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ALL-FRESHMAN ISSUE

HOW CAN A FRESHMAN HELP TO MAKE STUDENT GOVERNMENT A SUCCESS?

There are three necessary requirements for a Freshman who desires to help make Student Government a success: The realization of her share of the day's work, her endeavor to increase the spirit of democracy, and her co-operation with its aims.

Most of you would say that a Freshman not realize her daily obligations because she unconsciously lives with memories of the past and with anticipations of the approaching future. Suppose that we consider these two golden ages of which we all think and dream. The one behind us, through which we have passed and to which, as time goes on, we shall revert with pleasure or with regret, and doubtless, in any event, we shall muse upon its flight. The other before us, the future filled with dreams and with our ambitions, from which we hope to gain great success. Perhaps, to many, especially to a Freshman, the present time in which we are living does not seem to be a golden period. Perhaps, we can never truly estimate the passing hour, for it needs time to show real results of events and to give them their full meaning. By a Freshman, who is just starting a serious phase of her life, this passing hour should be made to shine like a precious gem, far too valuable to be lost in the dust of lost hours. Very often these valuable hours are let slip by girls released, for the first time, from parental guidance. These girls, generally, have a total disregard for their relationship to their fellow students, and thus, then neglect to uphold their share of the daily duties. This attitude causes an undue amount of friction among immediate associates and an unnecessary amount of supervision from the ruling faction,—Student Government. How much finer would it be if each Freshman having this tendency should turn the tables and endeavor, each day, to do some one thing, however small, to help put into practice the aims of this Student Government! Let her not underrate her capabilities and think that the little she can do, individually, will be of no benefit to college. It is just this little added to the little of everyone else that makes a big total of success. But nevertheless, after considering a suggestion of this kind, a Freshman's mind vividly pictures what is before her which seems to be full of bright tomorrows, tomorrows different from the present days with their trials and vexations. But tomorrow, let us remember, is today surrounded with the glamour of our own imagination. So, why long for these tomorrows, little Freshmen, when the present moment surrounds you with unequalled opportunities to share in honest work and play, primarily for your own good, and secondly, for the success of Student Government? Seek to reap full benefit from these happy days that are now yours, realizing they are abounding with fine,

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

THE TRUE CONVERSATION OF A WEEK-END VISITOR.

Visitor—"You girls certainly have an ideal location for your college. Ever so many pretty walks in the woods; an 'island' for the charms of water, but you surprise me that you don't make boating a regular sport, as you do tennis!"

I listened politely and when my visitor was through I hesitated, hoping that the subject would be dropped—But no, she continued—

"As far as I can see you have no excuse. You cannot say, if we had a crew we would have a river sport—if we had the river. You can have the crew if you get down and work for it. Imagine what other colleges think of you. Look at —, she has a crew, and what facilities has she for one? Hardly enough water to float the shells and when once the boats get under way they have gone half the distance and have to turn about and go back. Now you are on the river, that river famous for the Yale-Harvard races, yet you make no use of it!"

The horrible truth had dawned on me. Connecticut College was not awake to its opportunity! Can we let this record stand, fellow-students, and not say one word about it? Can we continue in our peaceful pace and not make any preparations for a crew for next year? Now we have the winter months ahead of us to raise the money, buy the shells, and repair the boat-house! What do you say about it?

THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

(From the standpoint of little sister.)

There is no doubt in my mind that a college education is very valuable. I remember very little about my older sister before she went away, but now that she is home I can see great improvement. Mother and Dad say it is because of her college education. The fudge she makes is wonderful! In fact, all her cooking is fine. She makes things now without a recipe, and uses any utensils that are handy, nail-files, screw drivers, or fountain pens, it matters not. Then, too, she says, she has really learned to dance. That is a great asset in any woman's life,—to know how to dance well! I thought she danced nicely before she left home, but according to sister, there is nothing like experience in college to aid good dancing. (I guess she had lots of practice from the looks of her Memory Book, which is just full of dance programs).

Sister's clothes are a marvel to me. I never cease to wonder how she gets into them and makes them look as she does. She'll take a piece of satin and another of tulle, put them together, and, behold,—an adorable evening dress. I know she never knew how to do that before she left. Then, too, there are the men who come to see her. She met them all when she was at college. I think every girl should go to college to find a man to marry, and by learning how to cook and dress, to prepare herself for her future life.

