit, but a blue suit!

"What happened to you?"

"What happened to the block, before you. You poor nut! I looked all over for you."

"I sweared I looked for you."

"Well, I was right there trying on hats. I know you would come and see me sit down!"

"Well, I couldn't find you, so I supposed you' gone away, and I thought Hilda would be waiting, so I came to the station—and then you weren't here—I've been way back to McCreery's, and it was closed, and I was afraid I'd never find you!"

"You never found me—but I tell you, old dear, it'll be a long day before I ever go back to McCreery's. O, but you've had a new experience! I live for new experiences!" said Hilda, her brown eyes aglow. O. J. '24.

YOUR WEEK-END IN THE INFIRMARY.

"Home and get your tooth-brush," says the nurse, truculently regarding you over the thing that has justantasy your temerature.

"I have classes," you protest nobly.

"Go home." Her brown hair is soft and wavy. Her eyes may be lovely green but their capacity to express determination is that of a new dawn returning with your brave-robe, slippers, nallite, "If Winter Comes," and find the "Green-Eyed-One." You send messages to your roommate and succumb to the sensation and encase yourself in your bed.

Winter Comes is interesting. You read on an occasional and philosophy of the class or classes missed. This is to be a perfect day. You await lunch with anticipation.

Twelve o'clock and the brown-eyed girl, sidling wickedly, comes in with a huge tray. She places it upon your lap. You observe the second generation in a cup of bouillon; two martinis lend a sublimity to your meal. Your day is ruined. Of course, you warrant. The bouillon, the glimpse of a corset. If Winter Comes means nothing more to you. When she removes your cup, you lift a pause, green and complacent stare. You even feel that this is the moment of human coldness. You indulge in a bit of sarcasm, a gem-like epigram, "She removed her Liberty and glanced a second time at the door. You bellow after her retreating form the quintessence of holy-like rage in your tone. The doors close softly, mockingly. You glare at it.

"Ahah! What have we here—a letter? Your tooth-brush has come to pay you a pale lavender enveloped. All your little friends have enclosed poems and precious little letters of piety, praise and jest. You start right in composing efficient words and retorts and you retain a copy of the best ones. (A spasm of the divine afflatus compels you to meditatively chew your pen on the last line.) It might be well for you to attend the hot-water bottle on your head!" fact she makes no bones about the fact you don't have one, you might have the courtesy to close your eyes and give the appearance that you are not going to desert and you never slept the night. It was a ridiculous sensation, anyhow. She stares mercilessly at you.

You try the forty winds. Why is it that just as the emperor was about to crown you with all the colors of hard-bolted cocoa. You remonstrate. She coldly informs you that you have chosen to be absent for two whole days convinced that all females are inherent facts. She tells her about your "Green-Eyed-One." She informs you with no particular passion that she will crown you with cocoas if you don't talk like a rational being. As you drink the cocoa—which you don't, because it isn't very good and you have a headache—you are surrounded by the very best friends and the voice of the "Green-Eyed-One" seduces you into a dreamy sleep asleep. You pray for it not to end.

Along with your milk toast she brings you a note from your cousin who writes the Green-Eyed-One, who is a "diary-eyed dragon." You show that photograph of the Green-Eyed-One as great grief. You supplement it with a few whispered suggestions of the most serious kind. You detect a glint of battle, pistols, murder and you don death in your eye, whereupon you stop, pleased with your ability to provoke cold hatred.

You have books. No magazines except 1913 ones. The last patient are up the latest copies in a frenzy of something or other. You almost give way to a desire to assimilate the bed-clothes. You hurry away the furniture and the Green-Eyed-One. Naturally, when she poxes the thing under your tongue it registers 181. She drags the bed and an ice-bag at your feet and expects you take it as a joke. Bows. Dr. prepared of human companionship, the Green-Eyed-One emerges from behind the door—once like so many others, once like so many voices to you. You could even that the appearance of the blight, placid face of the "Green-Eyed-One" whereas continually beside you in Narrative Prose.

Resumé:

The light of returning room—Milk toast returned by Food service—You discover a sneaking affection for the Green-Eyed-One, her beauty, her grace, her figure, everything. You inform her of your destinies, your plans, your real and your hot-water bottle. She scorns you. The "Green-Eyed-One" is startled but hospitable. You seek sleep after whispering, "Frailly, thy name is Woman." And presently you go to your advanced composition class. The views of your professors are interesting, you with what, to your still fevered ears, seems to be, "Turtle Eggs à la New York Style." You have not thought of those days. You are normal once again.

STUDENT TOURS TO EUROPE.

Seventy-five American college students will spend the months of July and August in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. These students will be officially deprived of the Award Ministers in the Scandinavian capitals. Each in combination with similar student entertainments of the American visitors will be supervised by Dr. Peter Arminen, an assistant of the Nobel Institute and Sweden's most distinguished scientist. Features of the trip to Norway will be an audience with King Haakon at his castle, a reception by President A. V. Brogger, President of the University of Kristiania.

Each of the Scandinavian countries is an organization for the promotion of friendly relations with the United States through cultural interchange, the Danish-American Society, the Scandinavian-American Foundation, and the Swedish-American Foundation. By these organizations, Scandinavian students are selected for study at American colleges and universities. In 1924 Five institutions have served as hosts of the American students. Mr. James Creese, Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and Professor A. B. Manson will accompany the tour. Lectures on various phases of Scandinavian life and history will be given by the various groups of students.

