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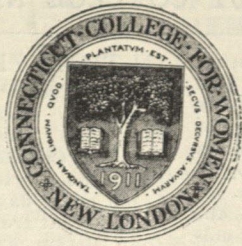
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EXCAVATIONS REVEAL TRUTH OF LEGENDS.

DEAN NYE SPEAKS ON "THE AGE OF FABLES."

Once more the college has had the opportunity of hearing a member of its own Faculty at Convocation. On March 21st, Dean Nye spoke on the fascinating subject, "The Age of Fable," and, with the help of an interesting collection of slides, convincingly proved that the old familiar myths and legends of the poetic world are very probably based upon fact. Even the fairies which people have considered merely "make-believe" may have had their origin in a race of pigmies which are known to have lived in northern Europe.

The heroes of ancient Troy, in the old Homeric legends, cannot be entirely mythical. For Dr. Shliemann, in his excavations in Asia Minor, found the ruins of the Troy of the Homeric story, where the heroes fought and died.

Dr. Shliemann proved it to be very probable that the great king Agamemnon really lived. For in Mycenae he unearthed the ruins of what he believed to be Agamemnon's palace, with its horde of treasures and the remains of nineteen human bodies, possibly members of Agamemnon's household.

Other excavations which Dean Nye pictured were those in the once powerful Kingdom on the island of Crete. The story of King Minos and of the Minotaur may well be representative of the civilization of Crete which was so highly developed, especially from 2000-1500 B. C.

Sir Arthur Evans has found the remains of the wonderful palace of King Minos, without protecting city walls (a fact which proves the great sea power of the kingdom), stretching over five acres, and having five stories. An advanced civilization is proven by this palace, with its drainage system, its school-room, its vast store rooms, its pottery, painting and wall frescoes. Here is the traditional labyrinth of the Minotaur, and on the walls of the palace the frescoes show the great interest of the people in bull-fighting.

Dean Nye gave other interesting illustrations, which proved her point that one cannot be too sure of her disbelief, that many more of the myths and fables which some persons believe to be merely the work of poetic fancy, have grown out of the truth.

Varsity Beats Alumnae.

Saturday afternoon the "C. C. Grads," with Mildred Howard as captain, met the Varsity Basketball team in the Gym, and thus produced one of the season's most animated events.

For the first half it almost looked as if the Alumnae would take the victory from their younger sisters in arms. Lydia Marvin, Madeline Rowe and Dorothy Wulf were largely responsible for the good work, and while they swiftly and surely made baskets, the Seniors and Freshmen on the side lines let loose their most ferocious cheers and cries of "fight, fight, fight!" These two classes were not sorry they

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ALUMNAE SPEAK AT A. A. BANQUET.

Sophomores Awarded Cup.

Lighted yellow candles—daffodils—excitement—and the second Athletic Association banquet of the year. The Varsity team led the Alumnae into the hushed room and when all were seated, everyone joined heartily in singing *Then Here's to Dear C. C.* The alumnae were saluted in song by all the classes, and then some. Miff Howard, captain of the Alumnae team, was the first tortured by the Senior table, and the dining-hall resounded with applause at her speech. Each of the alumnae were called on in turn and though they claimed matronly old age, their responses disproved their claims. The Varsity team next responded to the cry of "Speech!" and each in turn told how much she enjoyed playing with the alumnae. Miss Howe, Nurses Leahy and White spoke briefly, and Miss Sherer added the crowning touch—to Sophomore minds—by announcing that glad as she was to see the alumnae back, she was still proud to belong to '24. The Sophomores answered with a song to her.

Katherine McCarthy then welcomed the graduates in the name of A. A. and the college, and Anna Buel awarded large Old English "C's" to members of the Varsity team:—Katherine McCarthy, Dorothy Hubbell, Katherine Hamblet, Amy Hilker, Grace Fisher, Margaret Kendall and Merial Cornelius. As president of A. A., Katherine McCarthy presented to Dorothy Hubbell, captain of the Sophomore basketball team, the cup awarded each year to the champion team. The banquet ended with the singing of the Alma Mater.

MISS PFLAUM SPEAKS ON VOCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES.

