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### Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 9

Connecticut College

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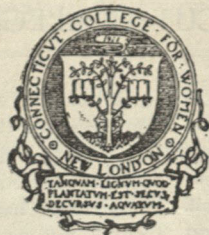
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## Canteen Work Made Real at Convocation

"We climb our mountains after we have made our ascent."

These were the words in which Miss Winifred Hulbert opened her account of her experiences as a canteen worker in France. Not until she returned to this country did she fully appreciate her life and work in France.

It was just about a year ago that Miss Hulbert began her work in a canteen in the southeastern part of France. Here she served chocolate and cakes and hot drinks to hundreds of men returning from the battlefields. These men represented a crosscut of American manhood. Every type was represented. There was "Steve," a typical American boy from Massachusetts, who was homesick for his New England home. Then there was the good-natured Irishman and the Italian poet and musician. All were American citizens, fighting for America.

The canteen was established in barracks with a mud floor. There were long rows of tables on each side with a canteen counter and a kitchen at one end. The food was cooked on a field range, a square stove set up on bricks. In the evenings the men gathered at the long tables or around the piano and sang old home songs.

At Christmas time the men brought a large tree into the canteen and gave a Christmas party to two hundred fatherless, French children. This love and kindness for children was one of the traits in our boys which created great surprise and respect among the French.

On Good Friday Miss Hulbert was sent to another camp in the south of France where soldiers gathered on their seven days' leave. Later she returned to the army zone where the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C. and the Salvation Army worked shoulder to shoulder in furnishing the men with every kind of amusement possible.

On November first she returned to Paris. There on November 7 came the false rumor of peace, but the city refused to hear it. Her people had suffered too much and had been wounded too deeply to believe that peace could come so soon. They continued their preparations for another twelve or eighteen months of war.

But when on November 11 the news of the real peace came and was duly confirmed, the city went wild with joy and gratitude. Crowds surged up and down the streets day and night.

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

## Some Activities of the Service League

The Service League has entered upon its work for the year with a vigor and enthusiasm which promise good results. The broad scope which its various phases offer have given opportunity for the practise of many talents.

A group of girls entertained informally at the Y. W. C. A. hostess house on Tuesday evening. An attractive program of college songs and stunts was given by the students, and heartily applauded by the guests at the house. The sketch, "The Three Trees," banjo, mandolin and ukelele selections by Alice Horrax and Ruth Wilson, and songs with ukelele accompaniment by Roberta Newton, were introductory to the community singing in which the men in uniform and the college girls joined.

An impromptu orchestra of army and navy talent led the singing with old and new harmony songs. Several of the girls played chess and checkers with the men while the others were playing and singing around the piano.

At the first meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Friendship Club, a little dinner party was given. The table was decorated with softly shaded candles. After dinner the club adjourned to the parlor for a business meeting. At the end of the meeting an entertainment was given by the college girls.

The Keebac Club has begun its work with all indications of success. Judging from the two meetings held this year one might safely say that it is possessed of healthy lungs and appetites. The program usually starts with games—games not exactly Olympic in their artistic effect. Pavlowa would hardly grow ecstatic over the spectacle of twenty-five girls whose one object in life is to jump over a heavy bag tied to a rope and swung to describe a violent circle around the gym floor, but that is only Pavlowa's hard luck.

The program also includes entertainment by our local talent and the inevitable "eats." Again the aesthetic effect leaves much to be desired. Marshmallow dust on blue serge does detract from one's dignity. But the girls are very happy, and consume a reasonable amount of toasted marshmallow.

The club is thinking of devoting one evening a month to the discussion of current topics, to counterbalance such purely frivolous evenings.

There is no doubt but that the

## Christmas Vesper Service; Choir Gowned

Caps and gowns were worn by the choir for the first time on Sunday, December 8. The gowns gave an air of dignity to the girls, and the blue caps lightened the dark background. A black robed choir adds a definite devotional note to the chapel service.

