TRUE HAPPINESS WITHIN: DR. PHELPS REASSURES

In his lecture to the college on May 6th, Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale began by quoting, "The happiest person is he who thinks the most interesting thoughts." He continued by saying that true happiness, like virtue, comes from within, and is not dependent upon other people or things without. Some people's happiness depends upon what is said about them. They allow their enemies to judge whether they shall be happy or not. Other people let their happiness be stolen from them by misfortune. Happiness should be an inseparable part of the personality.

If the original proposition is true, that the happiest man is he who has the most interesting thoughts, then we all grow happier as we grow older. Hence the first secret of life is to grow old eagerly. The fear of the most interesting thoughts, then, may be realized as a part of the personality. Happiness should be an inseparable part of the personality.

MR. GRIFFITH BRINGS BACK “NIJINSKI”

The return of old friends is always welcome to C. C. students but the welcome is all the more ardent when they bring new friends with them. When Mr. Charles E. Griffith played here a year ago he immediately made a host of friends for himself and his violin. On May 9th when he again visited the college, this time with Mrs. Griffith as his accompanist, he made many new friends who had not had the opportunity of hearing him last year. Mr. and Mrs. Griffith presented a charming program composed of pieces by German and American composers. Among those by American composers was Nijinsky by MacMillan, which Mr. Griffith played last year and which on both occasions was received enthusiastically. Routino by Beethoven was another which was especially appreciated by the audience as well as the Misses by Beethoven.

After the Musicale, there was dancing, some of the girls playing the piano, and punch was served. It was good to have all the classes and Faculty together for an all college function before the breaking up which is coming so shortly and the Commencement festivities.

It is certainly to be hoped that a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Griffith will become a yearly institution and that they will count C. C. among their friends.

A. A. ELECTIONS

At the meeting of the Athletic Association held on Friday, May 9th, officers were elected for the following year. It was voted that four regular meetings were to be held next year, in place of monthly meetings, and that the fine for absence would be raised from ten to twenty-five cents.

President, Mildred Howard '20.
Vice-President, Harriet Allen '20.
Secretary, Marjorie Doyle '20.
Treasurer, Dorothy Wulf '21.

SENIORS, JUNIORS SPORT THEIR MEN

Dainty, varicolored evening dresses and men's stiff, black evening suits, in the middle of the afternoon—surely, it was a gay enough sight to make the hasty and ill-behaved sun elbow his way through the thick grey mist-clouds, and take a peek at the gay spectacle. Per was it not the very, very first Prom. that Connecticut College had ever witnessed?

Perhaps after all Mr. Sun hid his face on purpose, knowing that the heavy looks of the poor Juniors would be changed to smiles when they saw how nicely things were going to turn out. While the long lines of electric lights over the court beamed a lonely light upon the Juniors, dancing to the music of "Halt, Cecilia!" and by the sale of candy, part of which Mr. Peterson donated for the purpose. The (Continued on page 5, column 3.)

THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Clyde Fitch's A Truth was the play presented by the Dramatic Club in the gymnasium on Saturday, May 16.

It was considered a most successful part of the Prom. festivities by the Juniors and Seniors and all their men friends.

Shall any of us ever again believe a word Panchon Hartman says? Shall we not inevitably think of her as Becky Waudby, the most fascinating lir in the world? Helen Perry, as Mr. Warder, played the forgiving husband most convincingly. M. P. Taylor drew a continual succession of laughs every moment that she was on the stage. Her red skirt, her earrings, and her nasal voice were irresistible.

Dora Schwartz, as the villain, and Marion Hendrie as the injured wife portrayed the trials and tribulations of the eternal triangle with deep understanding. Jeannette Sperry, as Becky's father, made a delightful rep.

Indeed, the whole play was acted with skill and precision, and was a most gratifying example of the excellent work which the Dramatic Club has been doing throughout the year.

CELLA HALTS AGAIN

When Cecelia halted in Norwich on the evening of May 13th, she found a packed house to witness her performance, which went off with professional smoothness, and was a tremendous success. Norwich showed its appreciation of the peppy music and the dainty and effective dances, by repeated encores.