On Friday evening, March 24th, the Economics and Sociology classes were given the opportunity of hearing Miss Pflaum, of Philadelphia, an expert on vocations for women, speak on the various occupations for college girls. First, Miss Pflaum warned the girls against heeding any book which emphasized salary, for salaries are fluctuating to such an extent that no book can offer any authoritative information. Then Miss Pflaum discussed some of the reasons for failure in the various kinds of work which women have undertaken, the chief among them being failure to keep contracts. After outlining the various major vocations and the chief opportunities in each group, Miss Pflaum gave the girls a chance to ask questions about any particular phase of work which she had not mentioned. The one point which Miss Pflaum emphasized most throughout her talk was the importance of keeping a contract. Many women seem to have no idea of the meaning of contract and consequently, months of work in opening new fields for women are wasted. To quote Miss Pflaum: "Keep your word, written or spoken, under all circumstances."

Dr. Hubert Work, of Colorado, First Assistant Postmaster-General, has been nominated by President Harding to succeed Will H. Hays, as Postmaster-General.

MR. GEORGE S. CHAPPEL TELLS OF CRUISE OF KAWA.

Explorer Relates Thrilling Experience.

Mr. George S. Chappel, commonly known as Dr. Traprock, author of *The Cruise of the Kawa*, spoke to a large audience gathered at the Vocational High School on Monday evening, the twentieth. Dr. Traprock, who was "brought up" in New London, spoke at the request of the Teachers' League and realized that he stood on the platform before all the New London teachers as a living example of what the New London public school system could do.

Although his explorations are viewed by some with great levity, he assured his audience that his book was a serious one and few appreciated the value of his discoveries. In 1492 when Columbus discovered America very little land was known and there was a lot to discover. Consequently, if you sailed very far in one direction, you were almost certain to bump into some new land. Even the discoverer of the Mississippi merely did the inevitable. Had some one crossed the Mississippi river without discovering it, he would have executed a great feat and be deserving of praise. One thing that Dr. Traprock can never understand is that no Americans were involved in the discovery of America. The exploration of Dr. Traprock was far more difficult and far more of a feat than any previous discovery. All known land was clearly marked on Atlases. Dr. Traprock had to defy all Atlases and with no idea in which direction to sail, to make a discovery. Peary, for instance, knew that a North Pole existed. His problem was merely one of transportation, of how he was going to get to the North Pole. Dr. Traprock did not even know that any unknown land existed.

In his lecture Dr. Traprock traced the growth of his career as an explorer, which began shortly after his graduation from Yale when he discovered that it was a decomposed blackbird which was poisoning the waters of Lake Whitney. His most important exploration, the Cruise on the Kawa, he illustrated with slides.

The whole lecture was accompanied by a low, continuous chuckle from the audience with an occasional hilarious burst of mirth. Indeed, Dr. Traprock's serious manner only increased the humor of his remarks. It is to be deplored that more college girls were not present.

PROF. HARRY B. JEPSON GIVES ORAN RECITAL.

Professor Harry B. Jepson, of Yale University, gave an organ recital at St. James' church, on Tuesday evening of this week. His varied program was so arranged that each number contrasted with the previous composition. James' "Meditations à St. Clotilds"—calm, majestic and serene, filled the audience with a sense of peace and tranquility and "Les Jongleurs from the Second Sonata," one of Mr. Jepson's own compositions was captivating with its irresistible rhythm and frolicsomeness.

Wolstenholme's "Allegro" Guilman's, "Nuptial March," and Bird's fascinating "Oriental Sketch" were among the numbers on the program which succeeded in making the recital most delightful.

MANDOLIN CLUB GIVES DELIGHTFUL PERFORMANCE.

PROGRAM WELL PRESENTED.

The Mandolin Club Concert, given in the College Gymnasium on March 25 was the result of careful work, and in some cases considerable talent. The program was well planned and well presented, the selections for the most part well suited to the ability of the performers. In the parts played by the club as a whole the violin work was especially worthy of praise. Marjorie Wells '22, as leader filled her difficult part excellently and conducted with great grace and charm.

In the first selection the ensemble work contributed especially to its presentation. The time and expression were also very good.

Miss Elizabeth Moyle in her reading of "Bobby Shafto" received much applause. Her voice was unusually pleasing. The humorous encore "Jobe" and No. VI, "The Volunteer Organist," were equally well done.

