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### Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 4

Connecticut College

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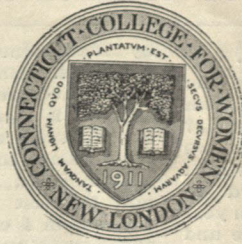
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Sachs

# Connecticut



# College News

VOL. 6, No. 4

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, OCTOBER 28, 1920

PRICE 5 CENTS

## THE SOPHOMORES GIVE A MOVIE BALL.

The movie ball, given by the Sophomores to the Freshmen on Saturday evening, the twenty-third of October, was a great success. In spite of the fact that the Freshmen have been frequently parted and picnicked, a large number were present and all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The party opened with a "movie" acted by members of the Sophomore class. The cast of characters and the plot were as follows:

**Lady Caroline or the Burglar's Bride.**  
Lady Caroline.....Carola Francke  
The Duke.....Michael Namovich  
The Duchess.....Alicia Rameses  
The Butler.....Jim Hightower  
The Count.....Emile Slaybuster  
The Burglar.....Judas Warner  
Miss Bark and Sing at the piano.

The first scene was laid in the home of the duke, the second in the home of the burglar.

### Synopsis.

The Duke of Pimko in a rage Demands his daughter on the stage. He speaks to her in language strong, To use his words would be quite wrong. He swears that she the bride must be Of Count De Nuts from gay Paris, And though she scorns the Duke's command The Count arrives to win her hand. Soon classy Bill, a burglar bold, Comes to swipe the Pimko gold; But Pimko's child he steals instead, For Caroline and Bill are wed. Now Caroline's a model wife And Bill, he leads an honest life.

The movie was very cleverly presented. A later feature of the evening was the Brains and Beauty Contest. All had come dressed to represent an actor or actress, or a certain type of movie actor or actress. Under the direction of Beulah Dimmick, the author and stage director of the movie, the Freshmen passed in groups in front of the Sophomore judges and they acted sad, happy, pensive or romantic, as Miss Dimmick commanded. Some of them showed interpretations indeed worthy of the dramatic club.

After enjoyable refreshments and a parting dance, the Movie Ball was over.

## SCHEDULE OF GAMES.

October 27th—Freshman sections in hockey.  
October 30th—Sophomores vs. Juniors (soccer).  
November 6th—All hockey games.  
November 13th—Seniors vs. winners (soccer).  
November 30th—Winners (hockey) vs. Seniors.  
Faculty vs. Seniors (soccer).

### TEAMS.

**Freshman White Section Hockey.**  
Eggleston Hoffman  
Burr Merry  
Hubbell Gardner  
Kendall Hayes  
Richard Kepler  
Purvin Mundie  
Shelton (Capt.) Vibert  
Liebenstein

(Continued on page 3, column 4.)

## EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

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

### CHAPTER II.

#### Shadows.

At the pleading in the girl's eyes David rose to his feet, but she stepped away quickly, and at the same moment Jim came back to the table.

"Let's go over to my studio now," he said.

But David wanted to be alone, to have a chance to think, so he answered, "Thanks, old fellow, but I'll have to run along now."

At the door they shook hands and parted. David went to his rooms and sat with his head in his hands thinking. He felt very strongly that he had discovered a mystery in which the girl with the green eyes was an unwilling participant. The atmosphere of adventure was still pulsing in the air and under its influence he made a sudden resolution to follow this thing to the end. His interest was more than a mere interest in adventure, it was increased ten-fold by the charm of the unknown girl. Having determined to solve the problems he went back carefully over all the details that might possibly hold any significance—the Buddha, the men's voices in the alcove, the green liquid, and the girl's terror—but he could make nothing of it.

Just before he turned in for the night he said to himself, "To-morrow I'll go there early in the evening and stay until I find some clue." And so he fell asleep picturing the girl as she had stood, with the hand wearing the emerald at her throat, and her face white and beautiful.

The next evening he walked into the restaurant very early and seated himself at a table near the entrance. There were only one or two guests in the room, and with one quick look he found the girl.

She was sitting at a table quite near him with a man whose voice he recognized as the hard, cold voice he had heard coming from the alcove the night before. His face was long and dark, as hard as his voice and as chilling.

