Have you read the greatest woman in the world?

Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, is the greatest woman in the world. She has given and will give America a wealth of facts and needs your help to further her service to humanity. She has no radium with which to cure and all the radium there is being used she is now too poor to buy any more. Cause or the spirit with which she has worked, people. Willingly she has given her all to science, but be to make for the glory of her Alma Mater. Do you every one living here on this hilltop the lights are an inspiration, a stimulation for their dreams and plans, and a challenge for the future. Whether here at C. C. or far away in distant parts of the world we carry always with us a picture of these beckoning lights. At moments when we are tired and discouraged, when it seems that after all life is not quite what it was before we have faced any of its real problems, we picture again the vision of those lights shining as brightly through darkness and storm as when the mists and fog have rolled away and all is calm and clear. We have a vision of their beams lighting the dark waters for the sailors and storm as when the mists and fog have rolled away and all is calm and clear. We have a vision of their beams lighting the dark waters for the sailors.

As the lights are always to C. C. girls' challenge and a promise of the future, so Silver Bay will always be a challenge to be something, and give the most for your fellowmen? The baseball game between the Bac-...
FAITH OF A NEW EPROS.

We never think of a Silver Bay Conference as so many hundred leaders of thought gathered together, and, rather do we think of it as a united whole so constituted as to bring about effective cooperation. Just as soon as we realized that we were members of a group of people who were united in an effort to give and get the best, then we were in a position to enjoy Silver Bay to its fullest extent.

Connecticut College realized with the vividness of reality the operation, for again and again our group of ten was called upon to act as a unit. It was our first experience, and we felt as if we were on the boat when five of us made our first trip in the body of the conference. In the large delegations from Vassar, Columbia, and Adelphi.

All of us were impressed anew with the fact that cooperation of college students can be cultivated on a college campus. Cooperation is one of the few tangible things which teachers and parents have with an already expressed elements go to make what we so often hear spoken of as the "Spirit of Silver Bay."
TO THE ADVENTURE-SEEKER.

Do you crave excitement? Does your soul vibrate to the mad caprices of the Middle Ages? Have you ever been to a medieval court, where life was uncertain and death a daily possibility? Then, my dear girl, you need not go to Mexico to be knived by brigands, nor yet to Wyoming to be devoured by bison-eaters, nor yet to Boulsewood to encounter the tramp peril. Go to Silver Bay, where the epic of danger is doubly authentic, because of its unexpectedness.

For instance, you may at any moment be burned to death like Joan of Arc. I am the first to admit that C. C. fire-drills have not the least suggestion of a thrill. (I feel very strongly on this subject, but I shall suppress my emotions). But it is part of the charm of Silver Bay that anything has a thrill. Midnight-muffled shouts of men—the smell of smoke—and pitch darkness. We all awoke. Betty Hall trampling over Judy in her excitement, and trailed out on the porch. Then Judy, doctored over by St. John's Ambulance, gasped: 'Oh! This is such a thrill. Judy is quoted as saying: 'What a thrill!' (I am the first to admit that the thrill is only relative to the individual who has never been burned to death). In the midst of the excitement, Betty Hall exclaimed: 'I am so glad that I am not Ethel Mason, who was burned up by the fire-drill at New York University. She did not want to be burned, but the fire drill was not stopped. Ethel is quoted as saying: 'What a thrill!' (I am the first to admit that the thrill is only relative to the individual who has not been burned).

But the greatest adventure of all is to try to get a meal on the wrong shift. At C. C. this is comparatively rare, but at Silver Bay it is more of a major sport, and requires a great deal of brains. How to make a blue button look like a red—that is the question. At C. C. every one keeps a pocketful of buttons, but at Silver Bay, if you are caught with the wrong button, you will be punished. Judy was once caught with the wrong button, and was punished. Judy is quoted as saying: 'What a thrill!' (I am the first to admit that the thrill is only relative to the individual who has not been burned).

So if you would start your vacation with a bit of zip, go to Silver Bay. RACHEL SMITH.
"WE LARFED AND LARFED."

