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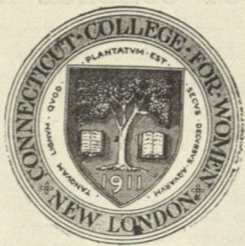
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FRENCH PLAY TO BE PRESENTED.

"The World Where One is Bored."

On Dec. 6, the French Club will present Edouard Pailleron's "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie" (The World Where One is Bored). Among the many brilliant comedies that the playwrights of France have produced during the last quarter of the XIXth century, few have had so remarkable a success before the Paris public as the one which is to be given at the College this year.

During the whole of its first season at the "Français" (1881), people crowded eagerly to see it, and from that time on, scarcely a winter has passed in the French capital without a number of performances of "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie".

Not since the first days of Beaumarchais' "Mariage de Figaro" (1784), has there been found keener zest in fitting the humor of a play to contemporary society. Edouard Pailleron, it is true, disclaimed all intention of thus individually satirizing his countrymen. He wanted the audience to look at his work in the light of a "rajeunissement" of Molière's "Les Précieuses ridicules" and "Les Femmes savantes" (The Learned Women). But some of the portraits were so true to the supposed originals, that his disclaimer left the public incredulous.

The most conspicuous of the resemblances is that of Bellac to Caro, late Professor of Philosophy in the Sorbonne. Caro was the favorite of that class of idle or ambitious women who, without any genuine taste, affect love of letters either as a fashionable pastime or as a means of material advancement for their families or 'protégés'. He was popularly known as 'the ladies' philosopher'; his philosophy leaned towards mysticism, and the vagueness of his doctrines probably attracted them not less than his polished rhetoric.

'An artist of consummate skill, Pailleron has wrought in this comedy a masterpiece of dramatic construction, while its dialogue is a most rare reproduction of that reciprocal flash of a colloquial style of thought; of that crisp, short sentence—every word telling; and of that expletive phraseology, which together make French conversation at once so vivacious and so fascinating.'

The play is not easy to interpret. The gymnasium stage is small for the 'mouvements d'ensemble'. But the cast is especially good this year, every actress fitting her part as well as can be expected. Enthusiastic rehearsals are in progress, and most successful results no doubt will follow.

The artists are:

La Duchesse de Réville,

Mademoiselle Berg
La Comtesse de Céran, H. Hemingway
Jeanne Raymond M. Lloyd
Lucy Watson C. Francke
Suzanne de Villiers E. Walsh
Madame de Loudan D. Henkle
Madame Arriégo K. Culver
Madame de Saint-Réault M. Call

Continued on page 6, column 3.

HALLOWE'EN!

President and Mrs. Marshall will give their annual Halloween party in the gymnasium on Saturday evening, November 4.

HISTORY CLUB SHOWS DRAMATIC ABILITY.

Those present at the meeting of the History Club on Monday, October 23rd, in Branford Lounge, felt themselves back in old Puritan days. For the most attractive feature of the evening's program was the acting, in pantomime, of the most striking scenes in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which was read by Abby Hollister.

Olga Gennert made a stalwart Miles Standish, and Barbara Clay was a true John Alden—fair-haired, and blue-eyed. Adelaide Satterly, as the modest Puritan maiden, Priscilla, acted her part well. Other members of the club,—Gertrude Locke, as the messenger who breathlessly delivered the news of the death of Miles Standish to John and Priscilla, Amy Hilker, the haughty Indian, spokesman for the tribe, Jean Pegram and Marjorie Knox as Indian squaws, and later as guests at Priscilla's wedding, and Helen Holbrook as the solemn magistrate,—all made the scenes of the poem decidedly realistic.

The staging was cleverly arranged. One corner of the room served as the home of Miles Standish, fitted out with shield and gun and ponderous books, the scene of the interviews between Standish and Alden. The opposite corner revealed a room in the home of Priscilla, with a fine old spinning-wheel in evidence, where Alden delivered the Captain's message, and heard the query, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and where the wedding took place, at which Miles Standish himself appeared, and gave his blessing. The hall made a very good "out-of-doors," and a convenient spot for the Indian encampment, the scene of Standish's parleying.

The chief items of business accomplished at the meeting were the election of Gwyneth Rees as Treasurer of the Club, the nomination of Harriet Woodford, Adelaide Satterly, Abby Hollister, and Margaret Wells as delegates to attend a convention of the League of Women Voters, to be held at Bridgeport on November 11.

The Club also planned to sell tickets for a recital to be given by Miss Louise Alice Williams, in the Bulkeley School Auditorium on Friday, November 10, at 8.15 p. m. Miss Williams' program is called, "An Evening in Dixie," which will include readings in negro dialect. The History Club will give a Tea for Miss Williams on Friday afternoon.

MRS. MARSHALL AT HOME

Mrs. Marshall will be at home to students, faculty and officers of administration on the first and third Fridays of each month, beginning Friday, November 3rd.

COMMUTERS ENJOY TEA.

The Commuters' Committee of the On Campus Division of the Service League gave a Tea in Branford Lounge Thursday afternoon, October 26th, for all commuters. Members of the committee received the twenty-five girls and discussed in the course of the conversation ways of improving the Commuters' Room. For the first hour Dean Irene Nye poured and later Miss Margaret Baxter, Graduate Secretary of Service League, took the place of honor.

C. BECKWITH.

DR. WELLS GIVES ADDRESS AT YALE.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, October 23-25, the Yale Divinity School celebrated the hundredth anniversary of its founding. The centennial programme, extending throughout the three days, consisted of addresses historical, commemorative, and inspirational.

