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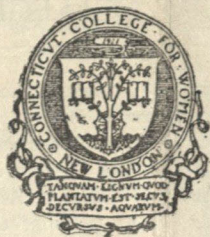
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DEFEAT FOR BLUES

The Blue section of Freshman Hockey was defeated by the White Saturday afternoon, October 26th, with a score of 6-2.

The line-up was as follows:

BLUE.	WHITE.
H. Coops.....c. f.....	W. Warner
J. Sperry.....r. i.....	A. Buller
V. Lamprey.....l. i.....	M. Taylor
D. Gordon.....r. w.....	Ann Hastings
E. Hall.....l. w.....	G. Fisher
C. Bursley (Capt.)...c. h.....	O. Tuthill
C. Wilson.....r. h.....	E. Bellows (Capt.)
J. Williams.....l. h.....	M. Baxter
G. Berger.....r. f.....	M. Damerel
R. Tracy.....l. f.....	R. Levine
E. Merrill.....goal.....	H. Crofoot

TWO ALL.

The Blue and White sections of Sophomore soccer played a spirited match as soon as the Freshman had left the field. The score was tied, 2-2.

The line-up was as follows:

BLUE.	WHITE.
C. Williams (Capt.) c. f.....	C. Hall
L. Batchelder.....r. i.....	D. Wulf (Capt.)
H. Taylor.....l. i.....	E. Eddy
R. Smith.....r. w.....	M. King
J. Hippolitus.....l. w.....	R. Newton
R. Dreyer.....c. h.....	D. Gregson
M. Rohan.....r. h.....	E. Mason
D. Patterson.....l. h.....	C. Cone
E. Watrous.....r. f.....	M. Raythwich
L. Dickinson.....l. f.....	H. Johnson
L. Marvin.....goal.....	M. Pease

FROM OUR CONTRIBUTORS

This is but one of many. We thank you. Let the good work be carried on.

SOUND ADVICE.

Little Freshman, green as grass,
Let you worthy Senior pass.
Mark her well—her stately gait.
You'll be a Senior some day. Wait!

Wait a while and be content.
Do not now your fate lament.
"As I am now, so shall you be,
Prepare, prepare to follow me."

Study diligently, dear,
Though you shed full many a tear.
Be so meek and mild, yet wise,
That your state they'll ne'er surmise.

Tackle History, master French;
Make out that you're in a trench
Fighting sloth and lazy ways.
Now's the time when study pays.

If you do this, Freshman mine,
And employ all your spare time
Searching 'round for more to do,
You'll be a Senior some day, too.

M. P. T., '22.

NINETEEN SECRETS

The Senior meeting was notable for the number of important matters discussed and decided, but to every one of those present notable most of all because of the first common realization of the real Senior spirit—an intangible something, somehow inextricably bound up with the discussion of class books, pins and caps and gowns, and even more essentially with the mingled thrills and sadness of the anticipation of Commencement, intangible, yes, yet a something felt by every Senior. The class of 1919 is to increase the efficiency of its activities by a nominating committee with Esther Batchelder as chairman. It is to entertain the Freshmen in the very near future, and it is to do something which is very novel and interesting—but that is a secret!

NEWCOMERS ON CAMPUS

Miss Mildred Stanton, B. A., Brown University. Assistant in the Zoology Department.

Dr. Helen B. Todd, M. D., Boston University. College physician and Fellow of Thames Hall. Dr. Todd was at the Minneapolis Maternity Hospital last year.

Miss Florence Snively, University of Utah. Graduate of the University of Chicago and of Sargent School, Director of Physical Education. Formerly District Superintendent of Physical Education in Public Schools in Chicago and instructor in the Nobel High School of Chicago.

Miss Beryl E. Sawyer, Sargent School. Instructor in Physical Education.

Miss Mary C. McKee, M. A., Pennsylvania College for Women. Assistant in Chemistry Department. Formerly head of the Department of Chemistry at Hollins College, Virginia.

Miss Lillian Rosanoff, Ph. D., Clark University. Instructor in Physics. Miss Rosanoff was an instructor in Wells College last year.

Dr. Allan Thomas, Ph. D., Cornell University. Instructor in Philosophy and Psychology. Dr. Thomas was instructor in Philosophy at Cornell University last year.

Mrs. Lois S. Davidson, Director of Residence. Mrs. Davidson was formerly with the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

Mr. Edwin H. Kellogg, A. B. B. D. Assistant Professor in Biblical Literature. Mr. Kellogg was a Fellow in Church History at the Hartford Theological Seminary last year.

