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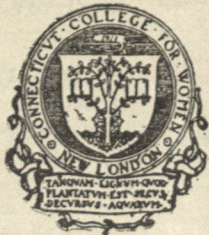
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THE ANNUAL MEMORIAL FIELD DAY HELD

The first game of the afternoon took place at one o'clock on the baseball diamond; the Freshmen pitted against the Juniors. The pitching of Helen Coops helped the class of '22 to a 7-1 victory. Justine McGowan not only distinguished herself with her splendid delivery, but also hit the ball around the field in fine form. Both teams fielded well, but the Freshmen excelled in connecting with the ball often and for a goodly distance.

Immediately afterward came the volley-ball match in which the Sophomores were victors over the Seniors: 12-21, 21-20, 21-19. Florence Lennon played a good game for the upper-classmen.

The tennis finals which followed were intensely interesting and full of excitement from start to finish. The Freshmen and Juniors were so equally matched that the outcome was very doubtful up to the end. The Freshmen won two deuce sets; 8-6 and 8-6.

Next came the big celebration of all the classes—a picnic at six on the knoll to the left of the boathouse (only it happened to be staged on the right). Here the classes—victors and conquered alike—enjoyed the annual college picnic. And the ice cream, sold for the benefit of the United War Fund, as it had pursued the athletics in the early part of the afternoon, found an abiding place and did a rushing business.

Field Day ended with the picnic, and a beautiful sunset seemed to augur a coming year of athletics as successful as the one just closed.

ATHLETIC HONORS AT A. A. BANQUET; CUP FOR '21

At the Athletic Association Banquet on May 31 a most amazing thing occurred—the faculty waited on the tables. Dr. Leib, a sporty waiter twirling his tray on finger, wore a green senior tie, a junior kerchief, and a sophomore sleeve band. But above all, around his forehead flashed the freshman crimson. Dr. Morris, resplendent in red, received multitudes of cheers. The ladies of the faculty were also decorated and cheered.

After the ice cream had been served—five dishes to a person—President Ansley began to announce the honors. A breathless silence reigned, broken only by bursts of cheering as each winner stumbled, blushing and awkward, to the table and carried off

(Continued on page 4, column 4.)



ALISON HASTINGS '19
Editor-in-chief of "News" 1918-1919



MIRIAM POMEROY '19
Senior Associate Editor 1918-1919

TO THE POETS OF '19

(Dedicated with deep respect to the two first Poets Laureate of C. C.)

You've piped for us on sunny days,
You've sung for us in rain;
And when each long, cold winter's past,
You've piped spring back again.
Ringing, singing,
We give you a toast,
Poets of '19.

You've called us into war, and out,
You've made us work with will;
And then you've brought us back to dream
Upon the moonlight hill.
Ringing, singing,
We give you a toast,
Poets of '19.

And now that you are setting out
Upon life's dusty way,
To pipe your tunes to other hearts
You meet from day to day,
Ringing, singing,
We'll give you a toast,
Poets of '19.

But all along the campus paths,
When stars hang out their lights,
We'll listen with a wistful smile,
And think of other nights.
And gratefully,
We'll send a toast
To the Poets of '19.

SERVICE LEAGUE ADOPTS A NEW PROGRAM

The new program outlined for the students by Mrs. Wessel was adopted for next year by a unanimous vote in a meeting of the League. This program is more clearly defined; more independent, more constructive, and more in harmony with the most modern concept of Social Work than any undertaken by the League formerly. The fundamental idea of the work has been stated as a "devotion of the personal and financial resources of the League to the development of those educational and cultural activities in the community which will make for deeper inter-racial understanding." In addition to its inspiring ideal this new work has, not only the assurance of the co-operation and inspiration of Mrs. Wessel, but the advantage of an assistant in the department who will act as the official executive of the work. This need has been met by the college through the "creation of a fellowship of \$600 a year to cover the expense of an assistant in the Sociology Department for the further study and training in methods of handling inter-racial problems." This fellowship will be awarded to a graduate who in the judgment of a faculty committee combines high academic standing, and such personal qualifications as will make her a desirable candidate for such training. It is felt that such assurances of success will elicit the enthusiasm and co-operation of every student and will serve to develop the student body and the community alike, and to increase the understanding and sympathy between the two groups.

