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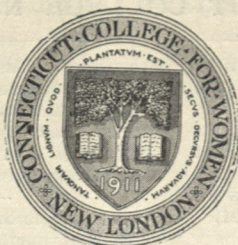
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CONNECTICUT SPENDS A JOYFUL THANKSGIVING.

Thinking of Thanksgiving at C. C. we give a reflective grin and say, "Not so bad! Not so bad!" Of course, we did feel a bit homesick and wore that "the-world-is-treating-us-rotten" air on Wednesday when we saw all the bags and suit cases swinging gaily on towards the station, gripped tightly in the grasp of homeward-bound students. And we did have longing visions of that dinner at home and mother's wonderful pies. But when we think of the dinner we had here, of the— Well, we're getting a bit ahead of our story.

To relieve the feeling that comes to "those who are left behind," we went to Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg's that evening, and met all the other "left-behinds." We played games and played with the "Corn Flake family" and pretty soon we were shocked to find the "homey" atmosphere actually creeping into our bones in such a manner as to interfere seriously with our martyred air. And by the time we left we couldn't even pretend at being martyred. It was the only drawback to an otherwise perfect evening. Our boxes came that evening and we "partied" and ate until we were no longer capable of holding even the thoughts of food.

But it's no use. We can't withhold the memories of C. C.'s Thanksgiving Dinner. Such turkey! such pie! such—! Even the most experienced of writers would fail at the gigantic task of picturing that dinner, so why should we spoil our journalistic reputation and undertake it? Faculty and students in a happy mingling discussed the latest dance, the best college yell (you see the dinner was too much even for the faculty), and colored caps served to give the event a most dashing air. Songs were sung between courses, and President Marshall proved a delightful master of ceremonies. He called not on his "fiddlers three" but on the representatives of all colleges to sing their songs. Yale's bulldog was most audibly present, Princeton's Tiger was a

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

FACULTY TENNIS FINALS.

Much interest was displayed in the men's faculty tennis finals which were played on Monday, November 22nd, beginning at two o'clock. Dr. Kellogg and President Marshall played five sets, Dr. Kellogg winning three out of the five with a score of 6-1, 6-4, 6-4. Dr. Kellogg's remarkably swift serve and shrewd allowance for the wind netted him many winning points. The wind which was blowing a gale seemed to interfere considerably with President Marshall's playing, although he put over several beautiful returns with his usual skill.

WHY NOT?

Wouldn't it be a good plan to have "the tunnel" left, for the rest of the winter? We might even have it roofed over,—of course we want it extended to Thames Hall. This arrangement would save so much bother of wet feet and all.

Another thing—the college is in dire need of more rooms,—let's have the bus fitted up as a dormitory room, during the time when it's not in use; or we might have kennels and "kitten hutches"—in rows along the seats, you know.

H. '21.

OLIVE LITTLEHALES WINS \$5.00 PRIZE.

PRIZE SOLUTION OF THE MYSTERY

EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

CHAPTER III.

The Secret Order.

In a flash David was at the window of the alcove, only to find that it was set high up in a smooth stone wall, and was heavily barred. While he watched, a pale green light began to glow behind the curtain, and there was a low, wailing sound apparently coming from the room. David made a great effort to reach the window, but there was not a chink whereby to get a footing and he slipped back again and again. At last he gave up and hurried around to the main entrance of the restaurant. Once inside the brightly lighted room, David felt a strange sense of the mystery which was so close and yet so far removed from the atmosphere of the gay restaurant. He saw with relief that the table by the alcove was vacant, and hastened over to it. While he waited his chance to slip behind the curtains, he noticed that the bronze Buddha was in its accustomed place. As soon as he felt that his action would not attract attention, he rose silently and stepped backward quickly behind the curtain. Immediately he seemed to be in a different world: the air was heavy with incense very different from that in the outer room, and the chatter and laughter seemed far away. As soon as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness, David saw that the curtained recess was the vestibule of a room which was cut off by heavy carved doors directly opposite the curtain. While he looked the doors began to slide apart, and he quickly crouched back into a corner. The door opened more widely, and a pale green light glowed through the opening faintly, lighting the recess. When the doors had parted sufficiently, the girl glided quickly through from the inner room, and they closed behind her. She pulled back a corner of the curtain, and bent to examine something in the light which glowed through. Suddenly she started with terror, and David heard her murmur desperately,

"It's gone—gone out of the setting—gone!"

