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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
NEW LONDON, CONN
MAY, 1923

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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THE BAMBOO HILL TEMPLE

Mo Le How '26

THE BAMBOO HILL TEMPLE is one of the most popular pilgrimages in Hang Chow, a picturesque city about one hundred and twenty miles from Shanghai. The hill is half surrounded by the West Lake on which canoes and house boats float leisurely, and half by an enormous mountain of gorgeous rocks and ever flowing springs. From such a surrounding, the atmosphere on the hill is serene and inspiring. Now and then, the rustle of the leaves and the solemn ringing of the temple bell are heard.

The Bamboo Hill, a name given for centuries, has its derivation from the vast plantation of bamboo. The plant itself, bears much significance. The long, slender trunk rests its weight on the root covered by the still earth, and the head lifts bravely towards the sky. The trunk is smooth with green rings at proportional distances apart, and so adds to its stability and strength. Day by day, it grows taller and more graceful with alternate branches bearing numerous, slippery leaves. Neither the icy cold nor the burning heat can slightly change its robe of perpetual dainty green. Such a plant as the bamboo, cannot but inspire the pilgrims, as they go on their way to worship, to live their lives more nobly and to pursue their faith with steady zeal.

At the end of the narrow winding path, at the very top of the hill there looms an enormous temple like a majestic king on his throne. The temple is built in a very primitive style having a triangularly shaped tile roof and a cement floor. Nevertheless it is sacred and artistic. It rests its weight on numerous carved posts in the interior. The temple is divided into three main sections separated by thick brick walls.

The first room consists of five major Buddhas named after Gods of War, Peace, Happiness, Prosperity, and Long Life. Among these, the God of Happiness is considered to be the most desired, so it has its seat in the middle of the hall facing the carved door which is the only entrance and exit. The other four are stationed on two sides facing the center. The images are of huge sizes built to symbolize their names. They are carefully sculptured and gilded with bright gold which manifests their glory and power. In front of each Buddha, there is a large incense burner and a low stool for the kneeling worshipper. Standing next to the stool, there is a square wooden box resting on a table. On one side of the box, there is an inscription of four words meaning that whosoever gives freely shall receive abundantly. Red candles are seen burning day and night around each Buddha signifying that they are the lights in the world. In one of the quiet corners in the room, there stands an historical iron bell ringing and echoing from time to time.

The second room adjoining the first is the largest of the three. The room is decorated with one hundred minor Buddhas placed in horizontal rows and in a row bordering the room. They are smaller in size and gilded with either silver or copper according to their prominence. Other equipments for worship in this room are exactly as in the first.

The innermost and the smallest section is the residence of the monks. They, who look up to religion as their first and only duty, live a life of solitude and self-denial. So, nothing but the most simple is their worldly wealth. The rooms, except the dining hall, are occupied according to rank. The main decorations are portraits of those monks who have consecrated their whole lives to faith. Thus, the present monks are constantly reminded of and encouraged by their predecessors in order that they themselves may live and lead a more perfect life.

It is wonderful how quiet the temple has been kept, although it is always crowded especially at various festivals. The smoke and smell of incense are predominant, while the low hearted pilgrims are seen kaotowing devotionally. Among the thousands of worshippers coming from far and near, the number of women always stands the highest. The rich as well as the poor spend freely and willingly on incense and candles. Their belief in Buddha answering their prayers is marvellous and unrivalled. But how much more will they be blessed if they only believe in the one living God!

A CHAPTER ON SNUBS

by G. E. Jensen

AMONG the numerous varieties of snubs, I can mention only a few notorious kinds that I have seen others bear or that I myself have endured. At my age I have a fine ear for snubs and can speak with authority. The commonest type is the snub impatient, commonly used by authors, professors, and other great men when their sweet autocratic serenity is disturbed by some underling. It is administered as follows:

"Sorry Mr. Er-ah-um-ah, I'm rather busy just now; won't you come in some other day — any other (under his breath) Of all the idiotic —" Carlyle used this kind of snub very effectively on his literary admirers and on his family with perfect impartiality. With Sam Johnson it was habitual, but commonly it is not a mark of genius. The artist in snubbery disdains its use.