They were talking fiercely with their heads close together, but now and again the girl shrank back as the man leaned too near her. They were, as yet, unaware of him, and he listened eager-

ly. They were speaking French, fast and low, so that he caught a word only now and then. Several times he heard "Absinthe" muttered. Once the girl half-rose in her chair and said, "I won't stand it" and, slipping off the emerald, threw it across the table. The man caught her hand, gave her wrist a quick turn and replaced the ring. Then he leaned over and hissed out a sentence, too low for David to hear.

David, meanwhile, was trying to build a theory with all the details at his command. Perhaps it might be this man who was forcing the girl into something she loathed and feared; something connected with the emerald she wore and with Absinthe. He remembered last night vividly, this man's voice, the Buddha borne in the girl's trembling hands, and the green liquid—lovely in the candlelight.

To solve the mystery—the girl's exquisite face and her frightened eyes made that a necessity—he decided that there were three things that he must do; first, investigate the Buddha; second, watch the newcomers; third, watch the girl.

Having made up his mind he scraped his chair on the floor. The two looked at him quickly. The man rose first. He was very tall and very thin. He disappeared into the alcove. The girl came forward to take David's order which he gave without taking his eyes off her expressionless face. As soon as she had left the room he crossed to the Buddha, and kicked it gently.

It rang hollow. Having made sure of that he returned to his place.

As she came back with his tray three newcomers hesitated in the doorway, and he strained his ears to catch their remarks. One looked about quickly and stared for a moment at the girl, then he said to the others, "Ah! She wears an emerald; this must be the place!" It was said in a whisper not intended for his ears, but he heard it, and so did the girl. She went deathly white again and approached the men with her ringed hand behind her. They questioned her but she shook her head defiantly to every question and dismissed them openly doubting and be-

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

## CONVOCATION SPEAKERS.

November 9th—Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason, Columbia University, "The Listener's Share in Music."

November 16th—Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson-Hale, "Health and Costumes."

November 23rd—Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, London.

November 30th—Mr. Edwin Markham.

December 7th—Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, President of Gingling College, China, "Women's Education in China."

December 14th—Mr. Edward Reed, Yale University Lecture recital, "Old English Ballads."

Other speakers to follow later in the year are Carlton Hayes, Arthur Whiting, Bruno Roselli, Edward T. Devine, William Starr Myers, W. B. Terhune.

## PAY DAY.

Wednesday, October 20th, was pay day—the day of reckoning up our financial status. Now freshmen realize why upperclassmen have been conscientiously saving their pennies. There were many night letters, telegrams and special deliveries in evidence with funds to supply the voracious demands of Student Government officials who in the name of the various organizations of the college were kept busy reducing our funds to a state of depression. But just as there is prosperity after a panic, so our spirits rose and rejoiced when we considered that our bills were paid for a whole year and could cause us no more worry.

Student Government took in on Pay Day over \$1,850, which includes the dues for Class, House, and the various Student Organizations.

## PROFESSOR TYLER ON "CLIMATE AND HISTORY."

The speaker at Convocation on Tuesday, October 19, 1920, was John Mason Tyler, Stone Professor of Biology at Amherst College. Professor Tyler was born in Amherst and has spent the greater part of his life there, although he has studied at Amherst, Union Theological Seminary, University of Göttingen, University of Leipzig, and Colgate. He is the author of "Whence and Whither of Man," "Growth of Education," and "Man in the Light of Evolution."

Professor Tyler gave as his subject, "Climate and History." He first stated, that he hoped that we who were studying Geography to-day appreciated our opportunities. In his day Geography was a most dismal science, concerned chiefly with engendering a knowledge of state and country boundaries. Using as example the climatic changes of a small desert of Eastern Turkestan, he traced the effect of climate, age by age, upon man. He told how the Nomadic tribes who had lived on this desert were forced, by one year of diminished rainfall, to migrate to China. China finally built her great wall and excluded all such tribes, so they pushed back across the continent toward Europe. They were a starving people, who confiscated everything within their reach to alleviate their suffering. Therefore, there was nothing left for the people who lived in the path of this advancing horde but to join them. The unique human army rolled on, growing like a snow-ball. Professor Tyler gave this illustration to show us that climate was the cause of the greatest European invasion in all history. M. K. '24.

