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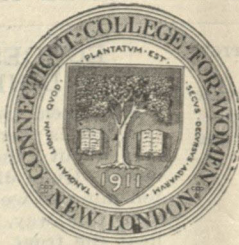
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LITERARY SUCCESS COMES TO SENOR BARJA.

"Otonal" Wins Praise.

Professor César Barja, formerly Instructor in Spanish at Connecticut College, has written several books which have met with great appreciation.

His "Rosas y Espinas Místicas" (1921. Madrid: Tip. de la 'Revista de Arch., Bibl. y Museos'; New York: Zabalay Maurin, 135 W 49th street.) reveal the delicate poet, who sings of the eternity and of the vanity of all things temporal. . . 'Nothing will die, for all things must die.'

Analyzing this little book, which is a jewel studded with precious stones, 'The Literary Review' of March 18 last says in part:

"Vowed to meditation whose melancholy is but deepened by the florid repetitions of the style, this bouquet of mystical roses and thorns is a strange volume, being as modern in its allusions and themes as it is remote in spirit. For the spirit is cloistral; the preachment intended to be felt rather than understood. Yet the quotations which set the key for the sombre rhapsodies are from such very unmediaeval writers as Wilde, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Andreiev. Behind the almost irritating gloom of the writer's attitude towards life and death, there must be much spiritual virility. Otherwise he could scarcely survive the task of surrounding with beauty of image and sound, and of driving home with onslaughts of question and outcry, his dreary philosophy. Solitude, melancholy, anxiety, remembrance, are words repeated and repeated to the distraction of the reader who is not of mystical temperament. He apologizes for intruding upon our sadness to tell us that sadness is all there is. Yet those fitted to appreciate the mystical will be able to lose themselves gratefully in the similar chapters. For example: 'He gathered bluebells in the morning garden and placed them upon his heart, and there they grew, he writes in the symbolic preface. Their roots reached down into his heart. In their chalices was the essential dew of life. But at the coming of desire and pleasure he placed his lips to the blue cups and drank the precious dew. They bloomed no longer. Barrenness and bitterness nourished their roots. The dry leaves fell. Where they had grown, sprang thorns. It is all most difficult to understand save through a sympathetic mysticism. . . ."

Emerging from Senor Barja's thrice Slavic depression, some will learn with surprise that he has taught at such cheerful centres of class 'sings' and autumn 'hikes' as the University of Michigan and Smith College. It seems unlikely that either 'Eternal Vanities' or 'Vain Eternities', two of the chapters, could have been produced in such exuberant milieu."

Of more general interest to American students is Dr. Barja's history of Spanish literature. The first volume of "Libros y Autores Clasicos" (published by the Vermont Printing Company, Brattleboro, Vermont), which covers the field of Spanish literature up to the end of the Golden Age, appeared a month ago and was received with such interest by some of the

Continued on page 5, column 3.

"FROM THE GREAT DEEP TO THE GREAT DEEP HE GOES."

There was more than the usual Vespers hush Sunday night as we filed in and took our places. We were facing personally a fundamental mystery, perhaps some of us for the first time, though others brought with them the added depth of older associations. The Prelude from one of Dr. Coerne's own pieces, seemed a reassurance of the faith that things spiritual are things eternal, that the frailty of the body counts so little with God. And then came the choir, the choir he had loved and trained, singing the old exultant "Jerusalem the Golden" but with an undercurrent of poignancy. A silence, and then in the President's vibrant voice we heard again familiar words of treasured assurance, followed by Dr. Coerne's anthem, "I am the Light". With his faith so high and beautiful how could ours be less? But to attain that high conviction one must first have realized the actuality of death and burial, and with Mr. Weld's singing of "The Dead" our feeling of the irrevocable passing of the body which has once held a loved spirit became almost unbearable. We needed not only the tribute to Dr. Coerne's mighty soul and genius which President Marshall gave in his address, but the relief of familiar recollections of his personality, his sweet humanity which he renewed in pleasant memories. Then were we made ready for the deep beauties of "The Sound of Many Voices", for the assurance and peace of Benediction and The Dismissal and for the sad sweetness of "The Sands of Time are Sinking", which carried us out into the enfolding mystery of night.

BRITISH INDIAN TO LECTURE HERE.

The Connecticut College International Relations Club is giving to the members of the college and to the public a very exceptional opportunity on Monday evening, the 16th, at eight o'clock in the gymnasium. Mr. Mahmood, successor to Prof. Gilbert Murray as President of the Oxford International Assembly, and now visiting colleges in the United States to aid in developing interest in international relations, is to talk on the subject, "America and the League of Nations: Co-operation, not Entry."

Mr. Mahmood, a British Indian, is a graduate of the University of Lahore, in India, and of Oxford University, and has been a lawyer and political leader in his own country. Furthermore, he was present at the Anitsar slaughter, and was commended by the English authorities and also by the Indian National Congress Committee for the services which he rendered, actually working under fire to preserve order, until the Dyer episode finally estranged his sympathies.

It is interesting to note the extreme timeliness of Mr. Mahmood's address, when the active co-operation of the United States in the fair and stable settlement of the Constantinople menace is being widely discussed.

Mr. Mahmood is sent to us by the Institute of International Education, to whom we were indebted last year for Baron Korf's visit.

Continued on page 2, column 3.

IN MEMORIAM.