President Marshall's message was appropriate to the Advent season. He spoke particularly of the beauty of motherhood and of the idealism existing through all the ages that found its manifestation in Jesus Christ. In closing he reminded us that every life has its message and should "follow the gleam."

### DO YOUR BIT

Snapshots, cartoons and drawing! Try any or all of these and send the results to the Editors of the Senior Class Book. Did you get a clear picture of a game or a good likeness of some member of the faculty? Either one would be very acceptable for the book. Cartoons of well-known events or scenes, original ideas for headings, are also particularly needed by the Editors. The more suggestions handed in, the more there are to select from, the better the book which will be evolved by the graduating class. Give the first class the benefit of your time, talent, and originality!

No one will want to miss the opportunity offered in the contest for the title. To give the title to the first class book—a title that will live as long as the college, is indeed an honor. Every graduating class will, as the years go by, fill the book with their pictures, their anecdotes and their history, but on the cover and on every leaf will be printed the same name—your name if you choose to make it so. Think!

## SPECIAL COURSE OFFERED IN LIBRARY SCIENCE

Mr. Frederick W. Edgerton of the New London Public Library has kindly consented to give the freshman class in library science a course of six lessons in practical reference work. Mr. Edgerton's course is remarkably systematic and business-like and we are very fortunate in having him.

Service League has a most successful and interesting year before it. It is living up to its name by giving service through giving pleasure.

## Peace Conference and the League of Nations

Helen Fraser has again come to the campus and left behind her the inspiration of her idealism and vivid personality. In the afternoon of Tuesday, December 3, she brought to life for us the leading man of England, Lloyd George. Through her sympathetic interpretation we felt his determination, his brilliant gift of repartee, his kindness, and realized that England as well as America sends a man whose loyalty to his ideals is unswerving and vigorous, to that great assembly, the Peace Conference of the world war. In the evening she showed clearly the problems confronting us, in common with the other allies, now that the conflict itself is past. Although dealing first with the practical problems she put the most emphasis on the larger issues in regard to peace terms. She dealt first with our attitude toward Germany. "We want quite clear thinking on the subject of justice to Germany," she said. "We must beware of two types, the vindictive person, and the sentimentalist. We can't talk about our friend, the enemy, in this war. Their crimes at sea have put them out of court. The real facts of the atrocities committed in this war are so terrible that they have never been written. But we must do no injustice territorially to Germany. If German-Austria wants to join with Germany we have no right to prevent it. But Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein have I think a just claim to independence."

The problem of settling Europe was next spoken of by Miss Fraser, including the question of putting Turkey out of Europe, the question of the near East and that of the German colonies.

Lastly, Miss Fraser discussed the problems of the League of Nations. "If founded only on the desire to maintain peace," she said, "such a league might be a very terrible thing. Pacifism is the assertion that we won't fight for the creed we hold. The league can only be of use if its object is to establish justice."

Why did these men die? and Are we to be worthy of the price they paid? were two questions put by the speaker.

"Our men fought and died for the most wonderful dream the world has ever known—the dream that was born in a herdsman's stable."

Miss Fraser concluded, "This is the world's opportunity to remake the

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)



## Connecticut College News

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### THE PROMISE OF THE NEW YEAR

Influenza has a second time invaded the campus. Like a horde of attacking Huns it swept down again on a college without an infirmary. The casualty list was larger than before, but all the patients are well on the way to recovery. It takes more than that to defeat a Connecticut College girl. Just as the inhabitants of the French villages slipped away before the onslaughts of the Germans, so the students of the college fled before the germs. Christmas vacation began a week earlier and lasted three days longer. It is an ill germ that brings nobody good.

But this rapid and unforeseen retreat changed all plans, academic and otherwise. Like President Marshall, the News had hoped to wish you a very Merry Christmas with a special issue, but since that is out of the question, Happy New Year to all our subscribers and friends.