By invitation of the Faculty of the Divinity School, Dr. John Edwin Wells, of Connecticut College, delivered the address on *The English Bible*. To illustrate and enforce this address there was assembled by Professor Wells and the literary authorities, and exhibited for the first time, a large group of first editions of the great early translations of the Bible in English. This group is considered to be one of the finest groups of early English Bibles in America.

THE BLANKET TAX.

In view of the recent discussion of the working of the experimental Blanket Tax, I would like to explain one particular point. The question has been raised in one of the clubs—"How shall we determine the active membership of this club? Theoretically every student who has paid her Blanket Tax is entitled to membership in this and every other organization. How can we refuse to admit her to full membership, particularly if she is interested?"

Under the present system, if the entire student body desired membership in each of the organizations, the present sum of ten dollars per capita would not be sufficient to defray the expense of her membership. Obviously the present Blanket Tax was never meant to meet any such condition. It is assumed that a girl interested in various pursuits would take active membership in particular clubs or organizations, and that, in effect, her ten dollars would cover the entire expense involved. Theoretically she is joining all organizations, practically she actively participates in only a few. All take the *News*, all are members of the Student Government Association, but not all students are members of all the other clubs.

In my private opinion, such a club, for instance, as the Mathematics Club has a right to refuse active membership to interested girls in case the by-laws of that organization forbid admission of girls with qualifications such as they offer; but I do not see how the Athletic Association can, under its present by-laws refuse active membership to any student. Under the Blanket Tax the Athletic Association is not troubled by any prospect of increased expenses incidental to increased membership, but is seriously concerned with the problem of giving the Association banquets in hopelessly inadequate accommodations. Obviously there must be either some restriction of membership here or some modification in the plans for the banquet. In case of the Mathematics Club, if pressure is brought to bear by undergraduates who are interested in Mathematics but who, under the present constitution, are not entitled to membership, possibly some modification of the entrance conditions may

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TURKISH QUESTION DISCUSSED.

Dr. Stephen Duggan Speaks at Convocation.

Dr. Stephen Duggan, Director of the Institute of International Education, spoke at Convocation Tuesday afternoon on "What Shall Become of Constantinople?" He said in part: Constantinople was made the head of the empire by Constantine because its location is one of great strategic importance. Consequently, Constantinople has, ever since, played an important part in world affairs. The Turks themselves have never been politically strong, and have been obliged to call on Greeks, or Armenians, or men of some other nationality to do the actual work for them.

The Russians always wanted more than anything else to gain Constantinople, but Bonaparte did not want Russia to have it. Moreover, England for many years was interested in Constantinople to protect her route to India. Consequently England did not want Russia to hold it and preferred that it remain in the hands of the Turks. But by 1895 England had a footing in Egypt, and no longer needed to care whether or not Russia took Constantinople.

Yet Russia was not to be satisfied, for Germany was growing up industrially, too, and conceived the plan of a railroad from Berlin to Bagdad. Just as England was ready to cease her interference, Germany began hers, and Russia was still disappointed.

Then came the war and it was only natural that Turkey should side with Germany, and Russia with England, for Turkey knew that if the Allies won she would lose Constantinople.

Russia's great ambition would be realized. In 1917 came the Turkish revolution, followed directly by the Bolshevik revolution which put a stop to Russian activity in Constantinople.

The great problem was still unsolved. In 1918 the Allies won, and the question arose of "what to do with Constantinople". England said that France must not have it, and France said that England must not. But then Greece entered the problem as a solution. She had a huge army and wanted to use it. Therefore England

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DR. CHAPMAN TO LECTURE AT CONVOCATION.

On November 7, the Reverend Edward M. Chapman, lecturer in Biblical history and literature at Connecticut College, will deliver a Convocation lecture on "The Frame of Our College Picture: The Connecticut of earlier Days," wherein he aims to bring out points of the history of New England which will serve to enrich the college. A native of Connecticut, a resident of New London, Dr. Chapman is widely known as pastor, author, and lecturer. He has held active pastorates in the Congregational ministry in New England and in the city of Detroit. He has written "The Dynamics of Christianity," "English Literature in Account with Religion," and "Companions of the Way." He has made his way into the esteem of all who know him and it is with interest and pleasure that his lecture is awaited.

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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YOUR "PEP"?

Engines need fuel, humans need food,—to keep them going. College humans need something more than food,—they need enthusiasm, the lasting kind, not that which starts with a mighty spurt and then stops before the race is half done. One class used to sing,

"Your pep, your pep,
You've got it, now keep it,
Dog-gone it, don't lose it,—
Your pep!"

and no better advice was ever sung!

Volumes might be written concerning just where and why college humans need "pep", or, to put it a bit more elegantly, "enthusiasm". But we will limit our illustrations to one—only one. And that is, we college humans need more enthusiasm in the class room. What is more embarrassing than dead silence when an instructor asks a question, each one waiting for someone else to answer, or than when, because no response is forthcoming, the same instructor is compelled to resort to that conscriptive device,—the roll? There are usually some who "save the day." These, happily, have this much-to-be-coveted enthusiasm. They like to talk, to express their opinions, or to argue, because they are really interested.

But there are always certain well-meaning individuals who comfortably sit back and let the others have the floor. They are not ignorant, nor are they apathetic. They simply are not enthusiasts. They are perfectly content to hear others talk, and they listen with interest, but they are not sufficiently aroused to raise their own voices either in assent or in opposition. Some of these begin well, but finally they are scarcely heard at all, except when directly questioned.

College humans enthuse mightily over Yale-Army games, and that is as it should be. But why not let a bit of that enthusiasm spill over into class recitations?

Vassar—Vassar will harbor three girls, students from the ruined college at Smyrna. The College is planning to give them free tuition, and the Christian Association will raise the money to pay their board and expenses.

ARE WE?