The Guitar Duo showed care and perhaps a fair amount of ability. One of the most successful numbers was "Selections" by the Sextette, who played and sang well together. "In her Little Cottage Pudding by the Sea," was loudly applauded. The very amusing costumes and Sally's smile were also attractive features.

This was followed by another selection by the Club as a whole, "The March of the Boy Scouts" and "Elysium Waltz." The former rather lacked spirit but the latter was perhaps the best thing which the Club did.

In the "Novelty Act," Helen Barkering '23, sang to the accompanying guitars of Gloria Hollister '24, and Olive Hulbert '25. Her charm of manner and appearance, her animation and phrasing added to the beauty of her voice.

The performance was ended by "Cavaleria Rusticana," well rendered, and the singing of the Alma Mater. Dancing followed.

SILVER BAY DELEGATES HOLD RALLY.

"FOLLOW THE GLEAM."

Silver Bay night, Wednesday, March twenty-second was characterized by ardent enthusiasm and friendly spirit. An interested audience watched an impromptu presentation by the 1920 and 1921 delegates of the events of a day spent at Silver Bay. The whole performance, from the glorious trip up Sunrise Mountain at three in the morning to the delegation meeting at night, illustrated the wonderful spirit of Silver Bay. It was demonstrated that the delegation as well as the college would be benefited if only more C. C. girls would avail themselves of this splendid opportunity.

A motion picture of the Y. W. C. A. Student Conference on Lake George was then shown amidst songs and joyful shouts of recognition. Jeanette Sperry undertook the role of interpreter. But beneath the merry cheers

Continued on page 2, column 3.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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IN PARTING.

We don't feel very "sermony" today so we think just this once that we won't be serious. We're going to part pretty soon; in fact, some of us may be parting by the time this greets the world in print, and we're going straight to the bosoms of our families for a much-needed breathing space. For, as the Freshmen sing so touchingly—"after you have won, there is rest, sweet rest." We know that we need it. We know by wise looks from our friends that we are touchy, snappy, and cross, and go about with a veritable woodpile on our shoulders, just itching for someone to knock it off, so that we can start something. It's always that way. But just grin and bear it until it's time to board the train—then we'll forget all our troubles and count only the blessings, for we've got a grand old college to come back to after we've endured a week or ten days of Uncle Henry's familiar jokes and those boring movies that simply don't begin to come up to the *Crown*.

But oh, when Thursday comes won't we be frisky, and won't we enjoy being free, and then won't we come back ready to tackle comedy 'n everything, even a bit of the academic!!!

"IN THE SPRING—!"

Poets who sing of Spring never omit from their rhymes snowy, gambolling lambs which cavort over the greensward and bleat little praises to the tender breezes. But why should poets limit their lyrics to mere animals? Why not compose a little poem about the daily procession from Thames? In the winter the line winds slowly along with stately step and slow. But when soft breezes ruffle the locks of the latest additions to the Bobbed Hair Chorus the line breaks

up into little groups which execute odd, little steps. In each group there is a leader who surpasses the others in leaping ability. Like the birds, or perhaps to be less true to form, like a little calf, she bellows forth her joy in the warm sunshine. It is not only the wee lambs which gambol in the Springtime—just observe learned college maidens as they do aesthetic dances back from lunch. What a poem!

CHUCKLES.

Life is mostly chuckles and sobs. Progress means fewer sobs and more chuckles. Civilization is the machinery for muffling the sobs and advertising the chuckles.

In the United States a drastic attempt has recently been made to divorce chuckles from hiccups. Result: a considerable falling off in the aggregate of the vacuous-alcoholic type of chuckle, and a tendency to transfer the chuckling habit from husbands to their wives. This tendency has been accentuated by the suffrage amendment.

Chuckles are perverse. They rush out where they don't belong: at a funeral, for instance. And they stubbornly refuse to come forth when invited by our most earnest efforts to be funny. (That is why, dear reader, your sob-conscious mind is now unruffled by even the flicker of a smile.)

Chuckles are of two kinds: honest and dishonest. The honest kind we can't keep back, and don't want to. The other kind we have to drag out by the scruff of the neck, much as it hurts us, when the professor or a rich uncle cracks what he considers a joke.