Before he could make up his mind whether he had best speak to her or wait David saw the doors again slide apart. This time the man whom David recognized as the one he had formerly seen at the table with the girl, and a short man with a bushy beard, came through. The tall man stood behind the girl and gave a command in French, in his cold, heartless voice. The girl turned and gazed up at the man, her face ghastly with fear and horror, and then spoke as if in desperation,

"You would not dare! This is America, not India! I will call the police!"

The short man spoke, and his voice was the rough one which David had heard behind the curtain.

"Mademoiselle knows what the result will be, if she do so." As she gazed into the relentless faces the girl seemed to grow paler, and at last she turned as if terrorized into action and walked out into the restaurant.

David knew that his strength would be nothing against the two men, and so

crouched further into the corner to bide his time.

After the girl had been gone a moment the short man turned to his companion and laughed.

"She thinks she can fight us! Let her try it and she will see how long the old man will live!"

At this the tall man laughed cruelly, and touched a spring in the wall. The bell clanged, and after a moment the girl came into the recess with the bronze Buddha in hands that trembled pitifully. She disappeared into the inner room, and returned almost immediately with two glasses of bright green liquid. The tall man proposed the same toast that David had heard before,

"To the little green god." And they drank.

David was feeling for his revolver and preparing to spring forward, when suddenly the girl threw herself on her knees before the tall man and began to plead wildly,

"I do not ask for my own life, it is for my father. I turned those men away because I have already seen too many tricked to die. You know my father was your priest in India, and I was your faithful priestess, but this is America and there are no slaves to die for the little green god. White men die hard, and surely the god would be appeased with other sacrifices, I thought. But Oh! I will obey the judges always, if my father may live. All men who enter shall return to die hereafter, only spare my father."

But the faces of the men remained impassive and the cold, hard voice was as hard as ever when it answered,

"The judges have demanded it. Enter to the Presence!"

While the man was speaking, David crept silently nearer the inner door and slipped into the room beyond. He found himself in a fairly large room hung with rich silks and filled with rich Hindoo treasures.

At the right side of the room stood a huge bronze Buddha, from whose eyes glowed the green light which filled the room. On the left side stood a pedestal bearing the bronze Buddha which David had seen the girl carry twice. In the middle wall, opposite the doorway, was a carved marble altar bearing a figure about six inches high carved out of a huge emerald. In the center of the room stood a black pedestal covered with queer hieroglyphics and inlaid with gold. On this stand lay a jeweled dagger and the square emerald which David recognized as the one worn by the girl. He had just time to crouch behind the draperies which covered the walls, before the two men entered, half dragging the girl. The doors closed, and the eyes of the Buddha began to gleam more brightly. A gong sounded, a portion of the floor slid back, and David understood how the dark shadow had disappeared so quickly from the window curtain, when he realized that there was a trap door into the room from below. Men began to pour into the room from the passage and seated themselves in a circle around the black pedestal. Some of them were Americans, most were Orientals, and five

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

FACULTY "BIG TWELVE" BEATS '21 AT SOCCER.

I would you had seen the Faculty Game!

Really you never would be the same After watching Prexy kick the length of field

And Leib before stout Flaherty yield. Ah me, 'twas a sight to behold!

Though the heaven's frowned ominously, last Saturday afternoon, all was joy and laughter and expectation on the soccer field at C. C. as the crowds thickened on the side lines and awaited the coming of the Big Twelve—the twelve who, upon this day of days, once every year, shed their cloak of dignity and descend to battle with the Seniors for the possession of a small but very significant sphere of pigskin.

At last they appeared, trotting up the field in fine attire all eager for the fray, and the air resounded with cheers from both sides. The Seniors and Sophomores had a band—all recruits from Sousa—and a parade with busses and automobiles and a diminutive Red Cross Nurse to care for any of the faculty who might be wounded by their defeat. Promptly at 2.30 the Junior referee blew the whistle, the forward lines jumped forward, and the big game was on. The first quarter sped quickly, neither side making any score, unless a head-on collision between Dr. Leib and the doughty Flaherty, and a spectacular acrobatic stunt executed with speed and precision by Miss Slawson,—be taken into account. But at least there were no black eyes, no bloody noses, no shattered teeth. Those came later—in yet another stage of the game. The struggle went on, the ball was now at the very doors of one goal, only to be promptly returned to the front yard of the other by the worthy boot of our President, or the valiant foot work of a stout citizen of Deep River, who thought it her duty to "keep the ball rolling" in the other direction. And so it went. The Seniors had to work—work as they never worked before, on the soccer field. They had to outrun Dr. Morris and Dr. Leib, who seemed to have an endless supply of wind, and out-kick President Marshall, and avoid Dr. Kellogg, and

(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

DRESSMAKERS WANTED!

