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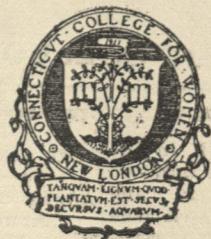
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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Vol. 1 No. 7

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT. JUNE 5, 1916.

PRICE 5 CENTS

The Oldest Orphan

"Oh, yes ma'am," wearily replied the Oldest Orphan, a mere slip of a girl, as she surveyed the "newest trustee's wife who was gazing down upon her with the kindest eyes that the girl had ever seen, "We don't have no time around these parts for bein' lazy. I reckon you'd be surprised to see how much work we all kin do in a day. The matron, Mis' Jenkins, is right smart in makin' all us orphings work for her—"

"Tell me more about it. I'm really very much interested, and I hope to be even more so," urged the older woman.

"Well, ma'am, Mis' Jenk'ns says as how we're dooty bound to work ourselves to skin and bones, because, you see, we're only poor orphings and the state is takin' keer of us til we reach the age when we can do for ourselves, or—" here a wistful look stole into the appealing eyes, "until someone wants one of us to take away—and, of course, there ain't never been any chance for me; they only takes the pretty ones. Oh! ma'am, could I take jest one smell of your flowers?"

The two were strolling back and forth in the gloomy door-yard which was enclosed by a high spiky p'cket fence. In answer to the girl's eager question, the newest trustee's wife removed the violets at her belt and handed them to the Oldest Orphan. "Let's sit on this bench," she suggested, "and you tell me something of your life here and of this great amount of work that seems so important to you."

They were seated now, and the girl was gazing at the violets with hungry eyes; it seemed as though she never would look away from them.

"Well," she began, in a clear voice, "you see I'm the Oldest Orphing. I'm pretty near sixteen, and so Mis' Jenkins says I ought to have the most work to do and be the most grateful to the State and to the Trustees, because I've been here longest. I ain't one to complain, but I will say I don't get no extry time when I could chase grasshoppers, leastwise if I wanted to—which I don't. I get up at five o'clock and dress. Then I go downstairs and sweep out the kitchen and make a fire in the stove. I measure out the oatmeal and put it over to boil. Then I go upstairs again and wake the orphings. This ain't usually very hard to do—because I jest pinches 'em and they squirm out o'bed. I dont hurt 'em none, ma'am," this last

(Continued on page 3.)

Officers for 1916-17

Student Government Association—President Winona Young; Vice-President, Marendra Prentis; Secretary, Marion Kofsky; Treasurer, Sadie Coit; Chairman Executive Committee, Esther Batchelder; Member Executive Committee, Mary Robinson; Member Executive Committee, Norma Regan.

Student Council—Chairman, Winona Young; Secretary, Marion Kofsky.

Members—Marendra Prentis, Sadie Coit, Esther Batchelder, Ruth Trail, Louise Ansley, Juline Warner.

Class of 1919—President, Ruth Trail; Vice-President, Louise Ansley; Secretary, Juline Warner; Treasurer, Amelia Tutles; Historian, Ruth Morriss; Cheer Leader, Madeline Rowe.

Chairmen of Committees—Entertainment, Mildred Provost; Decorations, Grace Cockings; Auditing, Margaret Maher.

Connecticut College News—Editor-in-Chief, Virginia Rose; Associate Editors, Miriam Pomeroy, Iveagh Sterry, Alison Hastings; Joke Editor, Mary Strange; Exchange Editor, Ruth Morriss; News Editor, Dorcas Gallup; News Reporters, Louise Ansley, Marion Williams; News Reporter (Faculty), Emetta Weed; Advertising Manager, Helen Townsend; Treasurer and Subscription Manager, Dorothy Upton.

House Presidents—Blackstone, Jessie Wells; Plant, Helen Gough.

Athletic Association—President, Madeline Rowe; Vice-President, Dorothy Upton; Secretary, Mildred Provost; Treasurer, Irma Hutzler.

Dramatic Club—President, Marion Williams; Vice-President, Frances Otten; Secretary, Mildred Keefe; Treasurer, (Open to Freshmen); Chairman Membership Committee, Dorcas Gallup.