Louis Adolphe Coerne was born in Newark, New Jersey, February 27, 1870. His education was begun abroad in German and French schools but in 1888 he finished the course of the Boston Latin School, and entered Harvard. After completing the work of the Sophomore year, however, he turned to pursue musical studies under various masters in this country and Europe, and in 1893 was graduated with highest honors from the Royal Academy of Music at Munich. Returning to Boston the following winter, he personally conducted his Symphonic Poem, "Hiawatha" with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He was not to remain without a degree from Harvard, for in 1905 he was granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the first instance of its bestowal at Harvard for work in music specifically. Five years later the additional degree of Doctor of Music was given to him by Olivet College honoris causa. As a teacher, conductor and director, his work in Buffalo and Troy, N. Y., in Columbus, O., at Harvard University, at Olivet and Smith Colleges, and at the University of Wisconsin, was well known before he came to Connecticut College in 1915. Several years during this period were spent composing and publishing in Germany and Denmark, and he was present at five performances of his opera, "Zenobia", given at Bremen under the direction of Egon Pollak, the first instance of a performance in Europe of a grand opera composed by a native of the United States. His book, "The Evolution of Modern Orchestration," appeared in 1908. His numerous compositions include works for the piano-forte, organ and orchestra, besides songs, choruses and oratorios. Among those of particular interest to us, because composed at Connecticut College, may be mentioned the patriotic cantata, "Song of Victory," published by Ditson; the sacred cantata, "The First Christmas," published by C. C. Birchard and Co.; and the last considerable work, which may prove to be Dr. Coerne's crowning masterpiece, a symphonic poem, "Excalibur," not yet published. At the head of the department of music since the opening of Connecticut College, he has filled a large part in the College life. As lecturer in the class-room, as director of the glee club and the choir, at the piano every Sunday in Vespers, as personal friend and adviser, he is missed. His loss is felt by the entire College community. He was a courteous gentleman, a kind and appreciative friend, an indefatigable worker; in short a most valuable and distinguished member of our College. Our sense of loss is keen, but he needs no eulogy from us. The coming years can bring no oblivion to Dr. Coerne, but an increased appreciation of his devotion to the cause of art and of his contribution to the world of beauty.

NOTICE!

Subscriptions for the Concert series are ten dollars. Tickets for single concerts are \$3.00 and \$2.50. The general sale of tickets will begin at Childsey's, November first.

ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED FOR CONCERT SERIES.

New York Philharmonic Orchestra Here Nov. 6.

The final arrangements have been completed for the Second Annual Concert Series given by Connecticut College. The Committee, of which Mr. Frederick Weld is Chairman, has been working since last November to make this series even better than the one given last year.

The object of the series is not to make money, but to serve the community by bringing to New London the best music that the receipts will provide. Guided by last year's statistics, the Committee has felt justified in spending one thousand dollars more for artists this year.

The first concert will be given November sixth at the State Armory by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, with Josef Stransky, Conductor. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, founded in 1842, is the oldest in the United States, and the third oldest orchestra in the world. According to James Gibbons Huneker, "The history of the Philharmonic Orchestra is the history of Music in America." The Philharmonic has always taken great interest in American music, and has given many opportunities to American composers.

Since 1911 Josef Stransky has directed the Orchestra with great ability and those who heard the Philharmonic Concert last year will never forget the inspiring music.

The second concert of the series will be offered at the State Armory on November twenty-second. The artist is Sergei Rachmaninoff, the Russian Composer-Pianist. Rachmaninoff's works are not unfamiliar to New London, for The New York Philharmonic Orchestra in the concert here last year played the composer's Symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead." This time Rachmaninoff himself is coming.

It is seldom that a great composer is also a great concert artist, but Rachmaninoff is both. Indeed he is by far the most interesting and eminent European musician that has visited this country for years.

The Letz String Quartet, successor to the Kneisel Quartet, gives the concert on January fifteenth at the Bulkeley Auditorium. The concert given last year by the Letz Quartet was a delicate and exquisite performance.

The artist at the last concert is to be Maria Ivogun, coloratura soprano, with the Chicago Grand Opera Company. Critics agree that she is one of the best coloratura sopranos since Galli-Curci first appeared.

SUNDAY CONFERENCES RESUMED.

According to the custom of last year, conferences with President Marshall are to be held on the first Sunday evening of each month.

These conferences come directly after Vespers and furnish an opportunity for students to discuss, in an informal way, not only religious problems, but other problems that arise on the college campus. It is the aim of Presi-

Continued on page 3, column 4.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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

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EDITORIALLY SPEAKING.

We appeal, students and alumnae, we appeal! It is the same old cry, and no doubt you are weary of it by now. But it is like a dose of medicine—it has to be taken, so swallow it, and may it have its effect!

We talk airily about the *News* reflecting college opinion. Many times you insist that it does not, that it reflects, rather, the Staff's opinion. But, "there's a reason". Do you give us your opinion? Some do, the few and faithful, but the majority,—never! How can we express your sentiments for you? Alas, we are not mind-readers.

After all, this is *your News*. It is for you, and the Staff is your agent. Back him up and he'll serve you to the best of his ability! Tell your ideas, your opinions, your thoughts. Send us your news. Certainly you know many items of interest of which the Staff has not heard. If you feel humorous, share your humor. If you feel poetic, share your poetry. If you feel critical, express your just criticism in the Free Speech column—for what is that column for, if not to voice your cries? If you have suggestions or comments, enlighten the Staff regarding them.

We have a News Office, for the benefit of those who do not know where you can leave the "children of your brain" dressed in all sorts of attire. There is the Campus Mail,—you might make use of that. Send your children parcel post!

However you send your contributions we'll be glad to get them, and, if they are good, we'll use them; if not, write again.

PLEASURE AND THE PUBLIC.

A laughing, shouting group of girls crowded into the tea room and the stranger looked up aghast at this display of hilarity in a public place. He frowned judiciously, although he did not look like one of those who naturally hold the idea that the younger generation is sliding fast. Laughing, talking, giggling, the girls seated themselves and gave their orders. The stranger sent a quizzical glance toward a table where sat two of the faculty. Then he looked once more at the girls, whose noise, instead of decreasing, had rather grown in volume, and as he rose

to leave a look of disgust and sorrow spread over his face.

Of course, we are happy; of course we want to laugh and play, but—! There is a place for everything and everything in its place!

FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

Dear Editor: We love the wind that blows us about here on the hill. We like to be told that it symbolizes things that have become a part of us. But ("but" is always the reason for open letters) wind unrestrained is very devastating—a sort of a bull-in-a-china shop effect. Therefore, when we leave our rooms we strew our desks with paper weights and are accordingly gratified upon returning to find that order still reigns.

