COMEDY WINS GREAT APPROVAL.

The first performance of "The Poppy Trail" was given in the Gymnasium on Friday evening, when a capacity audience received the play with an enthusiasm which promised well for the following performances. The cast showed the results of good training. Helen Eckerdink as Eabezette, wife of the Member of Embassy and ex-opieue queen, was one of the best in the cast. Not only in her singing, but also in her songs. She liicened up the play delightfully, and the "Harvest Blues" was the pepped song on the program. The two leads were very good, and the whole cast apart from the lyrics and several of the songs, made a very very impressive display. Particularly the chorus was particularly adapted to the Chinese lyrics. She sang "The Poppy Trail" with its sweet, haunting melody, particularly well. Winfield Powell, as the dancing shapen, was the true subdub fashion. Jeannette Sperry showed her dramatic ability again in the part of Zedtton, the politician. Miss Sperry always presents a finished part. Julia Barlow stepped up to her former reputation as an ideal leading man, and was admirably supported by Emily Warner, her sister, as "Buddy," pep school poet, and ardent advocate of Eabezette. It is to be regretted that Mildred Seeley, as Hung Ki, did not have more than one song, as she has a remarkably rich voice. Mary Snodgrass, as the Chinese lover, was also good, especially in the Chinese chorus. The comedy roles were appreciated immensely by the audience. Grace Fisher, who for three years has amused audiences in such parts as the Genci, the monkey and the Woman of Earthly, the bell hop, created another unique role as "Chinese," the street orphan, who makes things come out right. Her accordion solo and her dance with Julia Warner, "the heathen" to the heathen of it, has never failed to raise a hearty laugh. She shared honors this year with her dog "Pero," an Airedale, whose stage presence for a beginner was remarkable. Mentioning comedy, one cannot fail to recall the "defectives" with their red veins, police badges and singing goloshes. M. P. Taylor proved again her peculiar talent for the funny line.

The costumes and the scenery could not help but please the eye. Never has a more complete collection been brought upon the stage. Crochet mantles, lacing marguerites and Pierrettes, in orange and green, were very nice as were the costumes with their red lamps in the "Lamp-light" chorus. In the second act the tempo of the music was raised above others given in the past. Evelyn Ryan, as the Goddess hidden behind a

GREETINGS.

Perchance you have come from fair Harvard. Your coming with pleasure we hail. We find that you truly are charming. Although our real brother is Yale, or come you from stately old Prince ton? Your tiger, so hearty and bale, We reverence quite as profoundly her brother's pet dog, Eli Yale. From Williams? Then surely you're welcome, As welcome as flowers in May; While dear Brown, he's our pleasant half-brother. We've done the road just a way. Wesleyan, brother, right welcome. And Trinity, you're glad to be good. But, Wesleyan, to your sister, this little, but growing C. C. What, Dartmouth, how comes it, old virgin? You haven't been noticed before; You know that you won't be kept in the dark, at Connecticut College's door. Come in, and you, too, friend Columbia. We hope that you'll like us right well. And whom do I see in the distance? I'll be hanged if it isn't Cornell, From far you have come. We do greet you With welcome most hearty, you see, And isn't that a neighbor? Of course; it is friend M. I. T. And sure, may I ask who U. B.? You're young and far distant, it's true. But none the less heartily welcome. And you, now pray, who may U. C. Of course, now I know you're from Berkeley.

Oh dear, I'm quite losing my mind To see closely Bookending around me Such heroes of the masculine kind. If you have not rightly been greeted, Forget it, and just blame my pen. You know that we welcome you warmly— Glad bless you, my dears, aren't you MIN?

Senior Pinot to inattentive student: "Oh the imperfect of the verb "we."" Girl, booking up with a dazed expression: "Impefectos, imperfectas, Imper tas..." Eart dor, glow was beautiful, and the play of lights as she was revealed, was very good. The third act was an exceedingly pretty garden scene. An arched bridge of gold and vermilion at the back, flanked on each side by a Hugh Chinese lanterns, offered opportunity for a display of the costumes of the choruses. This very successful performance of Comedy was given under the auspices of the New London Association of University Women.

HELEN HEMINGWAY VOTED SERVICE LEAGUE PRESIDENT.

