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### Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 5

Connecticut College

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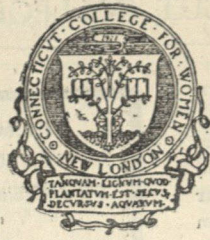
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## KAISER BILL IN ASHES—PEACE REIGNS

### President to Dedicate Service Flag

"I believe that the college should hold a special service of dedication," said President Marshall, speaking of the Service Flag which has been ordered for the college. This service will be a special feature of Vespers on Sunday, November 17th.

Six stars have been recognized by the Connecticut Council of Defense. These will symbolize the work of Lieutenant Crandall, Lieutenant Manwarling, Lieutenant Morris, Miss Woodhull, Mr. Weld, and Olive Stark.

Seven dollars in nickels and dimes was the generous response of the college to the appeal of the News.

The strong winds which sweep across the campus render the mast, a proposed location for the flag, impractical. According to calculations based on the wear and tear on the American Flag, the Service Flag would be torn into ribbons between two weeks and two months.

Instead, a worthy place of honor has been reserved for the Service Flag in the gymnasium, on the left of the stage. A smaller flag will be hung over the fireplace in Thames Hall.

Now that peace is imminent, it is even more fitting that the patriotic service represented by the Service Stars should be formally recognized.

### SENIORS DEFEAT JUNIORS

The Seniors defeated the Juniors in a well-played game resulting in a score of 2-0 Saturday afternoon, November —. This success redeemed the defeat that '19 experienced last year at the hands of its rivals. Alison Hastings and Ruth Anderson made the two goals of the game. The line-up was as follows:

SENIOR.	JUNIOR.
Ansley.....c. f.....	Davies
Anderson.....r. i. Williams, Gammons	
Hastings.....l. i.....	Warner
Rowe, (Capt.)....r. w.....	Gage
Batchelder.....l. w.....	Howard
Cockings.....c. h.....	Horrox
Hatch, Weed.....r. h.....	Schwartz
Emerson, Provost..l. h...Allen (Capt.)	
White, Prentis....r. f..Costigan, Hester	
Lennon.....l. f.....	Hotchkiss
Barnes.....goal.....	Hulbert

### ALLIES OF THE ALLIES

Connecticut College has plunged full force into the Big Drive. Even though the first wave of enthusiasm did not carry her quite over the top, she is quite determined that her final pledge will not fall a penny short of the \$6,000 set as an objective. After the first canvas Saturday noon the amount pledged was something over \$3,000 more than \$2,000 less than the objective.

But the committee undauntedly proceeded to set in force means which brought swift results. Helen Perry '20 displayed her eloquence and her generosity at the same time. The total was raised to over \$4,000.

Although we have not yet reached our objective of \$5,000, we are exemplifying the motto, "Never say die." We have until January 5th, and we are not leaving unturned a stone that might conceal a dollar. Who knows what we can do?

### VESTMENTS

Black gowns with white collars have been decided upon by the College Choir. Round caps will complete the uniform vestment which will so greatly enrich and beautify the Vesper Service held every Sunday in the gymnasium.

### JUNIOR - FRESHMAN MASQUERADE

Egyptians, Turks, Hawaiians, sailors, cowboys, clowns; representatives of each were present on the evening of November second when the Juniors gave a masquerade for the Freshmen in the Gymnasium. At the entrance each Freshman was presented with a number. The Junior who had the corresponding numeral was her partner during the evening. A little sailor boy and his partner gave an interpretation of a few horrors of the war. More surprises, however, were in store. At the close of the fourth dance two very renowned dancers appeared upon the screen in one of their well-known performances of Pierrette and Pierrot. Pierrette was presented with a lovely old-fashioned bouquet. There was also a group of three Hawaiian singers and two Egyptian dancers who entertained us. Junior and Freshmen voices joined in singing and cheering, and "Good-

### SLIPPERS AND COFFEE

John C. Powys was the first Convocation speaker this year. Mr. Powys, who is a writer of verse, romance, and essays, spoke on "England During the War," and especially of his impressions of England and the English gathered during the past summer when he was lecturing for the Government throughout England.