Of late it would seem that we have imbibed deeply of the spirit of the wind, but have neglected to take restraining precautions. We stand back of the chain at Thames and think with horror of a stampeding herd, then it happens—we are a part of it. Weary with waiting, crazed with hunger, we are caught in this human maelstrom and find ourselves shrieking with the others. "Save me a place!" Finally seated, we eat to the accompaniment of intermittent roars of conversation and maddening shushes. We have often been asked to dress for dinner and we wonder if that wouldn't be quite a factor in making Thames more like a dining room and an aid in diminishing the eat-while-you-can slogan.

But to revert to the shush. It's the most enervating thing in college life. It has no excuse for existence. If the crowd is unhushed by upraised hands, stern looks, and properly voiced requests, then—let the lions roar! Anything is preferable to the piercing, penetrating, steam-exhaust shush. A shush in Chapel and Vespers is inexcusably incongruous. We are reminded too suddenly of our Simian ancestors, who clinging to the boughs, hissed and spat at one another.

We had looked to '23 with the hope that, following their example, we should all be inclined to smooth the rough edges. However, after the first Stonewall Sing, when they were evidently proceeding on the theory that caps and gowns hide a multitude of difficulties, or too few, perhaps one should say, the disillusionment began. Then after the Alma Mater another song was sung.

Yes, we love the wind and hope we'll never lose the spirit of its vigor and freedom, but it is somewhat calmed at times. Accordingly, we are sure that joyful exuberance and dignity are not always sworn adversaries. '24.

Because of the resignation of Miss Katherine Francke from her position as *News* Editor, Miss Ethel Adams is acting as *News* Editor and Miss Ethel Kane as Senior Associate Editor of the staff.

MISS LOVELL ARRANGES CALENDAR.

Miss Lovell, Chairman of the Department of the Secretarial Work and Office Practice, spent the summer in Boston, doing advanced work along her particular line of study.

Outside of this she has accomplished a fine work for the college in preparing a college calendar which contains fifteen views of our grounds and buildings.

These calendars are to be sold for the Endowment Fund during the week of November first.

ECHOES FROM THE DINING HALL.

Freshmen, you should know! Is there or is there not something in the "C" about "the quiet dignity" of a meal? Quiet dignity indeed! For full ten minutes we jostle outside, hedging now this way, now that, for a place near the front.

And when the chain is dropped we dash in, shouting as we go to dread-naught Mary: "Grab a little one."

Lunch is necessarily hurried. The noise can be excused but not endured. Two hundred tongues going at once after three hours of silence is more than human nerves can stand.

But dinner, "first dinner," with its shoutings and thumpings of glasses as they are marched to the Freshman nearest the pitcher, dinner is exhausting. To make oneself heard takes four years' practice. To make oneself intelligible at the same time is a matter to be taken up with Post Graduate work.

Every so often I am tempted to stand on my chair and shout: "Silence!"

And then I think of all that the world would miss were that confusion of raucous noise to give way to conversation. '23.

GLIMPSSES OF THE MOON VS. AGE OF INNOCENCE.

Glimpses of the Moon has been almost as bloody a battle field for the reviewers as *The Vexant Flame*. It has been both praised and cursed. The dominant note of this general discord seems to be that of praise. "Mrs. Wharton's finest piece of work," cry the majority. Not wielding the brutal pen of the critic I would still like to take a slash or two at that statement.

To me the haunting pathos of the *Age of Innocence* lay in the pitiful inability of the characters to face life, combined with their essential fineness and sturdiness of soul. In watching their stilted strivings and unreasonable reserves one felt rather as one might in watching a shy, self-conscious child suffer. *The Age of Innocence* was not only a flow of perfect style, it gripped the heart. These people could have done no differently. Life caught them and hurt them.

That makes *The Age of Innocence* a far greater book than *Glimpses of the Moon*. The characters in *Glimpses of the Moon* go through perfect tortures to avoid earning a living. All their pangs and agonies rise from nothing but that. They introspect, they scheme, they cheat, they suffer, in order to escape work. It is an artificial self-inflicted anguish that is not convincing. One sympathizes with them no more than with a man who starves to death because he is too lazy to shake the apples from a tree. They prick themselves on to misery like a hermit hugging his hair shirt. They chose the most fantastic solutions to their financial problems rather than an obvious use of their perfectly marketable talents.

Mrs. Wharton's style is of an even excellence, but her material is not. In *Glimpses of the Moon* there is a marked decline from the high level of the *Age of Innocence*. '23.

"There is nothing in which people betray their character more than in what they find to laugh at."—Goethe.

BRITISH INDIAN TO LECTURE HERE.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

The International Relations Club, according to its custom of meeting on the third Sunday in each month, will hold its first conference on October 15th, when plans for the year will be considered.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

1919.

Louise Ansley is now Mrs. Lewis Knapp, of New Haven. She was married in Cheshire, in June. Mr. Knapp is a member of the faculty of the Hopkins Grammar School.

Rena Broderick is doing Social Service work for the American Red Cross of New York City.

New London's Commissioner of Charities is Marena Prentiss, who is at the same time completing work toward a degree from Yale.

1920.

Gladys Hood, a teacher in the High School of Pearl River, New York, was a student of the Summer School of Columbia University.

Marion Warner is in the Department of Chemistry at Wellesley.

1921.

Barbara Ashenden studied at the Columbia Summer Session.

Ruth McCollum has received her Master's degree from Columbia and is now research chemist in the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital.

Ella McCollum is an assistant in the laboratory of Dr. Sherman of Columbia.

Esther Watrous, now a teacher of Latin in the New Haven High School, spent the summer at Columbia.

Evelene Taylor did Social Service work in New York during the summer.

1922.

Margaret Baxter represents the Alumnae on Campus, as Social Service Secretary.

Helen Crofut is a librarian in one of the New York branch libraries.