The closely contested choice of the Service League President for the coming college year culminated in the election of Miss Helen Hemingway '23. And a happy choice it was, for the true gentleman that Helen Hemingway is remarkably well fitted to undertake the direction of the affairs of the League, because she has served on its governing board for the past two years as a member of the Sunshine Committee and Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. She has distinguished herself for her perseverance, tact and good judgment. We know she will meet the responsibilities of the presidency of the League with the same fine spirit that she has shown before, and we wish her all success in her work.

HELEN AVERY CHOSEN EDITOR OF NEWS.

On Thursday, April 25th, the good news was spread abroad that Miss Helen Avery '23, is to be Editor-in-Chief of the college paper for the year 1923-24. Miss Avery well deserves this honor because of her earnest endeavor and faithful service in behalf of the News throughout her college course. During the past year, she has been a member of the editorial staff. In November she was one of the delegates sent to the Intercolligate News Conference held at Smith College. As Editor-in-Chief she feels confident that she will continue her services for the News in the same splendid spirit that has characterized her work in the past, and are assured that she will, according to the constitution, the candidate falling to be elected Editor-in-Chief becomes News President. Miss Katherine Franc1{e who has served on the News staff for two years in the capacity of assistant editor, was chosen News Editor.

SPANISH CLUB COMMEMORATES CERVANTES' DEATH

An open meeting of the Spanish Club was held Monday evening, April 21, on the anniversary of the death of Cervantes. Helen Barkerdink gave as part of the special program a brief account of Cervantes' life. Ann Graham read and interesting paper on "Influence of Cervantes on the Literature of the different countries—particularly France, South America and especially England." Then Dorothy Wheeler read one of the most famous chapters of "Don Quixote" called "His Encounter with the Windmills." At the close of the meeting Senior Pinot spoke in a general way concerning Cervantes' work.

ADVICE TO THE PROM MAN FROM THE POETS.

It is not after May. From Ons Bring Fihers In fate No! Rest Not! One Word More Beware! No More Compromise.

DR. SPaulding defines CAREER.

"There are 750,000 educational positions open to women today," said Professor Frank E. Spaulding in his lecture at Convocation on Tuesday, April 23th. Dr. Spaulding, who spoke on "Some Careers in Education Open to Women, and the Way to Them," is the Dean of the Graduate School of Education of Yale University, and is an authority on this subject. He said that in educational work the ratio of women to men is five to one. There is a far greater per cent of women teaching in the elementary schools, although in this field the men more often enter the teaching profession.

Dr. Spaulding particularly stressed the deplorable lack of opportunities for the holder of the B.A. "But the elementary school teacher chances for advancement, provided one has the proper training and the enthusiasm and interest.

"BLUEBIRDS FOR HAPPINESS.

On Saturday afternoon, April 28, many eager hidders watched Mayfly and Tyltyl go on their search for the Bluebird at the John Colton house, College. All through strange and wonderful places they looked, only to find that magic, at the very place from which they started their long search—

Oh, the wonder of that magic cap that made them almost forget the "souths" of ordinary things like milk, fire, and water. How the young audience was shocked and delighted and the Cat and the Dog, and of fat, whole, wonderful Bread and of something called Sugar. And the gales of harrow at the mysteries revealed at the Castle of Night behind those great locked doors—ghosts, grim War, and pale shadows and terrors! And the laughter at these everlastingly feasting in the realms of Luxury.

But at last the wanderers came to the Castle of Happiness where danced the lovely fairies, Pure Air and Sun- shine, and all their happy sires.

The scenery and setting of the whole picture were charmingly artistic, especially the fairy scenes, the tulleaux and the silhouetted effects.

CLASS OF '25 CHOOSES SYMBOL.

The class of twenty-five has chosen as a symbol, a Lighthouse—strong, silent, not a beacon, but warning, and helping those who otherwise would travel in darkness. It has been a beacon in many places. Its beacon light gives confidence and assurance; it is steady and true dependent upon the person.

"There are 750,000 educational positions open to women today," said Pro-
A GIRL AND THREE MEN.