A better snub is the snub contradictory. To use this incisively one must be in a position of real authority over several restive hirelings and should administer the snub in the hearing of all. Only then is it truly withering. The moment some bold spirit questions or contradicts his boss, then the autocrat has his opportunity. With scorching scorn he may turn a contemptuous eye on his victim and remark in acid tone:

"I fear, Mr. Smith, that you have not followed the drift of our remarks. When you arrive at a real comprehension of what we mean, I shall be very glad to hear from you again."

With his companions in misery Smith shrinks back in the proper state of humility. It works best in faculty meetings, but it may be employed with success in settling disputes with a deputation of employees in banks, department stores, and hotels.

Another snub that is particularly exquisite and is for this reason rarely used well, is the snub conciliatory. It is best used in settling a quarrel between husband and wife. Peace *must*, sooner or later, follow each tempest, and it is the husband alone who can make an end to a row without a sacrifice of self-respect. He should proceed in this manner:

"I know, my dear, I'm an awful beast, and you are quite right — There, there, don't cry — But don't you honestly think that you might have gone at it somewhat more tactfully? When you think it over calmly perhaps you will see my point — Yes, I forgive you." No woman, even in the joyful tears of reconciliation, can retain in the presence of such manly generosity any minute portion of her self-will. She is then *yours* absolutely.

Still another snub is the wet-blanket variety, one very commonly used

by parents and older people in general. If such you be and if you desire the exquisite enjoyment of your snubbing powers, find some gay young thing — a child, a young innocent lass, some naturally joyous soul; pry into the source of her radiance; and then, when her heart can no longer contain her excess of gaiety and she bursts into an ecstasy of self-revelation, you should enfold your victim in the clammy wool of some such remark as this:

“But, my dear, do you possibly suppose that by any thinkable means you can contrive to really do what you hope? — Perfectly absurd — Why, at your age — how can you imagine such nonsense!” It works very well with a very young bride at the mercy of her mother-in-law.

The snub consanguine is commonly employed and it takes several forms, all of which are in general use. If you desire to effectually put your relations where they belong in your world, you have several resources. You can begin by becoming erratic in your Christmas and birthday givings. Forget the birthdays, or if you cannot do this, deliberately get the dates mixed up. If you cannot avoid celebrating your impecunious maiden aunt’s anniversary, and if you happen to be a woman, give her a pair of discarded silk stockings; or if you are her nephew, present her with a badly defaced book that has been an eyesore in your shelves for ten years. The next year plead poverty and give nothing — except a few extraordinarily fine presents to your rich relations. You can better afford it. Possibly you own a menagerie of assorted relatives who drop in now and then to call? Usually they come at the hour when you regale distinguished company — real people. When your tertium quiddities arrive and you leave your guests to receive your ‘folks’, mutter cordially:

“Do come right in. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Smith, and the RECTOR and his wife are here; they will be *so* glad to see you. *Do* come in — *please* do.” (*Exeunt* blood relations.)

The sporting snub operates best in the game of golf. Harris (a surly duffer) strolls up and invites you (handicap *plus* 5) to join him in a match. The snub venial darts through your brain. You have no appointment with any one. You beg to be excused because you are stale and need practice. Let your victim get started on his way; then comes your chance. If you can contrive to accept a match within his hearing while he waits at the first tee, do it; if not, begin your game, gradually overtake your enemy, and bellowing *Fore!* flaunt your opponent in his face.

To put servants in their place (if there *is* any place in your home where there is a servant) you can use the snub servile. Permit your maid the privilege of standing watch over your infant family some night while you and your husband are out at the theater. On your return at midnight speak

to your Mary Ann, as she purrs softly in papa's leather chair in the living-room, in these words :

"Mary ! Mary !! — Mary !!! (she awakes) — Well of all things, Mary. — How dare you ? — What will you do next ?"