A member of the class of 1922 of Connecticut, Miss Melicent Claudine Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell Smith, was married to Elmer August Hane of St. Paul, Minnesota, on Tuesday evening, September 12th, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, New London. The maids of honor were Miss Mildred Duncan of Pittsburgh, Pa., also of the class of '22, and Miss Constance Smith, sister of the bride. One of the bridesmaids, Miss Marjorie Smith, is also a Connecticut College graduate.

SERVICE LEAGUE OUTLINES WORK FOR YEAR.

At the first regular meeting of the Service League, held on Thursday, October 5, in the gymnasium, each Committee Chairman explained the work of her department for the coming year. Marion Johnson, chairman of the International Committee, spoke of the conferences held by President Marshall and Dr. Lawrence. As Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Katherine Slayer explained Tea Dance, obviously for the benefit of the new girls—for what upperclassman does not understand Tea Dance!

Margaret Baxter, the new graduate secretary, was then introduced. She told of her visit to the Bradley Street Mission and of the need for sweaters there. Wool may be procured in the Service League office for anyone who would like to knit for the children down town.

Miss Baxter told of the Children's Movies which is a most important off-campus work of the League. The movies are to be continued on the plan of last year and the girls were asked to volunteer to act as Proctors.

WILL YOU PATRONIZE
THE NEWS'
ADVERTISERS?

THE SOPHOMORE DECREE.

[By special request we are publishing this now, despite the fact that initiations are over.]

Attend, oh, ye Freshmen, unto my words, for they do be of deep import. It has been said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." That which is to come is to show in how great a measure we esteem you, and to guide your erring infantile steps from pit-falls. In order that ye may truly realize that ye are FRESHMEN in the literal sense of the word . . . and to quell within ye the rebellious spirit that too great liberty calls forth. We, the Class of 1925, in accordance with our hereditary right, do enjoin, order, command that ye obey to the letter these following laws, which be like those of the Medes and the Persians. Woe be unto such of you who, puffed up with undue and sinful pride dare to go against these commandments.

Therefore, KNOW:—

That no Freshmen feet shall tread upon the grass. This is lest ye stray from the straight and narrow path, and wander into error.

That from this time, until it seems advisable to our mature minds, the wearing, on any occasion, of that article of apparel known as "knickers," is forbidden.

That, until final examinations declare ye are freed from your lowly estate, the wearing of earrings is not for such as you.

That, for a period of two days, beginning Tuesday, the third of October, in the year of our Lord, 1922, at high noon until Thursday at high noon, ye must go forth clad in the following manner: The hair—woman's crowning glory—must be uncurled, unruffled, and unstuffed, and, furthermore, must be confined in that most aesthetic hair net which is close-meshed, and has a rubber band around the outer edge. Also, the ears must be uncovered to the eyes of all beholders. In addition, a bow of some green ribbon, or similar material, one yard in length, and one and one-half inches in width, must be worn about the neck and tied under that severe feature, the chin, in a bow.

It is also decreed that whenever there is a Freshman at a table, she shall sit beside the water pitcher, and dispense that fluid to all others at the table.

Also, in accordance with that ancient adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," all Freshmen, for the two-day period of initiation, while in the dining room, must converse in whispers. If they dare to raise their voices from this tone, it shall be the duty of the nearest upperclassman or Sophomore to rebuke them.

Finally, in order that we may further guide your faltering steps on the path to wisdom, we will hold for you in about one week from tonight, what is known in our parlance as a "C" test. Upon that occasion it will be the right and privilege of all upper classmen and Sophomores to question you on the contents of that invaluable booklet, the "C." And great shall be the sorrow of one who is uninformed. To conclude, at that time you will be expected to render the Alma Mater, both words and music, without flaw. Attendance at this meeting is absolutely obligatory, and anyone who disregards this privilege, which we, in our great love, bestow upon you, shall go to her grave in sorrow. May Wisdom and Humility guard your steps.

And we enjoin that you all be present at chapel and do not absent yourselves from classes. For, know that the all-seeing one will know and heavy displeasure will fall upon you. Beware! For the dragons of the Sophomore Class guard, and heavy is their hand of Punishment.

I have spoken!

CONVOCAION BEGINS
OCTOBER 17th.

We are very fortunate in securing, as the first Convocation speaker of the year, Dean Wilbur L. Cross, of the graduate school of Yale University, who will take for his subject: "Some Experiences of a Novel Reader." Dean Cross is a man of charming personality and wide reputation in his field, having edited many of the classics of English literature and numbered among his own writings such works as: *The Development of the English Novel*; *The Life and Times of Lawrence Sterne*; and *The History of Henry Fielding*. He is editor of the "Yale Review" and the "Yale Shakespeare," and is a frequent contributor of literary criticisms to magazines. Himself a Yale graduate, Dean Cross has been professor of English since 1902 in the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale. Other important posts which he holds are those of Editor of the Department of English in the *New International Encyclopedia* and General Editor of the novel in the *Belles Lettres* series and the series of *English Readings for Schools*. He is a member of the National Institution of Arts and Letters, and of various literary clubs.

Aside from his literary activities, Dean Cross should be especially welcome here at C. C. because of the fact that he is a trustee of the college. His, moreover, is a subject of common interest to everyone, since we are all, to a greater or less degree, novel readers.

SENIORS GIVE EVOLUTION
OF THE DANCE.

"Freshmen, spread the news!" was the cry in the dining room, and it was spread with a shout, "all about the Seniors' party". Hitherto it has been a baby party but this year the children grew up and were about nine years old, some in gingham dresses and others in rompers. Some brought their mothers and fathers, some their Spanish dancing teachers, one her two big rag dolls and another her colored washwoman. Little Red Riding Hood came, some highway robbers, a little boy and girl from the street, and even a bridal party graced the occasion.

Suddenly a loud Boom! sounded from the piano and on the stage a figure appeared with the weird voice of a sage. He announced that there would be presented, "The Evolution of the Dance".