Chuckling is the best of all habits to cultivate. Unlike bobbing your hair, it cools the mind without any terrifying disfigurement of the head. It increases your circle of friends; also your weight (Zeus spare me! Now I've gone and ruined the moral of my little fable for all the C. C. sylphs!)

Sobbing is an unsociable noise, easy enough to make all by yourself; but chuckling is an irresistible invitation to gather round and join in the chorus of joy. We already have plenty of sob artists. Why not develop some more chuckle "fans"?

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

THEY EXERCISE.

We have a habit—formed in our youth and so inculcated as to be impossible to eradicate of going to bed early. Since the beginning of our college career others have decided for us that this habit is utterly ridiculous, utterly unworthy of us, and have attempted reform by means of untimely and protracted calls. This, however, proved quite ineffectual. We often fell asleep in the middle of what, on the other side at least, was an animated discussion on the value of bridge-playing as a means toward mental development. We slept in peace.

Then it happened. No longer do we go to bed early, no longer do our friends jeer at us in disdain for we are the last on campus to turn out our lights. For those above us have decided to reduce and reduce to music. Thumpidity - thump - thump - thump. Down they come—we have concluded they need to lose many, yes, many pounds by the resounding quality of those thumps—time—after—time, record after record. We gaze at the ceiling for hours, calmly betting on how long it will hold. We make wild guesses as to the size of the regiment above; we can make no attempt to study—or to sleep.

But we make no complaint—we no longer require more than six hours' sleep at the most and the "regiment above" is rapidly assuming the proportions of a sylph.

IN THE EYES OF THE EAST.

In the Eyes of the East, published recently by Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, who was instructor in Connecticut College during 1916-17, is a travel book with a romantic plot. It is not every day that a travel book has a plot—that truth shows itself stranger than fiction and just as interesting. But that is what happens in this book. It is the personal narrative of a girl who, starting on a sedate summer trip through Japan and China, with a Bishop and "the Bishop's incorrigible daughter", made a midnight ascent of Fujiyama which culminated in a betrothal upon its summit.

The book is in the main a spirited narrative of adventures en route among people of all conditions and colors—pygmies, head-hunters, diplomats, missionaries, plutocrats, zenana ladies—through which runs the thread of lovely romance. It is especially rich in details about the lives of oriental women which are, necessarily, inaccessible to men travelers.

To take an extract from a recent criticism in the *Hartford Courant*:—"A quick, responsive, keenly observant intelligence flashes from every page of her book, and causes her descriptions of scenes which have been written over and over again, to strike the reader with a note of novelty."

SILVER BAY DELEGATES HOLD RALLY.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

and laughter the really vital significance of the Silver Bay spirit was felt. And it burst forth in all its fullness and glory when the audience joined in the closing song, "Follow the Gleam."

THIRTY DAYS.

Thirty days! Thir-ty days!

Like a wicked refrain it hums in your ears. You never could have believed them to be so inhuman. It was such a little thing—that rule—but oh, well,—you're cramped. That's that. And you assume a stoical mask. . . .

Six days have, dragged by. The "most stupendous" movie of the year flickers at the *Crown*. Your friends snicker and ask you if you wouldn't like to chaperone them on the 7.35. You? Chaperone? When you can't take a step off the blooming campus! Ha! Ha!

And that isn't all.

Sunday afternoon at five your uncle calls up from the Mohican. He has just come in from Australia or somewhere and wouldn't his little darling (he hasn't seen you since you lengthened) come down and take tea with him and see the present he's brought for her? Assuredly, his little darling would but she can't so she lies like a lady. She exercises her ingenuity to the degree that he appears with several pounds of candy. And the present. And when you see the present you long to burst into profuse profanity. Uncle, when he first saw the gift, was thinking of you as the cunning wee thing that delighted his eye five years past. You can bear little more after "My, how you have grown!" as the initial attempt. You palm him off on your room-mate. And that's that.

Then the person in town whom Mrs. Jebbins told you was a perfect dear calls you up and says that the dear child must come down to dinner and see them all. You keep yourself from biting off the transmitter.

The worst is yet to come. The young man on whom you have doted for two years and seven months sends you a telegram. Dance-party-theater-dance-party.

You foam at the mouth. You roar and scream. You still have nineteen days. Buddha slants an eye and leers.

EXCHANGES.

There have been six fires within a space of less than three weeks at Trinity? The police are still searching for the pyromaniac.