ALL ABOARD, '22

On October 31st in 113, New London Hall, the freshmen held their first mass meeting resulting in the election of the following officers:

President, Olive Tuthill.
Vice-president, Constance Hill.
Secretary, Ann Hastings.
Treasurer, Minnie Pollard.
Historian, Elizabeth Hall.

Crowded in the corridor and outside the windows were groups of interested upper classmen who every little while raised a cheer for Tuthill. The freshmen applauded vigorously. After the meeting the newly organized class collected in the reception room in Thames Hall and with much cheering and enthusiasm carried their new president by storm through the dining room. Cheer after cheer sounded through the room, "Rah, rah! Tuthill!" Singing, laughing, cheering, the class wound in a snake dance around the tables and triumphantly seated their president.

N. B.—At last the class of twenty-two is really organized and has shown itself to be a class of spirit and pep and one mighty proud of its new president.

A. F. H., '22.

DID YOU KNOW

that one of the greatest mediums of advertising, if it is not the greatest, is the newspaper? The object of the advertiser is to get his merchandise before the public. The larger the circulation of the paper, the more anxious is he to put an advertisement in it. There's no doubt but that we do read the advertisements. We can't help it when a whole page advertisement or the startling headline of a big sale takes our attention before we even read the news items.

In the matter of advertising the News is limited. The advertisers can have but small space; there is no room for full page advertisements, and the startling headlines are missing. On the other hand the News readers have the advantage of knowing that the merchants who advertise are reliable, carry the best goods in their line, and are always accommodating. Their advertisements coming regularly in the News ought to be a constant reminder that they advertise in the News because of its large circulation among the college girls. The advertiser is trying to reach YOU individually through the medium of the News and that YOU as an intelligent and wide-awake reader should give him, and the store he represents, your consideration and patronage.

F. K. H., '20.

DISCUSSION GROUPS

Military victory has been many times conceived as the ending of all problems and the beginning of an era of peace and prosperity. On the contrary, it is really the beginning of the greatest and most worth-while fighting connected with war. A military victory, instead of being the end, is the beginning of the struggle for a better world. The victorious nation is the one which must take the lead in reconstruction. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has this been so true as it is at the present time.

Practically every ideal of moral and social law which the civilized world had considered vital has been violated by Germany and the Central Powers. The world has been turned topsy-turvy, and atrocities which would have been considered hideous in the Dark Ages have become so frequent as to excite only momentary comment. With the close of military operations the United States, as the strongest of the Allied nations, will have to face the situation of the world run amuck. It will have to assume a great share in the work of placing between victors and vanquished the feeling of confidence and justice, and between nation and nation the sense of trust and broad humanity without which no "neighborhood" of nations can be permanently established.

It is with the purpose of better acquainting every college girl with these world problems and forces which the war has laid bare that the World Democracy Discussion Groups have been organized in many colleges throughout the country.

In Connecticut College the groups are to be carried on under the direction of leaders who will assist in the discussions and make suggestions of books and articles which may be read.

This a call for enlistment in your country's service. It is your opportunity to prepare yourself for a larger work in the reconstruction of the world which will follow a military victory. Every girl is urged to affiliate herself with one of the groups for the first course of eight weeks.

The Discussion Groups, under the leadership of Juline Warner, '19; Winona Young, '19; Gertrude Espenscheid, '19; Marenda Prentiss, '19, and Kathryn Hulbert, '20, have already met twice. But it is not too late for you to join now. For further recommendations, apply to any of the charter members.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Miriam Pomeroy '19

Fanchon Hartman '20

Irene Wholey '20

News Editor—

Julie Hatch '19

Managing Editor—

Kathryn Hulbert '20

Art and Publicity Editor—

Elizabeth Williams '20

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Abby Gallup '21

Evalene Taylor '21

Proof Readers—

Dorothy Matteson '20

Barbara Ashenden '21

Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

MONEY!

The calls for money nowadays are many—money for loans that are stretched over long periods of time, money for outright gifts. None of us begrudge it for any of these causes. Our purses are always open, for we realize fully that it is the least we can do to show something of the spirit that animates the men "over there," but sometimes the amount within our purses seems tragically small, in comparison with the demand.

However much we desire to appear generous and noble, expenses must be met. To-day the cost of living is appallingly high, and shows signs of soaring still further. Those to whom this statement is merely an item of more or less interest are lucky. Those to whom it presents a serious problem of ways and means and happiness—which is not a non-essential—are less fortunate, but possibly more numerous.