E. M. '24.

TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

LESLEY ALDERMAN WINS BATES' CUP.

Dr. George N. Bates of New London, presented the College with a beautiful silver cup, to be awarded to the girl winning singles in a tennis tournament which should be played off this fall. The entries were:—M. Snodgrass, C. Vose, G. Fisher, R. Wilson, M. Taylor, D. Randle, N. Purvin, L. Roche, E. Slaymaker, H. C. Hall, G. Bals'ey, L. Alderman, A. Holcomb, N. Le Witt, J. Warner.

The winners of the first round were:—M. Snodgrass, R. Wilson, M. P. Taylor, L. Roche, H. C. Hall, L. Alderman, A. Holcomb, N. Le Witt.

The winners of the second round were:—R. Wilson, L. Roche, L. Alderman, A. Holcomb.

The winners of the third round were:—R. Wilson (score 6-3, 6-3); L. Alderman (score 6-1, 6-2).

The final game was played on Friday morning, November 12. In spite of the early hour and cold weather, several enthusiastic spectators grouped themselves near the courts, where the splendid rallies and swift returns kept the play especially lively.

Ruth Wilson made not one play in poor form, but her opponent paced the balls so cleverly that a quick back hand stroke was necessary for return. Although Ruth Wilson's back hand stroke is a thing of beauty, her playing was not quite so consistent as that of her opponent. Lesley Alderman's quick, accurate eye for the ball and magnificent handling of herself, was what finally gave her the winning points.

She won the first set by 6-3, the second by 6-4. The last set was won by only one point, the score in points being 34-33.

Dr. Bates was out-of-town, and so could not witness the finals. But we hope that at a later date he will be able to present the cup in person.

M. K. '24.

DING-DONG-BELL!

Branford House had a soccer game, in its halls, so widely famed. So violently, roughly, the girls did play, The fire alarm was broken in the fray! Thirty minutes later, up the watchman strolled.

"Trouble?" He asked, in a tone not bold.

"You are so prompt," the girls replied: "The flames have burned and also died."

GLASS HOUSES, ETC.

The prof had written on the back of a theme: "Please write more legibly."

Next day—"Prof, what is this you put on my theme?"—Tar Baby.

A preacher raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was paralyzed with astonishment to see his young offspring in the gallery, pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse-chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof, the young hopeful cried out: "Tend to your preaching, daddy! I'll keep 'em awake!"—The Radiator.

PROFESSOR MASON OF COLUMBIA SPEAKS ON THE LISTENER'S SHARE IN MUSIC.

Professor Mason said in part that the Americans enjoyed active, not passive recreation. The average American listens to music as an unintelligible mass of sound; but, in truth, music is one pleasure in which all may take keen delight.

Everyone has his own interpretation of different pieces, but intelligent appreciation is acquired only by experience. First comes the sensation and later the perception of music; but perception grows upon one and is not acquired. To the uneducated ear dissonance sounds disagreeable, but very often beauty has this same dissonance. The second essential of understanding is attention; and closely allied to this is memory.

There are several tests for good music. Are the ideas expressed striking or interesting? Rhythmic fundamental in music. Also, opposition, or stretto, makes for beauty. By opposition is meant the interposition of another theme before a preceding one. A second test for good music is unity in treatment. So we find that variety in music is made up of interruption of stretto, and unity. Lengthening and inversion of the same themes are also means of producing this desirable variety in unity.

CLUB MEETINGS.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

A short meeting of the Mandolin Club was held on Tuesday evening, November 9th. A goodly number were present and the Club seems to be making progress despite the fact that it has been obliged to omit two of its regular meetings.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

At the regular meeting of the Dramatic Club, Wednesday, November 10th, Jessie Bigelow '23, was elected to fill the new office of Business Manager. The Club also decided to give a Mystery play at the Christmas party.

SPANISH CLUB.

A special meeting of the Spanish Club was held, Thursday evening, at eight o'clock, in New London Hall. At this meeting the Club decided to give the play "Zaragueta." The play was read over and the characters were assigned. "Zaragueta" is to be given in the early part of December.

MATHEMATICS CLUB.

A regular meeting of the Mathematics Club was held Monday evening, at eight o'clock, in New London Hall. Two papers were read—one by Barbara Ashenden, another by Augusta O'Sullivan. Dr. Leib gave an interesting demonstration of the calculating machine which has just been added to the equipment of the Mathematics Department.