Mr. Powys proved to be a speaker of unusual force and effective personality. His descriptions of the poverty which existed in England prior to the war, which have now almost disappeared, were unique and vivid.

"England," he said, "has become more individualistic than ever during the past four years. The government is as considerate of the individual as a parent might be. Englishmen have become more considerate and less complacent. The war has spiritualized, not brutalized, England."

In the evening Mr. Powys spoke on modern English novel writers, especially Wells, Galsworthy, and Bennett. His vigorous characterizations, and his equally vigorous denunciations were most amusing. He judged the present day authors from an artistic standpoint. The names of Walter De La Mere and Gilbert Cannon are still prominent in hot corridor discussions, and many of the books he criticized have been much sought for in the library.

### TREATS IN STORE

The Music Department is offering its usual attractive program in this winter's concert series. The concert scheduled for November fourteenth was transferred to April seventeenth. Otherwise the dates posted remain as scheduled.

December 17th—Student recital.

January 16th—Professor William J. Wheeler, of Connecticut College, tenor, and Mrs. William J. Wheeler, soprano.

February 13th—Glee Club concert.

March 13th—Boston Symphony Trio: Violin, violoncello, harp.

April 17th—Helen Jeffrey, violinist (who has been touring with Melba).

May 22nd—Student recital.

Tickets may be ordered from Clementina Jordan '19.

night, Ladies," was the signal for lights out and the end of a happy evening.

S. E. G. '22.

### President Gives Hallowe'en Party

On Thursday evening, the 31st of October, at eight o'clock, President and Mrs. Marshall gave a reception for the four classes and faculty. This was the first party at C. C. which four classes have attended as well as the first since quarantine began. We certainly enjoyed it even more than most parties because of its very novelty. The gymnasium was gaily decorated with huge beets, golden pumpkins, and sheaves of corn, all suggestive of Hallowe'en and merriment. An orchestra from town played for the dancing. Each class did a stunt during the course of the evening. The Seniors gave a comical mock wedding with Jake Wells officiating, Margaret Maher as bride and Amy Kugler as groom. Miss Blue was the leader of the Junior entertainment; a bright skit from the play, "The Spring Maid." Helen Perry as the "dainty, little rabbit" drinking from the "bubbling brook" (Henrietta Costigan), caused much laughter. The Sophomore stunt was in two parts: a back fence with two noisy cats, who were represented by Bobby Newton and Dorothy Gregson; and a tragic and weird duet by Laura Batchelder and Bobby Newton. Fourteen Freshmen, dressed as ghosts, formed an orchestra which was led by Evelyn Gray. They played several pieces with just such lugubrious notes as one would expect to hear from a phantom crew. Refreshments were served during the evening. Led by the orchestra we all sang the Star Spangled Banner, and then, most regretfully, the party broke up. S. C. W. '22.

### WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW

Winthrop and her guests gathered about the fireside for an informal reading and sing one Sunday evening not long ago. President Marshall read war poems while we watched the flames flicker and fall. His interpretation of Kipling's "Back to the Army Again," was especially appreciated. It is not often that President Marshall and the students meet informally.

### EXTRA

The class of '21 has voted \$15 toward C. C.'s quota for the Allied War Fund.



## Connecticut College News

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Published Weekly

### EDITORIAL STAFF

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### PEACE AND THE COLLEGE.

When the report of the German Revolution reached us, we were carried away with enthusiasm. Peace! We had been waiting for it so long. Then we joined the great crowd that surged restlessly up and down State Street. We sang the Star Spangled Banner in front of the Municipal Building. We rang the church bell. We cheered for the little French soldier lifted on the shoulders of the crowd.

But now we have heard definitely that no such armistice has been declared. We are disappointed.

What was the value of this disappointment? President Marshall said that it was dangerous to disappoint the enthusiasm of youth. And many among the glorious company of the psychologists have agreed with him.

But the wonderful thing about our enthusiasm Thursday night was that it was collective. One common thought was inciting all New London that night.

We, Connecticut College, we, too, have entered into the collective soul. War brings to us a respect for the individual soul, for our neighbor. Every girl is potentially of value to our country.

And every one of us has some friend on the firing line. Every one of us is getting letters from France. And every one of us knows that the girl she meets crossing the campus shares her hopes and her anxiety. We are all one—the girl from Winthrop and the girl from Plant, the Junior and the

Sophomore, the resident and the town girl.