NEWS CELEBRATED FOURTH YEAR BY FIRST BANQUET

At 7.30 on Wednesday, May 28th, Alison Hastings was conducted by Miriam Pomeroy into the Grill Room of the Mohican Hotel, and found the News staff assembled there for the first News banquet. Amidst much laughing and talking a most delectable dinner was served. After dinner, Miriam Pomeroy, as toastmistress, read several appropriate poems introducing the speakers of the evening, Dr. Nye, Fanchon Hartman, and Alison Hastings. After the staff had drunk a health to the retiring editor, and to Fanchon Hartman, the editor to come, the party adjourned to the Crown.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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Evalene Taylor '21

Ann Hastings '22

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Helen Rich '21

Barbara Ashenden '21

Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

EDITORIAL

FINIS

The end of the year! Now we look back upon it, how far away the beginning seems to be. So many weeks, filled with so many things. So many days when the sun poured into the window in the morning, and so many days when the mist curled in clouds through the casement. So many trees that gleamed white and rose in the sunlight, and so many flowers that blossomed in the long grass by the stone walls. So many new purposes, and so many new dreams, like the white clouds that dance in the blue sky on a windy day. So many new friends, and so many dear friends.

All that is over now. Just as the wave ripples down the Thames and far out to sea, so are we gladly, confidently, dancing away into the crowd. Perhaps we shall come back on the tide of memory; perhaps we shall forget. Another class will come to take our places; and the college, like the ivy ascending the walls, shall grow beautiful and strong in their time.

And now in the confusion of farewells, and in the clamor of the last festivities and of the last commemorations, the realization of the deep love we bear the college is dawning into complete enlightenment. We are tired now, and a little sad. Our work is over. It is the end. We go . . .

AMONG OUR POETS

WHEN IT'S APPLEBLOSSOM TIME

Pink among the appleblossoms,
White among the leaves,
Round your shining, shimmering hair,
Sunshine magic weaves.

Reach for the swaying petals, high,
Beauty of the spring,
Youth incarnate, wonderful!
Branches lightly swing.

Lilting, dancing, in the grass,
Maiden, fancy free,
Throw your petals to the sun,
Throw a kiss to me!

'19.

GR-A-A-ASS!

If you are on it, this is one on you. Perhaps gentle reader—ungentle treader—you thought the News had forgotten, or even voluntarily omitted our annual cry, Gr-a-a-ass!

But no.

Does a mother forget her eldest son? Does your instructor forget to call in papers when you are unprepared?

When these things happen and no sooner will the News forget the grass. The Magazine may describe it to you. You know, "luscious verdure," or "delicate little spears of green pushing their way through the sullen earth." But the News shouts it at you. What impression will commencement guests have if the grass around the campus buildings closely resembles No-man's-land?

The Board asks, "How are we ever to get out a weekly News if we have to spend our time guarding the appearance of the campus in lusty defense, of our chosen loved one—the Grass? Just keep off it!"

STUDENT GOVERNMENT
INAUGURATION JUNE 3, '19

I am always pleased when I receive an invitation of any kind from the students of Connecticut College. I enjoy being asked to be patroness at a dance. I will not even acknowledge that the pleasure varies inversely as the square of the time. But with what may seem a most whimsical taste, I am really more pleased when I am invited to address a body of students, who voluntarily subject themselves to hearing politely, with no chance for immediate reply, whatever pleasant or unpleasant remarks may be made. It is said that a man over forty will never lose a chance to reminisce. And now that our college has reached the turning point of its fourth year, I find it quite old enough to me to reminisce. As no particular subject was suggested for my remarks today, may I begin with some of these recollections?

Having had the luck to be born in a frontier country I used to know some of the first settlers in that region, first, that is after the Indians, who were

aboriginal. I can remember when an Old Settlers' Association was organized for the purpose of holding yearly picnics, and the question arose, which still I fancy continues perennially to arise, as to what constitutes a proper claim to be an old settler. There were of course various opinions, but the famous "first white child born in the county" could always smooth her grey hair and allow her ample bosom to swell with the proud consciousness that no one could ever dispute her claim!