Never did Mary Chipman, as Cecilia, look more charming nor sing with better effect, and Miss Blue, in the role of lover, was a decided credit to the Navy. Helen Perry, as Eddie, added just the right touch of comedy with her witty remarks.

About $126 was made by the sale of music of "Halt, Cecilia!" and by the sale of candy, a part of which Mr. Peterson donated for the purpose. The (Continued on page 5, column 1.)
Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

EDITORIAL STAFF
Editor-in-chief—Alison Hastings ’19
Associate Editors—
Miriam Pomory ’19
Fanchon Hartman ’20
Irons Wholey ’20
News Editor—
Julie Hatch ’19
Managing Editor—
Kathryn Hubert ’20
Art and Publicity Editor—
Elizabeth Williams ’20
Assistant Art and Publicity Mgr.—
May Buckley ’19
Business Manager—
Dorothy Peck ’19
Assistant Business Manager—
Dora Schwartz ’20
Hattie Goldman ’21
Reporters—
Julia Warner ’19
Marion Hendre ’20
Alice Gardner ’20
Ann Arkin ’21
Abby Gallup ’21
Evelena Taylor ’21
Ann Hastings ’22
Cecilia Washburn ’22
Proof Readers—
Helen Rich ’21
Barbara Ashenden ’21
Faculty Adviser—
Dr. Nye

EDITORIAL

The Senior and Junior Class announce the debut of their daughter Junior Prom, Saturday, May seventeenth, at the Connecticut College, Extract from the "Night." Miss Junior Prom, held her coming out party in the college hall room on Saturday, May seventeenth. Many distinguished guests were present, including President and Mrs. Marshall, Dean Nye, of Connecticut College, and others too numerous to mention. She was literally showered with flowers. Her dress was of pale blue charmeuse trimmed with buff chiffon, and she carried a tremendous bouquet of blue and white roses tied with green and gray ribbon. Tucked coquettishly into her golden hair waved a branch of apple blossoms. Her particular partner was one of New England's most promising scions, late of the U. S. Navy, graduated with honors from Yale, Harvard, Brown, and Amherst, and one of the industrial kings of America. Teas were held in her honor at the homes of well known citizens, Plant House, North Cottage, Blackstone, and Winthrop House, which was named after one of the early governors of Connecticut.

Mies Junior Prom. is the first promising débutante of the younger set, and will doubtless receive much attention in the daily press, of which this paper is but one admiring representative.

Prom, week-end activities opened on Friday afternoon with an informal Tea. The gymnasium decorations were especially attractive—laurel apple blossoms and ferns around the room and roses on all the tables. Music was furnished by the Norwich Jazz Orchestra, who played from four o'clock until six.

A committee of ten Freshmen served iced tea, sandwiches and cake between dances and looked out for the various needs of the guests. Several of the girls mothers were present as patronesses and a great number of brothers were among the guests. In a way, this dance set a standard for the rest of the week-end with its atmosphere of success and keen pleasure.

The number of people steadily increased until at seven o'clock, nearly all the members of the Junior and Senior Classes with their guests, were ready to go in a group to Thomas Hall for dinner.

AMONG OUR POETS

A DAY

The day had been a song
From the first moment
When I awoke
And the sun shone.
A brilliant flood.
And made my room
Goldien—
Just ordinary things
Were measure, rhythm, cadence—
Lyrical.

The shining stirring rhythm
Of the sky and sea.
The long green sweeps
Of hazy hills;
The clean, strong, puling swing
Of vigorous youth;
The laughing, joyous lift of comradeship;
The haunting, moving strains
Of fleeting moments
When clear eyes seemed to meet,
And souls, softly,
To touch;
The deep moving cadence
Of emotion;

Were all close interwoven—
A changing melody.

From its first moment
The day has had,
The pulsing, stirring, measure,
The lingering, haunting rhythm.
The poignant, yearning, cadence,
Of a song—

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING COMMONPLACE

Being commonplace is not the worst affliction in the world. In fact it has decided advantages, the chief of which is the fact that you always have the crowd with you. I think you really would have to have an impossible angelic disposition to be a genius and still have friends, because there would be so few people on a plane equal to you, and every genius must get tired of the same people. Then he has nowhere to turn, and his only outlet is in writing socialist essays, or passionate poetry. Consider the case of the commonplace person. Has he lost interest in a certain friend, or exhausted that person's possibilities? Well and good. He has but to turn around and he sees a host of other people, so much more brilliant than he with whom he can fraternize. It really is a great deal more democratic to be commonplace, and democracy is the ideal for which the world is struggling.