Us 'n' Spunk, we was takin' a bores' ride up Fort Ticonderoga way. Spunk and Ethel Mason, they was sitting on the front seat with the buggy driver—he was there too—you know the type—a borey-handed, big-hearted son of the soil with a fever and adenoids. "Ain't nature grand!" cooed Spunk, squeezing the hand nearest where her hand was at.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

But in us the stern of the bores, we larfed and larfed—that hand wasn' Ethel's at all!" —23.

WHO GOES TO SILVER BAY, AND WHY?

(Concluded from page 5, column 2.) the Chinese delegation, or the quiet scholarly talk by the Brahman state (who is not yet willing to accept Christianity and shows us some of the beautiful strong points in the religions of other peoples)—from each and every one we gain that none are "foreigners" at Silver Bay but all are related with common problems and joys, and that each one is filled with the same purpose to go out and spread abroad the message of Silver Bay, the brotherhood of man.

21.

SILVER BAY.

Blurry mountains enclosing a restful, white-capped lake on whose shores a multitude gather from far and wide for inspiration, instruction, and companionship—Silver Bay.

DIVERSIONS OF C. C-ITES AT SILVER BAY.

Betty Egan—Holding delegation meetings far into the lightless hours of the night and continuing same through partition—with Miss Butler as audience.

Roy—Leading the "Tuneless Ten" when C. C. burst forth into song.

Al—Doing the athletics—from mock baseball games starring "Dusty" who caused everyone's fancy to race hikes up Sunrise Mountain at four of the morn.

Ella Swift—Petitioning conferences with the learned.

Evelina—Shaking her delegation for the rest of friendly communion with others.

Jeanie Sproat—Laughing loudly and long at her latest funny story.

Betty Hall—Making embarrassing remarks, viz.—"To the Dean of Bryn Mawr, "Gee, lady, I wish the kids back home could hear you."

Judge—Impersonating the man as usual. (Mr. Mitchner) And a "salt and pepper" is almost as becoming as a "tux.

Ethel Means—Locking up her jilting suite so she wouldn't have to "dip."

but could indulge in her usual afternoon nap and book.

Alty—Eating chocolate procured from the little store. (Blessed little store.)

GLIMPSES OF GLORIOUS DAYS.

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.) thrill of a gale along the bluffs of Lake George, of tennis, of rowing, of singing together, of stunt day and the rest. It would take forever and a day. They are things we shall never forget. They are worth more than gold; these days of work, play, and comradeship. We cannot tell you more; we can only point the way. If you would have happiness rare, come with us to Silver Bay.

E. H. '22.

MOUNT HOLYOEK'S PRIZE SONG.

As we sing together 'neath old sunrise Mountain And the dusk comes creeping near over the silvery waters, We sing songs that cheer us, We have dear friends near us, We all knew that spirit—Silver Bay.

Here is love that quiets us when cares fast surround us, Here is hope that holds us firm when we might have faltered, Here in joy unending—here is hope eternal. This all makes that spirit—Silver Bay.

THE CHALLENGE AND THE PROMISE.

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.) And then you discover yourself in the midst of a little community, on the shores of a lake whose clear waters glisten with the rays of the sunlight or gray mist and mysteries in the shadows cast by the encircling foliage of the Adirondacks. To Silver community is peopled with eight hundred students fired with the zeal of life and an enthusiasm for work and play. The leaders of the community are the leaders and women of the thinking and working world. Coming from the rush of business and struggle of living, they are joyously happy and fairly throbbing with eagerness and enthusiasm to tell you that there is a place for you in the world and that the world wants you, but wants you only on condition that you remain true to your ideals which you suddenly discover are going to bring the greatest happiness to yourself and to all mankind. If you can have the strength to make them real and vital. And so there comes to you the challenge and promise of Silver Bay—the challenge of a Christian life of friendship, and love, of loyalty and service, and the promise of the greatest happiness the world can give, a final satisfaction in a life well lived.

When you sail down the waters of Lake George, you do not leave Silver Bay behind you for wherever you may go, its challenge and its promise will follow you, as the challenge and the promise of the lights will follow us all our lives!

R. T. '21.

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