The tour is arranged in conjunction with similar student tours to Italy, France, and Great Britain, all four of which are under the auspices of the Institute of International Education, and members of the same institutions group. The trip to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden has been arranged and New York on July 1 on a liner chartered for them.

OPEN LETTER.

Dear Editor:

Speaking of the letter which appeared in the "Vera" for June, in Autolycus, it seems to me, waxes inconsistent in her persistent attempt to represent the "happy medium" and to be just. She says, "It takes brains to construct," but she gives no more real constructive advice herself than the author of the previous letter.

The author of the letter of March 3rd, I take it, credited the editor and "Vera" for June, in Autolycus, did seem to me, waxes inconsistent in her persistent attempt to represent the "happy medium" and to be just. She says, "It takes brains to construct," but she gives no more real constructive advice herself than the author of the previous letter.

The author of the letter of March 3rd, according to Autolycus, did compliment the "Vera" for June, in Autolycus, "I think you are more construc
tive.

Even if the writer of the letter of March 3rd, according to Autolycus, did compliment the "Vera" for June, in Autolycus, "I think you are more constructive." It was condemning it by saying that it might be circulated among the Wharton School of Business, Brothers and Sisters are said to be more constructive.

Indian Girl sent to World Meeting.

For the first time in history, American Indians will take their place next spring in a world's conference of men and women students from forty countries and American Indians. A young Indian girl, Ruth Muskrat, is expected to arrive recently from San Francisco to represent the Indian race and interpret the relationship between the United States and the American Indian.

This trip has been made possible by the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. and the next year's Y. W. C. A. work on the Oklahoma reservation and the Northwestern Y. W. C. A. work at the University of Kansas, and is working her way thru.

Pope Pius XI was crowned in St. Peter's, Rome, on February 12th, the '24th jubilee of the Roman Catholic Church. L M. '24.

Editor of the Vera.
The faculty of the Wharton School of Pennsylvania University has found it necessary to suspend the honor system among its students. This action has been taken upon the recommendation of the Vera, but I am not suggesting that any such action will be taken in the immediate future. On the contrary, our conditions here are largely those of a college and I would like to see them at Pennsylvania. However, a suggestion that such a suspension may well be considered in connection with our own problem. May not part of our trouble also be that we become members of our Student Government, and that we enter on the privileges of the Honor System without due consideration of its status as a whole? Following is the solution offered by a Wharton student, W. G. "H, in connection with our own question.

"That if all or a majority of the members who belong in the Honor System form an Honor Association, or some such body, they will automatically constitute themselves an enforcing body, Any man who would join such a body and not live up to its ideals would be a hypocrite and would soon be exposed by his associates. Herefore, all Wharton men have automatically, by virtue of their presence in the school, membership in the Honor System, which is rather vague. An Honor System which does not function 100 per cent, is of no value, and this is the case with the others an oppor
tunity to those who do not belong in the membership of which would be voluntary, I think the Honor System could be enforced."
GROCERIES and MEATS
A. T. MINER
THREE STORES
381 wunrcce St. 15 ,inthroll sr.
THE NATIONAL
BANK OF COMMERCE
OF NEW LONDON
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS
New London, Connecticut

A TASTE OF SUMMER TIME
FRESH STRAWBERRY SUNDAEs
SERVED WITH WHIPPED CREAM, 20c.
At the College Pharmacy
2272-2

BRING YOUR FILMS TO
CHIDSEY'S
TO BE
DEVELOPED and PRINTED
GREETING CARDS
NOVELTIES
115 STATE STREET
New London, Conn.

ENGAGEMENT
ANNOUNCED.

A week ago announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Martha E.公认er, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, to Robert
Moses, of Ridgefield, New York, at a
Bridge and Tea given at the home of Mrs. W. H. Haddon of Ridgewood; Miss Carlson, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Charles L. Carlson of Fortuna, Connecticut, has been instructor in French and Spanish in the Ridgewood
High School since her graduation.

MORE WORK FOR THE SCHOOL
She said, as she smiled on his suit,
Just as Eve long ago did to Adam;
"When the students are fed,
I'll no longer be mad.
I've decided I'd rather be madam."

TAIL-LIGHTS.

"How would you have played that hand?" asked the bridge novice.
"Under an assumed name, if I had been you," replied the old cyclone
cruncher.-(Life.)

CHILLY RIDING.

Miss L. said, "If I buy a car, I can't
have any clothes."

GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

Mr. S.- "This picture is very
unusual—Notice the man he is standing
on both feet!"

HEARD IN FRENCH.

A student looked long at the French
sentence "Les mechants garçons sont
eux qu'il" and translated "The bad
boys are shaky."

That ends my tail," said the
monkey as he backed into the lawn
mower.

AMBITION.

Miss L. sitting at the desk, "It is
awfully hot here."
All sitting next to closed windows.
"Don't any of the windows open?"

"Ah, splendid!" breathed the ema-
tured tourist as he gazed into the
grand eavon.

"Ah, cyclic, the happy man taunted
the confirmed woman-hater.

"Aren't I!" asked the Caribbean One,
as he re-read the letter on the bottle.

Fresh: "When is a lady not a lady?"
Senior, yawning: "Usually!"

WAS IT SARCASM?

Dr. J.: "Do you think that Long-
fellow is as dry as the average col-
lege professor?"
Chris, with much enthusiasm:
"No!"

A QUESTION OF GRAVITY.

Tall junior, coyly tossing umbrella
into the air, gust of wind carries it up
State Street,—Junior, in dismay, "But
I don't see why it didn't come down
just where it went up!"

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