There is a widespread movement among the colleges to decrease the quantity of the curriculum and increase the quality. Here at Connecticut most of us take at least six subjects, and in our endeavor to keep them going and at the same time attend to the necessary non-academic affairs, we find that at the end of the day it is almost physically impossible to summon the energy to prepare for the next day. Sunday, as one of our contemporary editors remarks, instead of being a day in which we can rest and do what we choose, has become the time when we frantically try to catch up with our back work.

Perhaps an extremely varied program offers a greater opportunity for broadening one's horizon, enlarging the fund of general knowledge. Superficial knowledge of anything, however, is seldom valuable, because only by real study does one discover the truth of a thing. It is this truth which finally enables us to relate our lives to Life.

At Wellesley there is agitation among the students to have Saturday a full holiday, and have only three subjects, five times a week. This is the plan which Bryn Mawr follows.

Are we at Connecticut in danger of becoming scholastic Jacks-of-all-trades, of doing a great many things and of none of them well? '24.

FREE SPEECH.

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

Dear Editor: A college is very much like a nation in its faults and ways. In the United States we have certain groups of active individuals, deciding on candidates for leaders and setting out to make them win. Then there is another group,—the sometimes called *silent followers* and these are the majority. In College, too, we have our leaders, our standbys, and our silent majority.

But why the taciturn inactivity? We attend a meeting and Miss Smith is nominated for Decoration Committee. Miss Smith is a very fine girl, but with no sense of art. Miss Gordon is primarily an artist and we know it, but we do not nominate her. We say to ourselves, "Miss Gordon is not popular, and the powerful are supporting Miss Smith." Miss Smith is elected. We go to another meeting, where an amendment is proposed. It is absolutely contrary to what we consider right. Yet we fear lest we may hurt someone's feelings by saying so. Even in our Student Government, some of us consider one of the fundamental laws—that of reporting—to be absolutely antagonistic to our code of honor. Do we say anything? No, we remain silent. That is, so we assert, we decline to make ourselves conspicuous. Even in the case of right, we refuse to take a stand and express our beliefs. In our system of public school education, our good American men say, "We know it isn't fair the way teachers are chosen and the schools are managed." But they remain silent and allow the institution that is making or marring their children to be run under conditions that they believe are wrong. We all make mistakes, but many things are in experimental stages and it is up to us to put our ideas to the front. They may seem wrong and yet it is quite possible that they are right.

This dreadful silence does not show an independence—it shows a fundamental lack of a sense of duty and its rightful demands. One of our faculty spoke truly when he said, "We are so afraid of hurting someone's feelings

that we are certainly in danger of hurting the feelings of Almighty God." '23.

BABBITT.

A minute and microscopic examination of the thoughts and actions of one man—George F. Babbitt of Zenith—this is *Babbitt*, Sinclair Lewis' latest novel. It is the story of one man, his family and his one great friendship. All eyes are focused on "George, good old George!" For some two hundred and fifty pages Babbitt leads his family, his friends, and his town to believe that he is the only truly great and worth-while man, that he is absolutely moral and upright. Gradually, though, his friends begin to suspect, to watch him to look for something else under the surface of this good mixer, this hail-fellow-well-met individual. He feels them watching—watching—but continues on his downward path. It takes his wife's illness to bring him to himself. Then he realizes what he has been. He, the successful business man, the famous orator, the firm and dominant father—he admits to his son, "I don't know's I've accomplished anything except just get along. I figure out I've made about a quarter of an inch out of a possible hundred rods."

Mr. Lewis' style is, as in "Main Street," clear and detailed to the last degree; occasionally he forgets himself and lets a little fancy color his ideas. It is this that saves the book from being vastly sordid and material, from becoming *too* realistic.

ABILITY.

Ability is a great thing. It comes without conscious effort to the person who possesses it. It is welcomed by individuals, classmates, and the college as a whole. It leads to channels of activity that will be of value to the various parts of the college organizations. It is a joy to possess, for it establishes you immediately in the field you enjoy and in the field where you can do the most good.

But what of the people who do not possess it? They struggle around, arrive nowhere, and then slip back into easy living, without contributing directly to the glory of the college. But underneath there must be some rustle of desire to be more than an infinitesimal part of the great whole, getting much but giving nothing.

That is what I thought as I gazed with pride upon my fellow class-mates, while they distinguished themselves upon the field this afternoon. Oh, the invigorating rush of the keen October wind upon the face, the thrill of opposition, and then the warmth from approaching victory, which they must have felt as they swept down the field with the ball shooting beyond the goal! What would not I have given to have been a part of that victorious team!

The first quarter of our life is coming to a close and soon we shall slip beyond the goal into a more intense life, leaving behind us the happy days upon this fair hilltop, with its intimate friendships and its noble ideals; carrying with us, I hope, some of its enthusiasm, its inspiration, its golden bits of knowledge and appreciation of everything that surrounds us. And then out there when these days are as a dream, I wonder if we, who have been inarticulate, inactive, but not thoughtless of our college, I wonder if we shall be able to do something (before it is too late) to express all that our college days have meant to us, and help it grow in strength, and size, and worth.

"Have faith in us," we cry. '24

Wellesley—Wellesley is having a series of Poet Readings by contemporary poets. Robert Frost and Miss Alice BROWN have spoken.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Miriam Taylor, 1922, is at the Frances Willard Settlement in Boston.

Blanche Finesilver, 1922, is doing news work as Editor's Secretary in the Advertising Department of the Fuller Brush Co., Hartford. Miss Finesilver later expects to become Assistant Editor of the sales publications.

Margaret Jacobson, 1921, is Social Editor on the Long Island Daily Press, published at Jamaica, L. I., and is also a member of the Literary Page staff.

