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Connecticut College

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C. C. OPENS

September twenty-fifth was a red letter day for Connecticut College. Then, first in the history of the college, there assembled at chapel four regular classes, headed by full-fledged seniors.

The importance and dignity of 1919, the first senior class, was emphasized by their appearance in an impressive procession, robed in cap and gown. Following songs and prayer, President Marshall welcomed the students, new and old, with a short address. "Woman's sphere," he said, "is ever widening, in this present era. More is being expected of her than ever before. But at the same time, the old call of motherhood and housewifely cares is not forgotten. Above all," he continued, "woman must retain her fineness of character—her sympathy and love."

The speaker of the morning, Professor Joan Edwin Wells, of the department of English, enlarged somewhat on the president's theme, in showing the relation of our work and attitude in college toward the war. "I am not a pessimist," he said, "I am an optimist,—perhaps too much so," and he described the amazing changes that have taken place in America in almost every aspect of life within the last year and a half. "They are changes from within," he continued—"changes brought about at a terrible cost to everyone, but which are accepted from a realization of a magnificent opportunity. This is the age of greatest opportunity," Dr. Wells declared, "the most heroic age the world has ever known. The question before us," he said, "is, 'How are we to measure up to it?'"

"To the woman college student," the speaker explained, "the answer lies in a great field of opportunity. Only the women's colleges are permitted to offer their curricula unchanged. Again," he continued, "from the women's colleges must come the leaders of tomorrow. And, in a special sense," he said, "Connecticut College possesses opportunities above others. The students have it in their power to make this new institution a noble college."

If we can keep in mind the glorious words of Nathan Hale, 'I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country,' then we shall be filled with the spirit that glorifies our fellows today."

The speaker's closing words were received with mute applause.

"I will believe that in the heart of

Save Sugar, Children!



A Penny here means a Burn "Over there"

OLD CLOTHES AND BELGIAN RELIEF

The very acute clothing needs of Belgium and the north of France have placed on the Commission for Relief in Belgium a duty which calls for every effort. The destitute of the occupied regions are in a pitiable physical condition after their four years of constantly growing deprivation. The health of a large proportion of the population is undermined by suffering. Their powers of resistance are reduced to the lowest ebb, and they are an easy prey to disease, which is making rapid inroads on the race.

Coincidentally with this condition, the disappearance of clothing and supplies for the manufacture of clothing has become almost complete. Even the old bedsheets, blankets, and tablecloths from which the destitute have in recent months been obliged to fashion garments, are exhausted. Shoes are so rare that even the fairly well-to-do have been obliged to resort to wooden sabots.

With such a lack of protection

(Continued on page 2, column 2.)

every one of us there burns, and shall burn a still, white fire of consecration."

THE "NEWS" CAMPAIGN

"Be up-to-date, read the 'News.'"

"Support your class, win a subscription for your president."

"Drive away the blues, buy the 'College News.'"

Thus read some of the many posters which heralded the "News" campaign at dinner one Friday night. Over the fire-place in the dining-hall were erected five thermometers, which were to record the steps of the campaign. The members of the "News" staff were there too, each with her paper and pencil hurrying about among the tables getting subscriptions.

Soon the numbers began to come in, and for many minutes the excitement waxed hot and strong. The Faculty were the first to fill their quota. Then the Sophomores proceeded to push their thermometer upward. But in another second the Seniors had them outnumbered and were climbing higher. Suddenly, the black line in the Junior thermometer shot up, way beyond the others. Surely they had won the goal. But, wait! The Freshmen numbers were just being recorded. They were higher than the Seniors, but could they surpass the Junior's high mark? Higher, higher they crept until at last a loud cheer echoed forth—

"Three cheers for 1922, she gets the subscription."

THE QUARANTINE

Quarantine again descended upon the college on the twenty-sixth, less than a week after the opening, but this time we are not alone in our misfortune for Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and numerous other colleges are sharing the same fate only in a more severe form. Perhaps never before have we truly appreciated our large, open campus and the long walks which it is possible to take and yet remain away from civilization.