The first step in this evolution concerned the cave man. The applause echoed the saying "On with the dance". And on came the old Comedy tree with a veritable giant in furs hidden behind it. Shortly another hideous creature appeared with a tiny girl slung over his shoulder. He threw her down and danced madly about her while she hated him with every look. Then she pleaded with the other figure, who left his tree and took the villain by the hair. A horrible fight ensued, and as the giant, who proved to be no one more harmful than Julia Warner, ran away with the tiny captive (Helen Higgins) and left the villain (otherwise Emily Slaymaker) prostrate. The villain's victorious pose after the wild dance was one of C. C.'s most realistic scenes, and the giant's smile didn't come off even while he killed the villain.

Next came the Sheik scene with Emily Slaymaker in the lead. The two humble Nubians added atmosphere and the sheik was most responsive to Caroline Franke's enticing Egyptian movements. The former's writhing kept time to the music and was apparently almost as good exercise as the "Egyptian's" dancing.

Several couples portrayed the characteristics of the Medieval Period and made a very charming picture in their quaint costumes.

Continued on page 6, column 2.

NOTICE TO ALUMNAE.

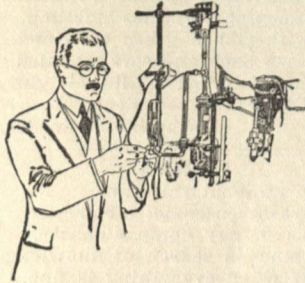
All contributions for the Alumnae Column should reach me not later than Wednesday of the week before publication.

Remember this is *your* column. The success or failure of it depends upon *you*. Send items of interest about yourself, your classmates, and your individual or group activities for the Endowment Fund to

JULINE WARNER,
Washington Apartments,
Paterson, N. J.

SUNDAY CONFERENCES RE-SUMED.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.
dent Marshall to have the questions raised by the students themselves, thus making possible the discussion of questions in which they are vitally interested. To this end he urges that topics be handed to him ahead of time. Anyone who has ever attended Dr. Marshall's conferences knows that it is well worth while for any student to give one hour of her time once a month to such a consideration of religious, social, and moral issues.

Which Type of Research
is of Greatest Value?

A stove burns too much coal. A man familiar with the principles of combustion and heat radiation makes experiments which indicate desirable changes in design. That is research.

You want to make a ruby in a factory, a real ruby, indistinguishable by any test from the natural stone. You begin by analyzing rubies chemically and physically. Then you make rubies just as nature did. Your rubies are the result of research—another type of research.

While melting up your chemicals and experimenting with high temperatures, you begin to wonder how hot the earth must have been millions of years ago, and what were the forces at play that made this planet what it is. Your investigation leads you far from rubies and causes you to formulate theories to explain how the earth, how the whole solar system was created. That would be research of a still different type.

Research of all three types is conducted in the laboratories of the General Electric Company. But it is the third type—pioneering into the unknown—that means most in the long run, even though undertaken with no practical benefit in view.

For example, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are exploring matter with X-rays in order to discover not only how the atoms in different substances are arranged but how the atoms themselves are built up. The more you know about a substance, the more you can do with it. This work may enable scientists to answer more definitely the question: Why is iron magnetic? Then the electrical industry will take a greater step forward than can be made in a century of experimenting with existing electrical apparatus.

You can add wings and stories to an old house. But to build a new house, you must begin with the foundation.

General Electric
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YOUTH FALLS IN LOVE.

He lay stretched out on the deck of his sail boat. The night was too moon-lit, too purple-dusky to stay at home, to stay anywhere without her. But she had an engagement or a college friend coming—or something. The water, lapping, lapping, gently swayed the boat. The Boy, his hands locked behind his head, looked up at the stars and dreamed—dreamed. It was too wonderful that she liked him, too—too—anyway, she did like him. He was younger, just a little, of course, two, three years, but she had never asked his age. Maybe she thought—anyway she liked him, he was sure. Next year he'd be in college. Then he would feel better. She was a Junior now and he was in, well, she didn't seem to mind. And she took it for granted that the car was his own. Some day it might be when it ceased to be the family car. She was learning tennis from him—thank heavens, his game was admittedly the best in school. She had told him he was rather wonderfully tall, and, apparently, she hadn't heard Auntie tell him to "stand up straight, Georgie." Georgie. Would his family ever learn not to call him anything with "ie" on it? She called him Ben, and once she told him he was the best driver she knew. And last night—!

The water lapped a little louder and the Boy drew a long breath. She danced too well; he wasn't her speed in that, he admitted ruefully, and yet she had assured him he had the "most tricky turn." If she only knew the private lessons he had taken to learn that turn! And then last night—!

She was such a little kid—so small and bobbed hair and all—. Voices came over the water—from shore, he imagined—low voices. She was such a good little sport. And to think that until last night he had imagined she didn't care much for him.

He could smell the soft perfume of her, feel her warm little hand rumpling his hair—and—and— He smiled at the moon and wondered if she had seen. Why couldn't he be with her tonight—why not? He listened. There was the steady dip, dip of a canoe paddle, near at hand. A small puff of a cloud slid over the moon and the stars blinked alone in their heavens. The voices murmuring somewhere near, were blown to him and he listened idly.

"But, darling, I don't like that youngster. They tell me you dance with him, swim with him, see him all the time, in fact. And you know, I am a jealous beast."

"Oh, you mean Georgie, dear little Georgie!" And the wind blew a low, sweet laugh over the water.

And later, when the pain in his heart was dulled, the Boy said to himself, "If only she hadn't said 'Georgie.'"

A FRESHMAN'S VERSION.

"New Tribe Joins Great Council."

To this College of Connecticut There came many comely maidens, Heard the call of the great council, Traveled from afar to get here. Of this council strong and mighty, There was one tribe meek and lowly, Watched and waited, sat in silence, Watched and pondered deep in sorrow. For this tribe, the infants—Nameaug, And Bragaw, the warrior children Heard the summons of the great chief, Heard the call of mighty Sallee. Swift of foot, this lowly tribe Hied themselves unto the wigwam, Felt, as they drew nigh, a trembling, Felt their knee caps shake and shiver. Felt their weak heads shrink and quiver.