Connecticut College has not yet passed beyond the frontier stage. It may remain for many years in a certain sense a frontier in the education of women. You have heard often before that we are all pioneers, I venture to claim to be especially a pioneer here, however, as the first white person, man or woman, to spend a night in any of our college dormitories. I arrived in New London, late Saturday afternoon, September 25, 1915, and coming at once to the college I found Dr. and Mrs. Sykes, and Miss Proctor (the first director of residence), surveying the day's advance in the still very incomplete Thames Hall. In answer to my inquiry as to the possibility of spending the night in the rooms I was to occupy that year on the second floor of that building, Dr. Sykes took me up the stairs, along the hall and we looked into what was to be my home. My first thought was an adaptation from the Nonsense Anthology: I wish that my room had a floor. I don't care so much for a door, but this walking around without touching the ground is likely to be quite a bore.

However as there was not only no floor, but no furniture, no lighting, no windows, no plumbing, I accepted the suggestion that I take a room in Blackstone temporarily, James and Edna, who still are with us, and Thomas and Ethel of blessed memory, were already established in the stone dormitories, but as I found out next morning, the faculty members who were in New London at that time, were clinging to the civilization of the Mohican, and had not yet cared or dared to spend the night on the frontier. It appeared that there were no lights yet in Blackstone, and no hot water, and no heat, but Miss Proctor furnished an inch of candle and an extra blanket for it was cold, and I slept well. The next day our first resident Freshman, Ruth Morriss, arrived from Texas. She was given the room next to mine, and another inch of candle (mine was by this time reduced to half an inch, but the moonlight was good that night). We retired early, however, but were not yet asleep when Dr. Barr arrived and the wheels began to go round. On Monday our Faculty moved out from town, the floor was completed in the dining room, and an excellent luncheon was served there.

The dining room of Thames Hall with its boulder fireplace from our own campus, was that year not only the

room where all, students, faculty and president's family, met for meals, but it was the scene of morning chapel, vespers and all general college functions. We had besides only the three buildings, Plant, Blackstone and New London Hall, built from stone quarried on the campus. As Plant and Blackstone were not filled by our resident Freshmen, there was room for the infirmary and to accommodate the faculty who were waiting for suites to be finished on the second floor of Thames Hall, in the south end of which the President's family was living. During those early weeks, we had no sidewalks, at first not even paths

(Continued on page 5, column 1.)

A REVERIE

What is that girl doing walking along with her head hanging? She must be sad or else she is ashamed of something. The casualty lists are all in, and it is a beautiful day—I do not see why she should not be happy. Someone has said something to hurt her feelings, perhaps—poor girl! How thoughtless some people are! Why the one in front of her is walking the same way—they must have had a quarrel—how silly! They must be Freshmen—but no, they are Seniors. This is strange. Why don't they say something? But look, she is poking the grass with her foot. And so is the other one. One of them has lost something! It must be small—I wonder whether it is a diamond ring. But it is queer that they should look for it in such different places.

"Oh, I have found one!" shouts the girl in front, greatly excited.

One! How many rings does the girl possess? Why, Jane behind her has a class this hour. I wonder if she did not hear the last bell ring just now. She must have lost something valuable or she would not stay, for she is never late to class.

She is becoming anxious now. She is poking the grass over with her hand. I wonder if I could help her find it.

"Isn't it awful? I can't find one," cries Jane.

"You can have some of mine," returns the other, "I have six."

"But I want to find one myself. I have never in my whole life found a four-leafed clover."

"Four-leafed clover! So that is it! Who says college girls are not superstitious? But wait. Jane is singing:

"One, two, three, but always we wish there were four.
One, two, three, again; oh where are those with more?
Some can find them without trying at all.

Oh, if I could find one, luck would befall."

Her friend answers:

"One, two, three, four—ah here is one that has five!
Then let us share it, and we will both survive.

Leaves of good luck were put here for more than one.
Take it and keep it; our search is done."

B. J. A. '21.

SOPHOMORES HOLD FIRST PLACE IN TRACK

The opening event of Field Day, May 30, was a track meet, in which there were many entries, and some mighty pretty work. There was a big and enthusiastic crowd out to see it.

The following are the winners of the various events:

Shot put — 1. Coops. 2. Howard. 3. Costigan.

75-yard dash—1. Duncan. 2. Carns. 3. Raythwich.

Hop-step-jump — 1. Raythwich. 2. Marvin. 3. Carns.

Running high jump—1. Raythwich. 2. Ansley, Batchelder, Howard, Wulf. Low hurdles—1. Duncan. 2. Raythwich. 3. Batchelder.

Running broad jump—1. Hippolitus. 2. Carns. 3. Batchelder.

Basket ball throw—1. Hulber. 2. McGowan. 3. M. Warner.