But often from our actions no one would ever suspect that we were bound together so closely, not only by our college affiliation, but by our common sympathy. "Together we serve," has been our motto in time of war. Now when peace is so near, let us make it the truth. We are all one. And when peace comes let us rejoice together as we have done once before. When you and I march down State Street together again, let it be in full knowledge and understanding and sympathy. Let us rejoice together, you and I, not as we have so often sorrowed alone and holding ourselves aloof. Then our enthusiasm will not have been in vain.

### AMONG OUR POETS

These verses are reminiscent of Alfred Noyes.

#### A CALL.

I look for you, my love,  
And wait, the long cloud-darkened  
hours,  
I hang a lantern at my gate  
And deck my hair with flowers.

I look for you, my love,  
And wait, the wind cries at the garden  
gate;  
The clock in the belfry tower strikes  
eight;  
But my love will come no more.

I look for you, my love,  
And wait, long shadows now envelop  
all.  
The night is black, the hour late  
My love, when will you hear my call?  
'20.

And these are decidedly "in lighter  
vein."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Them happy days of yesterday  
Oh whither have they went!  
Our beaux, our beaux where be they  
now,  
My heart in two is rent.

I used to have a score or more  
A-hangin' at my heels  
An' now I ain't held hands so long  
I can't think how it feels.

I used to set an' watch the moon  
With Hiram or with Jake,  
An' now with none but girls around  
You've just plum got to fake.

Them movie shows we used to see  
By gum! but they was fine,  
With we a' holdin' Jimmy's hand  
And him a' holdin' mine.

Ah me! But we must not repine;  
We maidens fair has work;  
We've got to help the boys along  
And just can't ford to shirk.

And when the boys come home again  
There'll be the same old moon  
A' shinin' down upon us here  
On some swell night in June!

M. P. T. '22.

IN MEMORY OF  
MORTON F. PLANT,  
FOUNDER AND TRUSTEE  
OF  
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE,  
DIED NOVEMBER 4, 1918.

Mr. Plant was the donor of Plant and Blackstone Houses, and of the million dollar endowment fund that has made possible the opening and maintenance of Connecticut College.

During the hour of his funeral on the seventh of November, all college activities were suspended.

### WITH THE OCEAN BETWEEN US

Dear—

\* \* \* \* \* The first two days which I have already told you about were commonplace enough. The morning on which I was to be relieved I was availing myself of a privilege which we can only enjoy at the Postes, namely, sleeping late. I didn't get a chance to indulge much however, as they woke me up about eight o'clock and said that there were three English soldiers down in the kitchen, and would I come down and interpret for them. Please do not think that my French is that good; but it seemed they couldn't speak a word. I went down and found three of the sorriest looking human beings I have seen in a long time. Their uniforms were torn and covered with mud and of a rather nondescript nature; but it was their faces which attracted my attention. Two of them were so thin that the bones seemed to almost stick out through the skin; all of them looked weary, and their eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. I said, "Hello, the Frenchmen have sent me down, but I don't know what for." I asked what they were around here for and when one of them replied, "We are three prisoners, and have just escaped from the Huns," you could have knocked me down with a feather. I recovered, however, and asked them if there was anything I could do for them. They said that they were told to report to some officers' headquarters nearby, so, after finishing their coffee, we went over where an officer questioned them about their escape and what they had seen.

The officer could speak a little English, so with my little French he got the information he was after; then he arranged with me to take them. I was only too glad to, as that gave me over an hour to talk with them, and, believe me, I made the best of my time. A lot of the things they told me are too local and military to tell but I think you may be interested in parts of their story.

