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### Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 3

Connecticut College

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## SERVICE LEAGUE PLANS FOR THE YEAR.

The first regular meeting of the Service League was held Monday evening, October 11th. The president, Evelene Taylor, conducted the meeting. She spoke first of the urgent co-operation needed more than ever in campus activities. The chairman of the Program Committee urged that members immediately send in names of possible speakers in order that we all may have an opportunity to hear those whom we especially desire.

Ethel Mason, Chairman of On-Campus Activities, gave a brief outline of the work which is to be carried on by her committees.

Among the various committees to be reorganized are the Book Exchange Committee for loaning books, the Maids' Committee for inviting the College help to dress rehearsals of plays and giving them attention when they are ill, an Employment Committee which will act as a regular employment agency for the girls, a Lost and Found Committee to take care of strayed articles, a News and Bulletin Board Committee to supervise the Bulletin Board which is now to be in the basement of New London Hall, a Sunshine Committee to brighten up the college with flowers and to cheer the "infirmaries," a Silver Bay Committee to care for people going to Silver Bay, and, also, a Christodora House Committee to attend to the dolls which we dress at Christmas time for the little folk of that house.

Agnes Leahy, Chairman of the International Committee, announced that this department is making arrangements to adopt an Armenian baby, as voted by the League last year.

Elizabeth Hall gave an interesting account of her experiences at the summer camp of Christodora House.

It was announced that the Children's Movies will start this year on October 30th, with "Treasure Island" as its initial performance. The Vienna Relief sent a letter of thanks to the Service League for its contribution. A letter of resignation from Helen Dwelle, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, was received, and Ann Slade was elected chairman of this committee.

Three amendments to the Constitution were read, voted on and carried.

First, the Executive Committee was given permission to pass on all appropriations. Second, the chairmen of the committees are to be chosen from the

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

## MRS. MARSHALL ENTERTAINS THE FRESHMEN.

For two successive Sundays, October 10th and October 17th, Mrs. Marshall has been at home to the Freshmen from four to six o'clock. Juniors and Seniors aided in serving tea with dainty sandwiches and little cakes. During the afternoon Roberta Newton entertained the guests with music. The Freshmen are very grateful to Mrs. Marshall for her cordial hospitality.

## ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Dr. and Mrs. Jewel Adams, of New Haven, announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion, to Dr. Sterling Price Taylor, Jr., U. S. N., of Washington, D. C.

## SHOULDER YOUR RESPONSIBILITY, CONNECTICUT!

Can you do better than to help us get our 6,600 words weekly and, incidently, give your college paper your much needed support?

## EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE

This is the First Installment of the Mystery Story for the Solution of Which The News Offers a Prize of Five Dollars.

### CHAPTER I.

#### The Toast of the Little Green God.

One summer evening, Washington Square lay hedged in by its four walls of quaint old houses, with their dark brick, and their lighted windows. The leaves of the trees, pale in the archlight, drooped in discouraged languor.

Above the swarms of people and the hot pavements, Washington Arch curved, cold and dark, against the brilliant sky. So motionless was the air, so weary the whole city, that a stillness brooded over everything, making the muffled roar, the cries of the bare-foot urchins, and the splash of the fountain as insignificant as the chirp of a cricket in an empty house. The paths were crowded with couples wandering arm in arm, with listless girls, and with running children. Green busses, jammed to the last seat, staggered by in their top-heavy fashion. The languid air smelt of food, of tobacco, of hot asphalt and hot humanity. The benches were crowded to overflowing with dark-eyed women, wrapped in shawls and holding sleepy babies.

David Wallace threaded his way through the crowds eagerly. There was about the night such a fullness of life, such a riot of fever-touched human creatures that he felt excited at the thought of being abroad. His heart bounded to the throb of suppressed adventure in the air.

From the end of a bench a pretty, vivacious girl with touselled, yellow, hair, and a wide, inviting smile, noticed David's well-knit, youthful figure, the black sleekness of his hair, the frank, clear greyness of his eyes and his air of vigor and ruddy health. She noticed them, and, having observed them at her leisure saucily flipped a red carnation in his direction. But the lure of her eyes and the coquetry of her ankles were wasted, for David was not even remotely aware of her presence.