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

Connecticut College News

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GET BUSY.

Somewhere in every mind there is a long bottle, tightly corked. In that bottle are kept all the little originalities and all the little bright ideas that make life interesting. Now, in order to write so that the reader does not grow drowsy, we must work hard till we get that cork out. The cork is wilfulness; determination to show "Teacher" that the subject is impossible; that it is uninteresting; that it is dry. Every one is supplied with a cork screw named will-power, and by pulling hard, that cork maybe made to come out. When it is out, the worst is over; but the task is not quite complete.

Next we must take a long pick, persistence, and pull out the first idea. It does not come easily; but the next won't be half as difficult. Within this idea we shall find a pit or seed—an unexpected pleasure—for it is a good mark.

Some times people plant these pits and some times they grow to be big, thrifty trees, the great and interesting writers of books and essays who grow ideas for other people's bottles. So it goes on through the centuries.

Perhaps we shall never become great writers; perhaps the seeds will not grow. But this, at least, we can do. We can uncork that bottle and pick out the ideas, one by one. We can find, within, the pits, and plant them. When we have gone thus far we can do no more. Other powers do the rest. But, who knows?
E. H. H. '24.

STAND-BY.

Now is the time of all other times when we can prove to the faculty that we have honor and can live up to what Student Government expects of us. The faculty after a long discussion has kindly consented to give us the Wednesday afternoon before Thanksgiving and the Friday morning following. How, oh, how we wish they would give us from Wednesday noon until Sunday night. But seeing that they have not, let's live up to their hopes of us. It is going to be a terrible temptation when we are home to stay over until Sunday night, especially if we have only one class on Saturday. It will certainly take a lot of will-power, to resist, but "resist" we must. In this instance, can't we live up to the standards of Connecticut College? Can't we prove to the faculty that they can depend upon us? Come on, classmates, let's stand by Student Government.
LOUISE HALL, 1924.

GOOD TIMES!

Who wants good times? Everyone, of course, but there is a time and a place for everything. The place for good times is not in the class room. Do your talking first, and when you enter the class room be prepared to give attention to the instructor—that courtesy is little enough to ask. Besides, it is only in this manner that you can gain anything from the work and after all, is that not your purpose in being here?

The instructors want you to enjoy yourselves. You too, want to enjoy yourself, but that hardly needs to be urged upon you. The fact is, that many of the girls in college are too frivolous. They turn tests, recitations, and other responsibilities into play. Can anything really worthwhile be accomplished if this attitude is maintained? Can the Student Government be a success if the girls take the honor system lightly? Can the "News" be a good paper if the girls throw aside the task of supporting it? Can any real progress be made in academic work if it is taken without due seriousness and is interrupted by frequent week-end trips? Can the high standard of Connecticut College be maintained if it is all one grand joke? Answer this for yourself, and conduct yourself accordingly in the future.
R. K.

FREE SPEECH.

[The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.]

To the Editor:—The Service League of Connecticut College seems to stand for all that is helpful and all that means progress in the college and in the community life going on in the vicinity. Wherever there is a need, or an opening for improvement, there the Service League steps in and does all in its power. The down-town girls, the college maids, the Christodora House, the children of the community, and many others, receive attention. However, it is of the children in the community that I would write.

In the New York Library, a certain afternoon each week is set aside for Children's Afternoon and women, especially talented in talking to children, come to tell them stories. Now, why couldn't the girls of Connecticut College adopt some such plan as the New York Library, only, of course, on a smaller scale? For instance: one girl could go to the Children's Room of the New London Library one afternoon a month and tell stories to the kiddies; fairy stories, true stories, animal stories, children stories, stories of history, stories of the lives of famous men and women? It would be a happy and instructive hour for both girls and listeners. The children would learn to use their imaginations and they would learn also the interesting facts which help to make an in-

telligent conversationalist and a well-read person. The girls would not only learn and remember the facts and incidents but they would attain something far more precious. They would find out how to talk to children; how to work with them; how to play with them.

I wish that such a branch of the Service League might be started for I am sure that it would thrive just as the other branches have thrived and would help to make our Service League (hence, indirectly, our college) all we wish it to be.
E. H. H. '24.

POLITENESS?