With the idea of keeping everyone out of doors a hockey game was announced to take place Saturday afternoon between Seniors and Juniors. While the game, which ended with a score of 0 to 0, was in progress, a curious looking throng was wending its way across campus. Laden with trunk trays, bedding, clothing, and books it conveyed the impression that a band of refugees was fleeing from a devastated town. However, it was only the residents of the third floor of Winthrop who were moving out to make room for the "suspects" and the "cases," and they were on their way to the gym to take up residence there under the palm trees.

A hare and hound chase Sunday morning and a soccer game on the following Saturday gave the Freshmen an excellent chance to see what we have to offer in the line of sports, and kept everyone out in the open as well.

On Sunday afternoon the first Vesper service of the year was held, and in order to comply with the quarantine regulations it was held in the Hemlock Grove in Bolleswood. President Marshall had charge of the informal service which was very impressive in the midst of so much natural beauty. It is certainly to be hoped that the precedent, which was started under necessity, will be followed in the future.

The number of cases has so diminished that we are almost back to normal strength except for the town girls who are barred from campus and classes until the quarantine is lifted; but the enforced stay on campus is not to be regretted for it has given everyone a chance to get acquainted and settled.

Freshman, looking at Miss Blue's X Country schedule: "What a funny name for a teacher! I wonder if her first name's Xantippe."

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

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EDITORIAL.

At the last memorable chapel exercises it was announced that the News had acquired a new office. It is very proud of the aforementioned sanctum, which is located in the basement of Plant House. The staff extends a cordial invitation to you to inspect it at any time. The office is furnished with three lead paned windows through which the staff enjoys a bird's eye view of life and Blackstone. Within, the office is luxuriously equipped with an electric bulb, two magnificent desks (one being the property of the Service League), an artistically varnished rotary easy chair for the editors, a waste basket done in variegated hues of brown and black to match the winter foliage, and a contribution box decorated with an ample slit in its lid and a trusty padlock by its side. It is like Pandora's box in that though it may seem to be empty, hope still remains inside. The News recommends this box to the serious consideration of its readers.

You are the subscribers for whom the News is published. You know what you would like to see in its columns. You are hereby appointed honorary critics of the News. Would you like short stories? Would you like verse? Would you prefer to read articles written informally, or in regular newspaper style? Would a few good jokes appeal to you? Or a short discussion of current events? Or a column set aside for letters from our friends overseas? Would you rather read forecasts of college events, or fuller reports of them after they have taken place?

The News values your opinions very highly. But it hasn't any way of discovering them. So before you pass

the News box by, as it waits by itself in the gym, will you slip in a note of suggestion, or better still an editorial or story or poem to objectify your views? The former will be appreciated, and the latter will be published.

You elected the News staff to supervise the mechanical details of the paper, not to turn out columns like a penny-in-the-slot machine. The News is fundamentally the organ of literary expression of the college, not of a privileged class. You responded with true Connecticut College spirit to our appeal for subscriptions. Are you going to fail us now?

Every college welcomes its freshman class, and none more gladly than Connecticut, for it is growing intellectually and numerically every year. At last, the quota is complete. There are not only freshmen on the campus, but seniors—seniors that don cap and gown on state occasions and would be mindful of their dignity at all times. Connecticut College extends a cordial welcome to the freshmen, and not less cordial congratulations to the seniors.

OLD CLOTHES AND BELGIAN RELIEF.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

against inclement weather, the suffering that awaits the debilitated poor during the coming winter, and the appalling consequences that will inevitably follow are plain. No channel exists through which this situation can be combated except the Commission for Relief in Belgium, and there is no remaining source for the supply of clothing but America. It therefore becomes the gravest task of the Commission to mobilize all possible stocks of clothing at the earliest moment.

In this work the Commission believes that college students will be glad to share by contributing their worn and unused garments. A concerted effort on the part of each institution will undoubtedly result in a material increase of the supply of clothing that must be provided.