He was searching the faces in the park for the furtive eyes that had, the night before, jerked him from reverie into the most vivid attention—eyes of the deepest green, full of fear, full of pain, full of caution. They had passed him so quickly that he had only a fleeting impression of the rest of the girls' face, but they had drawn from him the most poignant sympathy, and stirred in him a cold apprehension and a great curiosity. As he moved along he bumped absently into Jim Farley, an old friend of his who had lived for many years in that part of Greenwich village which is nearest the square.

"Why! Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" answered Jim. "Haven't seen you in a dog's age! Golly! It's hot! Let's go somewhere where we can sit down. These benches are all crowded!"

"All right," said David, "take me anywhere you like. I don't know the village as you do!"

"Oh! I have it! Do you want some real atmosphere and something cool to drink?"

"Do I?" laughed David and followed Jim.

From the square they struck West and South, wading through hordes of children, passing a hand-organ droning the Marseilles sleepily, until they had plunged far into a veritable slum. In a little back alley hung a blue and red sign over a flight of steps leading up to a studio restaurant.

They walked up the steps and into a room, long and low, heavily hung with oriental silks and lighted with candles. The air was silver with tobacco smoke and redolent of incense and coffee. Girls with bobbed hair and bright smocks hurried between the tables. David and Jim seated themselves at the extreme end of the room near a curtained alcove. They gave their order and then looked about too much interested to talk. At the other end of the room, seated on a small table was a green Buddha about a foot high from whose mouth poured the incense; that was the first detail to impress David. Then he noticed a girl in a queer black smock sitting idly at a nearby table. Her face was vaguely familiar to him and he wondered at his sudden excitement. This crowded room held the concentrated essence of the unrest of the night and in some curious way the atmosphere of the room centered about this girl. He watched her for a moment marveling at the still beauty of her face, the smooth whiteness of her skin, and the sheen of her black hair. Suddenly she lifted to him a pair of vivid green eyes frozen cold with terror. They plead with him for a moment and then she looked away.

He caught his breath and waited keenly alive to every sound and movement in the room. Jim Farley had crossed to a far table and was chatting with a friend, and David was free to indulge his imagination undisturbed.

He became conscious, gradually, of the murmur of men's voices behind the curtains of the alcove. One was very rough and the other cold and level. They talked in a low tone and he caught only an oath in French now and again. Then the cold voice laughed and the laugh was followed by the

(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

## MISS ERNST TELLS OF CONDITIONS ABROAD.

The peoples of Europe will not settle down to business and state problems until peace reigns throughout the entire continent. To-day all the nations are in a state of continued unrest. Responsibility is no longer felt either by the individual or by the nation. The countries are being unscrupulously exploited and a great deal of money spent. Before the war the economic relationships were becoming closer, banks were firmly established and securities valid between countries. To-day this condition does not exist. The new small countries are the ones that are unable to borrow. Take Poland, for example. She is composed of three different nationalities, Russians, Austrians, and Germans. All three have absolutely different standards of living and are bound by different customs. For several months they have been working upon a constitution but are absolutely unable to agree on any one point. The army has not been demobilized and no one wishes it to be. It would only increase the number of refugees and of unemployed with whom Warsaw is already packed. No revival of industries has been attempted. Germany and Russia, her two neighbors, will not help her and she has neither the money nor the energy to solve her own problems.

Belgium is the country which is recovering the most rapidly. She seems better off now than before the war. The cafés, theatres, movies, etc. are filled to overflowing. Prices are five times greater than they used to be but the increase does not interfere with the pleasure of the people. Everywhere American and English advertisements, stores and banks may be seen. Industry is flourishing but discontent and unrest prevail. The moral standing has become disgracefully low and the social classes reversed economically. The country has too much money, the soldiers and citizens are "at swords' points" and the labor class is continually striking, often from no just cause.

The conditions throughout Europe are similar to those in Belgium. The

(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

## THE METHODIST TEA.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church entertained the Connecticut College girls' Sunday-School class of that church at a very enjoyable tea on Saturday afternoon, October ninth, at the home of Mrs. Charles Whittlesey on Vauxhall Street. Mrs. Stearns presided at the tea-table while dainty little sandwiches and cakes were served by the other ladies who acted as hostesses. Mrs. Hynes, the president, and for forty-eight years a member of this society, told the girls about the child in the Philippine Islands whom they are helping to educate. The ladies are planning to give several of these teas in order that they may meet and become better acquainted with many of the Connecticut College girls.