But it is a dangerous snub to use and should be applied only when you are about to dismiss your domestic.

In the modern family, children have (so I hear) no place ; but if you can find one for them and wish to keep them in it, follow my advice. They *can* be snubbed into that *locus* which stern parents postulate in their theory of domestic discipline. The worn-out "Little children should be seen but not heard" is no longer a snub worthy of practice. The snub superb for dislocated children is a parent's noiseless grin of tolerant, tantalizing superiority. Persons outside the family can use it quite as effectually. It is inhuman, maddening ; for it spells in hideous letters an agonizing human ostracism.

Finally there is a snub ecclesiastical. When you move to some new region and have settled ; the Rector will call. You bow low, open wide the gates, and welcome your vicar. Let him do his best ; he will expand under your genial hospitality and will welcome you to his church. If you are a decayed dissenter, stoutly affirm, at this point, a rockbound adherence to an unpretentious non-conforming order of simple souls. If you are a free-thinker (it costs little) profess a fine but courteous disdain for formal worship, and quote something about going into your closet to pray. If you still retain a faint aroma of Anglican fervor and are a true snub, feign an extravagant interest, promise feverish activity — and then stay at home o' Sundays. One absence may effect your purpose ; two certainly will. You are then immune.

CHERISHED IN OLD AGE

by Virginia Eddy '23

"A WOMAN is as old as she looks" — and so is my bathrobe, except that, unlike most women, it grows more precious as its second decade approaches. Instead of acquiring a few gray hairs at stated intervals, or an additional ring like a tree-trunk, the dear old bathrobe falls prey to a few more moths ; for this reason there is no means of concealing its prolonged existence.

Every night as I tenderly lower it from its accustomed hook and wrap it about me, I feel as royal as the Queen of Sheba in her ermine robe. And when I scuffle thru the corridor with the tassels trailing behind me (after

having let them trail thusly for eight years, I feel it would be irreverent to tie them up)—— and so, as I scuffle about, it offers me great satisfaction to have people recognize me by my sacred and venerable garment. Some people scrutinize it aloofly, others over-look it, but a few souls dear to my heart gaze at it lovingly (this may be my imagination). And once in a great while some flippant human becomes over-vivacious and accidentally pulls away some of the delicately faded silk bindings. These are my most desolate and reminiscent moments because — oh, Allah! — because it discloses a minute speck of the original color theretofore hidden beneath the silk. At these times I tear myself to my sanctum, lock myself therein, and let my thought wander away back to those almost forgotten days when my now old and putrescent bathrobe was in its prime. I can see it still—a rapturous shade of magenta embodied in a soft mass of fluffy warmth and silken trimmings. I remember the awful horror when I first realized it was becoming soiled; and due to a lack of appreciation in my youth, I had the extreme indiscretion to want it washed — and it was. And that ceremony took place in an ordinary laundry tub. Never can I control my lacrimal glands when I recall its forlorn aspect afterwards. It fell into the cruel hands of the laundress, who ironed it — yes ironed it! Two years dragged by before it regained any of its former fluffiness, and this only after a frantic brushing every night.

And from then until now have the years toiled to increase the sulliness of my beloved bathrobe until it has become the pet and pride of my wardrobe.

WHO AM I?

by Elizabeth Holmes '24

SOMETIMES, when I stand on this hill-top and look off over the harbor with its blue waters stretching away to the sea and its white sails silhouetted against the far off horizon, or when I watch the moon sparkling over the river with black hills looming velvety against the deep blue heavens, I wonder strange things. Sometimes I wonder if I am really here at all. Of course my body lives here, but I live in so many places all in one day. And then I come to wonder just who I am anyway. How do I know there is any such definite person as "I"?

Surely my past life no longer is a part of me. There is a little girl of five or six, with light almost golden hair, with wistful blue eyes, and a solemn, serious, mournful expression — a child who plays paper dolls, with the entire Letty Lane family keeping house on a small folding table — who never eats prunes, or apple sauce, or cereal unless she is patiently fed every mouthful.