At the top of the list of the college New Year's presents, stand the new dormitory, plans for which, it was announced, have already been bought and paid for, and which will be similar to Plant and Blackstone in design; the new President's house; and the infirmary, for which Eshon House has been suggested. If influenza is not a thing of the past by that time, the college will be fully able to cope with it and with any epidemic that may come after it. Never again will the college be adjourned a week in advance of the date set by the catalogue. Never again will the Christmas recess be

increased by three days. Never again, perhaps, will the college celebrate New Year's Day together, nor make good resolutions in an academic atmosphere. The year promises very well. The first class will graduate, the first new stone dormitory will go up, and for the first time every one will pass mid-years with honors—if all the good resolutions come true.

### PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

President Wilson has won his pre-eminence as a national leader by a great power that he possesses—vision. He has the ability to foresee conditions, and to carry on present problems in the light of future years. President Wilson has the hill-top view; when things appear to many people as a chaos, he can see them as a great unity.

He is an idealist. We have fought this war on a basis of great ideals that have been put forth by our president. He has been able to do what no other man has—he has lifted our ideals out of the realm of dreams and made them something vital in our lives; he has made them attainable.

One of President Wilson's highest aims is that of a League of Nations. It is the thing which we believe is going to put an end to such titanic struggles as we have just passed through, stop forever this tremendous bloodshed between nations. This we have seen is the president's foremost aim in the peace plans.

Shall we hold to the petty and degrading view that President Wilson goes to Europe merely to get homage and personal glory? Have we not seen that our president is a man far above selfish conceits? It is true that important political matters are likely to arise while he is away, that will need his attention. But there never can be anything so important to the whole world as a thing which will put an end to wars. We know that the European powers are not over-enthusiastic about the plan, and it is going to take the untiring efforts of a man who believes in it to put it through.

Shall we not believe that President Wilson has gone to Europe on a glorious mission, one worthy of the United States, and one which can be carried on successfully only by that man in whom we as a nation have placed supreme confidence; shall we not believe that he has gone in order to put forth all his powers of intellect, spirit, and personality, in order to make the League of Nations a reality?

E. B. D. '20.

### "LA GUERRE EST FINIE"

The snow was falling in thick flakes. It fell on the churches and the tall buildings. It filled up the cracks in the pavement. It fell on the windows decked with tinsel. It fell on a typist who worked in one of the large building. Her name was Mildred. She was walking home from the office. All the

girls in the office had been talking. For this was Christmas Eve. And they were telling how they were going to celebrate Christmas. Mildred lived in a boarding house. She told them she would put on her pink evening dress with the gold lace. And her coat with the fur collar. And her gentleman friend would call for her in a taxi. And he had asked her if he might bring orchids. Then they were going to the hotel. He had reserved a table for two in the alcove. They were going to have French bouillon. And lobster a la Newburg. And turkey with mushroom dressing. And cafe mousse. Then they were going to the theatre. He had reserved a box on the first floor. Then he had ordered supper at one of the big restaurants. And afterwards they would dance somewhere—

All the girls were very much impressed. They would be trimming Christmas trees for the little brothers and sisters. And popping corn. And all the uncles and aunts were coming for dinner. And after dinner the littlest girl would distribute the presents from the tree. And they would listen to the new Victor.

Red candles were lit in all of the windows. The store windows were filled with beautiful things. But the snow was melting as it fell. The pavements were very wet. Mildred went up the steps of the boarding house. There were no red candles in the windows. There were heavy curtains with large figures. There was a student lamp with a disfigured green shade. She scraped her feet on the rubber mat. Then she opened the door, and crossed the dark hall.

The stair covering smelled of cabbage. The bed room was cold and stifling. Mildred flung herself on the bed. For it was Christmas Eve. And Christmas was coming. The bells would ring. And people would run around with Christmas presents. And they would hang wreaths of holly on their doors. And they would gather around their fireplaces. And they would be happy together. Every one would be happy. Even the snowflakes would dance.