## FACULTY SOCCER PRACTICE.

Soccer Practice is held on Mondays and Thursdays at five P. M. for all the members of the Faculty who are interested in Soccer. All who plan to play in the Senior-Faculty Soccer game in November are urged to come out for weekly practice.

## COLLEGE SING.

The second sing of the year took place Thursday evening in the gymnasium. Some of the new slides which Mr. Weld presented to the college were used. The attendance was encouraging but not overwhelmingly large. If everyone will make it a point to come, the sings will be much more successful and enjoyable.

## COUNCIL NOTES.

Girls are not to wear bloomers on a main highway on Sunday.

Girls must wear hats on the trolley and in town.

Motions passed by the Student Council are posted on the bulletin board in New London Hall as soon as they are in effect.

Recommended that: If the speaker at convocation has not finished his address at three minutes of five, girls may then leave for five o'clock classes.



Connecticut College News

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FACTORY ADVISER

Dean Nye

ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR

Virginia Rose

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CUTTING CLASSES.

January first is not the only time to make resolutions. September 22nd—in fact from that time on, is just exactly as good and entirely as fitting a date to promise ourselves that we are going to do things. The adage which is often applied in learning to eat olives may be aptly said of cutting classes, "After the first, the rest come easy." Which means that unless you steel yourself with a bulwark of resolutions not to cut the first time, you are very prone to cut again, and from then on, the ball runs easily, and you no longer feel a twinge of conscience. You may say to your friends, "There is one thing I simply won't do, and that is cut classes." And then you yield to the tempter. "But that was absolutely necessary," you exclaim in righteous indignation. "I couldn't go off and leave Great-aunt Elizabeth all alone on her first visit!" Of course not! Great-aunt Elizabeth furnishes a bona-fide excuse for cutting. And yet, if she knew that she were the cause of the formation of what might become a bad habit, she would be anything but proud of niece Mary.

No doubt you will say this is stale talk and should, moreover, be reserved for Freshman. I should say not. Some of the greatest followers of this system have been upperclassmen, and I do not believe a reminder of the disadvantages of the habit, will—now and then—hurt any of us in the least. Don't begin to cut classes! If you do you'll have a hard time breaking off.

M. P. T.

SELECT YOUR CLUB.

Are we being confronted with the club problem again; the same problem over which we pondered last year? There are so many clubs which we want to join, so many things in which we are interested. It is hard to choose, but choose we must. Each year a new club is added to the college and this only makes the problem greater.

We should consider carefully our interests. They are no doubt large and varied, but we must pare them down to the few essential ones; join only those in which we feel a keen pleasure and from which we can derive great benefit. And not only that, but we must say at the end of the year that we have given something to the club, added something necessary to its furtherance and welfare. This is only fair to us and to the clubs. If we join a good many it is impossible to attend every meeting, and a perfect attendance is of vast importance since Connecticut College has seen only too well what becomes of clubs whose members appear occasionally. We can undoubtedly put in more work in a few clubs than in many. Remember the old adage, "Jack of all trades, master of none."

B. F.

WE APOLOGIZE

To our subscribers for the lateness and irregularity of our first few issues. The necessity of changing printers has temporarily upset us. We hope soon to get the News out on schedule time. In the meantime, we implore you—please have patience!

FREE SPEECH.

[The editors do not hold themselves responsible for opinions and views expressed in this column.]

To the Editor:—We all realize that C. C. is scheduled to become the singing college. That is decided upon. With a splendid coach and quantities of enthusiasm we should be able to reach our goal in a shorter time but for the lack of songs.

We can't make a "rep" by singing "Beautiful Ohio" or "Three Blind Mice!" Nor yet can we depend entirely upon songs to our Alma Mater and the other songs entered in last spring's competition. We must have more peppy material—songs full of spirit and dash and ginger; songs that effervesce; rollicking, care-free, gleeful songs; humorous ones; ridiculous ones, even so-called silly ones; in short, songs that will bring a laugh. Get to work, every one! Give us words and music, or words alone—see what you can do. Especially do we appeal to 1924. Contribute some "fresh" spirit.

Although we are not supplied with definite information, we can promise that there will be a prize or prizes offered for the catchiest songs.