The winners of the meet were Mary Raythwich with 14 points, Mildred Duncan with 10, and Florence Carns with 7.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

INAUGURATION, JUNE 3, '19

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.)

marked out, no trees, and no lawns (even the quadrangle was bare clay!) but as the president remarked "tho' our feet were in mud, our heads were in the clouds, for we had our ideals.

Our formal opening came on the ninth of October, at which time many college presidents from New England and the Atlantic states were our guests. Our procession in academic costume moved from New London Hall to the dedicatory exercises at the flag staff and thence to the dining-room quite as impressively as tho' the path had not been laid out with great haste only the day before, and our after-dinner program was inspiring and dignified, even tho' the maids' bath tub for the still-unfinished third floor arrived at an inauspicious moment and narrowly escaped colliding with our

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distinguished guest. One interesting feature of this opening banquet was that contractors and workmen were invited to share with the wealthier benefactors in the rejoicing over the completion of the work of their hands for Connecticut College.

And so our college was started, with its faculty, its students, and its various departments. For whom I wonder, was it founded?

We sometimes catch ourselves saying that such and such a course of action is desirable "for the sake of the department." But is a department at all worth while for its own sake? Again we may say, "This ought to be so and so, for the sake of the college." But is a large, successful college an end in itself? I am not sure that I ever heard any one say for the sake of the faculty," and so perhaps I hardly need to suggest that to assemble and cultivate a faculty for the sake of its own perfection lacks justification. Is it not, only as a department serves the needs of the students, only as a faculty can serve the students, and only as a college sends out citizens of the world keener and better because of its training, that each or any one can justify its existence? There are those who claim that a college can exist without degrees or trustees. Such a college is now proving itself in New York City. Experts in education claim that discussion by the class is the only effective method of teaching, i. e., that the student must learn for himself and cannot be taught by any one else. That seems to make it possible to dispense with the faculty. Health authorities advocate outdoor schools and colleges. Buildings, too, then are unnecessary. But no one has ever been hardy enough or crazy enough to claim that the ideal college is one without students. I am not playing to the grandstand. I am not complimenting your appearance nor your intelligence. I am not comparing you with the students of any other college or with the remnant of humanity outside of college walls to the disadvantage of the remnant. I am stating a fact. A college exists for the sake of its students and for their sake only. And the corollary of this is that the students determine ultimately what the college shall be and shall do. The

founders of a college at the beginning, the faculty from time to time, may dangle before the student body what they consider pearls of great price. Pearls cast before an unappreciative audience become pebbles, and a pebble rescued from the mire by an appreciative lapidary becomes a pearl. It is the response of the student body alone that gives permanent value to the college pearls and adds to their number. A consideration of this fact makes one realize the immense responsibility which rests upon the students. Connecticut College students have never been inclined to shirk responsibility, nor have they been encouraged to do so. It was early in the first year that the Faculty passed a historic vote giving to the student body, at that time composed only of a Freshman class, full student government in all non-academic matters. Did ever another Freshman class have such responsibility? To be received as full partners with the faculty, equally responsible in their own field for college policy and the college reputation! And this same mantle has fallen and must fall in turn on each succeeding student group.

No one wants to attend a college whose students are said to abuse utterly the liberty they possess, to scandalize the respectable and reasonable people of the community, and to spend their time in everything else rather than study. I don't know that this has ever been said of Connecticut College, but if you know that it has been or might be said, whether justly or unjustly, you also know where to put the responsibility and where to find the remedy. And the remedy is not necessarily found in going to another college. No one wants to go to a college which really has a low academic standard. If any one who knows Connecticut College has actually believed this to be the case, could it be a Freshman to whom you said (when you were assuming the traditional pose of a daredevil upperclassman) to whom you said, "Oh, warnings don't mean anything,—you needn't worry about that!" An individual with no responsibility and no influence, could there be such a person, need not think before speaking, of course. But a student who realizes that she is re-

sponsible for the reputation of the college cares more for this reputation than for the traditional pose, and she weighs her words. Student government means that life at Connecticut College is real life. There's a good deal in that sentence. I hope every one will think it over or talk it over until she understands all that it means,—for that is all that I am going to say about student government today. Student government at Connecticut College means that life at Connecticut College is real life. Responsibility, democracy, free speech, co-operation, real life, useful lives, strong bodies and clear minds, plain living and high thinking, these are some of the ideals with which Connecticut College was founded.