To the Editor:—I cannot help making note of the lack of order which existed the night of the Dramatic Club performance. Naturally, during the plays themselves, the audience was reasonably quiet. But immediately upon the dropping of the curtain, there arose such a hub-bub, such a babel of voices, that it was almost impossible to talk intelligently with the person sitting next to you. Everyone turned around to talk to her neighbor. Some even stood up and signaled to their friends. The confusion was extremely objectionable.

Especially did it seem to me that there was a noticeable lack of manners during the intermission between the first and second acts. One of the girls was playing the piano and I, for one, was quite anxious to hear her. Impossible! The commotion and confusion quite drowned out the soft notes of the music, and, despite the fact that I was seated near the stage, I could hear a strain only now and then.

The fact that the affair was formal should have brought about an air of greater decorum. But this was noticeably lacking. Wouldn't it be a good thing if we should all ask ourselves why?

AN APPRECIATION OF STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Before I came to Connecticut College I had heard that the College upheld the principles of student government. However, I had for some time known what Student Government at school meant, this information made little impression on me. We had had such an organization at high school; or at any rate we thought we had it, and there lay the difference. Student Government was an ideal, a theory which was named frequently among us, but in reality had no power at all. So when I came here to College I thought that Student Government would work in the same way and therefore I was not especially interested.

The second day I was here, however, at a meeting of the Freshmen class I heard from the Student Government president just what the organization maintains and includes. I was greatly surprised at the extent of the body's jurisdiction but I was also greatly delighted. Although I did not know how successful the organization had been I was interested and curious to realize that "cutting" classes was up to me. And to know that if I broke rules the matter would be considered by a student, was all distinctly new and rather fascinating.

As the weeks have passed I have thought a great deal about the honor system included in our Student Government, and the more I think about it, the better I like it. A truth has happily dawned upon me, and it is this: Student Government Organization and the honor system are a success, because the girls not only admire and respect them but respect with pleasure and pride.

To me the biggest, finest, and most outstanding factor at Connecticut College is the Student Government Organization. Let us not pass it by too casually. Rather let us acknowledge it, and live up to it, not abuse it, and

let us fervently say, "Long may it live."
M. L.

AMONG OUR POETS.

THE AUTUMN WIND.

"I'm up and away, this mad-cap morn,
To the hills and the fields and the sky.
For the wind shouts a call that is clear
And loud, a call that I can't deny,
And the sky is glad, and the fields rejoice
And the distant hills are high!
Oh the rush of the wind, and the strength of the wind, as it sweeps o'er hill-tops free!
And the song of the wind, and the lure of
The wind, as it woos each tremulous tree!
Oh a rollicking friend and a powerful God, is the autumn wind to me!"

SONNET.

How many of us fret our days away,
Not aiming for the everlasting goal—
The spiritual atonement of the soul—
But wandering hither, thither as we may,
With no light to guide us lest we go astray.
We let temptation fan the fiery coal,
As by vain means we oft ourselves console
What bitter bondage is the price we pay!
Oh, Lord, when shall we hearken to Thy voice,
And tread the upward path with willing feet,
Not heeding vice, but setting trust in Thee?
When, walk in freedom always and rejoice
In victory, bear bravely our defeat?
Arise, fight on into eternity!

TRANSITION.

Throughout the whole long springtime
A tiny rose-bush grew;
It loved the bright spring sunshine
And early morning's dew.
Days pass in swift succession,
Till springtime nears its close,
And 'mong the leafy clusters
Lies the wee bud of a rose.
More fair it grows, and larger,
Until the spring is gone,
And in a hazy splendor,
Glowing the summer dawn.
And spring time's happy promise
To a fuller beauty grows;
For the spring has changed to summer,
And the rosebud to a rose.
D. M. S. '24.

THE MESSAGE.

There's a message that comes from the leaflets
As lightly they sway in the breeze,
A whisper that comes, if you listen,
From the tops of the tall pine-trees.
There's a keynote in the birds' carols
That's repeated again and again
Until others have heard their glad message
And echoed their joyous refrain.
The message is borne by the soft winds
That float o'er the land and the sea,
The keynote blends all life's discords
Into one perfect harmony.
The twinkling stars reflect it
As they shine in the heavens so bright,
It floats through the hush of the ev'ning,
And sings in the voices of night.
It is the soul of music,
It is the center of art,
It dwells, although oft unawakened,
In the depths of each human heart.
All nature's voices breathe it
As they whisper by night and by day,
But to him is joy unequalled
Who can comprehend what they say.
D. M. S. '24.