And Mildred fell asleep. She was going to sleep all the night and all the day. What else was there to do? And she dreamed of another Christmas day before he joined the aviation service.

And then she saw the gray light. The snowflakes were still falling. But they were larger now. They swirled about each other like the sands of an old hour glass. They glanced from bar to bar of the fire escape. And it was Christmas day. Mildred sighed and fell asleep again. It was good just to sleep. For the office was closed, and the typewriter was hidden under its black cover.

And then she opened her eyes again. The snowflakes were dancing in the sunlight. The bells were ringing from the churches. Mildred threw back the covers. The air was icy cold. She dressed quickly, and ran down the

stairs. In the dark hall she paused for a moment. Then she hurried down into the dining room. There was the long table. The tablecloth was stained with coffee. At one end a few dirty dishes were still standing. On one of the cheap, wooden chairs, a week old newspaper was lying. "More Aviators Reach New York," it said. "Train To Take Men To Devens For Demobilisation."

Mildred climbed the stairs again slowly. And she went into the deserted living room. Even the boarders had gone to celebrate Christmas day. They had left only the vivid chromos and the green cord portieres behind them. Mildred sank into an imitation oak rocking chair. Not even a magazine lay on the center table with the green felt mat.

And then the bell rang. '19.

## AMONG OUR POETS

### GENIUS BURNS IN THE INFIRMARY

(With apologies to the originals and to Batch.)

At Vassar, Smith and Holyoke,  
The quarantine is o'er,  
At every institution they've got the  
germ no more,  
But C. C.'s always different,  
The latest thing she'll do,  
She brings the style around again  
Of Quarantine and Flu.

Oh, C-O-M-E, come to Thames infirmary,  
Where fifteen of us here will welcome  
you with glee,

We've turned out every student,  
The whole length of the hall,  
And now we'll turn Miss Turner out—  
She wouldn't mind at all!

(Tune—Some People Join the Motor Corp.)

Oh, how I want to get up in the morning,

Oh, how I hate to remain in bed,  
I know of nothing worse,  
Than to hear this from the nurse,  
You mustn't get up,  
You mustn't get up,  
You mustn't get up in the morning.

Some day I'm going to murder the  
Flu Bug,

Some day they're going to find him  
dead,

And then I'll get that other fiend,  
The one who thought up quarantine,  
And the rest of my life I'll never go  
near a bed!

(Tune—Oh, How I Hate to Get Up  
in the Morning.) N. J. W. '19.

## ANNIE

Annie was a "new one." That was why she stood so eagerly one recess listening to the group of older girls talking about a Reform School Christmas. Because she was new, and because there was a quality in the eager, brown face of the little Lithuanian, which they felt, and called "cute," one



of them turned to her now, even though she was one of the "snips," as the littlest girls from Cummins House, were called by the older ones.

"Well, what are you watching us so close for?" said Kitty, tall, rough, good-natured.

Annie's brown, pinched little face lighted up, and she drew close to the group responding to the friendly tone of the rough question.

"Do you always have 'em? Christmas trees, and a present each!"

"Sure, and candy an' a orange, with singing in the evening, and no work to do all day."

Annie screwed up her nose in ecstasy. "I should think it 'ud be grand!"

Kitty laughed harshly, "Grand ain't just what I'd call it. It's"—she frowned in her efforts to express herself—"queer, it ain't all it sounds, because—well, it just ain't."

"How could it be? We're here," said Rosina, bitterly.

And then they went on talking about things Annie couldn't really understand,—there were so many things she couldn't—and she was just wondering about them all, when the bell rang to go back into school.