Connecticut College has lived during a period unique in the world's history, a quadrennium which at the time of our opening no man could foresee, when the money of generous friends has been turned into other coffers, when the interest and the hearts of all have been centered on lands far distant. Though the events of these years have changed our plans for expansion as first announced, and have greatly altered our personnel, they have been powerless to change the real Connecticut College. What then is the real Connecticut College? I shall answer that question by a quotation from a great educator and that quotation you must yourselves apply: "I sometimes ask my students to answer the question, Where is the United States? Is it the land bounded by the Atlantic on the East, the Pacific on the West, Canada on the North, and Mexico on the South? No, that is the territory of the United States. That was all here before Columbus came, and not one inch of it can pass away though the United States may pass away. Perhaps then the United States is at Washington

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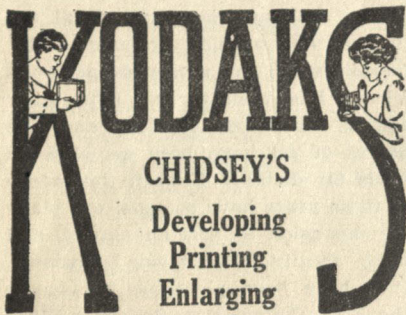
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where the President, the Supreme Court and the Congress are? No, that is the government of the United States. The United States is in the hearts of its people. It is a thought, a hope, a resolution. It is always becoming, it never is. It is re-created anew when each one of its people catches the vision. That is the reason why the foreigner from another birthplace may become as real a citizen as the native born. It is a unity of minds to realize a common purpose, a great co-operative undertaking."

Connecticut College is in the hearts of its people. It is a thought, a hope, a resolution. It is always becoming, it never is. It is re-created anew when each one of its people catches the vision. That is the reason why each new freshman may become as real a citizen as the first class. It is a unity of minds to realize a common purpose, a great co-operative undertaking.

**STUDENT GOVERNMENT
OFFICERS INSTALLED**

Cooperation and inspiration were the key-notes of the Student Government installation exercises held in the gymnasium, on Tuesday, June third.

Virginia Rose, president of the association 1918-1919, introduced the incoming officers, calling on each in order of her office, to make a few appropriate remarks.

Helen Perry, next year's president, urged cooperation as the only means of success for the association. She was followed by Frances Barlow, the future vice-president.

The duties and the position of the executive committee in its relation to the Council were explained by Edith Lindholm, incoming chairman of that committee, this year president of the Junior class. The executive committee, she said, is organized not only to keep people off the grass but to see that all legislation of the Council and the constitution of the association be carefully observed.

William Lyon Phelps' last convocation address furnished the inspiration for the speech of Agnes Leahy, president of '21, and incoming Student Government treasurer. As she grew older,

she said, she believed that she should gain even more happiness and pleasure on the Council than she had enjoyed this year.

A question and a problem was presented by Olive Tuthill, the present president of the Freshman class, and incoming secretary of the association. The attitude of Freshmen, which Miss Tuthill can know very intimately, has been hampered by the fact that upper classmen do not always follow rules, and thereby exercise a bad influence on the Freshmen. Can we not, another year, asked Miss Tuthill, take from such offenders the privilege of chaperoning underclassmen?

That Americanization on campus should be one of the aims of the Service League was the suggestion of Leah Pick, incoming president of the organization. Alice Horrax, '20's Senior president, expressed an appreciation of the privilege of the Seniors who should next year spend two weeks, in Freshman dorms, helping Freshmen to understand the meaning of Student Government.

'21's unique position as the first class to have two sisters, and the only sister class of 1919, founders of Student Government, was the topic of '21's Junior president, Rachel Smith's speech. Mildred Duncan, Sophomore president of '22, expressed her appreciation of her coming position on the Council.

Dean Nye's annual address to the students was a delight and inspiration. Reminiscences of the first days of the college, and the purposes, ideals and vision of the founders made an impressive close to the exercises.

**MRS. JOHN EDWIN WELLS
RE-ELECTED**

At a meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae held May 26th, Mrs. John Edwin Wells was re-elected President of the Club, and Miss Barrows was elected Corresponding Secretary. The Club voted to pay for this year for a Scholarship in Science at Woods Hole for a member of the Junior Class. The Annual Club Play under the direction of Mrs. Wells was given on Monday, June 9th. The Play was *Gringoire*, a love story of France in the days of King Louis Eleventh.

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