An invitation is extended not only to Methodist girls, but to those of other denominations as well, to join this Sunday School class which the Foreign Missionary Society is endeavoring to organize.

D. J. '21.

## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Thursday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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## SYSTEM.

System is a fine thing we all acknowledge, but like all things that are efficient and worth while it cannot work to advantage without support. While three or four people are getting gray-haired and nerve-wracked over the disorder in our dining room, we still persist in sitting where we happen to want to, and in rushing out of the room in a burst of exuberance of animated spirits whenever we happen to feel like it. There exists in this place sacred to eating, a very apparent lack of responsibility and of willingness to co-operate. It is probably thoughtlessness and carelessness—a great deal can be laid to those virtues. But neither, if replaced by thoughtfulness and care, would be missed. What we want, is an orderly dining room, one into which we may bring with the greatest confidence, great-aunt Elizabeth—who visits the college for the first time—and not have her throw up both hands in horror and exclaim, "What a racket, and what abominable table manners! I shall have your dear mother write at once to President Marshall."

We do not expect eating to be a stiff formal procedure whereat every girl must acquire just the right angle for her little finger, or hold her mouth just so while eating her soup, but we don't—we most certainly don't want Annabelle, the new Freshman, to go home for the holidays and shock her family by rushing to the table, bolting her food, and reaching for butter when she knows she should ask for it politely. Of course no Freshman nor any other Connecticut College girl would think of doing such a thing, but it is a very easy habit to form. If we grab

and reach, and rush about, what else can you expect Annabelle to do?

It all goes to show, girls, that example is a powerful thing. Isn't our dining room the ideal place at present to try out fine, orderly examples? Let's do it. Let's keep these few things in mind. It will help the dining room committee. It will help you. It will formulate system!

Be punctual! Remember where you sit and keep that seat unless you are blown out by dynamite. Don't bolt your food! Don't be a country school let out for recess instead of Connecticut College at meals. Furthermore, leave the dining room in an orderly fashion. Lastly, show your willingness to co-operate by doing what is asked of you.

## SILENCE—A MOCKERY.

Of silence and the library I sing. Not because the two are synonymous—indeed the two might appear to be quite incompatible; not because we haven't heard the two discussed from News to News. But there is one class which perhaps is still ignorant of the fact that silence and the library should have much in common. They may as well have the awful truth now as anytime.

Thus we proceed:

Last year a large sign on the door warned people that "Silence" must reign within. The sign was a mockery. It is not there this year. I wonder how many have noticed its absence!

The library is, of course, a place in which to study. Owing to the numbers of off-campus students, and the large amount of reference work assigned, the library is always crowded. But, each dormitory keeps fairly strict quiet hours, the library should keep absolutely strict ones.

We know the famous courses offered here which entail much consultation among their electors. But why consult in a stage whisper? Why not write a little note and hand it to the neighbor whose advice you solicit? Handing, by the way, has no synonym "throwing" (in which sport we observed one overwrought damsel indulge).

Hours are full, and friends are often not seen at all during the day, except—in the library. Here, two meet and behind sheltering books, hold a confidential conversation easily heard at all tables. A public place—such as the library—is a most indelicate and embarrassing rendezvous for confidences. If your News won't wait take your would-be confidant outside, in the hall or better still, entirely outside, talk it all over, and come back prepared to work quietly. In a town library those who cannot keep silence are asked to leave; and those who move about must do it quietly, so as not to disturb the reader. Just remember that each time, a high heel hits a staccato note, or a chair scrapes, somebody's nerves jump and somebody is entirely put off the track of a carefully pursued concentration.

We ask you to remember these things, and to try to put them into practice.

And so doing we thank you.

P. '21.

## BOATS! BOATS!

To the Editor:—

"You haven't a crew?" asked a visitor the other day. "I should think that a college as well situated as C. C. would surely have a crew!"

I hastened to explain that—er—a—once we did have a crew but our shells were stolen and we had "used no others since."

Suddenly I realized that this was a mighty lame excuse. We all want a crew, don't we? Of course we do! Then why haven't we spunk enough to get one?

We could begin by having two

shells—one for the Seniors and Sophs, one for the Juniors and Freshmen.