The ships of the Commission have already carried many tons of clothing to the occupied regions. But the urgency of the demand will continue undiminished, and will even probably increase during the whole duration of the war. This presents to all an opportunity, which we feel assured the student body will gladly embrace, for continuous service of the most important and productive kind. The task set us is to secure every available garment in the country. Through student organizations and by other methods which will readily suggest themselves, the universities and colleges can help assure the success of the American effort to protect the health, the decency, and the life of a courageous people, to whom Americans are bound by peculiar ties.

Freshman: "I'd just as soon join the Athletic Association if I don't have to play on a team."

THE SECRET LETTERS FROM ANNETTE GENEVIEVE TO MARIONETTE JEANETTE

My very dearest friend Marionette Jeanette:

Yes, as you said in your letter that you threw in to me as the train had started to move, I have left my childhood all behind me; in the station so to speak. I got here all right as you'll probably notice from receiving this letter. And I had a very pleasant and self-satisfying voyage on the train except that the woman that sat next to me had two kids, one what cried steady like your dog did that night when your aunt's husband's sister-in-law died sudden in your parlor sofa, sitting up and all, and we put the piller case over her head to make her stop—the dog I mean—and the other that ate candy in my lap spoiling my new suit. My box with the fresh eggs in it that Pa hoisted up on the little shelf fell down on a lady's head. It was awful funny—we all laughed but her. On the other hand she got sort a mad and said some mean things which I might tell you if I thought no one else was going to see this letter. But I calmed her down by reminding her that they was fresh eggs and could no longer be any good to me being scrambled on her. She shut up for the rest of the whole voyage. Accepting that she called her kid not to eat any candy on me no more—for which I was very grateful.

Some girls from the College were hanging around the station (I'm glad Ma didn't come with me because she would a been sort a taken back seeing them running around the station watching the trains and going up to strange people. You know how particular Ma is that way never letting me go to the station for the six-forty-five, although I do go often. Now don't blab this to Ma because she might want me to come home, and I won't want too.) They grabbed the piece of paper old Johnson gave me for the trunk—I told him I guessed I knew my own trunk without the paper and anyway no one would want too take it, I didn't want to take it myself. Well any way he gave it to me and they grabbed it and I haven't got it anyway. Better tell him so he can see he isn't so smart-aleck as he thought he was. Then they got on the electric car (one with velvet seats). It had NORWICH printed on it big as life (my roommate says that) so I wasn't going to be fooled. Then someone hollered "If you are going to the College you better jump on." I ran losing that big newspaper bundle you saw me carrying strapped onto my telescope. Now I won't have to wear the wristlets and the red flannels, probably some deserving person got them, so I won't say nothing about losing anything to the girls or people in the town.

The rest of my voyage isn't so interesting, so to fill up space (next time I go away I won't promise to write so many pages) I'll tell you

about this College hear. We're writing letters in English and the teacher says to outline everything so I'll finish this letter for you at Thanksgiving time maybe if I don't get sick from too much Turkey like last year or if their aren't any church sociables.

A. Meals are good.

B. Deserts and ice cream two (2) times per semaine (that's a french word I just learned in class—it means week).

C. Eggs sometimes (I feel bad thinking of those spoiled on that woman). One of the girls craked a joke and said she guessed their were eggs cause the college was full of chickens. Lots of girls are funny off hand just like that.

I got a roommate & live in the t. house (at first you'll think every house is called by a different letter but that isn't it it's cause they used to keep tea hear). Their always cuting names short or calling them funny, they call the gymnasium "Jim"—probably cause a man named Jim gave it to the college.

a. I'll tell you about the roommate next time.

c. "send" a picture of the house when I get out of quarantine.