They had been taken prisoners the twenty-seventh of May and sent to a camp about twenty miles in back of the lines from which they made their escape. I was very particular to get

the place right because this was in violation of the agreement the Allies have with the Germans, which provides that no prisoner shall be kept within twenty-eight miles of the lines. They were employed in heavy manual work on railroads which the Boche were building; and as their camp was not a regular one, and not inspected by the representatives of one of the neutral nations, conditions were pretty bad. Unfortunately, they said, they knew of many other camps just like theirs. These men worked under their own non-commissioned officers, with German guards over them. They were paid for their labor at the rate of twelve cents a day, which they received every ten days in paper currency of the French towns in German hands. They used this to buy extra food when they could, as no packages were ever received from the Red Cross. The food question interested me very much, and I don't see how they managed to live on what they were given. For breakfast they had a bowl of coffee which was made of barley, roasted and boiled; the big meal was at noon and consisted of a bowl of soup, rather thin, they said, and some meat which was in the soup. It was horse meat, and one of the men who worked in the kitchen said that they had about ten pounds for 400 men. By the way, the one who had the kitchen detail was the one who looked the healthiest, and I don't suppose you could blame him. \* \* \* \* \*

After they had escaped from the camp proper, they were not followed, but it was then too late to try and slip across, so they found a convenient shell-hole and prepared to spend the day there. Of course no German dared to appear out of the trenches while it was light so they were undisturbed from that side, and the French didn't fire much, so they got through the day all right although some shells came pretty close to them.

The hardest part was ahead of them: so as soon as it was dark, they started. They continued to slip between the Boche groups and crawl under the wire. However, it was so dark that they could not keep their directions and were afraid they were going parallel to the trenches when all of a sudden a machine gun started to fire. They recognized it as German from the sound, and by getting their directions from it they wiggled under some more wire and came upon another trench. They had been making a lot of noise, but the Germans had paid no attention to it. However, the French were on their guard and sent up some star shells to see what was up. When the Englishmen recognized the French helmets, they lost no time in making themselves known. The French sentry covered them with his gun until he was sure, and then welcomed them into the trench with open arms. They said that the treatment they received was wonderful.

Their opportunity to observe conditions behind the lines was rather limited but they had made the most of the chance they had, and I would not be



surprised if the staff got some valuable information from them. They said that every thing there was a substitute; the only things which seemed to be in abundance were iron and wood; for instance, they had spring arrangements in place of rubber tires, dried leaves for tobacco, clothes made of nettles which some of their company were employed in gathering, and cheese made of fish. \* \* \* \* \*

FROM AN AMBULANCE DRIVER.

## FIVE OF CLUBS

### LITERARY CLUB.

The Literary and Debating Club held their first meeting of the year Thursday, November 7th, at 5 o'clock. It was decided that our first half of the year should be devoted to the literary work, which should comprise a study of American literature, and perhaps a brief resumé of modern fiction toward the end.

The course will be divided into prose and poetry, with the emphasis laid upon poetry the first half, and prose the last half. It is not yet certain just with whom the study will begin—probably with Lowell and Lane, equally prominent authors. In any event, the course is sure to be most profitable, and we would urge the attendance of those whose interest lies in that direction.

Alice Gardner '20 was elected secretary.

### IN OLD MADRID.

The Spanish Club has been newly organized for the purpose of furthering the interest in Spanish in the college. It will represent the activities of the Spanish department, and will give opportunity for an informal study of the Spanish language. With a membership of thirty and the prospect of complete organization within the

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month, this new club promises to become an important force in the college community.

President, Clementina Jordan.

Vice-President, Olive Doherty.

Secretary, Marion Wells.

Treasurer, Helen Collins.

Under the leadership of Senor Barja and Miss Ernst, the club is preparing to give, before Christmas, the play, "La Vida es Sueno," by Calderon. The cast includes Helen Collins, Irma Hutzler, Marion Wells, Mariesther Dougherty, Frances Saunders, Olive Doherty, Rose Doherty, Anna Flaherty, Irene Wholey, Harriet Johnson, and Clementina Jordan.

### A. A.

Ruth Wilson '20 is the new leader of the Outing Club.

Varsity basketball will be a new feature of winter sports. This will be an all-college team, and will play outside schools and colleges. Competition will undoubtedly be very keen, especially for the privilege of playing against Sargent School.

### HISTORY CLUB.

Student Government has chartered one more organization in C. C.—the History Club. The first meeting of the club was held on Wednesday evening, November 6th. Officers were elected and plans were made for the year's work. The officers elected were:

President, Ruth Anderson.

Vice-President, Lucy Marsh.

Secretary, Ethel Mason.