SHE SLEEPS.

It is evening now,—and the Day
All wearied with the turmoil of the
World
Creeps softly to the yearning arms of
Night
And lies, a tired child with limbs up-
curled.
The Night wind breathes a lulling
melody
A Vesper sparrow's dream,—sweet
evensong
While over drooping eyes the Day
Child draws
The cloud-like curtain of her lashes
long.
Above her, down the stairway of the
skies,
The gentle Moon in hushed wonder
creeps
To gaze just once upon her dreaming
eyes.
And stars light up the chamber
where she sleeps.

E. M. S. '24.

**THE PARABLE OF THE
PESTILENCE.**

Now it came to pass, that as the
cold season of the year was settling
down upon the land of Connecticut, all
of the Tribes which had pitched their
tents on Mount Campus, even unto the
utmost dorms, had been visited by the
Fire Drill which cometh in darkness.
And the children of the Deshonites
and of the Mosierites were glorifying
in their good fortune of having es-
caped the Great Terror. But lo, in
the hour of their jubilation, in the
fullness of their pride, there descended
upon them the Pestilence that at-
tacketh at midnight. For it came to
pass that when all the Deshonites had
made themselves ready for slumber-

ing after the day's labors, and when
all the Mosierites had long since wan-
dered to a drowsy land, there ap-
peared unto the Captain of the Fire
Guards the Chief Scribe. Now, there-
fore, saith each Captain, will I awake
every member of the Tribe, even unto
her who dwelleth on the Third Floor.
And, so saying, did she smite upon the
Fire Gong. The gong being interpreted,
meant: "Turn ye out, ye sleepy
heads." Now, these sleepy heads, these
workers of Iniquity were sore opp-
ressed to hear this sound, which
struck terror to their hearts; and
they rose not, neither did they come
down. So it came to pass that each
Captain of the Fire Guard smote more
heavily upon the brazen cymbal, say-
ing: "Behold they will not believe
me, but think, each one, that I am
jesting. Therefore will I smite this
once more, and then I care not if they
burn to cinders in the night." But to
this second call the Deshonites, and
the Mosierites made response. Each
did pull her sleepy Roommate from
her downy couch, and each did gird
round herself a bathrobe and sandled
her feet. They hastened and came
down. *There was danger of being trod-
den under foot and there was much
display of white raiment beneath coats
and robes.*

So soon as the Tribes had formed a
half circle, yea a shapely arc in front
of their houses, the Captain of the
Fire Guard did read in chilly tones
each name. Whereupon, each member
of the Tribe did make response, and
hide her pride and wrath in Shivers.
But now the Chief hath spoken.
The Deshonites hath each and every
one, once more retired. And in the
Camp of the Mosierites there reigneth
unbroken stillness. Now, therefore, I
say unto you that whosoever laughs
first shall be caught by the Terror
that walketh in darkness. And who-
soever shall glorify unduly in *her es-
cape* from Fire Drills, yea, even unto
the utmost ends of Mount Campus,
shall be visited by the Pestilence that
attacketh at midnight.

C. B. H. '24.

station, because, after all, these minor
things have little to do with college
life, and do not rate a Freshman any
higher in the eyes of her classmates,
unless she possesses a wholesome,
democratic character. She will find
as a result that unconsciously she has
made for herself a splendid personal
record, at the same time. Student
Government, the seat of college de-
mocracy, helps each Freshman, and,
in fact, every student, to put to the
test her sense of honor. In respect for
this, a "new student," placing honor
before personal interests, should work
heart and soul to uphold this govern-
ing faction which trusts her regard for
honor. As a result, she can aid all to
unite into one harmonious group of
faculty and students, who will answer
the call of "community consciousness
broadened into a fine democracy."