I forgot to tell you that we were in that. It isn't a rope, or a net or a boat, Mary, it's just a word. The dksionary says like this: "Period of isolation imposed on voyagers, travellers, sick persons, infected ship that might spread contagious disease. Though with a ship standing in the water like its supposed too, how can it spread anything? I don't eggactly see how I got in it although I did take a voyage down from home and once I went on Sy's motor boat, but not for far cause the engin broke. Well, anyway it isn't as bad as it sounds. The campus is so big (I asked why they called it campus, it looks like front yard to me, and my roommate said it was cause the College sort a camped on it. The word comes from camp and us) that I get lost lots of times when I take long walks in Boleswood. The College owns all of it (as big as Dear Park!) and also a big piece of the river. The girls are very nice specially the Juniors, being our sisters (this is a complicated relation ship which is in all colleges but doesn't mean that their mother's mine or vices verses.) I got to know a lot of girls being on the campus all the time and not allowed to go off until the Influenza is gone. Did you here about this terrible diseese in our town? If not you may tell anyone who is standing around the post office now. The girls in my house are always joking & ful of pep my roommate says. Last night it was crumbs in my bed.

It isn't rely a bed only a couch without a feather mattress. Now its getting late and I must write three (3) letters for English.

Knowing you and I are good friends and you will keep all our corespondance secret only telling a few of the other girls if its to much of a secret for two (2) too keep alone. Theirfor

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

REVERIE OF WEED RAISING

A sleepy droning issues from five tents, with intervals of suspended silence comparable to the period prior to the slaying of our common foe, the mosquito, or to the mournful squawk of a wandering hen far from her home and coop. A moment later all is astir. What can be the cause of this sudden change? Nothing more nor less than a cow bell which is the only outward and visible sign of a hastily prepared repast. Girls emerge from creaking cots already fully dressed save, perhaps, a missing necktie or shoe lace. A slight immersion of the anterior cranium and phalanges in a fluid technically known as H_2O , but for all practical purposes, insect soup, completes the morning preparation. Then begins an eight hour day of scratching the back of Mother Nature. 'Tis true that a few choice prunes and pancakes are sent on their homeward way, to be digested to better advantage by the jolting of a hay rack carrying from four to fourteen maidens to their destination.

It may seem all very strange and crude to the reader that in an age such as ours, and in a highly civilized country such as we claim ours is, women, nay, even girls of tender years and youthful minds should be thrust into the midst of dirt and weeds. But in this, my friend, you err. The girl goes forth in the fragrant morn with no restriction, no immediate social obligations, only the dewy field and the rush of life all about her. Each weed to her eager mind portrays some evil act or thought groping at the roots of Truth. The long rows of waving corn in the roseate dawn stretch before her as does the path of life with its ridges and obstructions. And at the end, veiled in mystery, is the ever present goal, lunch. A bird soars overhead. She looks up, beholding the beauty of the scene, and bends with new vigor to her allotted task. Now she sings, now she laughs, as she feels more and more the ties binding all nature into one harmonious unity.

Time is forgotten until she is roughly forced to realize the arrival of the noon-day meal. Beneath some leafy shade she lies, eating—perhaps—perhaps dreaming youth's eternal dream. Work starts again. Her thoughts now sail upward, and a tear of earnestness falls, leaving its path as it goes, and drowning some frolicsome cricket. And so it plays its part.

Evening comes, bringing another meal. Why must one eat? She sighs as the dandelion hash is placed before her, and again, with laden knife up-raised, she pauses and thinks.

Soon, ah, but too soon, she is in bed, thinking still, now dreaming of the day that is to be. She absently smashes a ravaging mosquito, and turns from the bickering tentmates to fall into sweet slumber, munching a chocolate, caramel, and wrapping the mosquito netting still more firmly about her golden tresses.

MARY ST. CLAIR HESTER, '20.

ADVANCE NOTICES

Advance notices, in addition to their general interest, are an effective means of advertisement.

To the Faculty:

Faculty and students play an equal part in college affairs. The Faculty joins with the students in supporting the News. Faculty notes would be of equal interest to Faculty and students. It is the intention of the News to interview the members of the Faculty for information of collegiate interest originating in academic sources. But the staff is somewhat crippled at present, in numbers, at least. May we ask that you place notices and notes in the contribution box in the gymnasium? Such contributions by the Faculty will be highly appreciated.