Is your doll a prize-winner? On Friday, December 10th, Branford reception room will be the scene of a gigantic doll show. Prizes will be offered for the two best dressed dolls. Get busy and use your odd bits of silk, ribbon and lace. Show that the feminine creative ability is not entirely dormant! Show your Christmas spirit! Please the kiddies of Christadora!

To the Freshmen we would say that last year we sent beautifully dressed dolls to Christadora House, and we got back many reports of the delight and rapture of hundreds of children on receiving them. Christadora is one of the settlement houses in New York with which we have the honor of being associated. Help us keep up the tradition of sending them dolls every Christmas. Any kind are welcome to their adoring little mothers—babies in long clothes, in rompers, in girls' clothes, in boys' clothes, in lace, in calico, in satin—in anything!

Connecticut College News

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FACULTY! FACULTY!

We have heard that you criticize the "News" as being lacking in that very quality. We are interested in our Faculty, and very proud of what they are doing off campus. So we have posted a notice on the Faculty bulletin board asking that through the "News" you let the students know where you have been, and where you are going, and what you have done, and what you are going to do. This will, for the most part, be decidedly "News" to at least 300 persons. Miss McGarry will see that all such notices reach the editor for printing in the earliest issue.

Do you remember what excitement was caused by mislaying the Musical Comedy costumes last year? A committee was appointed for the express purpose of keeping track of them; but she decided it was quite boresome work and went jaunting for the week-end without leaving anyone to perform her duties. Similar things have happened this year.

Forsooth! 'Twas not ever thus. There was a class here who seemed wholesomely blessed with that ability, not to accept responsibilities, but to shoulder them and "carry on" with them. And of this class it is said, "The first, and the best." There has been no "second, and best," but there may be a "third and best," and a "fourth, and best," and so on for years to come. That's up to us! By the girls the college is judged and rated. And that "first" class has done much in starting C. C. on the path of being judged by the highest standard. They were loyal to trust, we can not be less so.

In conclusion we would tell of a

Freshman who refused an invitation to the Yale-Harvard game because the Freshman-Senior Hockey game was scheduled for that date. She had been placed on the team and—she did not shirk the responsibilities involved. All honor to her! And would there were more here like her. '21.

PROMPTNESS AT CONVO-CATION.

There seems rarely an excuse for late arrivals in Convocation, that is, among students. In order to be through for the five o'clock period, it is necessary to begin promptly. And it is most annoying to a speaker to be obliged to face a constantly opening door,—closed none too softly,—and see, out of the tail of his eye, scattered groups of late arrivals line up against the back wall or climb the stairs to the balcony. It is not only discourteous to the speaker himself, but very distracting to those of the audience who are attempting to focus their attention on what he has to say, and who cannot help hearing the scraping of chairs, the whispered conferences, and the treading of stairs to the upper regions. Promptness is a very admirable habit to form. Let's make a special effort to be on time at Convocation. A word to the wise is sufficient.

GREAT AUNT ELIZABETH.

FREE SPEECH.

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

THE "WOULD-BE-IF-IT-WEREN'T" MYSTERY.

To the Editor:—We have been curious, and much amazed at the serial story, "Emeralds and Absinthe," that you have published. That any college student should be endowed with the power of building up such a delightfully unusual, and spontaneous conglomeration of mystery as this story offers! The tale lies deep in a smoky atmosphere of green eyes, green jewels, and green liqueurs. Deep, it lies—so deep! We wait with impatience for its ultimate emergence to the world of being. For, to pervert an old adage, we hope, "what goes down, will come up." Like David, the hero of the remarkable tale, we feel sure that we have "discovered a mystery," but it is so well obscured that we can't precisely lay our hands on it. If the author herself knows.

"What is the significance of the emerald?"

"And how can David help the girl?"

"And who is the man with the cold, hard voice?"