"Where could we get the money?" you say. There are plenty of ways for two hundred girls to make enough money to buy one shell. Have a competition between the two pairs of sister classes to see which can make more money in a given time.

As for the problem of two classes using the same shell—different practice times could be arranged for each crew; and only two shells need be used for one race.

The remaining question of a boat-house confronts us. However, if we do our part in providing the shells, don't you feel sure that outside help will furnish us with shelter and a padlock?

Since there are comparatively no difficulties in the way, I repeat, "Why doesn't C. C. have a crew?" '22.

## YOUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

Come with me to the wild wood where the fairies and wood nymphs dwell. Come quickly before the trees are brown and bare and the ground is snow-covered. Come now, when the wood-sprites are hard at work painting the green leaves red, orange, and gold. Come, where the last fall flowers still hold up their heads; where the moss and grasses are still a deep emerald; where the cathedral-pines stand strong and sturdy, always green; where the pine-needles make a soft carpet underfoot; where the air is crisp and woody, and mingled with swampy odors; where nuts are falling and squirrels are scurrying about, gathering their winter's store.

How many of us spend our Saturday afternoons at the movies? Think of wasting these brisk fall afternoons at the movies, where we can go at any time! How many of us limit the extent of our walks by the Campus buildings or poke around the Library or fit away our few moments in idle chatter? Oh, Freshmen, have you not heard of that enchanted spot, Bolles' Wood? Have you never visited the "Island?" If you do not know about these and other delightful spots, so near at hand, ask someone and go by all means. Go, before the Fall has fled and with it your golden opportunity!

## AMONG THE POETS.

## THE SECRET OF THE SEAS.

I sat on a desolate, sandy beach  
As the sun sank out of sight  
Watching the waste of waters  
Take on the cloak of night.

The gray-green waves lapped wearily  
On the swiftly slipping sand,  
And some dry weeds rustled drearily  
In a sudden wind from the land.

Then from out that vast infinity  
From the sea-world, mystic—lone,  
A shuddering sound was borne to me  
A poignantly human moan.

I started and looked about me  
The sound came just once more  
And seemed to tremble in pain along  
That wild and desolate shore.

Then died away into silence  
And the steady monotonous beat  
Of the gray-green waves that lapped  
the sand  
Slipping beneath my feet.

Then, quivering, I strove to fathom  
The agony of that cry  
But only the dumb waves answered  
me  
And a sea-gull wheeling by.

Again and again I listened  
No sound came back to me  
For the walls of silence had closed  
again  
On the secret of the sea!

E. M. S. '24.

## IMAGININGS.

If I were an artist and I could paint  
Half of the beauty that round me lies;  
If I could use my heart to acquaint  
You with the wonder that floods my  
eyes;

The blue gold river winding down  
And the purple of a distant hill;  
And far below the tidy town  
Clustered so close and still.  
I'd stand at my easel and labor all day  
To make this thing for you,  
A village thus huddled so far away  
In the glamorous arms of the blue.

K. P. C.

## FANTASY.

The moonlight's shimmering glance  
Has green to silver wrought  
Where the leaves caressingly whisper  
Ecstatic, their inmost thought.  
The stars send their white brilliance  
From the depths of the nether skies.  
Still over the dreaming hills,  
The eye with a thousand eyes,  
The moon with rays of gold  
To earth flings shafts of light  
Which magically enfold  
This darkened world by night  
While tremulous music in the trees  
Weaves mystic, tender melodies.

K. P. C.

## THE MOON.

From our youngest contributor, Paul Kellogg, age 10.

The moon goes sailing through the sky.  
She stares, she glares with her one white eye,  
And as she sails she seems to say,  
"Why do I float round the world and away?"

And one night as she came riding by,  
I peeped out of the window and said,  
"I spy"  
You, Mrs. Moon, so bright,  
Shining to fill the world with light.

## EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

sharp clang of a little bell. Instinctively he looked toward the girl, saw her turn deathly white and put a slender hand to her throat. On her forefinger was a huge square emerald. She moved to the other end of the room, picked up the bronze Buddha and entered the alcove with wide staring eyes. The curtains parted a little and hung apart several inches after she had passed through. Keyed to the highest suspense David watched the slit and listened. He heard the clink of glasses, a boisterous laugh, and then in the slit appeared a thin, cruel hand holding a glass of green liquid. The cold voice that pierced one's brain as a knife might pierce one's heart said, "Comrade! Let us drink to the Little Green God!"