Glee Club—(Present officers. Elections in Fall.) President, Mary Strange; Secretary, Helen Gough; Treasurer, Mildred Wadham; Librarian, Alison Hastings.

Debating and Literary Society—President, —; Vice-President, Mary Erwin; Secretary, Norma Regan; Treasurer, (Open to Freshmen).

Club Francais—President, Emetta Weed; Vice-President, Norma Regan; Secretary, Alison Hastings; Treasurer, Dorothy Dart.

Mandolin Club—Leader, Katherine Barry; Manager, Amy Kugler.

Der Deutsche Verein—President, Mary Robinson; Vice-President, Miriam Pomeroy; Secretary, Sadie Coit; Treasurer, (Open to Freshmen).

Athletics 1915-16

CAPTAINS.

Hockey, Blue, Norma Regan; White, Madeline Rowe.

Basketball (1), Blue, Dorothy Upton; White, Madeline Rowe; (2), Blue, Marion I. Williams; White, Louise Ansley.

Volleyball, Blue, Alison Hastings; White, Louise Ansley.

Baseball, Blue, Norma Regan; White, Louise Ansley.

Tennis, Blue, Dorothy Upton; White, Iveagh H. Sterry.

Rewards

8 points—Numerals.
10 points—Letters C. C.
15 points—Felt Pennant with distinguishing symbol of the Association.

20 points—Leather Banner with distinguishing symbol of the Association.

L. Ansley, 9; R. Anderson, 10½; E. Barnes, 6½; E. Batchelder, 7½; D. Blaisdell, 2½; F. Carnes, 5; A. Cherkasky, 2½; M. Chipman, 4; G. Cockings, 7; D. Dart, 2½; M. Dray, 3; M. Erwin, 2½; P. Ford, 9; H. Gough, 2½; D. Gray, 11; E. Hannon, ½; E. Harris, 2; A. Hastings, 12; J. Hatch, 13; I. Hutzler, 1; L. Jacobs, 6; C. Keefe, 2½; M. Kofsky, ½; A. Kugler, ½; F. Lennon, 8½; D. Lufkin, 2; L. Marsh, 5; M. Mitchell, 4½; R. Morgan, 3½; E. McGinley, 7; D. Peck, 7½; M. Prentis, 11½; N. Regan, 16; H. Rogers, 1; V. Rose, 5; Madeline Rowe, 12; F. Saunders, 3; I. Smith, 2½; I. Sterry, 13; M. Strange, 2½; H. Townsend, ½; R. Trail, 2½; D. Trenholm, 8; A. Tutles, 5½; D. Upton, 18; A. Vargas, 2½; E. Weed, 11; M. Wells, 6½; J. Wells, 5; M. White, 4½; R. Wilcox, 3; M. Williams, 1; H. Yates, 1.

Baseball

May 20—Blue, 12; White, 11.
May 22—Blue, 16; White, 11.

Volleyball

May 24—1st game, 1st set, Blue, 21; White, 12; 2nd set, White, 21; Blue, 20; 3rd set, White, 21; Blue, 12.
May 26—2nd game, Blues won.
May 30—3rd game, 1st set, Blue, 21; White, 12; 2nd set, White, 21; Blue, 12; 3rd set, Blue 21; White, 20.

Hockey

Nov. 20—Black, 6; White, 4.
Nov. 23—White, 16; Black, 6.
Dec. 4—Black, 8; White, 6.

(Continued on page 2.)

A Toast at the Shakespeare Dinner

Tonight this room's a stage,
Where many of the men—are merely women!

They'll have their exits when the feast is done,

Having played their parts in garb achieved and won,

Their acts being seven stages. First cosmetics,

Laid on with skill by Mistress Sutton's hand.

Then stubborn hairs she binds and curls about

The shining morning face, to look a man's.

Then sighing like a furnace, she learns to speak

Fit love-words for a lady's ear. Then bravely

And deep-voiced, with sword on hip, to strut

And flourish as a soldier should, the while

She hooks a doublet on her maiden form.

Then next she contemplates the sorry sight

Of her shrunk shanks, a much too small for man's;

But with much padding and with felten shoon,

She has at last the sixth stage sure attained.