To the latter, any gift means a sacrifice, not only of non-essentials, but of what we have always considered essentials. And as a sacrifice, it is not to be belittled. Perhaps it is difficult for a person with a reasonable sum of money at hand to draw from, to realize just what a problem is presented to one whose account inclines to more on the debit side than on the credit, when the call rings through the land, "give!" It is a problem that entails much turmoil of soul. No one wants to be labelled ungenerous. No one wants to be grouped with the minority, when the majority are hailed as the saviours of mankind.

It is glorious to be first, or in some way prominent in such a cause as we

are facing now. Each one of us wants to give absolutely to her utmost. We look at the problem from an emotional point of view; we consider it from a practical point of view. We want to give, but we do not want to "rob Peter to pay Paul." That is, we do not want to make a gift that will increase our own liabilities to a dangerous extent. If we are dependent on others who are now giving to their utmost we cannot inconsiderately increase their expenses. If others are dependent upon us, we must be still more careful, lest the hardest part of the sacrifice come, not upon us, but upon them.

All of which resolves itself to this: we want to equal our College record for last year, and we will. We have from November 1st to January 5th—if, under the present circumstances, money is absolutely unavailable, yet time is available, we can try to earn our pledge. Nowadays skill and training are of secondary importance; if you have time and health, you can get a job. Last year established that fact. A large number of last year's pledges were earned by actual labor. We can do the same this year.

Let us do all we can—assuredly no less—and also no more than we can honestly afford. It would be poor policy to increase our liabilities to such a point that we ourselves become an expense, and not an asset to the group, community or family, to which we may belong. Let us be as generous as we know how to be, but let us not stress too much the honor to ourselves, our own nobility, the outward aspects of our sacrifice and let us above all be considerate of those who must of necessity fall behind, and not judge by appearances, for we may be sure, not one of the least of us is "Tired of giving!"

M. K. P., '19.

OPEN LETTERS

[The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the views expressed in this column.]

JANITRESSES.

To the Editor:

"Release a man for the front."

The motto of C. C.'s Farmerettes has been transferred from Long Island field work to college housework. Student janitresses have taken the place of men in all but two of the college buildings. The work in the gymnasium, Blackstone, Plant, North Cottage, Deshon and Mosier is done wholly by students, while New London Hall's janitor has two assistant janitresses.

But rumor indicates a growing objection to our janitresses: not that students are to be scorned for working, but that such work is to be scorned by students.

C. C. is proud of her democratic spirit. Since the opening of the college, most of the highest offices have been held by working students. Our idea of democracy is being tested. Does it not show itself to be somewhat superficial and aristocratic?

C. C. is proud of her Farmerettes.

Why not of her janitresses? Is there much difference between hoeing the soil outdoors and sweeping it up, when it has been transferred to the floors of a building? Are our janitresses not as truly serving their country by taking men's places indoors as outdoors? True, their work is not so conspicuous, nor so inviting. But is that not all the more reason why C. C. should be proud?

C. C. is proud of starting new traditions. Few, if any, society women have undertaken janitor positions as a place of war work. C. C. is proving that the educated woman may undertake even so humble a task and elevate it. To the Red Cross nurse at the front, to the refugee and reconstruction worker behind the lines, the mild, orderly, sanitary duty of keeping clean a modern American building, would appear child's play. No one scorns the work of our women "Over there." Why should a much milder form be so objectionable to us, in America?

France and England thrill us with the tales of the sacrifices of their women. America has not had to answer the call to such a costly extent. But she has been willing—eager, to do her share. If the disfigured Canary Birds are the pride of England why are janitresses to be scorned at Connecticut?

Further, patriotism aside, what is there degrading about sweeping and dusting? Abraham Lincoln is infinitely bigger to us because he was a rail-splitter. Man can degrade work, but how can work degrade man?

SERVICE STARS.

To the Editor:

The definite prospect, at last, of a service flag for our College must arouse enthusiasm and pride in the faculty and students who have pledged their services and their lives to aid in the World War. When this flag finally occupies the place of honor in the gym we will point to it with pride and eagerly tell whom the stars represent.

But to be properly proud of it, our flag must show more than one lone star. Dr. Morris may be the only present member of the college faculty who is actually in service overseas, but surely those former members who resigned their positions to enter the war, also deserve recognition. We still associate Miss Woodhull and Dr. Manwaring with Connecticut College.

True, a service flag means actual service overseas and Miss Woodhull is not yet across, but how many of the thousands of service flags one sees really represent foreign service only? As soon as a man is in uniform a service flag is hung out somewhere for him. Is not a woman also entitled to a star for service? We should glory in Dr. Manwaring's work abroad and should give her name glory at home. If our churches were so slow as to claim only those in the church and Sunday School, who were enrolled as church members, their honor rolls would not make such a splendid show-

ing. What college has a better claim to our former teachers than C. C.?