To the College Organizations:

Notices on the bulletin board are often overlooked. It is the conviction of the News that attendance at your meetings would be greatly increased by a brief notice in your college paper. The News suggests that the secretaries of these organizations place such contributions in the News box in the gymnasium.

The News goes to print Friday afternoon, and comes out the following Wednesday.

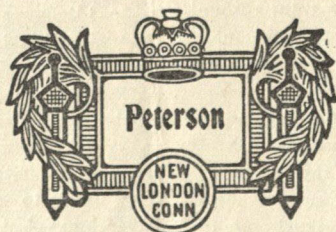
Freshman, looking at the section schedule on the bulletin board: "Oh, I'm on Miss Blue's team."

Second Freshman: "I'm on Miss White's. I wonder who she is."

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SUN SHADOWS

I walked straight into the sun,
By a dusty, glittering path
That made me sing,
And shout, all-silently,
As his colors spilt over me
In gorgeous waterfalls of warmth.
Behind—the sea stretched out her
arms to me,
And the ships that in her bosom lay
Sang, 'Here is Peace! Come down.'
But I laughed and turned again.
The hill was just beyond.
I could not let the sun go yet.
Breathless surprise was there
When I passed beyond that white rock
Splashed with red wine.
Do you ever dare turn back before you
reach the top?
The clouds had been white, straying
Norse-locks, all the day,
Streaming to North.
But now they were incoming to the
West,
Like tired children called from play
to rest.
One wayward bit was straggling far
behind.
I thought the sun frowned to see her
lag,
For a thousand darkling shades con-
fused her now,
And when I reached the hill—the
wench was gone!
I wonder when the day is gone,
Does she remember us she leaves be-
hind,
As you, so far across the sea, remem-
ber me?

K. H., '20.

New London Art Store

25 Union Street

Pictures, Artistic Picture Framing
Sheet Music

Umbrellas repaired and recovered

BREEZES FROM OCEANSIDE

The evening of July 17, 1918, was for Miss Blue's little group of serious thinkers a confused mass of khaki overalls, Boy Scouts shoes of inconceivable size (everyone took great pains to let it be known that the shoes "really were much too large"), paternal and fraternal cast-offs in the line of shirts—prize awarded to Dave, who sported silk ones—and peanut straw near-hats of remarkable shapes. After the debris was cleared away, the unit amused itself by girlishly playing leap-frog and statues. The reader will please note this fact, as, for obvious reasons, it did not occur again.

The next morning we, full fledged farmerettes of the Woman's Land Army of America, were awakened by the silvery tones of an automobile horn, blown with much gusto by Al and Charlotte Hall. And then we started—some to weed parsnips and some to pick peas.

Curtain!

(Eight hours elapse)

Scene: A homeward bound bunch of C. C-ites, discovering what it means to ache. Little did we think that the time would come when weeding or picking peas would be hailed as a blessed relief because of the involved necessity of sitting! However, after a swim in our old salt creek, we were able to sit up and take a little nourishment—emphasis on the "little." During this week we greatly impressed a dressy Brooklyn Eagle reporter and appeared before the public—picture and write-up—although said write-up was, unlike those of the C. C. News (advertisement), more picturesque than accurate.

And now, we suppose our dear professors are wondering what we really learned. A partial list follows. Please note variety of subjects covered. Why go to college when one can learn all this in a month? Answer: To rest up for next summer's farming.

Learned at Oceanside:

Of Art: Appreciation of the beautiful oriental colorings of grubs.

Of Zoology: Nothing will drive away gnats but wind.

Of Philosophy: Hunger is the chief of the overworked "eternal varieties of life." Proof-hunger which craves Irish stew and looks upon corned beef and cabbage as manna is about the most vital thing imaginable.

Of History: This war is fearful, but the passing of an airplane is an invaluable interruption at a back-breaking moment.

Of Farming: It's work, but you're missing a lot if you don't try it.

RACHEL SMITH, '21.

Student, showing David Leib a copy of Romeo and Juliet: "Do you know the story?"