Then, too, being commonplace involves so much less effort than being unusual that it is really soothing. These frenzied geniuses who, if all the world is wearing chic and well-tailored costumes, insist upon appearing in the street in frowzy negligees, or who, if the hot-potlii has a fondness for graceful draperies must needs costume themselves like wet pussy cats, have to work so hard to be out of style that one pities them. What little real genius they possess has no chance to develop because they spend all their time in displaying it. Another advantage of being commonplace is that you can have so many of the joys of life which are so easily obtained. The search for happiness is not a hard one if you know where to look, but when you shun everything uninspired, as you would shun poison ivy, then matters become complicated. For instance, think of the wonderful evening you can have for a quarter if your tastes incline toward the vulgar. You can sit in the gallery of the movies for eleven cents; you can buy an enormous bag of peanuts for ten cents more, and you still have four cents left for popsy pops and licorice sticks to eat on the way home. I say "you can"—yes, but not if you are cursed with an aesthetic sense that will not let you forget that Charlie Chaplin is crude, that the heroine has gold teeth, and that the hero has about as much brains as a pale green worm, and that the licorice is probably made of pigs' feet.

The summary of all this raving is "Sour Grapes."—

AND AS TO CRUSHES!

Well, what about crushes? They are pathetic, aren't they? Agreed, let us continue. They are the bane of a boarding-school or college existence. Agreed. Again. In fact, they are, in their effect upon the individual, a very disturbing hindrance to the formation of friends. But what is the psychology of this delightfully troublesome state of mind—in other words, why do crushes crush the crushed? (That's a plagiarism. Honesty got the better of me after I wrote it down.)

This question has been frivolously answered as being due to the absence of men from a college campus, and this is quite plausible when one realizes that the crush is usually of a rather masculine type.

Wouldst be a crush, gentle reader? "The simple enough if you can get away with it. Can you combine a stock-collar, a sport suit, a brooding look in your eyes, a foppiness for Tugare, a leaning toward writing passionate pink poetry (disclosed only in suddenly confidential moments) and an indifferent and distant air—above all the indifferent and distant air? If so, your future is assured. You are destined to be a crush, and the recipient of flowers and candy and flattery and passionate purple poetry—all of which is not unpleasant, you say—no, not in the least. But before you buy out the men's furnishings, consider the effect upon the crushed. Never look at a situation from one point of view only. The first essential of greatness is breadth; he is great in this case. The crushed is in a state worse than that of a stray puppy who has just found a new master. She becomes nothing more nor less than a high-grade imbecile. The mere sight of the object of her dreams walking across campus will completely unnerve her, and classes are waitlisted when she can know that

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)
ATHLETICS HOLD THEIR PLACE IN PROM. WEEK

Saturday morning, May 17th, was set aside for the athletic attractions of Prom. week. Three very excellent tennis matches were played off. Helen Coops and Betty Rumney defeated Ruth Wilson and Alice Horrax in a set of doubles with scores of 10 to 8 and 4 to 3. Alison Hastings won from Margaret Davies in singles, 6 to 2, 6 to 0.

On the third court Ray Smith lost to Dorothy Wulf with scores of 6 to 2 and 3 to 6.

SENIORS, JUNIORS
SPORT THEIR MEN
(Concluded from page 7, column 1.)

themselves at the cozy tables up and down the corridors of Blackstone-Wicker tea carts and cushioned easy chairs, arrayed along the bare walls and in the music rooms, gave the scene a very festive air, while faithful, white-clad Freshmen served the luscious eats.

And who begrudged the two lost hours she couldn't squeeze into the thirty-five scheduled dances? Footnote and weary the promenaders may have been, and doubtful were, but no one discovered that until long afterwards—there was too much else to think about. For there were brothers there, back from overseas service, and many much talked of “better than brothers,” whom admiring friends had long been dying to see.