"And what happened to the shadow?" we hereby request her to let us know also.

Surely, we do believe, that she must know this story of her own making. Yet, after all, perhaps we expect too much. A bohemian mixture of "ankles," "eyes," and "clutched throats," rather alluringly touched—we'll admit—with that modern genius of Moore and others, we find she has so far presented. Mystery, she has not. And if she doesn't finish her mystery?—we'll know it is because she—can not! After all she is but human. The little green devil-god himself that dwells in the depths of green liqueur, and green eyes could not unravel the snarl of her "would-be-if-it-weren't" mystery.

SAVANAROLA.

EXCHANGES.

Mt. Holyoke visited Smith on November 13th, when both colleges combined in a Holyoke-Smith dance. The dedication of the new boat-house was the occasion. The top floor of the boat-house, a dancing pavilion, was given by the class of 1923 with the money usually spent for class rings.

Goucher is rejoicing in the membership of two Japanese maidens of the

Freshman class. At Kyoto, Japan, both of them attended an American Mission School, St. Agnes' School. They have also studied at Chatham, Virginia, the University of Virginia and at Gunston Hall, Washington, D. C.

Radcliffe is one of the fortunate colleges that participates in inter-collegiate athletics. Radcliff lost in hockey both to Sargent and to B. S. P. E.

Vassar's Vocational Conference Committee has arranged for men and women to come and speak on work in which students are specializing, in order that the students may hear about the different possibilities in their work.

Miss Jeanette Rankin, the first woman member of the House of Representatives, spoke at Smith on November 26th. Her subject was on the problems of the Consumers' League.

The Rev. R. B. Ogilby was installed as President of Trinity College on Wednesday, November 17th. An academic procession formed in front of Northam Towers and marched across to Alumni Hall where the exercises were held.

Hunter is to run a gigantic Ice Carnival December 17th to be held at the Brooklyn Ice Palace. It is to be a gala affair for the entire student body, faculty and their friends. Proceeds are to go to the Bureau of Occupation and Student Council.

Middlebury voted a ten dollar prize to the most original and best all-around get-up in the Freshman Parade on Saturday.

IF.

If you can crowd into a "movie palace,"

Ill ventilated, peanut strewn, and smile,

Without the slightest evidence of malice,

At falling over feet out in the aisle;

If you can listen kindly to some Silly, Read all the titles flashed upon the screen,

And to a guy who saw the film in Philly,

Forecast the punch in each succeeding scene;

And overlook the cooing one supposes Exclusively designed for solitude, And disregard the odor that discloses The gentleman in front of you is stewed.

If you can crane your neck above a hair-dress,

That sports a leaning tower-of-Pisa knot,

To watch a vampire in an I-don't-care dress

Kill her lover to thicken up the plot;

If you can laugh with accents fairly cheerful

Without the slightest tendency to wince,

To see some poor comique receive an earful

Of lemon-custard pie, or maybe mince;

And if you can enjoy with zest unbounding

The pianists wide versatility,

That Lohengrins when wedding bells are sounding

And hearts and flowers when life has ceased to be;

Nor wonder when the villain missed the hero

A dozen times with one six-shooter how 'twas done,

Nor rate it all as entertainment ZERO—

Then you're a movie fan, for true, my son.

—Washington Review.

THOUGHTS ON THE SOCCER GAME.

If Leib were Lieb as some folks deem, And we had no Marshall for the team; If the Morris legs were not so long, And the Kellogg and Bauer kicks so strong;

If they picked the players from the teachers in the bus,

Then those plucky Seniors would have beaten us.

IN the bus.

FACULTY "BIG TWELVE" BEATS '21 AT SOCCER.

(Concluded from page 1, column 4).

dodge Miss Slawson's somersaults, and keep out of Miss Southworth's reckless way. But the faculty also had their hard fall. How exasperating to meet only air on the toes of one's boot! They must elude our eel-like president of Student Government, dodge the agile Flaherty, and accomplish the seemingly impossible task of getting the ball by the aforementioned plumb individual, whose kicking ability, along with the space she occupied between the goal posts, was not to be sneezed at. But it was Miss Snevely who, in the second half, caught the goal keeper napping and neatly and speedily sent the ball between the posts, making the score 2 to 0 in favor of our instructors. It was useless for Seniors to buckle down, useless for them to fight; the faculty had its second wind and its first goal, and nothing could daunt it. Dr. Leib tore around more madly than before. Miss Southworth displayed remarkable speed and endurance, while Dr. Black and Miss Rector outdid all their previous noble efforts to get the ball by the defense '21 was putting up.