A. G., '21.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—Connecticut College contributed \$5.79 for its Service Flag. Watch for full particulars in or before the next issue of the News.]

BELLS FOR THE BELLES.

To the Editor:

Yes, these are war times. All our enterprising young electricians, or, more specifically, clock-fixers, seem to have departed, to help make the world safe for democracy.

It requires, you will agree, something more than a marathon winner to accomplish the following feat: after being dismissed from class at 11.19 to get down two flights of stairs (four at a time), across the lawn by leaps and bounds, into the dorm, change to gym suit, and out on the field by 11.20. Invariably the one who attempts it is, after the strenuous performance, rewarded by being marked absent. And such occurs, four times a week.

We all admit that a professor cannot lecture with one eye on the clock and the other on the class; with half his thoughts on the passing time, and the other half on the subject under discussion. The remedy is dependable bells.

Among some fifty or sixty students of physics in this college, can't some genius be found who will regulate clocks and bells? Lesser deeds have received the D. S. Medal.

E. B. D., '20.

DESPAIR

An old man knelt by his rickety bed, "My God," he prayed, "let me find my son to-morrow."

Morning came, bitter and cold. The aged man put on his thin, ragged clothes and went out into the bleak and dreary city. He shivered as he wandered up and down the streets seeking the boy who had gone away twenty years before. His faded blue eyes scanned every face hopefully, for to-day as every day he believed that God would grant his prayer. But to-day—

Suddenly the old man clenched tightly the arm of a man who was passing by. "You are my son," he said, "I forgive you everything. Come home."

For an instant the younger man hesitated, but quickly wrenching himself away, he stared pitilessly at the wretched old man and said, "I am not your son; he is dead long ago."

Then he hastened on his way, muttering to himself, "But I do not forgive."

Overwhelmed the shaking old man stood for a moment; then with all hope gone from his face he limped home mumbling, "Dead, dead."

Night came, windy and stormy. Snow beat through a broken window upon a white haired old man who knelt by his rickety bed. "My God," he cried, "let me die to-morrow."

CECILIA WASHBURN, '22.

AMONG OUR POETS

Verse is the hardest thing in the world to appreciate. Prose always means what it says. Verse goes deeper, and implies a world of significance below the surface. Verse is rarely obvious. Read it once, and perhaps you will understand a little. Read it twice, and you will understand more. Verse draws largely upon imagination and intuition. And verse is word-music. Read it aloud, and you will hear many things that you would not see as you glance down the page.

AUTUMN SONG.

Sweetheart, the pines are sighing
And the alders bending low,
And there comes a mournful crying
From the valleys far below.

I can hear the north wind calling
To the southward fleeing birds,
And the drying leaves are falling
On the closely huddled herds.

But the autumn sun is smiling
And I find when you are nigh,
A melody beguiling
In the sad wind's lullaby.

M. K. P., '19.

THE LOVER.

Beside the ocean's rocky walls
Two pointed pine trees grew.
But one made love to a foamy wave
As she dashed from the azure blue.
Then with the wind she went away
As a restless child goes off to play.
And as she went, I heard him say—
"Rush on, wild wave, unto the sea.
For still I'll wait and wait for thee,
My heart beats fast, my heart beats slow.

Rush on, wild wave, if thou must go
Far out across yon azure sea.
But still I'll wait and wait for thee."

R. M. P., '19.

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NO MORE CANDY WHAT'S
MAID WITH SUGER.
HONEST AN TROO-
CROSS MY HART.
AMEN!



AN HEROIC SACRIFICE.

A little boy looking at a nail on the wall: "What is that nail for?"

Teacher: "That is to hang pictures on."

Little boy: "Oh, that is a hang-nail, isn't it?"

Tony had been very sad all day and at last the teacher gave him a piece of candy to cheer him up.

Teacher: "Now you are happy, aren't you?"

Pupil: "No, I ain't, I'm Tony."

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A FRIEND

NEW MEMBERS
MANDOLIN CLUB

Mandolins—Ann Hastings, '22; Ruth Rodensky, '22; Gertrude Trawing, '22; Ruth Wilson, '20; Dorothy Hover, '20.
Violins—Maud Carpenter, '20, Miriam Taylor, '22.

Assistant Accompanist—Ann Slade, '22.

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LET THERE BE LIGHT

The library is a very well populated, if not popular, place in these days of long assignments and few books. Most of us have to spend at least a few of our evening hours there. And most of us have had occasion to express in more or less vigorous terms our opinion of the lighting system. We realise that this is a time worn subject of discussion. But it is still a vital one. The eyesight of two hundred students is a matter of some importance. And since conditions as to books are as they are, and are likely to remain so, it seems as though it might be possible to obtain some arrangement, even though temporary, by which we might have a low, concentrated light of some kind. Doesn't this seem fair to you?