Lend a hand! '22

To the Editor:—I wonder just how many of us realize the importance of habit. According to the law of habit, if we do a thing once, it is very easy to do again. If this act is committed a sufficient number of times, it becomes involuntary. The best method of unlearning one habit is by forming another, but it is hard indeed. In consequence of this fact, I write this letter as an appeal and a warning to all those interested in the welfare of the campus. With a painful blush, I shall unveil my past for the benefit of such persons.

When I was a timid Freshman, I rounded each corner with the square turn known to all athletes. I placed nary a footprint on the grass. I refrained from scattering untidy bits of paper on the gravel walks. I behaved as a model Freshman should. Then came the day when I was late to class. The bell rang. I tore down the walk

by Blackstone. I halted. There lay the grass. What should I do? To cut across the lawn, was forbidden, I knew; and yet it seemed miles to New London Hall via the road. One surreptitious glance convinced me that no one was in sight. This would be the first and the last time, said I to myself. Thereupon I committed the dastardly, the cowardly; I sneaked across the grass. Little then, did I realize the punishment habit had in store for me. I did it not only once, but many times thereafter amid the dire looks and frequent scoldings of Seniors.

My Sophomore year arrived. Now must I set a shining example for sinful Freshmen. My fault must be remedied. Every time the temptation arose to cross the lawn "just once more," I mentally took myself by the shoulder, administered an excellent shaking, and marched myself around by the road. Oh! those hectic days! how wretched I was before I could wend my way in proper fashion without giving the matter a thought. Every slip meant double the effort to regain lost ground, before the end was finally accomplished.

Hence I say, "Take Heed." If you cannot profit by my experience, think of the time when you, too, will be upper classmen. You want to acquire all the dignity and self-control you can. A sense of responsibility is essential throughout life, to say nothing of self-respect. That is a thing you owe yourself in order to be successful. If this is not potent enough to restrain a naughty impulse, picture this campus twenty years from now. Shall it be a barren, down-trodden heath, or a spot lovely to behold, with its stately elms tracing delicate shadows on the smooth green?

This vital question concerns every one of us. It is part of ourselves. Are we not strong enough to practice the small amount of self-restraint necessary to realize this beautiful dream, that it may live in glorious splendor for future generations of students? Who dares say no? I accuse any one of careless neglect, of lack of ideals, if they so much as trample on one blade of grass. This is our campus, ours to guard and to cherish. I challenge any one to defy this unwritten law. '22.

ONE ANGLE ON HISTORY.

Long arms, short arms, waving in the air,  
Enthusiastic hist'ry-ites striving to declare  
Calvin's theories—Martin Luther's too—  
Interpretations quite profound concerning either's view.

Thin arms, fat arms, eager for the lead—  
A very sea of swan's necks seeking grace combined with speed;  
"Why are profs cruel—won't you look this way?"  
"Oh, please, sir, let me answer, since I have a gem to say."

Luther's family, Luther's youthful days—  
A host of recitations all concerning Luther's ways;  
Luther's theses, his debate with Eck,  
Excommunication—apprehension for his neck.

Luther's triumphs, Luther's exposures—  
Astonished monks discovering that cheating never pays.  
Luther perfect? Climax now we've reached,  
For Martin Luther didn't always practice what he preached!

Queer man—Calvin; he had a strange idea  
That future life was all mapped out before we landed here.  
"Damned or blessed"—this indeed, his view—

"Hunt for signs that augur if you're of the chosen few."

"Weep not, wail not—nor hate your fellow man;  
That few are blest and many NOT explains the great High plan."  
A great man, a good man—often much misled,  
For instance when he virtue bent; for-bade his priests to wed.

Long arms, short arms, waving to and fro,  
Aspects on religion, on the church these learned would show;  
Calvin, Luther, did you live today,  
I wonder would you start reforms on creeds that are passé?

E. T. '23.

AN INTERESTING ITEM FROM TURKEY.

Last Friday I went out to Yildiz Palace to see the Sultan go to Mosque to pray. This occurs every Friday, but I have never bothered to go until now. He has quite a guard, some 600 men, who line the route as he passes in a carriage. They are dressed in dazzling colors and carry fixed bayonets. The Sultan looks old and broken, and his cheeks are sunken, and he shows the lines of anguish which he must be suffering.