Treasurer, Esther Bellows.

Chairman of the Program and Publicity Committees, Mildred White.

The publicity committee will have charge of a bulletin board in New

program committee is arranging to bring to the club several very interesting speakers, who will talk about their personal experiences in the war.

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

The first regular meeting of the Dramatic Club was held on October 31st. Two plays were read: "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Alfred Sutro, and "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsany.

On December 6th, the club is planning to present its first play of the season.

Miriam Taylor '22, has been elected treasurer of the Dramatic Club.

## PRIDE AND PLEDGES

Jeanette Thompson rustled into 215 Parke Hall, slammed the door behind her, and sank awkwardly, but luxuriously, into the wicker arm-chair by the bay-window of her dormitory room.

She had done it. The outcome she knew not. Her parents' opinion she cared not. It was what the other girls had done, and if she was to make anything of herself—if she was to retain the friendship of the elite students with whom she was now associating, she must, somehow, keep up the great illusion. She gazed at her shiny, patent leather pumps, the silk stockings and the taffeta shirt she had bought with her child-savings—at the crepe-de-chine shirt waist, which, with its transparent makes, represented the sacrifice of a new, warm coat for mother. But, after all, hadn't it been worth it? To be sure, her summer's earnings were rapidly vanishing in her not infrequent treats and feeds with which she entertained the senator's daughter, the mayor's niece, and the

granddaughter of the Western railroad president. And everything had gone very well. But now—now! Jeanette arose and daubed her nose furiously with her powder puff for the Allied Drive.

Fifty dollars pledged! Fifty whole green dollars! She could not do less. Althea DeWitt had pledged fifty and a Liberty Bond. But where should she get the money? Why couldn't she have a bank account like Althea, and simply write off her check and be done with it? To be sure, she might earn the money—other girls were doing it; but they were those who couldn't afford to give without earning it. Somehow, there was a commonness about these working girls. They lacked the polish and refinement of Althea, who could write checks. Jeanette had never for a moment admitted to her friends that she herself had earned money, in Dr. Franklin's office that summer. She had turned over a new leaf and would even forget those disagreeable days herself. And yet—how else would she get those fifty dollars? If she only didn't have to let the other girls know how she got it, she wouldn't mind earning the money.

Jeanette toyed with the letter-opener on her desk. Aunt Jane's invitation for the week-end lay beside it. Yes—that was all over now, Jeanette supposed—she must give up all her pleasures now. O, why was there a war to spoil all your dreams and your ideals? Jeanette nearly snapped the delicate letter-opener in two. But wait—Aunt Jane lived only a short ride from college, in the very same town with Dr. Franklin, and the doctor's little secretary was ill. Jeanette wrote an acceptance to Aunt Jane's invitation. As she sealed the envelope she laughed, no one would know from her appearance that she had been do-

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ing nothing but dancing, reading and being entertained. She gazed at her pink manicured hands. Any way, she wasn't going to degrade herself by dirty, manual labor. Writing letters and answering 'phone was, after all, lady-like work.

"Coming to lunch?"

It was Althea, stopping for her on her way down.

One would never know that Althea's father was a bank president. Her clothes were straight, tailored models, her hair was drawn smoothly off her forehead. Jeanette was disappointed in her for that. But then, her bureau set was solid silver, and she was always drawing checks from her little leather check book.

Althea was strangely excited this noon.

"Going to be here this week-end?"

"No, Aunt Jane's invited me over."

"Aunt Jane? O!" Althea laughed mysteriously.

Saturday morning Jeanette Thompson climbed the steps in front of Dr. Franklin's house. She was assured work enough to earn her pledge, and no one would be the wiser. She would spend her week-ends with Aunt Jane.

A maid-of-all-work, in dust cap and apron, was mopping the porch.

What a degrading position! Jeanette, superior, walked to the door.

"Why, Jeanette Thompson!"

The maid had jumped forward. The maid was Althea DeWitt.

Every, and her eyes were bloodshot from lack of sleep. I said, "Hello, the Frenchmen have sent me down, but I don't know what for." I asked what they were around here for and when one of them replied, "We are three prisoners, and have just escaped from the Huns," you could have knocked me down with a stick of dynamite.

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