Rachel Smith, 1921, is in the art department of the Lennox Hill Settlement in New York.

Eleanor Seaver, 1920, is taking an art course in Parsons' Art School, in New York.

The Hartford Connecticut College Club has elected its officers for this year.

Miriam Pomeroy, 1919 President
Ruth Walcott, ex-1920 Secretary
Mildred Peck, 1919 Treasurer
Laura Batchelder, 1921,

Entertainment Committee
Marjorie Wells, 1922.

Program Committee

The club is planning to have a room at the local Y. W. C. A. for their meetings, which come every third Saturday of the month.

The New York Chapter—The first meeting of the New York Chapter of New York Connecticut College Alumnae was held on October 26th at the home of Margaret Jacobson, 115 Johnson Street, Brooklyn. Watch this column next week for news of what the New York chapter has done, is doing, and will do. Send news of your own chapter for publication in the same issue to

Publicity Manager,
44 Washington Apartments,
Paterson, New Jersey

THE CLOSET.

(After Amy Lowell.)

Some people keep their minds
Like an orderly closet,
With neat rows of wooden pegs
Where they hang all the garments of
their ideas.
When someone gives them a garment
For which they can find no peg
They say "It won't fit."
And throw it away.
Perhaps some day the hurricane of a
real experience
Will strip all their clothes from the
pegs
And whirl them about on the floor;
And maybe when picking them up
They will find some worthy wear-
ing,—
Instead of going about bare of ideas,
And keeping them all in the closet.
OLIVIA JOHNSON '24.

ALMA MATER BY THE RIVER.

When we speak of our Alma Mater we boast of the sea and river, just as the Pequot Indians boasted of them long ago. For they called our Thames the "One Great River"—the river of a great and unconquerable people. The English settlers first called it the *Mohiganic River*, or *Pequot*, and the Dutch gave it the name, *Frisius*, meaning *Little Fresh River*.

The western branch was called *Yantuck*, meaning *Rapid Roaring Stream*, for near the mouth it works its way between high cliffs and tumbles noisily into a smooth basin. It is this little fall which is the distinguishing feature of the river. The larger river into which this stream flows would be the *Neishi Yantuck*, or *Great Yantuck*, but this was probably euphonized into *Mashantuck*, or the *Great Waterfall*.

But today we call it Thames. Some pronounce the "Th," others do

Continued on page 5, column 2.

A PROFESSOR ON WHEELS.

Many years ago I was an enthusiastic bicyclist. Probably that is why I yielded so readily the other day when my admiring students (female) invited me,—I had almost said challenged me,—to demonstrate what a skilled wheelman I used to be and what a well-preserved old gentleman I still was.

Feigning awkwardness at first, I presently circled among them along the smooth sidewalk with much gaiety and grace; but my exhilarating triumph was brief. A stern and unexpected voice from the road interrupted with, "Hey! Don't you know they's a law against ridin' on the sidewalk?" The owner of the voice, a bicycle policeman, then wheeled up to me with the further remark, "You're pinched."

"Ouch!" said I facetiously. This seemed to me rather a witty and mollifying thing to say when pinched, but it did not appear to help matters, so I tried again. "Officer," I began, pointing toward the buildings of the nearby institution for the higher education of women, "I am the professor of law and government at yonder college

"You can confess all that to the magistrate," he replied. "Come along."

"But consider the dignity of my position," I protested. "These young ladies," and I gestured toward the growing group of eager spectators, "are my students; and this little boy and this little girl are my children. I am a deacon in the Congregational Church and," I added, in frantic search for the most crushingly impressive aspects of my utter respectability, "a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly*. To place me under arrest like a common criminal would be outrageously incongruous."

Evidently my Hibernian captor was staggered a little, but he soon rallied. "Say," he blustered, "you don't scare me by threatenin' an outrage in Congress over this little business. And I've got five times as many children as you mention; and I'm a member of the K. of C. and a contributor to the Red Cross. You ain't got nothin' on me any way you fix it; and I caught you breakin' the law. Now come along to the station."

He actually led me to the police station, and later I was compelled to pay a fine equal to several times the amount of my daily honorarium from the college. From many things that I afterwards observed, I fear that the whole painful incident was treated by the undergraduates with a great deal of levity. I am resolved not to run such risks again.

But I have learned that the risks from bicycling are less to those who ride than to those who are ridden over or against. Only a few days after the unfortunate occurrence just described, I was walking toward the college when suddenly a deferential voice from immediately behind me said, "I beg your pardon, Dr. Glum." Startled out of rather heavy meditation, I found myself, on turning, face to face with a buxom lass on a bicycle. Her intention to ride quietly past me I had thwarted, in my bewilderment, by jumping squarely into her path."

There was still time to avoid a collision, but we two managed to foil each other's efforts to that end. Never before did I really know the meaning of those words: "They also swerve who only stand and wait." After the first terrifying impact, however, it wasn't so bad. Her front wheel rushed up and sat in my lap for a short while, but I seized the handlebars roughly and repelled her advances. Then we, the rider and the ridden, explained our respective intentions and regrets.

"I meant to steer around you, she gaped inanely.

"I think it would have been so much nicer than steering through me," I

answered in the same vacant-minded manner. "If you are going to the college," I added facetiously "you would better follow the sidewalk. I'm only a by-path."