But, Miss Freshman, do not be mis-
led by assuming that these factions,—
the realization of community obliga-
tions, and the endeavor to increase de-
mocracy, can suffice to help make Stu-
dent Government a success. Co-op-
eration is the deepest root which
nourishes these two branches,—with-
out it, your efforts would be mired in a
bottomless pit. "The watchword re-
call which gave the Republic her Sta-
tion: 'United we stand,—divided we
fall!' It made and preserves us a na-
tion!" "United we stand!" Since the
beginning of the American Nation,
that has been the motto of the coun-
try, and today, more than ever before,
it is on the lips and in the thoughts of
every one. Through unity and co-op-
eration this nation gained its inde-
pendence and has become one of the
great powers of the world. It has be-
come plain, that the lack of unity and
co-operation hampered the allies in
the World War. Each was struggling
for individual success and gain, for-
getting how much more quickly and
easily it would come were they to co-
operate more and have a unified plan
of action. The same qualities that
are necessary for the winning of a
war and for the welfare of a great
country, are necessary for the success
of Student Government. Even the
smallest organization needs the co-op-
eration of its members to accomplish its
ends successfully. Take, for instance,
the Blue Section Hockey Team. What
would that amount to were it not for
the splendid team work which won
the first game? Let us have team
work for the whole college in every-
thing! Let the Freshman who de-
sires to help make Student Govern-
ment a success have stimulating pow-
ers of consciousness, democracy, and
co-operation! In a word, if she con-
tributes something to everything that
concerns Student Government, she, as
well as her college, will have the right
to say with pride,
"United we stand!"

GLORIA HOLLISTER '24.

CLUB MEETINGS.

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

LITERARY CLUB MEETING.

The Literary Club held a regular
meeting on Tuesday evening, Novem-
ber the ninth, at half-past seven. Two
short stories were read: "The Open
Code," and "De Vilmark's Luck." Tea
and wafers were served while the
stories were being discussed.

This year the Literary Club has de-
parted from its former policy of hold-
ing formal meetings in New London
Hall, and meets in the Branford
lounge.

PERSONAL COLUMN.

Virginia Rose, president of the Stu-
dent Government Association in 1919,
was a guest on Campus last Tuesday.

Watch your watches, and mind your
money! Last Tuesday a sneak thief
entered Branford and Plant, "Sooner"
and "Later" were immediately put on
his trail.

We hope Dean Nye's little niece,
Martha, and her companion, Billy, like
College.

Miss Lucy Ford and Charlotte Vose
spent last week-end at their prep
school, Abbott Academy, and attended
the Alumnae Banquet at the Vendome
in Boston.

Sunday, Frances Schwartz enter-
tained Mr. Irving Abrahams of New
York.

Rachel Smith, vice president of the
Senior Class and Jeanette Sperry,
president of the Junior Class, were in
Elmira, over the week-end, attending
Student Government conference.

Princeton had the honor of having
our Student Government president,
Dorothy Gregson, as its guest for the
Yale-Princeton game.

Antoinette Burr spent the week-end
at her home in Middletown.

Dorothy Hubbel spent the week-end
in Princeton, N. J., for the Yale-
Princeton game.

Virginia Packard and Polly Parker
(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

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**HOW CAN A FRESHMAN HELP
TO MAKE STUDENT GOVERN-
MENT A SUCCESS?**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

true, even joyful things, if you will
but seek aright for them.

"For yesterday is but a Dream and
tomorrow only a Vision. But today
well lived makes every yesterday a
Dream of Happiness, and every to-
morrow a Vision of Hope."

Now the question arises; could a
Freshman who thoroughly realized
her daily obligations to her immediate
surroundings, help make Student Gov-
ernment a success? She could. But
this consciousness would be more ben-
eficial if of a truly democratic nature.
There is always so much pretension,
artificiality, and "snobbishness," on
the part of a Freshman, which is very
unnecessary and prevents a college
from being altogether democratic. If
these three things could be totally
eliminated there would exist democ-
racy, the best feeling of generosity and
the highest type of friendship, all of
which would naturally develop into
what is known as a "good college
spirit." The aim of a college, both of
the faculty and students, should be to
kindle a warm and heartier feeling for
every one in the place. In order to do
this, a Freshman, especially, must for-
get who she is, how she stands finan-
cially, where she lives, and her social

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NEW LONDON, CONN.

THE WEEKLY GROAN.

NOT THE DOLLAR IT WAS.

Last month the Buffalo Charity Or-
ganization received a gift of one dollar
with the line, "You are welcome to this.
I can't buy anything with it."—Survey.

Don't you regret having killed that
man with your golf ball?
I certainly do, Judge. If he hadn't
got in my way I'd have made that hole
in one under par.