David: "I've never read it."

Student: "Haven't you heard about Shakespeare?"

David: "I don't know him either."

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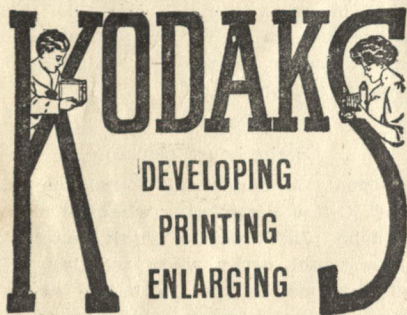
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PURE GOLD FROM SILVER BAY

Silver Bay is a little center of civilization in itself, with the large wooden hotel overlooking Lake George as a nucleus. Around this are grouped the main buildings of the Conference; a carefully chosen library, a spacious auditorium, and further away a well equipped gymnasium. Behind it on ascending terraces are arranged the attractively designed lodges which provide accommodation for many of the delegations. Below the hotel is a wide lawn running down to the boathouse, and including the athletic fields and tennis courts. Beyond are the forests primeval.

Your delegation was fortunate enough to secure two large rooms on the third floor of the hotel. Dr. Holmes, Helen Sturges, Marena Prentis, and Alison Hastings shared the smaller; Mildred Howard, Winona Young, Betty Rumney, Jessie Wells, and Dorothy Gregson, the larger of the two.

Lecture hours during Conference week began at nine o'clock, after a brief devotional gathering in the auditorium. Each delegate elected one course in Bible Study and one in World Citizenship. These met every morning. In the Bible Study courses, pressing religious questions of the day were discussed by unusually able professors and clergymen. World Citizenship included the vital mission movements of the present time. One

**THE SECRET LETTERS FROM
ANNETTE GENEVIEVE TO
MARIONETTE JEANETTE.**

(Concluded from page 2, column 1.)

I didn't bother much in spelling and grammar for this letter et cetera (that's latin which the girls often speak).

Please notis my adresing this letter to you Marionette Jeanette so of you don't get any you'll know it's cause the post man in the post office thinks your name is Mary Jane. Please don't call me by my secret name any more cause lots of girls have just as comon names as that of you're loving best friend.

ANNIE JENNIE.

P. S. Go over and see my Ma once in a while on Sundays for maybe she's lonesome. Also tell the folks home to look out for that Influenta. A. J.

particularly interesting course took up the relation of the church to the immigrant problem.

After the lecture hours, special conferences, including news, dramatics, athletics, student government, and discussion groups were held. Your delegation found these conferences very helpful and constructive. Seldom is such an opportunity of meeting so large a number of delegates from other colleges prominently interested in special lines of work offered. The student organizations will, no doubt, receive detailed accounts of the valuable suggestions received by the individual delegates.

The afternoons, with the exception of rest hour, were devoted to special conferences with the leaders and to sports. Your delegation entered enthusiastically, if not successfully into the basket-ball matches, tennis tournament, and song contest, although it did not quite venture to try its luck in baseball and water sports. To Bryn Mawr and Mt. Holyoke, Connecticut offers its sincere admiration and respect for their sportsmanship and spirit.

After supper, the delegations gathered once more in the auditorium to hear earnest and magnetic speakers, such as Miss Bertha Conde, author of "The Business of Being a Friend." The evening closed with separate delegation conferences and religious services of their own. Hymns resounded from every corner of the campus until ten o'clock rang from the auditorium bell.

Perhaps you have heard of the "Spirit of Silver Bay." It is very intangible and very real. It is a spirit of whole-hearted co-operation among the colleges, of open spiritual fellowship, of mutual inspiration. There is nothing hysterical about it. Your next neighbor at the table discussed immortality and prayer with you as naturally as we discuss the latest academic idiosyncracies in Thames Hall. How was this brought about? Partly through individual contact with remarkable men and women to whom religion was the biggest thing in life, and partly from a common collective unity of spiritual expression. It is very hard to explain—this spirit of Silver Bay—but it is a wonderful experience.

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