The seventh's later—that e'en comes next day,

And sends the merry jest to mere oblivion,

Leaves the poor player wearied and in bed,

Sans rouge, sans hose, sans breakfast—everything.

A. C. R.

Norwich Pageant

The memory of our Shakespeare celebration was revived on Friday, June 2, when the Norwich Pageant was held, the proceeds being divided between the Norwich Academy and our "Gym" Fund. The afternoon performance began at 4.00 o'clock, opening with a procession of all the participants, led by a herald. The program included readings by Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Shakespearean dances, songs and scenes from Shakespeare plays given by the students of Connecticut College, and the Norwich Academy. An orchestra of six furnished the music. The performance was repeated in the evening, a novel lighting system being used.

COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED, 1916

Published Fortnightly

EDITORIAL STAFF

Associate editors—Mary K. Strange,
Alison Hastings, Marion Kofsky.
Advertising manager—

Virginia Rose,
Treasurer and subscription manager—
Dorothy Upton.

Exchange editor—Helena Townsend.
News editor—Marion Williams.
Reporters—Esther Batchelder and
Dorcas Gallup.

Faculty news reporter—Irma Smith.
Jokes Reporter—Ruth Morriss.
Faculty board of advisers—Dr.
Alice I. Perry Wood, Dr. Nann Clark
Barr and Dr. Irene Nye.

Editorial

Connecticut College celebrated the tercentenary of Shakespeare's death in a way which will make the week of May 1-7 a memorable one for all who had the privilege of being present at the numerous events, either as participants or as spectators. The spirit of the auspicious beginning of the celebration, the singing of the Magdalen College hymn on the eastern steps of New London Hall, on May Day was maintained throughout the week by means of lectures by our professors, by a Shakespeare concert, and by the presentation of "As You Like It," followed by old-time dances by the class of 1919. The grand climax was an Elizabethan dinner held in high state, the diners wearing Shakespearean costumes and partaking of foods common to the time.

It may seem a long way from Shakespeare to athletics, but the interests of the Connecticut College girl are not bounded by time or space. She eagerly listens to the lecture in New London Hall on the Elizabethan stage, and just as eagerly dons her middie blouse at its conclusion to throw herself into baseball or tennis on the athletic field.

All of the five sports taught this year: hockey, basketball, tennis, baseball, and volley ball, have been well played and enthusiastically supported. The games have been close, and if the White teams have been defeated in four out of the five events, it was merely from chance, and not from lack of good playing. Probably the tables will be turned when the valiant athletes of Connecticut College array themselves for the combat next year in the new gymnasium.

A. A. Banquet.

The members of the Athletic Association met for the last time this year at a banquet in Thames Hall. It was decided early in the year that the division which should win the most points in the several series should be given a banquet by the losers. The Blues have produced more winning teams and were entertained by the Whites.

Dinner was served in Thames Hall at seven o'clock on Saturday evening, June 3. The officers of the Association and the captains of the teams made short speeches and the various prizes and awards were presented to the winners. Dancing concluded the evening's entertainment.

Their Heads Are Not Right.

We sat there, Celia and I, in the last row of seats in room one hundred thirteen. The light shone in and brightened the heads of the girls who sat in front of us and who were waiting for college chapel to begin.

"Why do you suppose some of the girls who really have regular features are so plain and almost uninteresting?" I asked.

Celia half closed her eyes, tilted her head and looked over the girls. Then in a droll tone she said: "Well, I guess their heads aren't right. Look at little Jane with her brown hair, her hair so bright and thick, crimped stupidly and covering her pretty white forehead. Let me brush it straight and until it shines like satin. Then let me draw it back loosely and catch it in a shining knot at the nape of her neck and I have a charming little girl whose hair is exactly in harmony with the big, brown, child-like eyes.

"Just ahead of Jane is Betty, with hair brightly red and eyes richly blue. How ugly that pale blue ribbon is and the bob that isn't a bob and is placed in no especial place! Now I shall comb the hair up high, but leave it fluffy and bright over the forehead. If the locks must be tied down to cope with Connecticut College winds, let it be a royal purple ribbon tied with a butterfly bow, turned back at the same angle as the slightly stubby nose and having the same fly-away expression as the rest of the round, freckled face.