The curtains parted again and the girl reappeared, still very white, and with her eyes fixed on David's face!

(To be Continued.)

What is the little Green God?  
Who is the girl with the Green Eyes?  
Of what is she afraid?

READ CHAPTER II  
OF  
EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

**"DO YOU KNOW THAT—?"**

Austria is a Republic, smaller than Maine, with a total population a little larger than New York City?

The League of Nations has had its second meeting recently and that it was held in Paris?

Fighting is still going on in the streets of Dublin and that the rioting in Ulster has been started?

Europe owes the American government ten billion dollars and that debts to private individuals in this country amount to about four billion dollars?

"The enfranchisement of women will gradually lead to the spread of political education, and will have a tendency to shape politics and government in ways more responsive to the demands of social progress?"

The Prohibition Party, the Socialist Party and the Farmer-Labor Party each have a Presidential candidate in the campaign? Do you know who they are?

For the first time, east of the Alleghanies, a jury composed entirely of women performed their duties as jurists in New Jersey recently?

One paper says—"Well, anyway, no country will ever again want to get into a war with the United States. It takes too long to get out." Encouraging!

I never saw a Senior stock,  
I never hope to see one;  
But I will tell you anyhow  
I'd rather see than wear one.  
'21.

**BRANFORD HOUSE HAS A PICNIC.**

Friday evening, October 15th, all the girls of Branford House, dressed in middies and bloomers and carrying all kinds of baskets and bundles, left for the Island. It was easy enough to walk down the road and along the railroad tracks, despite the fact that those who carried the four cherry pies had a difficult time, keeping them right side up. But the marsh—! The Seniors were accustomed to it and scoffed at the wails of the Freshmen over the cold, muddy water, on their nice new sneakers and the lack of a walk. The time, place and eats of the picnic were ideal—twilight, calm water, a wood fire, bacon and coffee cooking, marshmallows toasting. After the last bit of pie had disappeared and the fire had burned down to embers, the girls sat on the rocks and sang—"jazz," class songs and college songs. When two rats scurried too near the fire, the girls thought it was time to leave; but leaving wasn't so simple as it seemed, for no one could find the path. At last, however, two kind fishermen with lanterns guided the lost Branfordites over the marshes to the railroad tracks.

One Freshman expressed the sentiment of the whole house when she said, "I surely had a wonderful time with all those charming Seniors along and I hope we may go again soon!"

E. K. '23.

**OPEN MEETING OF THE DRAMATIC CLUB.**

On Wednesday, October 13, 1920, at its first regular meeting of the college year, the Dramatic Club presented a short play in costume. Caroline Francke as Pierrot, Beulah Dimmick as Pierrette and Dorothy Henkle as The Maker of Dreams were well suited to their roles. Faculty and friends were invited, and many came. The Club plans to hold its meetings once a month, and at each meeting either to read or to present a play informally. The formal presentation of a group of plays will occur November 6th: "The Wonder Hat," "The Pot of Broth," and "O'p o'me Thumb." It is the wish of the members that the Dramatic Club may be carried on this year with a livelier interest than ever before. Try-outs for new girls were held on Thursday evening. Approximately fifty people tried out, and twenty-eight new members were admitted to the Club. The Club also announces the election of a new treasurer, Evelyn Ryan '24.

The new members are—Warner, Slaymaker, Mason, K. Francke, M. Wells, Ramsey, Bassevich, Hull, Scroggy, Snodgrass, Schwartz, G. Hall, Fitzgerald, Eggleston, Merry, Maran, Burr, Finney, Bigelow, Liebenstein, Kronthal, Ryan, Church, Doherty, E. Holmes, Call, K. Dodd, Stickle, Silver.

**MANDOLIN CLUB.**

The Mandolin Club held its first meeting on Tuesday evening, October the nineteenth. Rehearsals are to be held every Tuesday evening from 7 to 7.30 P. M.

The following girls have been accepted as new members of the Club:

- Ruth Curtiss '24.
- Ella McCollum '21.
- Mary Higgins '24.
- Helene Wulf '23.
- Aura Kepler '24.
- Eillen Fitzgerald '24.
- Mary Courtney '24.
- Clara Cooper '24.
- Catharine Holmes '24.
- Margaret Call '24.
- Blanche Finesilver '22.
- Dorothy Payne '23.
- Gladys Westerman '24.