And there was music, the very best orchestra that anyone could have asked for. And finally there were the decorations. The long green ropes of laurel crossed overhead, hiding all suggestive ropes and rings, and the little evergreens and apple blossoms over walls and radiators covered all hints that the gym. was, or could be, anything else but a regular college ball room.

No wonder that “Dear C. C.” rang out with such eager fervor at the end that the Prom. men were fully convinced that, for every girl, it really was “The only place.”

DR. NASMYTH SPEAKS ON “PROM.” SUNDAY

Prom. Sunday might be called an “anti-climax,” but it was more properly a “happy ending”—sort of a gentle let down after the more strenuous activities of the week-end.

Sunday morning one did what one pleased—most pleased to go to walk or ride—some even went to church. But in the afternoon one virtually made the rounds of all the house teas, acquiring as the afternoon progressed a more and more fastidious attitude toward tea and sweet cakes.

Social duties nobly performed, the slightly thinned-out ranks of Prom. guests accompanied their fair hostesses to Vespres, to hear Dr. George Nasmyth speak with inspiring optimism on “The League of Nations.” Thus ended in an appropriately dignified manner the long-talked-of, long-anticipated Junior Prom.

AND AS TO CRUSHES!
(Concluded from page 7.)

She is in the next class room. Every act is guided by what Her opinion would be. In fact, her whole universe is upset, and her environment becomes the crush—outside of that there is no life. However, it all adds a zest to the monotony of a commonplace existence, and the sad or happy part (depending upon the point of view) is the fact that a crush is at best a passing affair, and the harder the crush, the harder the inevitable bump.

R. Barnard ‘21.

TRUE HAPPINESS WITHIN:

DR. PHELPS REASSURES
(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

...life is the greatest disease of our time. We tolerate youth only because it is decorative; older persons stand on their own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married. Girls are more exacting than men and will be pleased most pleased to go to walk or ride—some even went to church. But in the afternoon one virtually made the rounds of all the house teas, acquiring as the afternoon progressed a more and more fastidious attitude toward tea and sweet cakes.

Social duties nobly performed, the slightly thinned-out ranks of Prom. guests accompanied their fair hostesses to Vespres, to hear Dr. George Nasmyth speak with inspiring optimism on “The League of Nations.” Thus ended in an appropriately dignified manner the long-talked-of, long-anticipated Junior Prom.

AND AS TO CRUSHES!
(Concluded from page 7.)

She is in the next class room. Every act is guided by what Her opinion would be. In fact, her whole universe is upset, and her environment becomes the crush—outside of that there is no life. However, it all adds a zest to the monotony of a commonplace existence, and the sad or happy part (depending upon the point of view) is the fact that a crush is at best a passing affair, and the harder the crush, the harder the inevitable bump.

R. Barnard ‘21.

TRUE HAPPINESS WITHIN:

DR. PHELPS REASSURES
(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

...life is the greatest disease of our time. We tolerate youth only because it is decorative; older persons stand on their own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.

Moreover, happiness should not be confused with physical comfort. People who live an animal life will be happiest when they are young; people who live a mental life will be happiest when they are old. Hence education should be given to everyone. Girls have a much harder time in life than men, therefore they need an education even more. No girl knows the man she marries until she is married.

Then, if there is nothing in her mind or activity except her own merits. As we grow older, we see the world as it is.
And you are only asked to save and not waste Food

W. P. BENJAMIN & CO.
Direct attention to
A MOST ATTRACTIVE SHOWING OF
DAINTY UNDER MUSLINS AND LINGERIE

Phone 450
THE OUTPUT
LADIES' and MASSES' OUTFITTERS
27 Bank Street, New London, Conn.

Union Bank & Trust Co.
STATE STREET

J. A. RUSS
JEWELER
Watch and Jewelry Repairing
174 State St, Crocker House
Telephone 490 New London, Conn.

SRAUSS & MACOMBER
Watches DIAMONDS and JEWELRY
Beads and Medals to Order
Fine Watches Repaired and Adjusted
100 State Street, New London, Conn.

FURS
Muffs, Sets, Scarfs
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats
TATE & NEILAN
Hatter and Furnisher
STATE and GREEN STREETS

CARROLL LAUNDRY
High Grade
Work in Laundry of All Descriptions
J. P. Miller, Prop.
Telephone 221-2 14-15 Carroll Court