'Round and 'round before the council One by one, they struggled bravely, Walking in forlorn procession,

Swaying now and then from weakness. When at last the siege was over, Spake the great chief, potent Sallee, "Ye, the new tribe of Connecticut, Ye, the low tribe, and inferior, Do now listen, hear, and profit. N'er shall tread these grassy slopes. In the hall of eating—silence! Nor adorn the ears with jewels, Nor thy legs with man's apparel." Thus spoke this mightiest chieftain And the tribe which had been listening, This new tribe of great Connecticut Rose and left the Council Chamber, Rose and strolled away in sorrow. Soon before a tribe all powerful, That great settlement—New London, There appeared a species wondrous, There appeared a species startling, Necks with ribbon green entwined. Hair drawn back and ears revealed, There they marched in all their glory, Class of '26—the Freshmen!

Katherine Swan, '26.

HAZING.

Every year about this time The Freshmen come to college, In search of gay companionship, And some, in search of knowledge. And just when everything is fine, The comfort almost dazing, There comes that period of "bliss" That's fondly known as "hazing." About the campus morn and night, With ears a-proudly showing, And hair pulled tight up on their heads, And ribbons green a-flowing, The Freshies talk in whispers— Goodness! what has come to pass? They even jump when someone says: "Oh please keep off the grass!" I often wonder what the folks At home would say to this. If I could hear their fond remarks! But these I have to miss! Father with his glasses pulled Down on his shiny nose Says: "What is this? My daughter, With the rest of those green bows? So that's what college life is! Learning not to be in style,— If she returns more sensible, I think it quite worth while." But Mother's eyes are full of tears; She suffers with her child, And even voices her complaint In tones so meek and mild: "What if she is a Freshman? She's not the least bit green! I think they should excuse her, It's really awfully mean." But Brother, when he learns it, Flings his hat up in the air And says: "Hooray! she's getting hers.

I'm glad you sent her there!" The old folks are quite startled; Grandma thinks it is so bold To bare one's ears to strangers:— "Besides, she might catch cold." And all of these opinions Should cause the Freshie glee, And make her study harder So she'll know what's in her "C." For if a Freshman's earnest, Young and willing, unamazed, She wants to be a good sport. And after she is hazed, She writes a letter home and says: "I'm hazed! Take it from me, They certainly teach sportsmanship To Freshmen at C. C."

DOROTHY DUCAS '26.

THE WAY O' THE WORLD.

When you're really, truly happy Feeling full of pep and snappy And you've nothing on your mind to make you sigh; What's that haunting sort of feeling That around your heart comes stealing So you wish to very goodness you could cry?

You want someone 'round to love you And you watch the stars above you And you wish for someone—yet you don't know who,

And it seems as sure as shootin' There'll be no one—ever—rootin' For so insignificant a kid as you.

CHUGGING OVER THE BRINE.

The shipyard road is a much traveled road, Oh, just let a full moon shine And C. C. girls from their hill-top abode Rush merrily down the incline Where "ye good ship" waits by the picket gates To chug them over the brine.

A rush for a place on the cabin roof, A puff and some throbs and we're off. Who dares be distant, who could be aloof, Who ventures the hint of a cough? The breeze is strong as we chug-chug along, And many a tam it may doff.

The blinking of lights from the passing ships, The bridge with its fairy-light span— The phosphorus gleams as the boat sways and dips, Oh, whoever conceived the plan Of trailing feet in the icy-cold deep Of the waves left behind as they ran?

Into the rapids beyond the light-house, The sea's in a boisterous mood, The basket's upset, the waves simply souse, All drenched are our hopes of some food. The wind's blowing chilly, the sea is too hilly, Oh, why must the waves be so rude?

Bring out the blankets and bring out the coats.

The sea's getting rough, feel us leap! The lights grow fewer on most of the boats

As back up the river we creep. We sailed out at seven, we dock at eleven,

All huddled together—asleep!
LORRAINE FERRIS 1926.

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESENTS "THREE PILLS IN A BOTTLE."

The Dramatic Club held its first meeting for this year in the gymnasium Wednesday evening, October fourth. As President, Virginia Eggleston explained briefly the new system by which the Dramatic Club includes all students in its membership. Each is associate member, but by signing up on the bulletin board in New London Hall one may show an active interest in some particular line of the club's work. Tryouts for acting, however, are to be held as formerly. Miss Eggleston also made it known that, if possible, more plays written by the girls would be staged this year.

"Three Pills in a Bottle" furnished the entertainment of the evening. Tony, played by Florence Bassevitch, was a sickly child, whose mother, Eileen Fitzgerald, went to work each day and left him in the company of his own thoughts. Once she left on the shelf a bottle containing three pills, each with its respective virtue.

Three souls came to visit him. The first during that day was the wizened soul of an old gentleman. Tony gave this soul a pill to make it grow tall and straight. In this Alice Barrett showed a remarkably clear conception of her part.

The next soul was that of a scissors-grinder, tall and straight, in a gay red and yellow costume trimmed with tiny bells. But he, too, had his troubles, so that Tony gave him a pill to cure his headache. Here Michaelina Namovich showed her usual dramatic ability.

The third was a scrub-woman's soul, dressed in a nymph's costume of green. Tony gave her his last pill when she complained of eye trouble. Katherine Culver in this

part whirled on and off the stage. When Tony's mother came back she was almost inconsolable because of the loss of the pills, but the old gentleman reappeared and gave her money to buy more. Certainly the pill cured his disease.

THE SENIORS SING

The moon, which had been shining brightly in the early part of the evening, hid its face behind a cloud as the Seniors, a long solemn line of capped and gowned figures marched out to the old stone wall on October fifth for their first sing of the year. If some of the lower classmen had not quite realized that the Seniors were so many and so impressive, it all came home to them with added force as they heard the voices of the class of 1923 rising in the college songs. The Freshmen, silent with the wonder of it all, listened with swelling hearts, while the other students, who had heard the same sweet songs before, felt an ever-growing love for their college. Then came the answering songs, the Juniors, confident in their newly acquired position; the Sophomores, conscious of their love for their sisters, the Freshmen, a little tremulous at first, but coming out bravely on the ending of the first song of their college career. Finally, the Alma Mater, ringing clear over the campus, aroused hope of great things for the future, and brought strength to make the "great things" come true.