Twenty-one students at New York University are in danger of suspension for cribbing in the recent mid-year exams?

The Senior play at Bryn Mawr is to be "The Lady from the Sea", by Henrik Ibsen?

Ice hockey has become the newest sport at Wellesley?

Mount Vesuvius was again in a state of eruption on March 5th. The great cone which stood inside the crater collapsed while streams of lava poured down the mountainside.

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NEW TEA ROOM BECOMES POPULAR.

The Chocolate Goblin Tea Room is the siren which is drawing many hungry students irresistibly down the state road—but unlike those sailors of song and story, we are not lured to destruction, in fact, quite the reverse!

We are sleepy, tired, bored, restless, with the awful annual conflict between studies and spring fever, we think with faint curiosity of the Goblin Tea Room, we languidly stroll over the soccer and other fields, we ultimately reach the state road, we walk down the state road and see a two story house painted green, we see a white "shingle-sign" swinging alluringly in front, we enter the door, and then we are in the Goblin Tea Room. We eat thick, luscious chocolate cake with thick, luscious marshmallow filling, and drink a fragrant cup of hot tea. Cake—luxurious content,—tea—stimulation! Gone sleepiness, languidness, tiredness, and boredom!

This new Tea Room is very near campus, its offerings are tempting and satisfying, its service is excellent its club sandwiches are a source of delight. Lunches and dinners are served—oh, no end of goods to eat! Furthermore there are enticing little clusters of pussy-willows in all their spring-y-ness on the tables, and the home-made candy is quite the last word in deliciousness.

The tempting place opens its doors at eleven-thirty in the morning and carefully puts out the last reveller at eight-thirty at night.

Somebody once said, "The Goblin will get you if you don't watch out!"—Absolutely! Yet you will be "tickled to death" when he does!

BLOUSES BEGUILE BUYERS

During the week of March 13th an exhibition of Forsythe blouses was held in Plant House in order that the dainty frills and sheer georgettes might entice doubtful purchasers into committing themselves. Spring is coming and we all need new waists. Order them from Jessie Bigelow and help swell the Endowment Fund.

AS EXPRESSED BY WORDS-WORTH.

Anticipation—Day before Vacation.

Captivity—Being campussed.

Uncertainty—After exams.

Eminent Reformers—Council.

Tradition—Stonewall Sing.

The Labourer's Noon-Day Hymn—12.05 Song Practice.

Summer courses in nine French universities for American students and teachers are being planned by the Comité Des Voyages En France, with the approval of the French Ministry of Education and American officials.—Exchange.

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SPANISH CLUB TO COMMEMORATE DEATH OF CERVANTES.

At the regular meeting of the Spanish Club on Thursday evening, March 16, it was decided not to repeat the performance of the play given recently. Moreover, the club adopted Senor Pinol's suggestion that the proceeds from the Spanish Play should be used for a Spanish shelf in the new Library. The only other matter of importance was the decision to commemorate in some way the death of Cervantes, April 23, 1616.

THE BRIARY-BUSH.

By Floyd Dell.

The Briary Bush is a continuation of *Mooncalf* but not in any way dependent upon it—it is entirely complete in itself.

The story is of a very modern marriage—between Felix Fay and Rose-Ann: of course, Rose-Ann promised Felix absolute freedom, and then finds she does not want him to have it; of course, they live in a studio with painted walls; of course, she smoked innumerable cigarettes, bobbed her curly red hair and drank—not too much; and there were no children. They were both trying to get from life all they could without giving anything—cowards in reality. In the end, they realize this and decide to begin again—"Let's build our house, Rose-Ann—"

The problems presented are not hurled at the reader's head, nor forced upon him—they are suggested thru the lives of Felix and Rose-Ann, who seem to be two very real people—problems confronting everyone living—or reading—the life of today.

It is rather difficult at times to follow the characterization—perhaps because of the complexity of the characters—perhaps because the author seems to change his mind about his people thruout the book, eventually, in some cases, reverting to the original delineation.

Some parts of *The Briary Bush*, which is slightly longer than the usual novel of today, might be omitted, not that they are uninteresting in themselves but because they have no close bearing on the story. It is, in the main, very well-written, the conversations being particularly clever, most noticeably that between Felix and Elve Macklin, who has a part in a fantasy he has written.