Meanwhile, there was excitement elsewhere. The Juniors and Freshmen had planned a parade in the form of a funeral procession, to take place between halves, but owing to a misunderstanding, the Sophomores supposed their beloved banner, which they very carelessly left on their opponent's territory, was to be the victim of the burial, and they resolved to prevent it. Such, however, was not the intention of '22 and '24—but '23 after rescuing its pennant, seemed not to be content with the mere rescue; they set about to stop the whole performance. The Junior-Freshman throng seeing no reason why they should not have the same traffic privilege as their opponent enjoyed before the game, resisted, and a lively scuffle ensued, during which the chief mourners were treated shamefully and the articles of furniture they were carrying were almost utterly demolished. The second half of the game was in progress and while the faculty fought on to victory, a mob of infuriated Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, battled behind the lines, and the air was filled with thumps and cracks, and tufts of flying hair, and bits of orange paper. Oh, that was an exciting ten minutes, and by the time the smoke had cleared, as it were, it was too late for the procession. Everyone went back to watch the game, which was fact drawing to a close. When time was called, making the faculty victors, out on the field swarmed the Juniors and Freshmen, and making a large ring about the winning team, danced round and round.

Everyone agreed that it was a peppy game and everyone wished that there might be two Faculty-Senior games a year, instead of one.

At dinner, the faculty were the guests of the seniors in the dining room, and responded to requests for speeches. There was much merry-making and passing of jokes back and forth. And so it is, that '21 says farewell to soccer. It would have been nice to win—but then, just think how the faculty's feelings would have been hurt!

ANNOUNCEMENT!

On Friday, December 19th, Connecticut College will have the pleasure of entertaining on campus, Miss Caroline D. F. Penniman, Superintendent of the State Industrial Schools for girls at Middletown, also a member of the Child Welfare Commission of Connecticut. She comes through the Service League to speak at 5.00 P. M. in the gymnasium on "Helping the Girl Who Never Had a Chance." Surely we who have so much to be thankful for, and so much to look forward to in this world must feel a great deal of interest in what she may have to tell us about what the state is doing for delinquent girls. She is a woman of striking personality and a fine speaker. This lecture offers especial opportunity for girls interested in Social Service Work, for in this branch of the work may lie a career.

FRENCH CLUB INITIATIONS.

The French Club met on Wednesday evening, November 17th, at seven-thirty in New London Hall, for the initiation of new members. Those initiated were:

Jeanette Letney, Irene Steele, Evelyn Cadden, Rose Wachinsky, Virginia Hayes, Lucy McDaniel, Claire Calnen, Grace Byron, Jane Gardner, Minnie Kreykenbohm, Lydia Hayward, Marjorie Heyes, Nellie Le Witt, Virginia Root, Doris Strong, Elizabeth Merry, Helen Douglass, Hannah Sachs, Francis Setlow, Dorothy Brockett, Ruth Krowenthal, Natalie Celanto, Marie Jester, Elizabeth Holmes, Catharine Holmes.

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EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

(Continued from page 1, column 3.)

were Hindoos. These latter led in an elderly Englishman toward whom the girl started crying. "Father!" She was withheld by the tall man who spoke to the Hindoos.

"O judges! These persons who have been priest and priestess of our order, wish to decree that no more men shall die for the Green God! What say you?"

The circle of men gazed greedily toward the dagger before them, and after a short conference with the others, one elderly Hindoo rose and said solemnly,

"They shall die!"

There was a murmur of satisfaction, the bronze Buddha was opened and a long, cruel stiletto taken out of a secret part of it; the girl and her father were seized and led forward to the ivory altar, and David saw now with horror what his former hurried survey of the room had not shown him,—the marble altar was brown with a hideous stain. He gripped his revolver, sprang forward, and ordered the men to stop. Amazed and infuriated the worshippers seized the weapons from the walls and started toward him. He fired desperately, but found himself borne down under the onslaught, when suddenly he heard a voice say into his ear,

"Well, you have made a pretty mess of things, now!"

And he was dimly conscious of some one beside him fighting the attackers. The girl and her father were across the room fighting for their lives, and so he glanced behind him to find out who had spoken to him and saw with a great amazement, the man with the cold, hard voice strike down one of the Hindoos.