KOINE BOARD ELECTED

At the first regular meeting of the Senior class on Monday, October 9th, the Senior members of the Koiné Board were elected, and a list of names from the class of 1924 was drawn up to be submitted to the Juniors for election. The Senior appointments are the following:

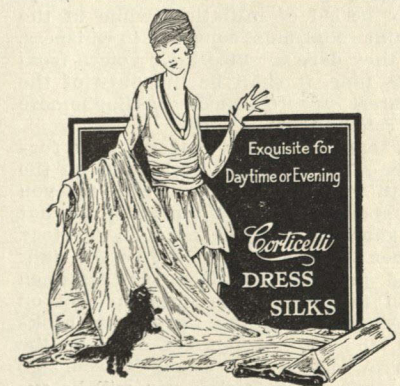
Editor-in-Chief—Jessie Bigelow.
Business Manager—Nellie LeWitt.
First Associate Editor—Ethel Kane.
Second Associate Editor—Katherine Francke.
Publicity Editor—Marjorie Backes.
Art Editor—Emily Slaymaker.

Continued on page 6, column 3.

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Hazing Ends Well.

Pandemonium and uproar—Freshmen clinging tenaciously to their white-covered "C's"—Juniors in groups of twos and threes—Sophomores busily officious but friendly—suddenly, order from chaos! At Sally Crawford's command the Juniors and Sophomores seated themselves, each on their own side of the gym, the Freshmen, by turns nervous, giggly, or flippant, huddled in the center. President Crawford expeditiously marshalled the Freshmen in lines of ten. As the Seniors—a small but dignified number—marched down through the aisle of Freshmen everyone rose. Thus began the annual and traditional "C" quiz.

Questions of all kinds were hurled coldly—sometimes cruelly—at the green and innocent ones. Answers, halting and stumbling, or brazen and bold according to the nature of the questioned one, were sent back. For over an hour the small but dignified number of Seniors, the equally small number of Juniors, and the many Sophomores were entertained. In vain did the presiding officer try to keep the meeting solemn—in vain did she pound the desk for silence. Roars of laughter rose to the roof—but who could help but laugh when in answer to the question, "How late at night can you take a bath?" A Freshman burst forth with: "It all depends on your landlady!"

After everyone had questioned her own particular girl and received a satisfactory answer groups of Freshmen were asked in turn to sing the Alma Mater.

And so ended the "C" Quiz of the class of '26.

MANDOLIN CLUB HOLDS TRYOUT.

As a result of Mandolin Club tryouts, held on Tuesday, October third, the following girls have been accepted as members of the club:

Piano—Charlotte Beckwith '25, Catherine Metcalf '25.

First Violin—Dorothy Swan '26, Eleanor Bond '26.

Second Violin—Helen Hood '26, Harriet Warner '24.

First Mandolin—Hope Harrington '26, Mildred Dorman '26.

Second Mandolin—Constance Parker '25, Catherine Dauchy '26, Miriam White '26.

STUDENT COUNCIL ENTERTAINS.

A pleasant murmur of voices, accompanied by the gentle click of spoons in tea-cups, announced a "Tea," given by the Student Council to the matrons in charge of the various houses about the campus, on the afternoon of Tuesday, October third, in Branford living room. The hour set was from four to six, and during that time the students and their guests made the most of their opportunity to "get acquainted."

Helen Barkerding, with bright songs, and Katherine Renwick, with an equally entertaining reading, added much to the enjoyment of the hour.

The "Tea" served to bring the house matrons together in an informal way and to prove to them the real spirit of friendliness which exists between students and house matrons.

JUNIOR COMMITTEES ANNOUNCED.

The first regular meeting of the class of 1924 was held on Monday, Oct. 2. It was reported that the personnel of the Entertainment Committee is as follows: Barbara Clay, Elizabeth Armstrong, Elizabeth Holmes, and Virginia Hays; of the Decorating Committee,

Margaret Wells, Clara Cooper, Elizabeth Merry, and Edith Langenbacher; and of the Auditing Committee, Louise Hall and Ellen Wilcox.

Amy Hilker was elected Chairman of the Sports Committee for the coming year. Later, the class poem, "It Can Be Done," was read by Eileen Fitzgerald, and the meeting then adjourned.

LITERARY SUCCESS COMES TO SENOR BARJA.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

leading Colleges and Universities that immediately a second edition was rendered necessary. It is promised for November.

It is not difficult to understand why a book as scholarly as "Libros y Autores Clasicos" has been popular from the very day of its appearance: it fills a gap, it answers a long felt need. Hitherto, the histories of Spanish literature used in the classroom were unsatisfactory to the student either because of their extremely didactic character or because of the excess of historical material offered. The new work eliminates all third rate books and writers, almost all second rate books and writers, in order to concentrate the attention on a few figures, a few works of true universal value. But these figures, these works live. Tirso de Molina and Don Juan, Cervantes and Don Quixote are recreated in a few unforgettable strokes, and stand before us such as they exist in the consciousness of those elite of all countries and all times who have understood them and loved them.

There is nothing in "Libros y Autores Clasicos" of the usual textbook. The ideas are that of a thinker. The presentation that of a poet. It is a joy to read at random 'n this book of 543 pages of which none is tedious. No wonder that its reputation has already reached Spain and South America.

Best of all, perhaps, among Senor Barja's writings of the last two years, is a collection of poems gathered under the title of "Otonal". The little book is now in press. It is, in our judgment, superior to "Rosas y Espinas" inasmuch as, in it, the poetical expression is never hampered by the limitations of prose. But it strikes the same note as "Rosas y Espinas". It contains more tears than smiles, more melancholy than enthusiasm. César Barja is a brother of Leopardi, of Sénancour, of Byron. C. L. E.