At that time I thought the whole affair was accidental but I no longer feel so certain about it. Just two days later the same buxom bicyclist came tearing past me in stealth and at approximately twenty miles per hour. As she flashed across my mental horizon and athwart my physical left ear, she gaily shouted this warning: "I missed you this time, Dr. Glum." There seemed to me something sinister in those mocking words. She missed me this time; yes, but what of next time? What can she mean? Is it a threat? And why? I am going to look up the registration in my courses for next semester. If I find her name there, that will afford a clue; but I am firmly resolved not to be intimidated. Really, it would never do! Why, many others might try it, too. She shall have in my courses precisely the grade she earns, and not one decimal higher. Meanwhile, I shall protect myself and my family (I have life insurance but, unhappily, none against accident), in the manner suggested by the following lines, which I have adapted from a poem, "The Little Shadow," often recited by my small son:

I have a little mirror
That goes in and out with me;
And what can be the use of it
I just begin to see,
I'll fix it like a periscope,
And hang it out before,
So that cyclists back behind me
Cannot bump me any more.

Y. B. GLUM, '93.

MIST AND ROMANCE.

There is a very lovely little poem called *The Fog* that somehow always brings to mind "C. C." It goes:

"The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
And then moves on."

Even so comes the mist to our campus. We awake on a morning and find that, during the night, someone has pulled a grey blanket around us. All the buildings suddenly loom up, big and mysterious. Here and there a light blinks cautiously. Out of the thickness come persons; we hail them—and then pass on, wondering who they were. We sit in the library by an open window and the little winds blow wisps of cloudy chiffon across our faces. Wrapped in its filmy folds lingers the smell of salt, the call of the sea. We love it while it lasts—this mystery—this silence—this grey-ness. Then—as quietly as it came, it steals away. We find that after all we are the same. There is the river, grey and still; the sky is cool and wide; the wind dries the dampness and sends the mist away—over the hills. The haunting shadows have gone—but not entirely! A tiny bit has twined itself within ourselves. We are not quite the same—for romance has entered in! 25

ALL OURS.

Bolleswood—Falling leaves of red yellow, and brown, rustling, drifting, piling all about; sounds of falling nuts; cracking branches, sighing winds; pine trees, pine-needles—brown, soft, and damp; brooks, cliffs, woody odors, dying golden-rod, and milk-weed pods.

The Island—Rocks and trees, falling

nuts, hollow caves, water, marshes, picnics.

River—Grey and smooth, blue and sparkling, rough and white-capped.

Night—Stars, twinkling lights, full cold moon, shadowy water, pale reflections night-breezes.

Mist—Grey and dripping; fog, soft, clinging, feathery.

Sunshine—Strong winds, blue sky, floating clouds—freedom!

What boundless treasure—ours, all ours!

Feel it, enjoy it, love it!

It's not where you live,
But how you came to live there.

It's not the kind of clothes,
But the countenance you wear.

It's not the grade of hat,
But the grade of head beneath.

It's not your surroundings,
But the atmosphere you breathe.

It's not the deeds you've done,
But the ones you're going to do.

It's not your name that counts at all
Its just plain you!

A. C. M., '24.



"WORD MONGERS" and "CHATTERING BARBERS"

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw iron, that the magnet thirsts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fat.

Before Gilbert died in 1603, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic meridian it can be magnetized. He discovered that the compass needle is controlled by the earth's magnetism and that one magnet can remagnetize another that has lost its power. He noted the common electrical attraction of rubbed bodies, among them diamonds, as well as glass, crystals, and stones, and was the first to study electricity as a distinct force.

"Not in books, but in things themselves, look for knowledge," he shouted. This man helped to revolutionize methods of thinking—helped to make electricity what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians with the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.

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95-024K

IMPRESSIONS.

One empty chair at a table in the Dining Hall. A timid Freshman approaches and asks, haltingly, if it is being saved. A bright, half-fellow smile from the hostess. The Freshman's face brightens in an answering smile, and she sits down. A Junior on her left asks her how she likes C. C., where she is living, where she comes from. They find that they live in neighboring towns and have common acquaintances. A new friendship is formed.

Two vacant seats at another table, and two Freshmen miserably failing to give each other the necessary comfort and support. The upper-classmen at the table are talking with each other and do not notice the Freshmen. They do not mean to be unkind, they are simply indifferent. Two wistful Freshmen leave Thames Hall with a wild desire for home and the sound of a friendly voice.

A deep voice, speaking English, but in terms most strange and fascinating, comes from the transom over a classroom door. The door is partly open, and a group of upper-classmen are listening with unquestionable interest to the speaker. Are there then, still some unknown and curious subjects to look forward to, subjects which can be as fascinating as this?

A moonlight night, lights gleaming from dormitory windows, the campus a fantastic mottle of electric lights, moonlight and shadow, a group of upper-classmen out for a walk—a group, seemingly carefree, shouting friendly "Halloos" to everyone they meet, and calling back and forth to one another good-natured, laughing, meaningless trivialities.

A Junior sister, cheerful, sympathetic, spending precious afternoon hours with her Freshman, who is in the infirmary.

Lorraine Ferris, 1926.

NEW LONDON AS WE SEE IT.

Behold! The abode of the mighty, that seething, foggy metropolis of the industrious and of the learned—New London. New London, consisting of Connecticut College, or rather Connecticut College consisting of New London is certainly all of that and more. No one of our learned number will deny it but how many of this same potential group will admit that New London is a city which is worthy of much more than the condescending and altogether slanderous remarks which are cast upon it. Considered as we advance step by step into knowledge of this community, it will soon be discovered that New London is a town of a respectable and progressive atmosphere, even though some of these steps are disappointing, a few, positively discouraging. At sight of the station, we realize immediately that New London may not be classed with Boston or Philadelphia or even Bridgeport. No, as the train from which we have just descended draws away, a feeling of depression settles upon us when we view the grimy exterior of this building and it would be horribly increased, should we be obliged to pass through its black interior before setting out upon the steep and rickety incline which lies before us. Cobblestones, dirt, fruit stands, barber shops, taxis, sailors, lunch rooms,—State Street. We now know also that while New London is not like New York, neither is it like Ridgefield or Middletown or Plumbville or any other of our typical New England towns with their over-hanging elms and tranquil atmosphere. Nor is it one of those sleepy old fishing villages with which, in literature, we are very fam-

