**NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MARCH 18, 1921**

**PROSPECTS OF A SCIENCE CLUB.**

A new Science Club is being formed for students who are taking any Science courses. It was originally intended to be a Nutrition Club, but there are no other clubs of this sort. It was thought best to include the Science students. It has been formed so that the students can bring in any bold questions along this line that they want answered, and also to help out the Science department with practical work that she has to do this spring. All students interested are requested to sign up as soon as possible on the paper on the Students' Bulletin Board.

On March nineteenth the last get-together of the Senior-Junior classes takes place. The annual banquet may be attended by either the Seniors or the Juniors, but the Juniors will be at one-fifteen in the Grille of the Mohican.
MUSICAL PROGRAMS.

Connecticut College wants more musical talent more attendance at concerts and more proficiency in the art.

Stefan Kostin, the concertmaster of the Metropolitan Orchestra, will be a guest conductor.

He will conduct the college orchestra in a program of light music, including works by American composers.

MISS MOSELEY'S INTERPRETATION OF TACT.

"This way to the fitting room, Miss."

chirped the pert little sales-girl over her shoulder, as she drew me slowly around her arm.

I hurried over the gray carpet in a desperate effort to keep up with the twinkling French heels and trim satin boas that guided me.

Suddenly that shining little back disappeared through a small gray door, and I dodged in after her, only to discover a familiar plump soul who held my shivering creation and beamed down at me.

"Well, saints preserve us! Don't tell me you want to have the same dressmaker as your friend again! Good land child, you hardly need to step into this finery. I know your measurements from top to toe!"

I didn't know I was in this establishment: yes, I've been here for a month and it's more than my measurements have been in this shop for that long.

The assistant and I seemed to radiate from every crevice in the little o.d. face. And as I stepped to step into the elevator, she held out her hand, and I knew I was safe to come out of the dressing room.

"That's it, child! Now we're all hooked up as snug as a bug in a rug. My, it's very cold outside!"

Another sniff! I looked down on the old lady, worried wondering what the pretty discoveries and ideas danced under the quaint cluster of gray curls. How could I improve on this woman?

The plump little face wrinkled up at me in whimsical amusement.

"Why, with my old customers, I can get away with anything."

And she tickled them to pieces in front of the mirror, and I don't like to say that I'm not alive! (Turn just a mile to the left. Child—slowly.)

"I'm learning what you might call tact—but mind you, I don't mean the by way kind. I still hold on to that grub death! I've figured out that there's two kinds of tact—by and by.

Another mouthful of pins were expertly adjusted so as not to interfere with her speaking process.

"Maise—that little snip that brought you in—yes the by kind, and I don't care if it's wicked to hear that girl go on the way she does!—(Turn a bit more.)"

Why only this morning a great big woman came in to be fitted into a dress no less than two hundred dollars a yard! I've had a look like four hundred. Maise was that little snip, the sale, and she's on to that poor woman with wicked eyes, telling her that it gave her slender line and the such. Don't tell me that people don't know their own short-comings and failings better than anyone might suspect! That woman was as mum as a little sick kitten, and Maise, not sweeter than her face, thought it was a sign of satisfaction and left.

Then I thought I'd cut out my truthful kind of tact. I'd noticed she had uncommon lovely eyes—as if she was gnawing gnats and just the shade of the velvet of the dress.

"Now we'll just fix that shawl—then we'll be done!"

"Well, I just started being the way, you know."

"Maise's by the way about the slender lines."

Maise was that little snip, the sale, and she's on to that poor woman with wicked eyes, telling her that it gave her slender line and the such. Don't tell me that people don't know their own short-comings and failings better than anyone might suspect! That woman was as mum as a little sick kitten, and Maise, not sweeter than her face, thought it was a sign of satisfaction and left.

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George T. Brown
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EXCHANGES.

In order that many city children
may have the pleasure and bene-
of a summer vacation this year, the
Freshman class at Smith have given
up class pins and rings and are using
their two thousand dollar fund to buy
a bungalow at Mount IV.

The class of 1924 at Barnard gave
the first Freshman dance in the his-
tory of the college. It was a huge
success, open to Fresh and Juniors and
lasted until one o'clock.

Princeton University has recently
taken an amazingly great strides
toward student self-government. The
Senior Council which is the Student
Government body has been given, by
unanimous approval of the faculty, the
power to recommend the dismissal of
a student without offering any evi-
dence or reason. The University al-
ready has an honor system.

The Home Economics Club at
Hunter College took a trip to Alber-
town and made an interesting study of
Chinese food. customs, and man-
ners.

Vasue has been awarded a silver
medal by the Red Cross, in recognition of
the College's services in Verdun.

The Dramatic Club of Mount Holy-
dale presented as this month's feature
"Cook and Cardinals" which is con-
sidered one of the finest productions of
the Harvard workshop.

February 19th the Senior-Faculty
party took place at Simmons. The
faculty presented "The Neighbors" by
Zona Gale, and it is said to have fur-
rished the students many hearty
laughs.

"The Jesters," Trinity's Dramatic
Club, presented Anatoie Frances' "The
Man Who Harried a Dead Wife" and "The
Modern Skivvies" for the benefit of
the Hoover European Relief Fund.

From Goucher we learn that the
Francis D. Polk Foundation for
Economic Research offers three prizes
for the best essays submitted during
1921 on Economics subjects.

MATH. CLUB HEARS PRO-
FESSOR GILMAN

A regular meeting of the Math. Club
was held last Monday evening at 7:30
o'clock in New London Hall. Profes-
sor Gilman of Brown University spoke
on "Recreations in Mathematics." Pro-
essor Gilman handled his subject in
an interesting way which made those
present realize that Math. is more than
a "dry-as-dust" study.