She—"You dance beautifully."
He—"And you!"
She—"Aren't you bored with it all?"
He—"Yes. but I am—so I'm bored, too."
She—"You didn't—particularly—but any one at all seriously-minded would. It is to me the epitome of the
He—"Ah—you feel that way? Do you have a desire for the mob and for the affected language."
She—"Not particularly."
He—"And to have high colored, the bizarre, the ridiculously
She—"I do indeed. I came tonight merely to see if, for once, I couldn't
He—"Yes. I wish you were anywhere but here."
She—"Ray, a library with an excellent book."
He—"And a sympathetic person who understood and was silent."
She—"I have met few who could appreciate that atmosphere.
He—"As—Atmospheres are you sensitive to them, too?"
She—"So much so that I wish we could get out of this and talk out-
He—"Outside—and talk—yes, I would like it."
She—"You dance beautifully!"
He—"Aren't you bored with it all?"
She—"But of course you've said that to ever-

G.: What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?
M.: I dunno.
G.: They blush to think how green they've been all summer.

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G.: What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?
M.: I dunno.
G.: They blush to think how green they've been all summer.
THE TREE OF THE GARDEN
It was my junior year at Connecticut College, months before Sam and I—but that is the story. I slumbered silently in the nebulous moonlight. In unconscious bliss I lay on my sagging army cot. Then I was aware of someone caressing my hair. A strange tenderness came over me for this person who was watching the moonlight glint on my hair. "It must be pretty," I reflected, "the gold lights against the white pillow—Elaine the fair, Elaine the ily maid." The caresses—adoring, light—continued. I speculated as to the identity of my guest. Could it be that the little Freshman...? "You know your hair is lovely, so radiant. It's just like Wil's only his softer." I was awaked now. "Really? If it were, it's two-thirty." It was enough that she should wake me, but it was absolutely unspeakable that she should instruct me by telling me that my hair was like my brother's, bristly, unmanageably red stubs. I threw off a blanket. All day and all far into the night I had borne this. This always had an affection beyond that of most sisters for my brother, and when he wrote me that Oriana had made him the happiest man in the world at fifteen, I was only slightly disappointed at his lack of originality and invited her down to New London for the week-end.

I had expected frequent references to Willy, but I had not expected that every feature, every unconscious gesture, every peculiarity of speech of mine, had been grappled eagerly, tenderly and contested over. Most obviously she had won him by insinuating flattery, and now she was attempting to make me the agent for still further ingestion. Except for the fact that I was Wil's sister, I perceived myself to be negligible.

I was plagued I craved to express my individuality. Therefore, after she had told me Willy's life history, some of which was startlingly new to me, but many details of which I could have embellished to his detriment, I said rudely, "You know you're making quite a fool of yourself. I'm fond of Wil, but he's concealed beyond expression. If I were you, I'd keep him guessing. You're making him too sure of you."

She radiated fury. "Crude! Usym pathetic!" she said tersely. "He's like a Sensitive Plant. He must have spiritual sunlight and air, and I must give it to him."

Mentally I screamed "Vine, Clinging Vine!" but I said, "Well, Ministering Angel, most humbly I beg your pardon. I would know more of this strangely sensitive relative of mine. Where did you meet him?"

"Last year at our Junior Prom. You see Cousin Jack brought him for Scuddy, my roommate. I bet her I'd meet the man I'd marry at Prom. I'm glad you're not a child. You understand how it is."

"Vine indeed! Bawing low, I replied, "Welcome to our historic family. Modern women are indeed both capable and efficient. Will you get me a man for Prom?" She did. —K.M. '24.

THE PAGE'S VISION
One night I had a vision
Of standards and of swords,
I saw myself anointed
To vanquish mighty herds.
I rose and sought to enter,
As champion of the right,
The tournament of freedom—
They turned me from the sight.
They mocked my meagre staton,
They scored my curls of gold,
"Go join the ranks of women;
We seek the strong and bold."
They sent me to the castle,
To hold mislaid's train,
They ridduled my pleadings.
And sought the ranks again.
They could not crush my glory,
They mocked my meagre stature,
Whose armor is of light.
Whose steel than wind is swifter,
Whose golden banners stream.
Whose foes are falling round him—
My vision rules supreme. —The Review.