iliar. New London is decidedly not of that type; we are at a loss in just what class to place it. It does not sleep, but, on the other hand, though there is always that bustling and hurrying along the main streets, does it appear to be "up and coming"? No, again we must come to the bald decision that it does not, for, in the numerous stores seldom do we find that which we seek; in the movies, always do they present that which we have seen before. We are, in fact, apt to judge New London a trifle harshly at first sight; possibly even at second, third and even fourth sights. For it may have been at those periods when we have missed the irregular trolley or failed to connect with the medieval ferry because the station, filled with clanking and jerking freight cars or an endless chain of "pullmans" of the Colonial Express, we are obliged to ascend interminable flights of stairs, then lower ourselves in rapid descent on the other side where this ferry is launched throughout the day in ten minute expeditions across the Thames.

But, hark ye people who harbour in your minds, doubt, disappointment, yea, even contempt of this inestimable city. You will soon find yourselves settled into a groove of contentment and satisfaction. You will begin to comprehend the peculiar habits of the vehicles of transportation; you will learn that Bank Street is the region of bargains and mark-down sales and that occasionally the Capitol places before us a vaudeville at which we can laugh instead of groan. Together with these gradual discoveries will come, most assuredly, a feeling of actual respect and admiration for its peculiarities and when we go away we will forget the vaudeville, the shops which had everything except what we wanted, the fog and the rain. We'll remember the hill and the sparkling river, the boat rides and—O'Leary's.

KATHERINE SWAN '26.

IN PURSUIT OF PRETZELS.

There is an edible—a twisted, crusty, salty morsel—known to persons of German origin—and others, too—as a pretzel. It is a curious phenomena of the cook's art which pleases many aristocratic palates—this pretzel. It causes thirst, like others of its specie which are highly salted; it also causes a peculiar desire for another—and yet another ad infinitum. Now, having ticketed and classified satisfactory—at least I hope such is the case, this product of German efficiency; having also—again I hope such is the case—aroused an odd and unaccountable desire for the said delicacy, I will dash all your hopes to the ground. A pretzel in New London is unknown—nay, even unheard of.

This fact was called to my attention one murky evening of last March. Sally and I, on our way home from a movie dissipation at the Crown, were suddenly overwhelmed by the unaccountable desire for a pretzel. When this longing crept on as we were far from the good and reputed shopping district of this seaport city; indeed we were well advanced on that street commonly known as Main. With the same intonations and almost at the same breath we turned to each other, "Let's find some pretzels!" Thereupon began our hunt!

As, in the olden days, the pursuit of the seven-headed Gorgons led into dark and unfamiliar countries, so now the chase of the twisting and alluring pretzel led us into dark and unfamiliar shops. We stopped at the first respectable, outwardly so, at least, store. Bold and brave we stepped in. I gave Sally a poke. By this she understood she was to be spokesman. "Have you any pretzels?" No answer from the stolid, expressionless foreigner who stood on the other side of

the counter. Again the question—again silence. We were both becoming a bit embarrassed by this time and so—there evidently being no pretzels forth-coming—we surreptitiously left the store.

Our next attempt was to timidly open the door of a small, close, shadowy store a few blocks further on. Here it was my turn to be questioner. "Have—have you any pretzels?" "Huh?" "Pretzels—little wriggly things" and I waved my forefinger wildly. "No—no pretzeel—nice ripe banan. Mebby you—" but we fled leaving the Italian smiling at vacuity.

We tried a third and a fourth—with the same heart-breaking results! The fifth place, a fine, clean, airy one—we were almost on campus now—would surely have them. We walked in confidently and brazenly demanded a half-pound of pretzels. The clerk was a country fellow with cityfied manners and he said, "What?" We thought he just didn't know. With equal assurance we turned to a beaming, corpulent person at the back. The question was put—the answer received. No pretzels! With beating hearts we turned and walked out. (I have never entered that store since.) No pretzels! We were doomed! Our tastes were thwarted! A deep silence followed us as far as the trolley station. There we both turned and murmured, "Well, we didn't want any anyway!" '25

THE POWER OF CONCENTRATION.

I had decided to concentrate. I had discovered that it was the way to free myself forever from the harassing necessity of spending days in imbibing knowledge. I would do two hours of History in fifteen minutes. I would surprise my friends with this marvelous ability. I would be known as the girl who always had plenty of time. It was a wonderful inspiration. I would concentrate.

I shut the door firmly, seated myself at the desk, and closed my eyes for ten seconds to clear my mind from all diverting thoughts. I concentrated. It worked perfectly, then after an interval of perhaps three minutes little stray thoughts went flitting through my mind like specks on the paper, blurring the type. The thoughts became more definite, someone was talking—"box from home," "cookies with nuts." Instinctively I arose and walked out of the room. While I was devouring aforesaid cookies—I remembered! I had shown a despicable lack of will power. I felt guilty and ashamed. I retired to my room, picked up my book, and with grim determination banished all other thoughts from my mind.

My roommate came home. I did not glance up. She said she thought I had a class; she said she guessed a green sweater would look better with a plaid skirt, and it was colder, and would she ever get that picture of Ted, and what was the matter with me anyway. I replied in a dignified voice that I was trying to concentrate. "Hm." Silence. "There was a letter for you." That was exasperating, maddening! As soon as I could control my rage sufficiently, I demanded hoarsely, "Just why did you leave it there?" "O I thought you had a class," she answered carelessly. I mentally cursed all my favorite curses and concentrated—or made a desperate attempt to. The letter was probably from home—but maybe it was—. I thought of every one it could possibly be from and imagined as many impossible ones. The torture was too much, I rose but even as I did so I remembered. I must not yield—weakling. I resolutely picked up the book and focused my attention on the printed page—all I saw was a mail box—and one letter. I hurled down the

book and dashed over to the gym, there it was in my box! Breathlessly I fumbled with the combination and grabbed out—an advertisement for seamless stockings. '25.