While they were going home on the silent line, two by two with the teacher at the back, Annie began to wonder about Christmas again. She thought about those she had known. It had been a day when her father had stayed home from work and had slept, snoring, flushed and heavy, far into the morning, so that they all sat around very quietly in the reeking room, while their mother had cooked the meal, more slowly than usual, as she tried so hard to do it quietly, and to keep the newest baby, who was the sickest of all, from disturbing the sleeper. They had all eaten quickly and run out for they knew their father would get very ugly when he finished his meal. Then if they had a nickle they would go to a crowded movie, indeed they generally managed to go to a movie

anyway. By the time the line of Cummins house children had marched into their cottage, Annie had decided that beside all that, Christmas trees, and oranges and presents would without any doubt be grand. For what else made Christmas anyway?

The sewing room of Cummins was littered and boisterous, quite different from its usual spotless and orderly aspect. A large, green tree, very gay with uneven paper chains and strings of popcorn and cranberries, stood in the middle of the room. Beside it the matron, anxious and frowning, tried to decide a near battle over a "bit" orange and a whole one without being too cross on Christmas Day. In one corner, Sophie, the littlest of all, glugged and sticky from the many curly pieces of candy she had collected by swapping orange, popcorn, and indeed anything or everything she could discover, with the other children, lay sleeping with two last damp pieces clutched tight in her skinny little fists. Annie stood looking at it all, with her new doll held awkwardly in her hand. Perhaps it was the increasingly bitter wrangle over the orange, or only the general hubbub of the thirty loud voices—for some reason Annie crept out of the room and hid herself, all curled up in an inconspicuous corner of the coat closet. And then she began to think about Christmas again, and she suddenly remembered how when they had stolen in from the latest movie, and crept quietly into bed, their mother got up, shambled over to where they slept, and slipped a few raisins, and a brown cake into their hands, whispering in her clumsy mixture of Polish and English that they were like what they had in the old country on Christmas day. And then Annie discovered what it was that made Christmas.

And because she had known only one love in her life, Annie buried her face in her thin, little arms and cried for her mother.

## "FEAR NOT"

I sat alone at the back of the great church, alone, while the world passed by to pray. The lights were dim and flickered and the figure of the usher was blurred. As he went back and forth he tottered; he was old. All about me were people in the blue of service, men and women alike serving to the utmost. The rest were old with silvered hair and lined faces and their dress was black.

The church was old; years and years it had stood through the joys and sorrows of a nation. I was old, yes, old and tired and weary.

A young lad, scarce shoulder-high, entered the chancel and lighted the candles. Like life they were more than half burnt. Then he bowed and went out. A day, a week,—no, months before it had been a tall, broad-shouldered youth, with the best of his life before him, that had stood there and now—the organ broke into the Prelude.

The lights at the side of the church went on, then off, then on. The sexton was old and fumbled the switches. High above me the rafters showed the dust of ages and beyond them was blue as of the sky. I was alone and so tired.

The priest came into the chancel; his face was lined with care; his voice came from the sufferings of long nights and clinging souls; he stopped as though the stole were too heavy; he was growing old. So short a time since the man of my life stood there, strong, firm, upright and young. We had been so happy in the future. But now—I was lonely and sad and old. I drew my veil closer. The world was too near and it was my shield.

I knelt but my soul refused to pray; why should I pray?

The voice of sorrow was reading the second lesson. Long before, someone

had entered my pew. I turned. At my side was a little fellow with a dark, curly head and holding his hand was a pale faced woman dressed in simple black, so simple that it hardly seemed mourning. She turned with a smile of perfect beauty and resignation. I turned away. She had her child; I was alone.

"On earth, peace, good will toward men." Here endeth the second lesson." I wanted to think, I wanted to pray, but I was too tired and weary.

A warm, little hand pressed mine and a voice said, "Will you pray for daddy, too? He may come back, you know." I looked at the child's face, so fresh, and into the great, brown eyes, so tired before their time; and I remembered those children of pain who would never know such a prayer.

"Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and—" Thousands of little souls who had not been asked into the world were lying unwrapped and unfed.

I was weary, tired and bitter, but I was not old. The hands of the babies, who were not needed, were held out to me; the phantoms of my babies that never had been and never would be nodded assent. I gathered the dark haired lad in my arms and whispered "Yes."