'20.

THE QUARANTINE
AS SEEN BY LATIN A

Mane me lavo aqua et inertia me non habet. Cotidie vado ex meo cubiculo; tum bonam viam video et bonum campum. Multos socios habeo et bonos. Magnus consensus puellarum est. Vado ad magnum templum. In magno templo est grata camera. Saepe est camera obscura*. In grata camera est mensa et libri. Libros habeo et studeo. Diligentiam discipulorum semper laudo. Diligentia discipulorum est magna. Discipuli libros habent et student. Non semper autem discipuli student. Discipulus saepe vadit ad agrum et ad forum. Nunc autem discipulus non vadit ad forum decreto. Doctor decretum confecit. Decretum est pro bono publico. Discipuli lacrimas fundunt. Frustra! Decretum est certum. Mea patria habet bellum. Quando pax revertet? Ante bellum, pax; post bellum, victoria! Vade mecum ad prandium.

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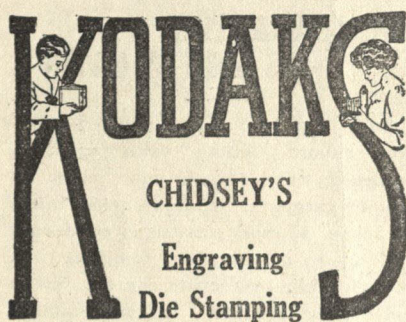
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**WITH THE OCEAN
BETWEEN US**

Zona di Guerra (Italy).

Dear—

Yesterday I supervised the taking of some movies. Sort of "Persning's Crusader" stuff—only of course much better. My work is staging them, choosing settings and working in the machines as effectively as possible. These were taken for the American Army and are for the records of American activity on this front.

Rather a funny little incident occurred at one of our advance posts a few days back. The Italians pulled a big trench raid and raked back about twenty-five prisoners. These were brought down to our post to be searched. One reached into his pocket and drew out a tinny looking object. All the onlookers stepped back, thinking that he was going to obliterate the bunch with a hand grenade. But he held it up—it was merely a half empty tin of jam that a Croce Rossa soup lieutenant had tossed out to him. Fritz was allowed to keep his "bomb" but he soon rendered it harmless with an expression that clearly indicated that jam and he were strangers.

An Austrian plane fell near this same post. It had beautiful jet black crosses on the wings and tail. I drew my trusty cheese dagger and started for the fray. But alack, four fierce carabinieri with four well developed bayonets beat me to it—and frowned upon my enterprise. Had there been two—perhaps—but four big shiny ones—oh no! I contented myself with a couple of photos.

FROM AN AMBULANCIER.

FACULTY NOTES

Dr. Chapman has an article entitled "Captain Tom Beebe's Choice," in the current number of the Yale Review.

* * * * *

The Yale Review has also published an article by one of our trustees,

FACULTY RECREATION

Whether the students are becoming so precocious as to force the instructors to broaden their fields of knowledge, or whether the college is offering an unusual number of splendid courses this year is still a mystery. But the fact remains that almost every member of the Faculty is registered in one or more classes.

Miss Beach—French 15-16

Archaeology

Mrs. Noel—Typewriting 1-2

Archaeology

Dean Nye—Spanish 11-12

French 15-16

Miss Foley—Spanish 41

Archaeology

Dr. Todd—Botany

Miss Dederer—Hygiene 11-12

Dr. Black—Mechanical Drawing

Design

Organic Chemistry

Miss Sherer—Landscape Gardening

Dr. Carey—Spanish 41

Miss Ernst—Advanced Spanish

Mr. Currie—English 27-28

Dr. Cole—Archaeology

Prof. Bauer—Archaeology

Professor Wilbur Cross, "The Legend of Henry Fielding."

* * * * *

Contributions from Miriam Pomeroy, Allison Hastings and Kathryn Hulbert have been accepted for this year's College Anthology.

* * * * *

Miss Barnicle has an article, "The Exempium of the Penitent Usurer," in the Publications of the Modern Language Association for September.

* * * * *

Miss Dederer has been made Fellow of Mosier House, and Miss Sherer of North Cottage. Felicitations, Mosier and North Cottage. We are very blest in our Fellows this year.

* * * * *

In the absence of Miss Woodhull, Miss Black has been made Fellow of Winthrop House. Congratulations, Winthrop. Miss Black is also doing bacteriological work at the Lawrence Hospital one afternoon a week.

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