TO DR. LEIB'S GEESE.

Tonight as I came walking home,
Whatever did I see
But four white shapes a-passing,
While the moon peeked out at me.

And then the cloud drew back her veil,
The moon beamed fine afar,
And I saw four gaunt geese waddling,
And a-honking at a star.

The moon slipped back into the mist,
'Tis wondrous, you'll agree—
Those four gaunt geese a-straying
Were vague mysteries to me.

P.

Professor—"Miss Small." Absolute silence.

Professor—"Oh, excuse me, I mean Miss Short."

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A TALK WITH OUR DEAN.

I called on the Dean the other night. She received me in her pleasant sitting room—with its many, many book-cases, and its atmosphere of quiet. We talked first of hair—an odd subject, perhaps—nevertheless, we followed it. Apparently, Dean Nye does not disapprove of bobbed hair, although she laughingly announced that she was not desirous of bobbing her own. Then, somehow, we found that the conversation had travelled to skirts—the comparative value of long and short. Dean Nye seemed to hesitate about coming to any decision on this weighty matter, and finally announced that she really did not notice particularly who was or who was not in style in this respect.

After gazing at the books for a second I asked whether it seemed that college girls had a real appreciation of good literature. After a moment of reflection the reply came that there is among college girls only a limited acquaintance with general literature. In every class there is apt to be a considerable number who have never read Shakespeare, even, yet any Freshman with a reasonable amount of curiosity might be expected to do so.

From books we went to colleges. Dean Nye would "like to see a college where there were no activities but classes, save perhaps informal debates or discussion groups,—a college which would not overlap with any other organization. For instance, the religious activity of the students would find an outlet in the varied work of the different local churches. Such organizations as the city Y. M. C. A., the Associated Charities, the Playground Association, etc., would offer opportunities and would welcome the help which would be given by those college girls whose interest turned to such work. Dances and other social functions would be enjoyed by students at their homes or elsewhere during vacations and would not form a part of the college course. Such a college would have no attraction for the so-called "flapper" and only those whose chief interest is in their books would attend. I asked if such a plan would not, of necessity, take away opportunities which a girl now has to gain social poise and a knowledge of life through experience. Dean Nye replied immediately, "She could learn more from literature than from the boys who came to Prom, don't you think so?"

As I rose to go Miss Nye smiled with a pleasant twinkle in her eye and my first interview was ended.

ALMA MATER BY THE RIVER.

Concluded from page 2, column 1.

not, and it seems to be a matter of great contention. Thames, too, signifies size and power, and influence upon a world of commerce.

But to us, as to the Pequots, the Thames is the "One Great River." How closely it is connected with our life here at college! It seems to reflect our moods, or perhaps better, to determine them. When the water is grey and dull, reflecting a leaden sky, our hearts are often heavy and saddened. But when the river is blue and sparkling—then we are happy and carefree, and we laugh, and sing, and play. It is then that we have the "strength to remove mountains." The one who wrote,

"The river's blue today

As it never was before,"

felt keenly this influence which we feel.

"Oh, may the freedom and the strength

Of hill and river be, at length,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea
A symbol of our love for thee."

What Did He Mean?—A small visitor to our campus recently expressed a wish to take luncheon in "Famous Hall."

BARNARD STUDENTS SUBMIT PLAN FOR FRESHMAN COURSE.

(From the Nation.)

The Student Curricular Committee of Barnard College has lately worked out a revision of the curriculum which makes it satisfactory from the students' point of view. The proposed Freshman required courses are printed below:

History of Mankind: A synthetic survey course designed to bring out the chief aspects of man's relation to his environment by tracing present conditions and tendencies to historic processes. The course would include the following features in the order named:

1. The physical nature of the universe. The earth in relation to the universe. The geological epochs.

2. Man as a product of evolution, including the general outlines of biological evolution, leading to the emergence of man.

3. The early history of man. Types of primitive culture. Distribution of peoples. Racial theories.

4. Historical processes leading to present cultural conditions. This will be by far the most extensive part of the course and will deal with the emergence of political forms, economic development, and the development of institutions and ideas.

5. Modern problems, political, economic and social.

Introduction to Human Biology and Psychology:

1. Outlines of human body traced from the simplest living units.

2. Specific human development of the sex-reproductive-child-rearing function. (a) The facts of structure, functions, development, and hygiene of the sex and reproductive apparatus of the male and female; (b) the outstanding facts of maternity and parturition; (c) effects of sex on individual human development from fertilization to maturity; (d) the nature and power of the sex impulse; (e) the gradually developed sex controls imposed on the individual by society; (f) the pathological effects of perverse and unsocial uses of sex in society; (g) the facts underlying a satisfactory adjustment in marriage and home-making.

General Mathematical Analysis:

First Semester: 1. Philosophical concepts of number and form. 2. The function concept. Problems of variation. Graphical methods. 4. Fundamental theorems of trigonometry. Theory and use of logarithms.

Second Semester: 1. General introduction to statistical method. Averages. Mathematical basis of index numbers. Measurement of variation. 2. Theory of probability as the basis for statistics. Concept of chance. Law of large numbers, when applicable. Correlation. 3. Application of above principles to specific problems in the natural and social sciences. Emphasis on purely formal nature of statistical results; statistics as a tool.