After seeing the Sultan I went to the religious service of the Howling Dervishes. I usually forbear any criticisms, particularly on religious matters, unless it is constructive criticism; but, this service is so obviously based on fanaticism. I will give you an idea of how it looked. The building used is located on an embankment facing the Golden Horn, an ordinary dwelling house, which looks as though it would roll down into the water at the first gust of wind, it is so old and shaky looking, and it would appear to be anything but a place of worship. On entering, an old Turk relieves you of 10 piastres (Turkish money) and here you get the first whiff of the ill-smelling atmosphere, which is close and hot. You ascend one flight of stairs, which creak under your feet, and enter the arena (it could be called nothing else) where the ceremony is held.

When we arrived it was well under way and we took seats to the far side of the room near a window in order that we might get some fresh air, as the place was stagnant and suffocating. There were about fifteen men in the center, arms linked, jumping up and down; and at the same time howling like dogs, and at intervals they would change from a state of hilarity to one of solemnity, the while calling upon Allah. They continued this some fifteen minutes and the perspiration flowed from their faces and even through their clothing until they were soaked. By this time they had worked themselves into a frenzy, so much so, that they were unconscious of what they were doing. In one corner an old Turk was sharpening an instrument which looked like a stick-file, but much longer. In the other corner a slow charcoal fire was burning, its grate filled with a number of sharp tools. In the heat of one of these frenzies one fellow, slightly more excited than the rest, rushed for the fire, grabbed an ugly looking sword and tried to thrust it through his body, but was stopped by two others. Next, the leader took one of the stick-file-looking-arrangements and pushed it through the cheek of one of the performers and out the other side, the instrument being red hot at the time. He then took a hammer and drove the pointed end into an upright position, holding the fellow fast. The man seemed to be in no pain. Then two of these pointed needles were pushed through a man's side and he proceeded to walk proudly around showing everyone what had been done. After a few minutes these



were extracted and the man at the upright released. During this time the other men were getting even more excited, and one fellow emerged from the crowd and started bumping his head, with all his might, on the hardwood floor, which would have been enough to have killed an ordinary man; and later, two more, exhausted but yet frantic, took to the same antics. During the whole time the howling continued, and above all rose the suffocating, ill-smelling fumes. After all were exhausted, the ceremony was finished.

The whole "ceremony" was disgusting in its barbarity and not the least bit impressive to see.

Constantinople, Turkey, Sept. 27, 1920.

**ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.**

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Satterly have announced the engagement of their daughter, Adelaide Honor Satterly '23, to Mr. Sidney Preston Tuthill of Mattituck, Long Island.

**ATTENTION, 1924!**

At the eight o'clock History class on Friday, October twenty-second, Miss Keene, President of the History Club for 1920-'21, spoke about the work of the club for this year.

The course that she outlined promises to be most interesting and instructive, and worthy of the support of everyone. The purpose of the club is, not to conduct a History class, but

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to familiarize its members with current events. Each member if she wishes may have a chance during the year to speak, or read a paper. At different times the members of the club will be given the opportunity to hear speakers from outside, or to take part in short plays.

The meetings will last for one hour, and will be divided into three twenty-minute sections. The first section will be devoted to roll-call, the second to papers on current events, and the third to speakers or tableaux.

Now, '24, here is an opportunity for you to brush up on your knowledge of every-day doings and show your class spirit. How often do we hear a girl say "Good Heaven! I haven't seen a newspaper for simply ages, I wonder what's going on. Is McSwiney still alive?" We all know that with the pressure of lessons and athletics there is little time when we can sit down and read papers or magazines. But it stands to reason, that, if we do not read some form of current literature, we cannot talk intelligently about the affairs of the day.

Then, too, this year, we want to be especially well-informed for political reasons. And when we go home, after our first few months of college, we want to be able to tell Dad why we think Harding is better than Cox, or why he should stand by the Democratic Party. By all means, do not let him think that college has done nothing toward making his daughter an independent thinker. Besides, if our minds are thoroughly prepared to grasp the subject there is an infinite pleasure in listening to the opinions of other people.

The solution of the whole problem is to join the History Club. Come prepared to have a good time and hear the topics of the day discussed in an interesting manner. Let us have a full representation of the class of 1924!