VARSITY BEATS ALUMNAE.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

had chosen to root for the Alumnae because everybody got some mighty thrills and learned that all lively playing and the spirit of the game does not stop with graduation!

Between the halves was inserted a shorter game of basket-ball of a different variety, played by representatives of those two so-different groups of college girls—the Frivolous Flappers versus "Greasy Grinds!" The Flappers won, proving, perhaps, the

superiority of "Speed" over "Steady Work!" The second half, however, of the real game brought the Varsity forward in earnest. They certainly can play! And C. C. "as is" finally triumphed over C. C. "as was," with a score of 44 to 20.



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TO THE LONE PINE.

Alone thou risest toward the ethereal
sky,
In solemn grandeur stretching
branches wide.
No friendly bush or shrubby grows
nearby,
No true companion nestles at thy
side,
At touch of spring winds in thy soli-
tude
Thou feel'st the thrill of new-awak-
ened life
In tinted orchards and green-misted
wood.
Thou stand'st alone 'mid Winter's
stormy strife.
How oft in human life there comes an
hour
When we must stand like thee from
all apart;
Oh, then inspire us with thy quiet
power,
And fill with hope the apprehensive
heart.
When, at such times, to weakness we
incline,
Oh, give us of thy Strength and
grace, Lone Pine!
—Simmons College Review.

EDUCATION.

When I first came to college
I was a model child;
I always did my lessons,
My air was meek and mild.
And then I met my classmates,
I was an awful bore—
They trained me by suggestion,
I'm not good any more.

They said that I must never use
A phrase worse than "sweet day",
I'd hate to tell my parents
All the things that I can say.

They said that I must never smoke—
It's soothing while I purl—
They said I mustn't bob my hair—
I really need a curl.

I'm a Senior now at college,
In me there's quite a change;
In fact, my information
Has a most extensive range.

MINISTERS.

(With apologies to H. L. Mencken.)

Pudgy faced ministers, fingering Phi
Beta Kappa keys. Calm ones, with
white-haired placidity. Athletic ones,
performing setting-up exercises. The
hawk-like, "you'll be damned if you
don't look out" variety. Colored ones
extorting the collection. Asthmatic
puffers reading involved treatises.
Timid, tired ones ever expostulating.
Benign radiators of the Christian doc-
trine. Pink faced, stuttering youths
moralizing upon the ways of this
wicked world. Near-sighted fanatics
peering through bi-focals. Oratorical
experts intoning for emotional re-
sponses. Sincere sympathists singing
psalms. Suave toned, "me and God"

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ones. Twinkly-eyed Scots believing
the joke to be on themselves.
All ministers preaching the word of
God!

TAIL-LIGHTS.

1. "Alas! Regardless of their doom
The little victims play
No thought have they of things to
come
No cares beyond today."
—Freshmen.
2. "Though it's play to you it's death
to us."—News Staff.
3. L'Allegro—A cut in class.
4. Il Penseroso—Mid-term test an-
nounced.

IF ANYONE HAS—

Bobbed her hair
Lost her umbrella
Gone away
Come back
Made a fortune
Cut a class
Attended chapel
Buried a mouse
Had an idea
Fallen in love
Been late to class
Flunked an exam
Got an A
Put out a fire
Disjointed her thumb
Written a play
Got campused
Taken a vacation
Been to the hospital
It's news—
Send it to the Editor.
R. S. V. P.
(Reprinted with variations from the
"Bates Alumnus.")

HOW TO KILL THE NEWS.

1. Do not subscribe; borrow your
roommate's paper—
Just be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and
trade with the other fellow—
Be a chump.
3. Never hand in a contribution
but criticize every thing in the paper—
Be a coxcomb.
4. If you can't get a hump on your
anatomy and help make the paper a
success—
Be a corpse.
—Exchange.

PERHAPS.

First Co-ed: "He yawned while I
was talking with him at the dance last
night."
Second Co-ed: "He might not have
been yawning, dear; perhaps he was
just trying to get a word in edgewise."

CARELESS HERO.

The Morning Caller: "Vas you ze
man vot safe mine lille poy from
drowning, yesterday?"
The Rescuer: "Yes, I am."
The Morning Caller: "Zen where's
his cap?"—(London Sketch.)

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