At that moment there came a great knocking at the doors and a stamping of feet on the stairway leading down from the trap door. Suddenly David felt a cruel cutting of steel into his shoulder, and he sank into darkness with the sound of the pounding bearing down upon him.

When consciousness returned to him, David found himself on a low couch, and was able to recall events slowly as he looked about at the disorder and evidences of the struggle. He felt hands working at his shoulders and turned to find the Englishman and the tall man beside him. The girl was crouching beside the couch holding a basin of water. Suddenly he sat bolt upright with astonishment as he realized that the girl and her father were there with the very man who, not a half an hour before, had sought their lives.

"What the—!" said David,

"Hold on. Take it easy, old chap. You'd better keep pretty quiet for a while, and as I know what you want to ask I'll talk while you rest." And the tall man forced him to lie down again. While he told his story the Englishman and the girl interrupted

now and then to add a detail or corroborate some point.

"You see, I'm a secret service man, and was sent into India to look into this particular kind of deviltry-religion which is constituted by the worship of emeralds, and which was buying up all the supply. I had to work for years before I became a member of the order, and then I had to go carefully, biding my time. I found Major Troollop and Chloe who had been captured, but spared and treated as pontiffs because of Chloe's green eyes which were considered sacred. They were terrorized into playing their part and I dared tell them nothing, but planned for their rescue. When the greed of the order demanded more emeralds I saw the chance for my mission to end, so I influenced the leaders to come to America. I notified Washington, but they were slow in granting permission for capture, and in the meantime, when these two got back into civilization they rebelled against the hideous rites. Chloe turned away a lot of emerald traders who had been lured here, and the order demanded her death. I played for time, and when they ordered me to take her emerald from her I managed to notify the police by making use of the secret passage. The ceremony was filling in the time while I waited for the police, but your sudden attack hurried things a little. The police came just as you fell, and the rogues are safely captured. Absinthe is the only drink of the order, because of its color, for they worship green as the light of the emerald.

"It took a deal of explaining while we were fixing you up to undo five years' enmity, and I believe the major believes yet that I am about to turn cut-throat any minute."

"Not that bad," said the Englishman gravely. "But it is hard to gather all at once."

"Well, you will believe me better, perhaps, when you see the order in prison." And turning to David, "We must be off to see that the Hindoos are well guarded. When we return we will find better quarters for you. Till then we thank you immensely for your help, and we shall be back almost immediately." And they were gone.

"Well I'll be—," said David.

And then he saw Chloe smiling down at him. Her face was strangely tender.

"It is hard to believe. I find it so myself. They were so cruel—and there were long years when we never thought we should be home again—"

And because the terror was creeping back into her eyes, David spoke quickly.

"See here, all that is over now. And you are to remember that New York is full of protection. Besides, if I may, I should like to be chief of all expeditions taken for your welfare."

She smiled back at his eager face with eyes frankly alight with happiness.

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

GREEKS IN THIS COUNTRY.

On Sunday afternoon, November 28, a considerable number of faculty and students as well as guests from down town met in Branford living-room to hear Mr. S. G. Canoutas, who talked on "The Greeks in this Country." Mr. Canoutas first gave a brief history of the Greeks in America, saying that they first came here in 1765, when a group of Italian and Greek immigrants taken from Smyrna, settled in Florida. From this beginning, the Greeks have immigrated to this country until, before the war, they came by the thousands yearly.

The condition of the early comers upon first landing was very miserable. But they had to make a living and some started by selling flowers and candy in the streets of New York City. Then they bought stores and later many became prosperous merchants. Since their first coming they have prospered amazingly and thousands of Greek stores are scattered over the country. These new Americans have contributed much to the welfare and development of the country.

Mr. Canoutas has done a great work among the Greeks here in America, helping and protecting them and trying in every way to bring about a better understanding and appreciation of the non-English-speaking immigrants.

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GLEAMS OF "DAY" LIGHT.

Some emphasis was laid in Tues-
day's paper on the fact that "wireless
massages" have been tendered to Pres-
ident-elect Harding, by the citizens of
Panama. We wonder what kind the
writer of the item usually has.

A Contemporary of Charlemagne
Speaks to Us.