"There is Mary down in the corner near the piano. How straight her hair is! Why does she comb it flat and low in the neck? Her green-flecked eyes need expression, so toss the hair far away from the shoulders and pile it in a psyche. Coax it down over the forehead so low that it throws shadows into the eyes and Mary is no longer a demure nobody, but an alluring somebody."

Chapel began, so we stopped improving our girls, but I do repeat that their heads are not right.

A Suggestion for Next Year.

The thought of getting up on Saturday morning, with the usual round of classes before us may seem rather appalling at first, but the plan of holding classes then should prove successful. It is now being carried out in many of the other colleges. Those of us who have been taking sports this winter have found our Saturday morning work very agreeable. Under the present system some of the classes which meet three times a week must, of necessity, come on two successive days, as is the case with one of the history courses, which meets on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. This would be remedied if classes were held on Saturday morning. Besides, if classes were thus held on six mornings each week, we should have two afternoons free. As many of the programs are now arranged, it is impossible for us to go to town during the middle of the week, no matter how urgent the need. There is, of course, the objection that there would be no opportunity to go home over the week-end. But it has already been deemed advisable to limit these week-ends to five a semester, and, as the college grows there will be entertainments of various kinds going on, which will require the cooperation of all of the students. With so much in its favor, surely the plan of holding classes on Saturday morning is worth considering.

Impressions from a Picture of Stratford-on-Avon.

With graceful curve and limp'd, Avon flows
Adown among the fields that lead to Anne,
To eddy 'neath the three-arched bridge's span
In murmurous depths, where gold the sand grains glow.
Or daintily, as maiden lifts her skirt,
To 'void the meadow's lip, thick-fringed with sedge,
Glides on past many a tangled wild-wood hedge
And where the bank with thatched-roofed cots is girt.
And sometimes, rushing—seized with gay caprice—
Past steepled church dark-painted 'gainst the sky,
Where oaks reflected with their shadows vie,
And songs of birds and crickets never cease;
Thus trails a silver ribbon o'er the sward
That marks the birthplace of the sweet-tongued bard.

M. K. S.

Song of Class of 1919.

C-O-double N-E-C-T-I-C-U-T,
That's our college and its course is broad and free,
There you may get your degree,
A. B., A. M., or Ph. D.
If you'll only work! Just wait and see.
What's the class that just within its walls was seen?
Ours it was, and seniors we have always been.
So let us give a rousing cheer,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
For our class nineteen nineteen!

V. C. R.

C. C. Gymnasium

We have accomplished a great deal in athletics this year, in spite of the absence of a gymnasium. We are in hopes of having a "gym" next year, which will greatly increase our athletic progress.

The Fund still grows. During examinations a fine of one cent was imposed on any one mentioning "exams" at the dining-table, the several pennies going to the Fund. Mrs. Bostwick very kindly donated a photograph which has been on exhibition at the Panama Exposition to be disposed of for the "Gym" Fund. The class of 1919 purchased the print for the new dormitory or the Library, \$10.00 being procured by this sale. Miss Sutton has been selling candy and has realized \$3.70. Various plans are being made for increasing the Fund during the summer. These suggestions or plans should be referred to the Gymnasium Fund Committee, Miss Ruth Trail, Chairman.
The total to date is \$4,474.55.

Athletics 1915-16

(Continued from page 1.)

Basketball

Apr. 1—White, 18; Blue, 15. 2nd team, White, 21; Blue, 11.

Apr. 8—White, 21; Blue, 15. 2nd team, White, 22; Blue, 9.

Fall Tennis Tournament—Singles

Winner, Alison Hastings; Runner-up, Dorothy Upton; 2nd round, Florence Carns and Iveagh Sterry; 3rd round, Norma Regan and Dorothy Lufkin.

Spring Tournament—Doubles

May 19-20—Blue, 43; White, 19. Total number of points, Blue, 160; White, 146.5.

Faculty Notes

Dr. Rondinella will spend the summer at her home, Clovertop, in Whitefield, New Hampshire. She will there resume her summer practice as an oculist.