MILDRED M. DONNELLY 1924.

**EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.**

*Concluded from page 1, column 3.)*

wildered. When they had gone she left the room trembling, as though frightened by what she had done. She looked anxiously toward the alcove as she went out.

David waited for a long time for her to come back but she did not appear. Everything seemed peaceful and commonplace and he decided that he had stayed long enough for that evening. As he made his way to the door he again ran over in his mind the growing list of possible clues. The Buddha was hollow; the girl wore a ring that signified something definite—it was probably some kind of a sign; she was in the employ, or in the power of the tall man with the hard voice; they were both connected in some way with Absinthe. David walked out into the cool night air and welcomed the freshness and the comparative quiet.

As he was turning the corner some impulse seized him to look back. In the window of the alcove which looked out on the street he saw two figures silhouetted against the window-shade. One, he felt sure was the figure of the girl crouching and terrified; the other was a man's figure, tall and thin.

Suddenly the two were blurred and then the long, tall shadow dropped quickly and David heard the faint echo of a scream.

(To be Continued.)

**Write a conclusion to  
EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE  
and win \$5.00.**

**What is the significance of the emerald? How can David help the girl with the green eyes?**

**Who is the man with the cold, hard voice?**

**What happened to the Shadow? What will happen?**

**SOLVE  
THE  
MYSTERY!**

Have you an imagination? Prove it!

Competitors for the solution of Emeralds and Absinthe please leave your contributions in the News Box on the desk in the News Office (Plant House). All stories must be signed with a fictitious name and must be accompanied by an envelope containing both the real and fictitious names of the author.

**TOPICS UNDER DISCUSSION**

The League Council is to ask the Supreme Council to appoint a mandate for Armenia, providing the power concerned would not have to bear all the expenses involved in exercising its mandate.

Armour & Company has been charged with profiteering in violation of the Lever Act. The Company is alleged to have put exorbitant prices on lamb, and to have secured an average profit of 6.61 cents per pound.

Alexander Millerand, the new President of France is an "ex-Socialist." He is now a Nationalist. Millerand was Minister of Commerce in the famous "Cabinet of Republican Defense" in 1899. In March, 1919, he was appointed Governor of Alsace-Lorraine.

"The Government has two million pairs of handcuffs for sale, left over from the A. E. F. equipment. Somebody evidently must have thought we were going to capture most of the German army alive!"—Tacoma Ledger.

"It seems that the League of Nations has stopped a war between the Finns and Swedes and started one between the Democrats and the Republicans."

**ABROAD:**

An industrial crisis is threatening France. In Lyons, 25,000 men are out of work. At Limoges, one of the shoe manufacturing towns, 8,000 men have been dismissed. The lowering prices is also felt in England. Speculators in that country have been unable to

*(Continued on page 4, column 3.)*

**SCHEDULE OF GAMES.**

*(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)*

**Freshman Blue Section Hockey.**

Barnes	Armstrong
Higgins	Hollister
Beran	Mahaffy
Vose	Douglass
Adler	Grumman
Marin	Cornelius
Slyater	Hamblet

**Sophomore Hockey.**

Alderman	Kreykenbolm
Anastasia	Lowenstein
Bigelow	Seeley
Buell	Slaymaker
K. Francke	Warner
Hemingway	Whitford
Johnson	H. Wulf

**Junior Hockey.**

Peck	Perry
Sperry	Duncan
Powell	McCarthy
Hill	Finesilver
Bacon	Fisher
Stickle	Damere!
Lindvall	Levine (Capt.)

**Junior Soccer.**

Bacon	Powell
Duncan	Peck
Finesilver	Perry
Fisher	Sperry
Hagar	Stickle
Hill	Levine
Lindvall	McCarthy (Capt.)

**—THE—  
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**FUNNY FINGS.**

**GENUS HOMO!**

There are two sorts of peaches,  
The clingstone and the free,  
But I prefer the clinging kind—  
If they'll only cling to me.  
—The Berry Patch.

**OH, WHERE IS MY LITTLE DRESS  
TO-NIGHT?**

I have a little evening dress  
Composed of silk and lace,  
I never do go out at all—  
That dress goes every place.