**UKELELE CLUB.**

The Ukelele Club held its first meeting on Monday evening, October the eighteenth. It will meet once a week on Monday, 7 to 8 P. M. A fine of fifteen cents will be imposed on members who "cut" the rehearsals.

The following girls are new members of the Club:

- Faith Lee '24.
- Josephine Hall '21.
- Romola Martin '24.
- Jennie Hippolitus '21.
- Lena Clark '24.
- Isabelle Barnum '23.
- Kathleen Doherty '24.
- Natalie Celentano '24.
- Vivien Mader '23.
- Ruth McCollum '21.
- Katherine Shelton '24.
- Helen Knapp '24.
- Minna Gardner '24.
- Ava Mulholland '24.
- Grace Balsley '24.
- Vivienne White '24.
- Elenore Harrison '24.
- Jean Mundie '24.
- Jessie Gilham '24.
- Catharine Wells '24.
- Marion Lawson '24.
- Estelle Hoffman '24.
- Marion Page '23.

**MISS ERNST TELLS OF CONDITIONS ABROAD.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

opinion of Anatole France on the matter is as follows:

Economically the nations are very ill, morally they are dying. The only remedy is a pooling of resources for the common good, as was the case during the war, and the redistribution of them on an international basis. The countries know their rights but not their duties. Morally, Europe is too weak to resist Bolshevism. The rebirth of national and individual responsibility and the establishment of free trade alone can save her.

Mlle. Ernst preceded her address with the announcement that she had seen the girls to whom the college had sent funds for relief in Belgium during the war. They extend their most hearty gratitude to us. She also read a letter of appreciation from Columbia, through whom we sent money to the University of Louvain amounting to one hundred and sixty-seven dollars and twenty-three cents, the receipts from the French Play given here last spring.

—THE—

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**OLD ENGLISH C'S AWARDED TO FIVE SENIORS.**

The Athletic Association picnic scheduled for Columbus Day was not held in Bolleswood as planned because of the sultry weather. Therefore by the light of candles, and the warmth shed from the blazing logs in the fire place, the Association "picknicked" in the dining-hall. Following this picnic dinner, the first meeting of the year was held in the gymnasium, conducted by the president, Dorothy Wulf.

Emily Slaymaker was elected treasurer of the Association to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Dorothy Cook. The presidents of each class were asked to call a meeting during the coming week for the election of a representative to serve on the Sports Committee. Miss Wulf urged the Freshmen to try out for the class teams, explaining the award of an A. A. skin to the girl having the greatest number of points, and a pennant to the girl with the second highest number. In order to be eligible for class teams, one must be a member of the Athletic Association, the dues of which are fifty cents, payable on pay-day, October 20th. The captains and members of each team must be approved by Dr. Todd, before they shall be permitted to play.

The most impressive part of the meeting was the awarding of the old English "C" to five Seniors by the vice-president, Catherine McCarthy. These C's are to be given at the beginning of the year to Seniors, who during their three years have shown marked ability and all around good sportsmanship in athletics, had "A" grade in Physical Education, and an average of C in academic work. The Seniors who won this distinction were Jennie Hippolitus, Laura Bateholder, Rachel Smith, Dorothy Wulf, and Anna Mae Brazos.

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**DARNUM AND DAILEY.**

Oh, did you go to the Animal Fair!  
The birds and the beasts were there,  
The seals they shimmied all over the  
place,  
And the clown he jumped up in the  
air—air,  
And the clown he jumped up in the  
air.

Saturday night the Faculty and Freshmen had a real treat. By dint of much coaxing and begging, Messrs. Darnum and Dailey were persuaded to stop off at the campus on their way to Uncasville, and present their mammoth '22 Ring Circus. The event was unparalleled in the history of the college. For hours, spectators sat spell-bound and tongue-tied, paralyzed by the stupendous offerings. There was Amy, the Fat Woman, who eats forty pancakes for breakfast without flickering an eyelash; and Bero, the Bearded Lady, and Winona the Wild Woman captured in the jungles of Africa. There was Maurice (pronounced Maur-ese), the human skeleton, and Minnie and Shimine, seals educated in one of our best grammar schools. Words fail me. You should have come to see for yourself what else was there.