Then there is another girl of thirteen — an awkward creature who persists in roller-skating to school—her entire gawky length gyrating for balance whenever there is an unforeseen crack in the side-walk — a maid with stringy molasses-colored hair who plays "Prisoners' Base" at recess, and "Kick-the-Can" all afternoon, climbing fences and trees, and shrieking to the capacity of her lusty young lungs. But while those two figures are a part of my past, they are no longer a part of me. Many children have crossed my path and they are all objective in my mind now. My girl-hood chum and I are packed away together in my childhood past and they are on an equal footing there. "I" am someone quite different from the solemn child, and the gawky screaming girl.

Sometimes when I read books I find people who mean more to me than my own childhood. I have read the essays of Lamb, books about Lincoln, "Roosevelt's Letters to his Children". In them there are characters — real men — living souls with vitality and enthusiasm, human strength and human weaknesses.

Charles Lamb sits at an old walnut desk, his massive dark head resting on one white hand which shades his eyes as he writes — a letter to Coleridge perhaps, or one of the "Essays of Elia". Mary sits in a little rocker near by sewing. Outside the midnight wheels of London rumble intermittently with perhaps a church clock striking the hour.

Or there is the boy, Abraham Lincoln, tall, awkward, strong, with dark hair and dark, deep-set eyes. He is lying full-length under an old maple in front of the general store in a small middle western town. The bees and cicadas are keeping a steady accompaniment to the hot, noon-day sun; but Lincoln does not notice them for he is absorbed in his book.

And then there are President and Mrs. Roosevelt taking breakfast together in the back garden of the White House. Lilacs are in bloom; a redstart is darting among the shrubs with his piercing, joyous call. A bunny hutch holds the white furry playmates of Archie and Quentin. This is Teddy Roosevelt at home, away from the stir of life.

I can look in on all these men through the books others have written about them. They have come to be my heroes. They are a part of me as surely as anything else is a part of me. They typify my ambitions and aspirations. Their sage and kindly wisdom comes to encourage and direct me when I am in doubt. Their ideals help to shape mine. They are most truly a part of my real self.

In this same way, I have travelled widely. I have been to places where I shall never go. I have lived through tragic weeks of starvation in the early snows of the Labrador wild. All day I have ridden on a rocking camel across the burning Sahara. I have climbed the great peaks of the

Canadian Rockies and looked down into shimmering sapphire lakes and narrow silver rivers in the valley below. At sunset I have looked across the Grand Canyon with its gorgeous changing colors. I have seen the gondolas in Venice by moonlight, and heard the eerie calls of the gondoliers. Austrian boys and girls have danced for me in the street with their wooden shoes keeping the rhythm and their red skirts and baggy trousers bobbing up and down. I have dreamed of Australia with its majestic forest-clad mountains; and of the northlands where the country is a flat world of ice. I have visited all these lands far more truly than many towns I have really seen. They have become a part of my life; they are a part of me — but I have only dreamed them.

Soon this college self will become a part of my objective past just as the little girl self has become a mere incident. Even now I can turn around and look at myself as I go about — just as though I were any other of the myriads of people I see every day.

Once in a while I wish I had met one of my heroes, could have talked with him personally, and heard the sound of his voice. Then there comes the realization that had I known him I could not possibly have been as close to him as I am. What can a great man find in one out of the multitude of young women he sees every day? What can a great man find in one of the countless average of the world? It is only within myself that I can live with great men. Only to myself have I the strength and whimsicality which Lamb possessed; only in my heart do I carry ideals of Lincoln; my soul alone knows and answers the sturdy Americanism of Roosevelt.

I can never go to Labrador and learn to love the vast silences of its awful leagues of woodland; I am a woman, and women will not dwell in northern Labrador for many decades. Never shall I live on the great cliffs of the canyon and learn to know her and love her in her ever-changing lights and shadows, for I am an easterner brought up far from the free romantic west. Nor shall I ever ride a rocking camel all day long under the blazing desert sky; there is not time in my short life to learn the secret ways of the desert. Yet I can live a thousand years in one night. I can travel over leagues of land and sea. I can meet strange people, and see majestic sights, and dream wondrous dreams.