It's worn by all the girls downstairs,  
And by my blonde room-mate;  
I always go to bed at nine.  
My dress sneaks in quite late.

And as I press its silken folds  
And mend its silver lace,  
I wonder whose audacious arms—  
Have stolen round its waist.

Oh little dress! If you could speak  
I sure would talk to you—  
For you would tell some tales about—  
The girls I loan you to!  
—Anonymous.

Mac. removed his shoes in the hall  
and stepped cautiously on the first  
stair. Came a voice from above:  
"Mac, what time is it?"  
"One o'clock, sir."  
Just then the clock struck four  
times.  
Silence.  
V. F. A.—"Heavens! How that clock  
stutters."

**WEASKYOU**

What made Dorian Gray,  
And what made Oscar Wilde,  
Was Oliver really a Goldsmith  
And Harold really a Childe?

Dr. M. in Ps-ch-gy—"When you hit  
your head suddenly, why do you see  
stars?"  
Would-be psycho-analyst — "Short  
circuit."

Freshie, to Senior searching vaguely  
through the dormitory—"Lost some-  
thing? Whatche looking for?"  
Senior, starting dazedly—"A second-  
hand Education."

From a Freshman contrib. we get  
the following—"Is it correct to call a  
lame damsel a hobble skirt?"

In Latin—Bright Soph.—"I didn't  
know before that Plato wrote an  
opera."

Dr. N—"Where did you get that im-  
pression?"

Bright Soph.—"Why, I've just been  
reading about the "opera Platonis."

**OPPORTUNITY.**

Connecticut College for Women, New  
London, Conn.:

We are in the market all the year  
around for clever, original verses, sen-  
timents and ideas to be used on our  
greeting cards for Christmas, New  
Year's Day, Birthdays and other special  
occasions.

Surely there must be some young

women among your students or  
alumnae who are particularly gifted in  
the writing of graceful verse and we  
shall be grateful if you will put us in  
communication with them.

We pay 50 cents a line on acceptance  
for manuscripts that fill our require-  
ments and are always eager to wel-  
come new contributors of unusual  
ability.

May we suggest the publication of  
this letter in your school magazine.  
We would appreciate your kindness.

Very sincerely yours,  
P. F. VOLLAND COMPANY,  
by J. P. McEvoy, Editor,  
58 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**TOPICS UNDER DISCUSSION.**

(Concluded from page 3, column 3).

find purchasers for their stocks which  
they are trying to sell.

A provisional settlement of the  
British coal strike was reached.  
Under the agreement, the miners will  
receive an advance of two shillings  
until the end of the year. In the fu-  
ture their wages will be determined  
by a national wages board.

**AT HOME:**

In the last six years, the enrollment  
of college students in this country has  
increased from 187,000 to 294,000.  
"The six-year increase in 1914 is equal  
to eighteen institutions the size of  
Columbia in 1914, or one hundred col-  
leges the size of Vassar.

The De la Huerta Government in  
Mexico is soon to be recognized by the  
United States government. Secretary  
Colby says, "The last cloud of friend-  
ship of the two peoples is soon to dis-  
appear for the new government has  
given indication of stability and sin-  
cerity."

"The two major parties enter the  
home stretch a League apart."—Nor-  
folk Virginian Pilot.

**AS OTHERS DO.**

It is a curious coincidence that Bar-  
nard and Middlebury should both touch  
upon the subject which has been up-  
permost in our mind for some time—  
namely, that of getting better acquaint-  
ed with the faculty. The "Barnard  
Bulletin" has an editorial which be-  
wails the fact that the students have  
not the opportunity of knowing their  
faculty as well as they would like.  
Middlebury went further and organized  
a hike and picnic of students and  
faculty. From all accounts everyone  
had a glorious time. We cannot say  
that the opportunity of getting ac-  
quainted with our faculty is denied us.  
We know better. But have we grasped  
this opportunity as eagerly and as will-  
ingly as it is given?

Freshmen at Goucher are required to  
wear little white caps, hair down in  
plaits, to sweep up the streets in front  
of the seniors, to tell time by hopping  
on one foot flapping both arms and  
giving a "correct imitation of a cuckoo  
clock." And our freshmen thought  
their dignity was impaired by the  
"two-day-hair-down" rule!

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