At 8.15 sharp—with a blare of mouth organs and the passionate throbbing of kettle drums—from our own kitchen—a real dyed-in-the-wool Deutsche Band, all war prisoners—issued from the gym staircase and there followed one of the finest circus parades that ever trod on asphalt pavement or board floors. Trapeze and tight rope walkers, elephants equipped with a good line of trunks, a mammoth giraffe, three snarling, half-starved tigers, held in with difficulty, monkeys, hand-organs, clowns and seals, and two world-famous prize fighters, toughened by years of experience in soccer and hockey. But this is not all. There was a ghost, a ghost that grew and grew until it toppled over and needs must be towed out of the ring. The death defying aeroplane ascent failed to attract more than one ultra-brave Freshman. The tight rope walkers, or plank walkers, two black damsels resplendent as the Gold Dust Twins, delighted and pleased all by their grace and cleverness, while the trapeze act, an exhibition of skill and ingenuity, made one gasp in admiration. A hook-nosed individual with flat brown derby and checked "pants" was master of ceremonies, while a burly policeman with a corn-cob pipe and stout "billy" kept the clowns from annoying the sweet country maids who mixed with the crowds. A boxing match in which Jack Dillard nearly killed his opponent Wempsey, and a thrilling moment when Chink, the Chimpanze, eluded his faithful guardian and made a break for freedom, added spice and zest to the performance.

Then the Juniors sang to the Freshmen and the Freshmen cheered the Juniors, and both classes fell to dancing and consuming ice cream cones. Thus the time passed very pleasantly until the elephants picked up their trunks and declared it was time to be

going. So all the animals shouted at once and with great gusto "Long live the '22 Ring Circus and its sister '24."

**A NEW REST ROOM.**

Branford House boasts a brand new Rest Room for town girls. It is situated in the basement opposite the Service League office and has been made very cozy. A study table and study light, comfortable chairs, and bright window curtains make the room very inviting. Study hours are to be observed every day from 8 to 3.30. Also plans are being made for tea to be served here every afternoon during the winter months. The girls are urged to make use of this new room in preference to the gym which is very much over-crowded.

**HOUSE ELECTIONS.**

Winthrop House—Pres., Margaret Baxter. Sec., Helen Stickle. Treas., Katherine Finney. Ch. Soc. Comm., Marian Johnson.

Branford House—Pres., Jeannette Lettyn. Sec., Virginia Neimyer. Treas., Laura Dickenson. Ch. Soc. Comm., Olive Littlehales.

Plant House—Pres., Alice Purtill. Sec., Ruth Wells. Treas., Gwenyth Reese. Ch. Soc. Comm., Dorothy Hubbard.

Blackstone House—Pres., Catherine Cone. Sec., Mildred Fenelon. Treas., Eleanor Haasis. Ch. Soc. Comm., Mary Lambeth Ragsdale.

Thatcher—Pres., Ellen McCandless. Sec., Margaret Wells. Treas., Dorothy Hubbell. Ch. Soc. Comm., Elizabeth Irving.

Deshon House—Pres., Elizabeth Holmes. Sec., Catherine Holmes. Treas., Barbara Kent. Ch. Soc. Comm., Katherine Shelton.

Mosier House—Pres., Josephine Burnham. Sec., Louise Hall. Treas., Dorothy Wood. Ch. Soc. Comm., Margaret Call.

**CHEER LEADERS' CLASS.**

Every Thursday after the Sing, as well as on Tuesday evening, the Cheer Leaders' Class meets in the gym. This is a splendid opportunity to learn the secret of becoming a great college cheer leader. Mr. Weld has very kindly given up his time to us and his teaching promises to be most interesting and worth while. Nothing could be "peppier" or more fun than is this class. Freshmen especially are kindly asked to come and learn how to become a cheering class. Set aside your Tuesday and Thursday night for Cheer Practice, and all come.

**SERVICE LEAGUE PLANS FOR THE YEAR.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)  
three upper classes instead of the Senior and Junior classes. Third, the Graduate Secretary's salary is to be raised from \$600 to \$700 a year.

The new office of the Service League situated in the basement of Branford House will be open from now on every day from 9 to 6. Everyone is welcome to come in to secure desired information or to offer suggestions for the successful conduction of Service League activities this year.

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