Dr. Wood will spend the summer in Whitefield, New Hampshire. In September she takes up her work as Associate Professor of English, at Wellesley College.

Dr. Barr will attend the fifth year reunion of her class at Western College. While there she will give the paper on "The Philosophy of the Tempest" which she gave during the Shakespeare celebration, as a part of the commencement exercises.

Dr. Coerne intends to spend the summer in New London, and will prepare some compositions for Schirmer & Co.

During the latter part of June, Miss Davis will attend the meeting of the American Library Association, held in Asbury Park, New Jersey.

Dr. Nye will spend the month of June in Dr. Osburn's house, with a party of friends. After that, she intends to visit in Nebraska and Kansas and some other of the Western states.

Professor Osburn and Mrs. Osburn will visit relatives in Ohio in June and will then return to New London.

Miss Woodhull will attend the session of the Harvard summer school and will then go to North Haven, Maine, for the summer.

Miss Thompson will teach this summer at the University of Wyoming.

The World Today

A grasshopper will chew tobacco,
A stove will usually smoke,
In spring the trees being to leave,
And a frog will always croak.
A glue-pot will always get stuck-up,
A calendar have its dates,
Pictures you will see hanging around,
But shoes must have their mates.
Rivers have to lie in bed,
While ships will go to see,
Many times a train will leave its tracks
So a book is bound to be.
You have often heard that a bell told
How a boiler must be fired.
A ruler stands upon its feet
For a wheel is always tired.

The Diary of Our Own Miss Samuella Pepys.

Monday, June 5.—Up early. Busy days preparing for departure which comes all too soon. Examinations not yet over. Albeit they are disagreeable, I loathe to have them done with for it means the close of this most interesting, and, methinks, successful year. Did attend the A. A. Banquet, of which I partook heartily. Abroad late, gossiping, and planning with my friends for the coming summer.

The Oldest Orphan

(Continued from page 1.)

remark being accompanied by a wistful smile.

"Go on, go on," breathed the listener.

"Yes ma'am; well, then I have to dress the youngest ones and wash their faces and hands. I'm not one to skip behind their ears, neither. Mis' Jenkins says I'm real handy doin' ears."

"We have breakfast then and I watch out to see no orphing takes more'n her share of cream, though it ain't real cream, you know—we just calls it that to make the oatmeal slip down easier.

"I make most of the beds then and do some sweepin' and dustin.' If it's Monday, there's washin' to do, and you'd be surprised to see how dirty them orphans gets their clothes—though, goodness knows, I dont blame 'em none.

"Before you can say scat, it's time for dinner and that's always a pretty busy time. The orphings is real hearty eaters, and to see them potatoes disappearing is a caution. After dinner there's more dishes to do. Then some of the youngest ones takes naps, and I have an hour for myself—but I darn the orphings' stockings then and make peace among them, so it don't really amount to so much. Once in awhile I sleep a little bit myself. Mis' Jenkins usually has some job for me after that and the orphans wake up. I tend to them and it's nearly supper time. The bread and butter and apple sauce tastes pretty good and the plates is usually licked good and clean.

"Soon after dishes is done, I put the orphings to bed and when they're all in bed with their prayers all said, I pretend that a lovely mother is helping me undress, and when I'm most asleep, she always k'sses me, first on one cheek and then on the other—with the softest lips."

After a moment's silence the Oldest Trustee's wife found her voice with difficulty. "You—you do seem to be rather a busy girl."

"Oh, ma'am," responded the Oldest Orphan, "I ain't too busy. Mis' Jenkins says the curse of life is idleness! I'm grateful to the State and to the Trustees too. I'm always happy except for the lonesome feelin' that sometimes I have. That a'n't very often, neither, but sometimes it just comes over me that I ain't never going to have no chance, me with this straight red hair and freckles and bein' so skinny, and then—" a little sigh escaped her—"it don't seem quite fair."

"Never mind the red hair and the freckles," answered the trustee's wife, tenderly kissing her "first on one cheek and then on the other," "I must have a few words with Miss Jenkins now, and, Oldest Orphan, I think your 'chance' has really come."