FRAGMENTS OF A RAG PICKER.

Not so long ago a wondrous thing happened. There was quiet where there was none before; we could hear ourselves think, and Pandemonium was dethroned by Reasonable-Sound. The Freshmen, according to the Sophomore decree, were whispering, as they ate, and we, lest we let them show us up too far, turned off the steam of our vociferation and coasted along softly. Oh, might that new being have reigned yet a little longer!

College has begun in earnest: Meetings are taking up three-fourths of announcement time in the dining hall, and we endeavor between bites to digest what is meant for us. The Crown has felt the change also, while the Traction Company considerably has the nine forty-five car leave at ninety-fourty-seven.

"One in my retreat,
To whom to whisper, solitude is sweet."

Try to get it, when you have hours of work to do in three or less—when someone else feels phonographically inclined, or starts to reduce by rolling on the floor above to the accompani-

Continued on page 6, column 2.

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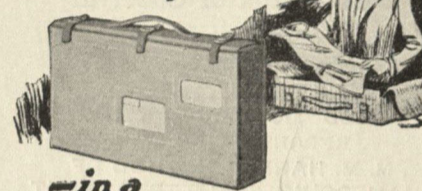
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FRAGMENTS OF A RAG PICKER.

Concluded from page 5, column 3.
 ment of variously tuned creaks and
 clashes with inconveniently situated
 furniture.

Ask a professor which way to turn
 one's watch back to standard time.
 Arising at three when one's time-piece
 says five is not the least of the
 blessings of daylight saving. '24.

**SENIORS GIVE EVOLUTION OF
 THE DANCE.**

Concluded from page 3, column 2.
 Then the sage announced the form
 of dancing in our parents' younger
 days. The stately little lady that ap-
 peared and waited for a dance was
 just as the mothers might have been
 but were the pompous fathers ever
 as funny as the dark little partner
 that claimed her?

Last but not least came the great
 scene, the Tango. Everyone enjoyed
 seeing Caroline Franke, but the revel-
 ation of the evening was Michalina
 Namovich as a man. Her easy grace,
 and perfect interpretation of the char-
 acter of a young man was startling.

"Wasn't that clever?" exclaimed one
 of the Freshmen after it was all over,
 and that was what many others
 thought.

An interesting feature of the party
 was the awarding of prizes for the
 best costumes, the first prize going to
 the "Weller Trio"—or in other words
 the wedding party.

**MATHEMATICS CLUB
 STARTS WORK.**

The open meeting of the Mathemat-
 ics Club was held on Wednesday even-
 ing, October fourth, in Plant Living
 Room. After words of welcome to the
 new members, by the President, Mar-
 cia Langley, the rest of the officers for
 this year were elected. Helena Wulf
 was appointed Treasurer, and Ma-
 rie Jester, Chairman of the Entertain-
 ment Committee. After several minor
 matters had been settled, Dr. Leib gave
 briefly the history and purpose of the
 club. Miss Irwin, Assistant to Dr.
 Leib, then told about the Mathematics
 Club at Smith College and made sev-
 eral good suggestions which will be
 helpful throughout the year.

**NEW ROAD NEARS
 COMPLETION.**

Let us rejoice together, all ye faculty
 and students, for the new concrete
 road along Mohegan Avenue, in front
 of the college, is nearly finished. It
 has been opened for traffic from its
 northern end as far as Reservoir
 street, and it is expected that the re-
 mainder will be ready to use within a
 week or two. Those of the faculty
 who like to drive to school need no
 longer fear for the safety of their
 sacred selves or machines. Those of
 the students whose families like to
 come to visit them over the week-end
 will be glad to know that not much
 longer will the family Ford be shaken
 to pieces or the family hats crushed

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 we are duly thankful, and may we
 some day in the near future have many
 more like it in this vicinity!
 Frances Green, '24.

NOTA BENE!

Every Student and Faculty member
 of Connecticut College is strongly
 urged and advised to write her or his
 name *plainly* in her or his pocket-
 book and glasses case. This will help
 not only the unfortunate loser, but also
 the Lost and Found Department. For
 the benefit of the new students the
 Lost and Found Office is open every
 day except Saturday and Sunday, from
 one until two o'clock. It is located in
 the Service League Office in the base-
 ment of Branford and those in charge
 will be very glad to help anyone locate
 a lost article and return an article
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 call promptly and register it in the
 book provided for that purpose.

BUY VIEWS OF CAMPUS.

Who has not seen the picture postal
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 dowment Fund? These cards contain
 views of New London Hall, Plant
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 you will want to keep, or send to your
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 Drug Store, Starr Bros., Chamberlin &
 Shropshire's, and at Nichol's Drug
 Store. And tell your friends about it!

KOINE BOARD ELECTED.

Concluded from page 4, column 4.
 First Photography Editor—Helen
 Barkerding.
 Second Photography Editor—Jane
 Gardner.

From the class of 1924, three Asso-
 ciate Editors, three Assistant Art
 Editors and three Assistant Business
 Managers will be chosen.

Among other items of business
 brought up at the meeting was the
 election of Anna Buell as Chairman of
 Fall Sports.

**THURSDAY NIGHT SINGS
 BEGIN.**

Eager interest and lots of "pep"
 gave the proper atmosphere to the
 first Thursday night sing, held Sep-
 tember twenty-eighth in the gymna-
 sium. Sophomores and upper class-
 men welcomed "C. C. Smiles," "Funic-
 uli," and "Keep on Hopin'," as old
 friends, while the Freshmen entered
 into them with as much enthusiasm
 as if they had been the latest
 ragtime. Helen Barkerding proved
 her ability in her first attempt at
 leading, and also delighted everyone
 by singing "Blues" and with Emily
 Warner, "I Am a Poet" from last year's
 Comedy. It was voted to hold the
 sings every week, as formerly, instead
 of every two weeks as had been sug-
 gested.

It is to be hoped that this year C. C.
 will become truly "the singing college."

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