I prayed, and the tears I had been too proud to shed all through the dreary months came at last.

I looked at the lad, that might have been mine, and smiled, smiled for the children that were to be loved.

A shaft of light fell across the chancel and the cross sprang to life. Somewhere a choir was singing, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, good will toward men."

No longer was I weary and tired, a peace that passeth understanding filled my heart. M. F. H. '20.

## WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty-ninth year begins September 18, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German). Four months' preliminary didactic and laboratory course for those expecting to enroll in a nurses' training school.

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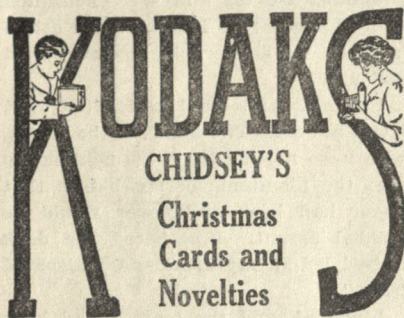
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**NAVAL OFFICERS' IDEALS  
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1. Health.
2. Education.
  - a. Broadminded.
  - b. Intelligent Conversationalist.
3. A Chum.
  - a. Sympathy in Man's Profession.
  - b. A Sense of Humor.
  - c. Athletically Inclined.
  - d. Even Tempered.
  - e. Constructively Critical.
4. A Real Home Lover.
  - a. Domestic Ability.
5. Social Ability.
  - a. Good Hostess.
  - b. Talented—Preferably Music.
  - c. Neatness of Dress.
  - d. Promptness.
6. Rational Outside Interests.
7. Religious Sympathy.

The above list typifies the ideas of some hundred Naval Officers who have been recruited from all parts of the United States and who formally were engaged in the various major professions. It is understood that these specifications practically represent an ideal. They in no way attempt to go into character detail however, as it was felt that the finer points of characteristics could well be left to the individual. A perfect score is not essential and many times not wholly desirable, as much might be lost in striving for the ideal. They might be well considered as a measure. A girl that is a Real American Girl will probably be a Real American Woman, and the chances are that she will measure pretty close to the ideal. Certainly she need have no fear of her score if it is—well if IT is.

**PEACE CONFERENCE AND  
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS**

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)  
world. It is our duty to think justly, to fight for justice and to see to it that every man has an equal opportunity with us to do these things."

**EXCHANGES TELL US WHAT  
OTHER COLLEGES DO**

**Wellesley**—Eight seniors who have had the highest rank in scholarship have been elected to membership in the Phi Beta Kappa society.

\* \* \*

**Goucher**—The Goucher Farmerettes not only worked hard at their 8-hour day, but also found time to do the inside work in their house, and ran a show at Belair called "The Farmerette Follies of 1918."

\* \* \*

**Vassar**—Irma Waterhouse, Vassar, 1914, has a very interesting story of her experience in a "Y" hut somewhere in France. She was sent as one in a Vassar unit, but was the only woman for awhile until a Smith girl was sent there, too. Her official title is hut hostess, and the Smith girl is librarian, but the work consists in doing everything for the convenience of the men. Miss Waterhouse makes lemonade, teaches officers French, introduces the entertainers, acts as interpreter, and answers all sort of questions in a day's work. Of course they are anxious to get to the front, although they feel that they are doing a necessary work.

**CANTEEN WORK MADE  
REAL AT CONVOCATION**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

Women ran out and kissed the hands of soldiers. Especially were they grateful to the American soldiers, for although the French and the British and others had been in the war much longer, it was the Americans who came to their aid just at the hour when Paris seemed to be lost.

In closing Miss Hulbert warned us not to forget the war, when our men have laid aside the khaki. We must remember that each man individually has much back of him.

"It is not what a man does, but what he would do that exalts him."

**For All Occasions---**

—WEAR—

**WALK OVER SHOES**

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