ACCEPTED!
On the desk before you lies an unopened letter. In its appearance, there is nothing unusual—the envelope is correctly square, the stamp sticks with all due propriety in the upper right-hand corner, the address is quite legible, and the writing perfectly familiar. But, somehow, your heart beats a little faster. You feel slightly warm about the temples, and horribly cold in the region of your fingers. Hesitatingly, you thrust forth a hand and grasp the misses—then hastily withdraw it. You cannot suppose—suppose—you should. You try again. When your hand is almost touching the paper, you snatch it away and sink back limply in your chair. Once more. Just one more attempt. Perhaps this time—With tremendous effort you unfold the envelope and mutter it with a hair-pin. Trembling, you pull out one thin sheet on which is written that girl's infinitely sweet expression: "Glad to accept your invitation for Prom? And while you hes feming head upon the desk you murmur devotely, "Thank Heaven!"

ARE WE MOVING BACKWARD?
Miss Ernst to French student: "Are you going into 18th century next year?"

Departing Guest: "Well, I'm off, old man!"
Host: "I shot so all the time." —Log.

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BACK TO THE NURSERY.
Sing a song of Prom nights,
A campus full of men.
Music, dance and laughter
Flow around, white moon—and then?
After Prom is over,
And classes come once more,
Isn't that just plenty
To make a Prom girl sore?
Pretty Prom girl, with your much curt
How does your Yale man go?
With his dancing divine, and his
clever line
He makes all the others seem slow,
The man she invited
Had left her benighted,
She said, "I can only try."
So she wrote to friend Bill,
And she drew such a pill.
That's what she said, "What a poor fool am I!"

Outside the moon shone bright,
He said, "It's a wonderful night."
The "chay" saw but one,
Said, "This deed's been done."
So she stepped in out of the night.

Girl and Man just stepped outside
To get a breath of air,
The chaperones went to speak to them,
But—neither of them were there!
Her Prom Man was a Yale-man,
Her Prom Man was a dude,
He didn't stop at anything,
He rarely was no prude.

And while the chaperones all bemoaned,
And praised his wondrous charm,
He kissed her Valentine style,
And no one took alarm.

"NEW TRANSFORMATIONS"
"The Parisienne no longer has a penis,
Great waves, marble waves, or
Sorts to dyeing the hair, for it is bet-
ter to have a transformation."
It must be! I dread to think what she
looked like before she got it. Her
presence appears in a hyphenation
of Psyche and Penates. There is the
usual distinguishing knot of the gud-
zess, but a length and suppleness of
the lady appeal's thus in one view.'

And while the chaperones all bemoaned,
And praised his wondrous charm,
He kissed her Valentine style,
And no one took alarm.

"CRUSH"—?

It is too bad that there seem to be a
atmosphere attached to the word "crush."
A crush is the noble emotion of the
heart, it may be a violent affection,
but while it endures, it is sincere.
It has also the attributes of various de-
gree of adoration and respect.
Any individual suffering from this form of
Addition will insist that here in the Real Thing, And it is.
This experience is one more mark in
her sum total of living, and, as such,
merits its proper place because of its
brouling influence. The devoted be-
gins to think of some one besides her-
self. She may even attempt to emu-
late some of the most obviously ad-
mirable qualities of her idol. Some-
times she succeeds. Sometimes the
legs of the idol totter on the pedestal,
lying out on a pedestal is appealing
but the position is difficult to main-
ain.

The Parisienne, pretty rather ex-
crenities weaken under the strain.
The idol discovers that her devoted
hasn't much of a brain. The desire
of them awakens no responsive
glimpse. Connnd isn't included in a needed list
of "Names We Should Know."
The idol was savagely.
The beautiful lady bursts into an immis-
takable finish. . . . The devoted is
the tragic victim of a weak female's
wiles! She suffers nobly and puts
the eresible idol out of her existence as
another.

And the substance of the shadow
End to end thru the years.
Frailty, thy name is Freshman!
Continue your search for perfection.
If it is, then the Parisienne shall
more, though disillusionment
usually waits at the end of the rain-
bow.
M. M. N. '24.

Will winter and choppy, unbeckoned
gales give way to spring and choppy,
unperturbed stockings?—Log.

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wonders.

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