YUM YUM.

"One enjoys a good grind now and
then," said the humorous Cannibal as
he devoured the valedictorian.—Burr.

NO TICKET NECESSARY.

Boss—"Don't you know that this is a
private office? How much did you pay
the office boy to let you in?"

Job Wanter—"I got in free of charge,
sir. It says, *No Admission* on the door."
—Cornell Widow.

TOUCHING.

At first she touches up her hair
To see if it's in place.
And then with manner debonair
She touches up her face.
A touch of curls behind her ear,
A touch of cuffs, and collars,
And then she's off to Daddy dear
To touch him off for ten dollars.

—Life.

WHAT MEN LIKE IN WOMEN.

- | | |
|------------|--------------------|
| 1. Looks. | 6. Flattery. |
| 2. Brains. | 7. Looks. |
| 3. Looks. | 8. Responsiveness. |
| 4. Money. | 9. Looks. |
| 5. Looks. | —Fester. |

Freshman—"Louise, can you carry a
tune?"

Louise—"Certainly."

Freshman—"Well, carry that one you
are singing out into the backyard and
bury it."—The Radiator.

HIS MOST IMPORTANT FUNCTION.

"An editor is a man who puts things
into a paper, isn't he?"

"Oh, no, my son, an editor keeps
things out of the paper."—The Radi-
ator.

Distressed Damsel—"Oh sir, catch
that man! He tried to kiss me!"

Pensive Pedestrian—"That's all right.
There'll be another along in a minute."
—The Radiator.

Cross-eyed Sophomore (bumping in-
to Freshman)—"Why don't you look
where you're going?"

Freshman—"Why don't you go
where you're looking?"

Anna, the Swedish maid, upon en-
tering the living room found her
mistress in tears. She inquired the
reason.

"Oh Anna!" said her mistress, "Jack
has gone back to Yale and we miss him
so."

"I know just how you feel," replied
the maid, "My brudder he been in Yail
three times since Thanksgiving."

IN POETRY.

Young Thing—"I wonder why they
call it free verse?"

Poet—"That's simple. Did you ever
try to sell any?"—Jack-o-Lantern.

You may talk of signs of the weather
And the winds in the trees how they
sing:

But remember: To sit on a tack
Is the sign of an early spring!

Once an old clergyman, whose eye-
sight was failing, asked one of the
choir-boys to stand in back of the pul-
pit and read the text to him, so that
he could repeat it, correctly, to the
congregation. The following ensued:

Choir-boy (reading)—"Moses was an
austere man."

Clergyman (who was slightly deaf)
—"Moses was an oyster-man."

Choir-boy—"He made atonement for
the sins of his people."

Clergyman—"He made an ointment
for the shins of his people."

Choir-boy (in disgust, closing the
Bible)—"Aw, you darned fool, you've
spilled it all."

Clergyman—"Then the darned fool
spilled it all."

It is requested that all jokes be
passed into the News Office on tissue
paper in order that they may be easier
to see through!

PERSONAL COLUMN.

(Concluded from page 3, column 4.)

attended the Harvard-Brown game at
Harvard Saturday.

Mrs. Corbin of Metuchen, visited her
daughter, Helen.

Elizabeth Brazos returned to College
Tuesday, after a week's illness.

Gertrude Busch was in Princeton, N.
J., for the Yale-Princeton game.

Wuxtra! Wuxtra! "Come to the
bonfire tonight," sang Ruth Wilson,
the College crier, in the evening of
Armistice Memorial Day.

Mrs. Max Purvin visited her niece,
Nata Purvin.

Who is the dainty little blonde who
hides her engagement ring?

"If the king of England sits on a
sack of wool, when he is crowned,
Where does the president of France
sit—A keg of wine?" Quoted—Mrs.?

Romola Martin was at her home in
Derby over the week-end.

Agnes Leahy had a party
And the presents were not tardy
Came her mother and her brother
Also many, many another.

Marjory Backus and Julia Warner
entertained their respective sisters
over the week-end.

Mrs. Bridge spent the week-end
with her daughter.

Helen Tryon was in New Rochelle
for Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Fritzell drove up
from New Haven to see their daughter
Agnes.

We had four good looking youths
from Wesleyan as our (?) guests at
6.30 o'clock dinner on Saturday.

I. ADLER '24.

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