Is it possible that with all this vivid, moving life to live and enjoy, my physical limitations should keep me out of any part of it? Is it not possible to live *all* of life and to exist for centuries in this one short span of existence? Is it not possible that I am not myself and myself alone, but a composite of millions of others, a part of throbbing, pulsing humanity. Perhaps I am a little chunk off the vital whole of life, in tune with everything that breathes and able to live a thousand years in one day.

THE CLERK AND THE QUENE

WITH APOLOGIES TO CHAUCER

by Katharine Renwick, '24

Ther was in Picardye a quene faire,
 Ful yong she was, and of grete beuty rare.
 One day, in coverchiefs ful fyn and wight,
 And in red cote and hood of gold bedight,
 With golden haire and long, lyk silkye flaxe,
 And chekes that looked quyte lyk paynted waxe,
 Grey eyen swete thant twinkled whan she smilde,
 Or colde as stele grew whan that she was rilde,
 She wandred in her garden ful of floures
 That smelled freshe and swete from April showres,
 Whan lo, the came ful sone within her sight
 A man who semed sure in sadde plight.
 His clothes wer torne, he wore a blacke cote,
 And with a stafe upon the ground he smote
 But moste of al he watched as he wente
 Some bokkes that he carried, tho far spente.
 The quene she was aghast and seyde, "Goode sire,
 What fate cruelle has madde your plight so dire?"
 "It is some further lerninge that I seke
 That I may lerne more languages to speke."
 "Whence come you here? What is your name?"
 "I come from Oxefford, a clerk, Madame.
 Whan that I al hadde lernde that ther they taught
 Ful many a day for more, madame, I sought.
 And so my wandring brought me to this castle
 And you will find me quyte an humble vassal."
 And therupon the quene in grete delight
 Invited him at leste to stay the night.
 She took him to the court and round aboute ;
 The tournaments they sawe, without a doute :
 Whan that the day was nearly spente and done,
 A feste was layde before was sette the sone.
 And al the ladyes and knightes bolde
 About the tables satte and tayles they tolde.
 And bardes playd and wandring minstrels sange,
 And thru the halle the merye laffter range.
 And whan that night the mone in splendor showne,
 And everyone to bedde, al weary, flowne,
 The clerk and quene upon a balconye
 Of lyf and love talkd on quyte merrilye,

Until al hope of lerninge more knowledge
 And further hope of reching some college,
 Was gone, and al his hope was surelye bente
 On wyninge for his wiff this swete regente.
 The mone and starres al were on his syde,
 And sone the quene had become his bride.

ROSEMARY

by Mary MacLear '23

"**B**UT just some grapes, Father, or a little cake", he urged, clearing a space for his elbow among the disarray of dishes, and leaning back heavily. "One hasn't a real chance to eat until the guests are gone. It has all cost a pretty penny, but then she's the last to be married, and such a good match too."

"And la mere," queried the priest, "is she also content? I thought I noticed a little sadness."

"Oh that's nothing. When everything is gay, trust a woman to pull a long face. They're great for thinking uncomfortable things."

"Not necessarily unpleasant things, but don't you think that in the midst of a situation they have a sort of intuition of what is underneath it all, of what it may lead to eventually. They are sensitive and imaginative."

"Yes, but not reasonable. This wine's delicious. Very clear. More so than women, eh?"

"Quite so," assented the priest. Musingly he followed the analogy; pale transparent women of the super refinement of champagne; those less carefully strained through the sieves of sophistication, with the sediment of rugged, elemental traits remaining. The woman he had mentioned — it was easy to classify her. He watched her as she moved slowly through the room and up the stairs.