College Notes

A French Vacation Course is to be held this summer at Wellesley. It will run from July. 6 to August 5th. Though open to all persons interested in the study of the French language and literature its main object will be to give to American teachers of French an opportunity of hearing French correctly spoken and renewing their acquaintance with the rules of good pronunciation and the methods of modern language teaching.—Ex.

The Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, invited students from Boston University, Simmons, Radcliffe and Wellesley colleges to visit its departments and learn about its work on "College Day," May 4th.—Ex.

May 12th was the day of formal celebration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary at Wellesley. A special chapel service was held, a Shakespeare garden dedicated, lectures given and Shakespeare music rendered.

Vassar celebrated in honor of the Founder the Tercentenaries of Shakespeare and of Cervantes on Friday May 5th.

Plans are now being made to have a mass-meeting of students of Yale University, Columbia and the College of the city of New York for the purpose of preventing the introduction of military training into their colleges.

The students body at Princeton are planning to erect a memorial to Johnnie Poe, the football hero, who died recently while serving in the English army.

Greek students at Smith College are producing Euripides "Iphigerua in Taurus" in the original Greek.

Jokes

Mildred Provost—"I don't approve of the way she acts."

Billy W.—"No. She's an awful croquet."

A new way of telling a man's value—Is his hat worth a head? (Apologies to Shakespeare and Ruth Morr's)

Evelyn McGinley—(To her Sunday school class)—Willie, do you know annything about parables?

Willie—Yes'm.

Evelyn—Well, then which parable in the Bible that you can recall do you like the best

Willie—Oh, the one where everybody loafs and fishes.—Ex.

Yale Man—"Why is a Harvard man standing on a dime like a Woolworth store?"

Princeton Man—"Why?"

Yale Man—"Nothing over ten cents."

Brilliant "News" reporter dashing into the office with a "scoup" in her pocket—"I've heard that the trustees are going to buy a Philadelphia mint."

Editor, gasping—"What for?"

Brilliant reporter—"To provide quarters for next year's class."

Today the good ship Bridge was launched at the navy yard. As the sponser broke a bottle of wine over the bow, I overheard the following:

"The sponser seems to be quite interested in Bridge."

"She ought to be, she just made a 'Grand slam.'!"

During the Easter vacation Rose Quinn's uncle came home one night to find her in tears.

"What is the matter, Rose?"

"Oh Uncle," she sobbed, "I baked a cake this morning and set it on the window sill, and a tramp came along and stole it."

"Well don't cry, dear," said her uncle, "one tramp less in the world won't matter."

Virginia Rose: "Well, Lundy, did you enjoy the Shakespeare celebration?"

Lundy: "Yes Miss, I sho' did, but I was paw'ful sorry I nevah got to see Mistah Shakespeah while he was heah."

Jessie Wells is always talking about a little country town where she spends her summers. The other day somebody asked:

"Is there much life there during the summer?"

"Oh yes," she replied, "you ought to have seen the gatherings in the cemetery on Sunday."

Lillian Shadd was trying to make an impression on a woman she met the other day by telling of her last trip to Egypt.

Lillian: "Of course we visited the pyramids and they were literally covered with hieroglyphics."

Woman: "Ugh! weren't you afraid some of them would get on you?"

Mary Strange: "I want to be associated with things that count."

Miss Sutton: "Good! Take, show Mary how to work the adding machine."

Extracts from a paper on Music Instruction: Bach, feeling the need of relaxation, went to Loonburg for the summer.

Josephine Hall: "I hear you had a fire Saturday."

Italian Fruit Seller, accomodatingly: "No, we getta eet next week."

Irma Smith: "Can you give me any faculty notes?"

Dr. Osburn: "Yes, Dr. Coerne, and you might add Mr. Bauer for the key."

Farmer (pulling Ryckman Sykes out of the brook): "How did you come to fall in?"

Ryckman: "I didn't come to fall in. I came to fish."

Dr. Osburn: "The biologist thinks nothing of a thousand years."

Lillian Shadd. "Heavens! I loaned Helen a dime the other day."

Priscilla Ford. "Where are you from?"

New-Comer: "Providence."

Priscilla: "Oh, are you?"

New-Comer: "No! R. I."

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