English Literature: The aim is to present literature as an aspect of life. The emphasis is therefore on subject matter. The work of the first semester deals rather than on technical or historical problems with those writers such as Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Spenser, who may be said to have presented a view of life as a whole. In the second semester the development of various significant themes in English poetry and prose is traced, as, for instance, the set of ideas which had their origin in Plato's *Symposium*. Modern writers are in all cases introduced with a view of giving the student an understanding and appreciation of the growth and permanence of literary reactions to life.

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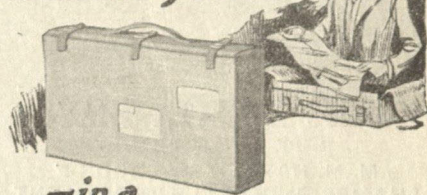
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FRESHMAN SECTION GAME.

Listen, ye people, both great and small,
 To this tale concerning a hockey ball.
 'Twas the month of October in '22,
 On the twenty-sixth day, if the story
 be true.

You all must surely that date recall.

The hockey ball was placed on the
 green

Above it two figures did eagerly lean.
 They bullied it off; and the cheers did
 swell

In praise of Weller and B. Damerel.
 With excitement the eyes of the
 watchers did gleam.

The little round ball was knocked
 around,

The force of the blows raised it high
 off the ground.

The team of white and the team of
 blue

Were out for business and honor due.
 And over the field the ball did bound.

The players cast off their sweaters
 and coats,

The spectators gathered their furs
 round their throats.

The wind did howl and the sun did set,
 The blues did finally victory get,

Good training and teamwork this
 winning denotes.

The casualties of the game were few.
 The fall of Whittier all did rue.

Our fears were aroused for an old
 black horse

That "Crawford and Company" with-
 out remorse

Did up and down the next field pur-
 sue.

The horse survived and so did all
 Who watched that game of the hockey
 ball

The score attained was four to nought,
 It was not a victory easily bought.

Below the names of the players re-
 call.

White.

F. Line: H. Hood, M. Stone, H.
 Weller, E. Sherman, C. Ables, M.
 Cogswell, E. Bender, E. Lindsley

Half Backs: P. Tucker, Farnsworth,
 E. Alexander, L. Gordon, B. Boyd, M.
 Varian, T. Hewlitt.

Full Backs: J. Peterson, L. Oakes,
 B. Bell.

Goal: D. Swan.

Blue.

F. Line: B. Damerel, Knup, M. Cer-
 lian, M. Williams, L. Dunham, M. A.
 Smith, F. Angier, H. Farrington.

Half Backs: G. Clark, M. Sterling,
 E. Sternberg, E. Wrenschell, D. Litt.

Full Backs: H. Edwards, E. Whit-
 tier, L. Scarlet.

Goal: R. Beebe.

BARBARA BROOKS, 26.

THE BLANKET TAX.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

be made, but of that I have no right
 to speak officially.

The purpose, of course, of the Blan-
 ket Tax as it has been instituted is
 to provide at the minimum of cost to
 each student, the maximum of partici-
 pation in college activities. Person-
 ally, I can see no insuperable difficul-
 ties in adjusting the inevitable and
 minor problems that arise.

If any club feels that it is being

badly treated or if any organization
 feels that it is not receiving its due
 share of the total income, a complaint
 in writing to Miss Margaret Baxter
 will result in a final adjustment of
 the difficulty; and in the experiment
 next year, a proper presentation of a
 budget by each organization will in-
 sure a corresponding appropriation for
 their needs within the limitations of
 an income determined first, by the
 College enrolment, and second, by the
 amount charged per head. It was
 originally intended that each student
 should pay twelve dollars, and this
 with the expectation that four hundred
 and fifty students would be enrolled
 this year. It was thought best by the
 Administration that the sum per cap-
 ita should not exceed ten dollars, and
 this modification with the inevitable
 decrease in the number of students
 has reduced the total sum available
 to an amount which necessitates a
 paring down of the sums to be dis-
 tributed to each organization. An-
 other year, the Student Government
 Association should be in a position to
 properly estimate the net Blanket Tax
 receipts for that year, and to forewarn
 the various organizations of the ut-
 most that they may expect.

And in this way, once the budgets
 have been presented and the organi-
 zations have been notified, the entire
 group of undergraduate clubs and
 organizations can proceed with a min-
 imum of friction and the greatest
 possible amount of efficiency. Speak-
 ing for myself, I hope that the Blan-
 ket Tax will be given at least two
 years' fair trial, and then if it is a
 failure we can immediately put an
 end to the experiment. The Commit-
 tee of the Faculty shares in a large
 measure the opinions that I have ex-
 pressed in this letter, but I must take
 entire responsibility for putting them
 into print.

GERARD E. JENSEN.

FRENCH PLAY TO BE PRESENTED

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

Bellac, le Professeur H. Clarke
 Roger de Céran E. Merry
 Paul Raymond O. Hulbert
 Toulonnier H. Richards
 Le General de Briais ... M. Snodgrass
 Virot E. Warner
 Francois B. Kent
 De Saint-Réault C. Dodd
 Gaiaic M. Vibert
 Des Millets M. Armstrong
 Un domestique R. Hedrick

TURKISH QUESTION DISCUSSED.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

backed Greece, and France backed the
 Turks indirectly. The Turks won and
 were greatly strengthened in their de-
 sire for a state where there should be
 only Turks. This is the explanation
 of the Armenian massacres.

The question of "what shall become
 of Constantinople?" is now answered,
 for the present at least. The Turks
 have been put back in possession of
 it and also of Eastern Thrace.

The Manager of the Bookstore states
 that the next person to break a show-
 case will be expelled from college!

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