"She does seem a bit down," muttered the husband also regarding her, over the rim of his glass. It is, no doubt, the absence of the child that died. She probably feels it even when she is so happy about all the others. Sad that things will be remembered."

Upstairs the woman knelt before a small trunk, straightening with mechanical tenderness the varied objects within. "The others have outgrown me and gone away," she whispered, "but I have you always, ever small and in need of me."

THE ENDOWMENT HUNT

by Y. B. Glum, '23.

IS NOT "hunt" just the word? We may use "drive" or other hackneyed and unbeautiful term; but "hunt" is both novel and beautifully picturesque. The stealthy hunter (any one of us eight hundred) with gun in hand (the gun is, of course, the unanswerable and therefore deadly new pamphlet about C.C.), stalks the wary game (the 10-10-10 prospects are the little birds and tiny beasties that go fluttering and scurrying off out of range unless we surprise and kill them instanter; those we suspect of having a hundred dollars or more are the larger animals, opulent because of their predatory habits, and so difficult to bag that only some Nimrod from the faculty is allowed to try; the millionaires are the man-eating tigers and sharks, whom none dare approach save prexy or a trustee, specially armed with high-powered weapons of precision and palaver).

There really ought to be very little difficulty in raising the money, now that we have happily solved the problem of naming the process by which we do it. Nevertheless, I shall venture two words of advice, — only two, — to persons who, like myself, do not know how to proceed in this business.

The first of my two words is ECONOMY. Economy is a thing of the spirit and of the intention. The form which it takes is irrelevant; and I am far indeed from recommending the particular form I hope to practice. The spirit of deadly earnestness and determination is what I would have copied by my co-workers. The suggestion for this form of economy came to me from an eccentric person named G.K. Chesterton. He remarked on the Bolshevistic economy of having one pair of trousers worn by two men, in sequence of course, one man sleeping while the other worked, and vice versa. So far from regarding as mere moonshine this pantalunar parsimony, I, as a plain-living pedagogue, have determined to investigate its feasibility. If only there be a night school in this region, and a professor therein of approximately my height and shape, who also desires to economize for a length of time equal, let us say, to the duration of one suit of clothes. . . . I shall investigate this. Perhaps a concise advertisement in *THE DAY* will facilitate our mutual advantage.

My second word is PROJECT. Here again my purpose is to stimulate ingenuity rather than to invite duplication. With the approval of the Committee on Projects, I shall experiment with the following projectile. Whereas immediately before the semester examinations there is much zeal among the students in my courses to learn what questions they will be required to answer; now, therefore, I propose to sell to each such inquiring

student shortly before the testing time a copy of the examination questions for the sum of one dollar. I shall, of course, make it a matter of honor with each purchaser not to divulge, give away, or sub-let the questions purchased. I have in mind also a further step by which any lowering of the academic standards would be avoided; but this I hesitate to mention, for obvious reasons. On second thought, however, I have decided to reveal even this further step, first pledging to secrecy the readers of these words. Before the examination I shall prepare a new set of questions, quite different from those so unworthily, not to say dishonorably, purchased.

To summarize, then: It is Economy and Project: For the nonce let Socratic "know thyself" give way to Babbit's "know your man".

BEATRICE

by Leora Peabody '23

FIFTY years had elapsed since the death of the great Florentine. In an obscure street of Ravenna there dwelt an artisan whose particular handiwork lay in the fashioning of iron and brass; and should you visit Ravenna to-day the results of his work might still be seen in the vast gates of the cathedral or around the gratings of the altars. For those were the days when men worked slowly, nay more, devoutly, conscious that work was prayer, that what they accomplished was to live on through the centuries and was not to be done for mere daily bread. Times have changed; our fairest work crumbles beneath the touch of Midas, for we lack the inspiration of art — that thing called faith.

The name of the artisan was Arnaldo Guerriero. His wife had long since died but he had one daughter whose name was Beatrice or Bice as she was called, after the Beatrice of the great poet who had made in Ravenna his last sojourn. Arnaldo never tired of speaking of the great exile nor did Bice ever tire of listening nor of questioning her father about Breatrice and the wonders of Purgatory and Heaven.