Friend Jake:

Sophia has probably writ Sal about
our trip to that place, Conn. College.
but I feel restrained to take my pen in
my fingers and tell you about what
I thought about it. Sophia was most
repressed with the place where they
eat, but I wasn't. I am naturally in-
clined towards animals, and so I was
very interested in the animals that live
there. They have some dogs, cats, etc.
One purr is black and white, and acts
just like our old Carlo when he was
crazy. Another is an animal they call
"fooler" but it seemed to me to be after
because he was always after me. Those cats are just plain cute and I am
going to give them a calf so as to
finish them there, manology. I said as
much to 1 of the girls and she said they'd
appropriate it but that she thought a
veem would be better, which I did not
understand, as I do not keep that kind
of animal. If you see what she meant
well you tell me so that I can give it to
her for also seemed like a nice sort.
Sophia sex has to write to Sal
again and I don't know why she write
more than two pages before but I will
let her.

Yours respectfully,
Hiram Jones.

Dora Sal:

I forgot to tell you the way they catch mice down there. Traps. Thats
that's the gal we went to see—told us about a gal that left some solid dress-
ing in her dresser drawer and drowned the mice in it. I said I thought that
was very wasteful when a trap would
do just as well. Also I thought it
was rather erood to the mouse to leave it
in a tall skinny bottle. And it
can hardly be made to pass the thing out
but Sarah, she just laughed. She
wishes me to avoide it to my friends and
I would make a hit but I told her if
anyone was my friend I wouldn't want
to hit her. However, if you want to
koth make that way, I won't stop you
accept to tell you that you will
be sinfully wasting money which your
husband has worked hard for.
A trap and a snitch of cheese will
do the work.

Very affectionately,
Sophia Jink.

When Menus Reverse the Order of
Evolution.

Sunday—Roast chicken.
Monday—Cold sliced chicken.
Tuesday—Chicken salad.
Wednesday—Minced chicken on
toast.
Thursday—Chicken soup.

Could there be no other provision for old age pensions for overworked
fowl? '24.

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

The picture of Miriam Cohen, who sat placidly knitting, knitting, during a recent exciting basketball game—and directly under the basket, too—cannot but recall the Vision of Madame Defarge in "The Tale of Two Cities," who knitted, knitted, while the bells dropped, one by one.

Bright remarks:

Rachel T.—in round-eyed innocence—said: "If it hadn't been for Helen Homingway and Miss McCarthy, the Sophomores wouldn't have made any baskets at all!"

Dr. Morris in Psyche: "Now, Miss Clarke, if you missed Barnum if she was going to the circus—And then he wondered why everyone laughed.

Again, Dr. Morris in Psyche: "Now a good deed, is it not? There's no use denying that at times we wish it were.

The following item shows the great danger to which all partaking of self—especially chicken—are exposed. You never can tell! We wonder if this is to be the end of our "Mistress Shady" of Community Sing fare.

"Mrs. Mary Shady, aged 47, is dead, and six other members of her family are seriously ill, as a result of eating chicken left over from the family dinner yesterday."

Crowned street.
Banana peel.
Levyl Jan
Virginia Reed!

Every well-behaved Ford should conduct itself according to this motto: "Don't kick the hand that's cranking you."

Wanted: One pair large feet on which I may stand on a crowded trolley rounding the curve at State and Main. Must be steady and reliable and guaranteed to stand without hitching. Address Miss Allen, P. O. 23.

Even the professors idle—or have expressed their willingness to leave—their classes, at the call of Spenser, and the robins.

Styles are looking up. Melodion Cafl-deen has concealed two-inch legs of her pig-tail instead of brailing it right to the tip.

Mr. Doyle, in course of lecture—"That is the reason why work is so slack—why clerks in the retail stores are holding their hands behind their backs—Do you know?"

Davlin says: There's a woman on the Norwich car who is getting a line on our "lines." Ask Gimmy Neighbour—she knows!

Welcome the stranger with the black eye, "Just on Time," who has come to these parts to realize Spenser. May he have a longer and a happier life than his predecessor.

JOTTINGS BY "THE RAMBLER."

A woman is queer, there's no doubting that. She hates to be thin, and she hates to be fat. One minute it's laughter, the next it's a cry.

You can't understand her however you try, but there's one thing about her: That everyone knows, a woman's not dressed till she powders her nose.

I've studied the sex for a number of years.

I've watched in gladness and seen her in tears.

On her ways and her whins I've pondered a lot.

To find what will please her and just what will not.

But all that I've learned from the start to the close, is that sooner or later, she'll powder her nose.

At church or a ball came a dance or a show.

There's something about her that you know, that I know.

At weddings or funerals or dinners of state.

You can bet that her hand will dive into her waist.

And every few minutes she will strike up a pose.

And the whole world will wait till she powders her nose.

—Anonymous.

We waitresses recommend the immediate extinction of:

1. The girl who saunters in after everyone else, and orders two milk and a te.
2. The thoughtless hostess who serves a fish at us and says, "Can we have some more of this?" and not so much as smiles when you trot your legs off for her.

3. The person who thinks she is saving time and trouble by filling every glass at a long table and then sits down to be joined eventually by perhaps four other people—while the seven remaining vacant places are awarded by seven perfectly clean, full glasses of water. What don't we think as we proceed to make three extra trips to the "Wagon" with Sante's.

4. The girl who sits for at least five minutes contemplating the scenery, or engaged in a lively conversation with her neighbor—and takes up her fork or passes her plate for more—just as you are about to remove it.

TO RAGS.

Oh playmate frolicsome and gay,
Oh singer most serene,
Oh you who went to chives so oft,
Oh you of injured men:

To you I sing my praises loud,
Yes, once so dirty gray,
You lack a bath. It was too much,
And so you passed away.

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