"The Convocation speaker at Con-
necticut College tomorrow afternoon
will be Douglas Johnson, professor of
Physiography at Columbia University.
In 918 Professor Johnson was com-
missioned major in the U. S. Army."

FUNNY FINGS.

He (over the 'phone) "Would you
like to go to the play Friday night?"
She (excitedly) "Oh, I'd love to."
He: "Well, I'm selling tickets. Will
you buy yours from me?"—Washburn
Review.

HEARD IN "LAB."

H—"Miss M—gave me 350 grams of
brains, and only 150 grams to you."
R—"Of course, Miss M— gave them
out as they were needed."

In Hockey—"Roll in! Gallup out!"

The hoary-headed examiner glanced
over the top of his spectacles, "Are
you sure," he inquired, "that this is
a purely original composition you have
handed in?"

"Yes, sir," came the answer. "But
you may possibly, sir, have come across
one or two of the words in the dic-
tionary."—The Liverpool Post.

Freddie, "I want my hair cut col-
lege-boy style."
Barber, "You mean you want Yale
locks?"—Brown Jug.

McC—"Did the Seniors decide to
play the Juniors in Soccer next
week?"

Marvin—"I think so."

McC—"Weren't you at the meeting?"

Marvin—"No."

McC—"Then they couldn't have de-
cided for the majority of the team
wasn't there."

EMERALDS AND ABSINTHE.

(Concluded from page 3, column 3.)

ness, and David reached out and took
her hands in his.

"Perhaps after you know me better
you will let me tell you how much it
would mean to me to be always near
you, and if you can listen then I shall
say that in spite of everything, I owe
much to the little Green God."

FINIS.

FACULTY DOINGS.

Mrs. Noel attended the Army and
Navy football game in New York with
her son on November 27th.

Miss Emily Turner was in New
York over the week-end to attend the
meeting of the New York Library As-
sociation.

Mr. Otis, through whom several de-
signs executed in the Art Department
were sold to Graffin & Dolson of New

York, entertained Miss Sherer and a
number of her art students at tea at
his home in Groton on Sunday after-
noon, November 20th.

Dr. Eleanor Crosby Kemp, consult-
ing psychologist, was a visitor on
Campus on Wednesday, November
24th.

Miss Walters was in Holyoke on
Saturday, November 27th, on business
for the Zoology department.

NOTICES!

On Tuesday, December 7th, the Lit-
erary Club will hold its regular meet-
ing at which three stories will be read
from the collection of the Best Short
Stories of 1918. Following the read-
ing, tea will be served.

There will be a regular meeting of
the Board of Trustees in the Presi-
dent's office on December 10th

The Sophomore Hop is scheduled
for December 11th. The Sophomore
Class will put out this issue of the
News as *The Sophomore Hop Issue* which
they will sell at the dance.

On Thursday night, December 16th,
before our Christmas vacation there
will be a Christmas party in the gym-
nasium to which the entire college is
invited.

**CONNECTICUT SPENDS A JOYFUL
THANKSGIVING.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

harmless, well-fed one that would eat
right out of your hand, and he (Dr.
Kellogg) rah-rahed in great style.
Vassar rejoiced in two charming
though weak voices, while Washburn's
song of the prairies was most musically
rendered. Dr. Leib cracked up
Dickinson and rapped Dartmouth. But
Dartmouth's "rep" was upheld by a
musical trio—two of whom were the
Marshalls, Senior and Junior.

And that's not all. Oh no! At night
the tables were pushed back and a reg-
ular, old-fashioned dance was held—
Paul Joneses and everything. A few
Dartmouth lads helped liven up the
affair. Popcorn and apples were in
abundance, and joy and good fun
reigned supreme. We were especially
delighted with President Marshall's
reading of Holman Day's poems and
thrilled with the reading of Noyes,
"The Highwayman."

And then the incoming "studes"
wonder why we don't weep with envy
when they rave about the good times
at home. "It is to laugh," as the
Frenchmen say. Why, we didn't even
have a chance to think of home! We
think we even detected a twinge of
regret in some of the "lucky" ones'
faces. Such is life. Those who don't
expect to get the best out of things,
usually do. We'll say we did when we
stayed at C. C. for Thanksgiving!

Excited waitress, rushing up to Car-
mella in the kitchen one morning:
"Come on, kid. Hurry up with those
drink orders! Evelene and Barbara
just arrived so it's only three minutes
till bell time."

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