Thus the lives of these two, the old man and the young girl, passed quietly and uneventfully but full of true happiness and peace, save that once and so often their serenity was broken by the brother of Arnaldo who came from Florence. He was a good man in his way and he worshipped his little niece but she could not love him, for often during the midday meal as they sat together on the porch with the grape vines overhead protecting them from the sun, the conversation of the two brothers would turn invariably to Dante and Florence and Dante and Ravenna—and always the two held opposite views.

The Florentine stoutly maintained that Dante was in Hell and eternally damned.

"Bah," Arnaldo would exclaim, "You deserve to go thither yourself for such a saying. God would not give such a triumph to Satan."

"But Dante hath sent popes and cardinals there," the brother would reply.

"He was unforgiving and revengeful. For such, there is no place in Heaven!"

And then Arnaldo would answer, "Maybe, but I myself have seen him walking these self same streets, a grave and solitary man. My father would point him out to me and say 'Look well, my son! There is a face which men will worship to the end of time.'"

"A gloomy malicious face," the Florentine would answer him.

"No, No, No!" Arnaldo would cry, "but a great solemn marble face, chiselled as with a point of fire. Men used to kneel and kiss the pavement where he stood. God sent his angels and his Beatrice for him when he died."

So the controversy would rage, and Bice would grow weary and slip away to the little church where she was accustomed to pray, for she was a good child and prayer was the natural outpouring of her soul. She would pray for her good mother, for the soul of her little sister who was dead and lastly, kneeling before the shrine of the Madonna, she would pray long and earnestly for the dead poet.

One cool summer evening when her work was done and her father was poring over the great black-letter pages of his great poet, Bice fell asleep upon the altar steps and lo! a dream came to her. She saw a vast sea in the light of dawn, just waking up in the morning breeze, flushed in long gentle plaits that caught the pink light from the burning East. And across the waters came a boat; and standing in the prow was a Soul,—the Soul of a Woman, resplendent as the sun and glowing in its crystal transparency, for Bice saw the Morning Star through her vesture, as it lays low down in the horizon. And the boat and the Soul came swiftly toward the sleeping child until the latter beckoned and said,

"Come hither, Child. I have come for thee."

And the Bice said, "Who art thou?"

And the Soul answered, "I am the spirit of Beatrice."

But Bice answered, "I cannot go, for my father is old and feeble and hath need of me."

But the Soul said, "It is imperative that thou come. If thou comest not the gates of the place of him we love will not open, for thou alone holdest the keys."

And Bice obeyed; and passed over the rippling water till they came to a craggy shore where there was a gloomy cavern, vast and impenetrable, for the front was closed by a great iron gate, where the bars seemed red with

fire, or the rust of eternity. And behind the bars was the figure of the poet, wrapped in his dark mantle as of old, and looking out over the sea with the same look of despair and gloom.

And the soul said, "Advance, and open the gate."

But Bice wept and said, "Alas! How can I? I am but a child, and the gate is heavy, and the task grievous!"

And the Soul answered, "Behold two keys hang at thy girdle."

And Bice found two keys and one was marked "Charity", and it was of gold; and the other was of silver, and the word "Prayer" was stamped thereon. Going forward then, she fitted the keys into the locks and the bolts shot back and the heavy barrier swung slowly open. Entering the child caught the poet's hand and drew him forth; and entering the boat the three sped rapidly toward the dawn — which is infinity — which is Heaven.

And the poet, placing his hand on the child's head, said softly and solemnly, "Thrice blessed art thou, thou second Beatrice; for lo! what my Beatrice accomplished but in vision, thou hast verily wrought!"

* * * * *

"How now, little one!" said the aged sacristan, as he rattled his keys above the head of the sleeping child. "What a strange couch hast thou chosen! Arise, daughter. Benedicamus Domino," he shouted. He bent and raised the face of the sleeping child.

"Jesu! Maria! but she is dead!"

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