

Connecticut College

## Digital Commons @ Connecticut College

---

1920-1921

Student Newspapers

---

12-9-1920

### Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 9

Connecticut College

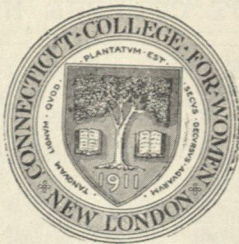
Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews\\_1920\\_1921](https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1920_1921)

---

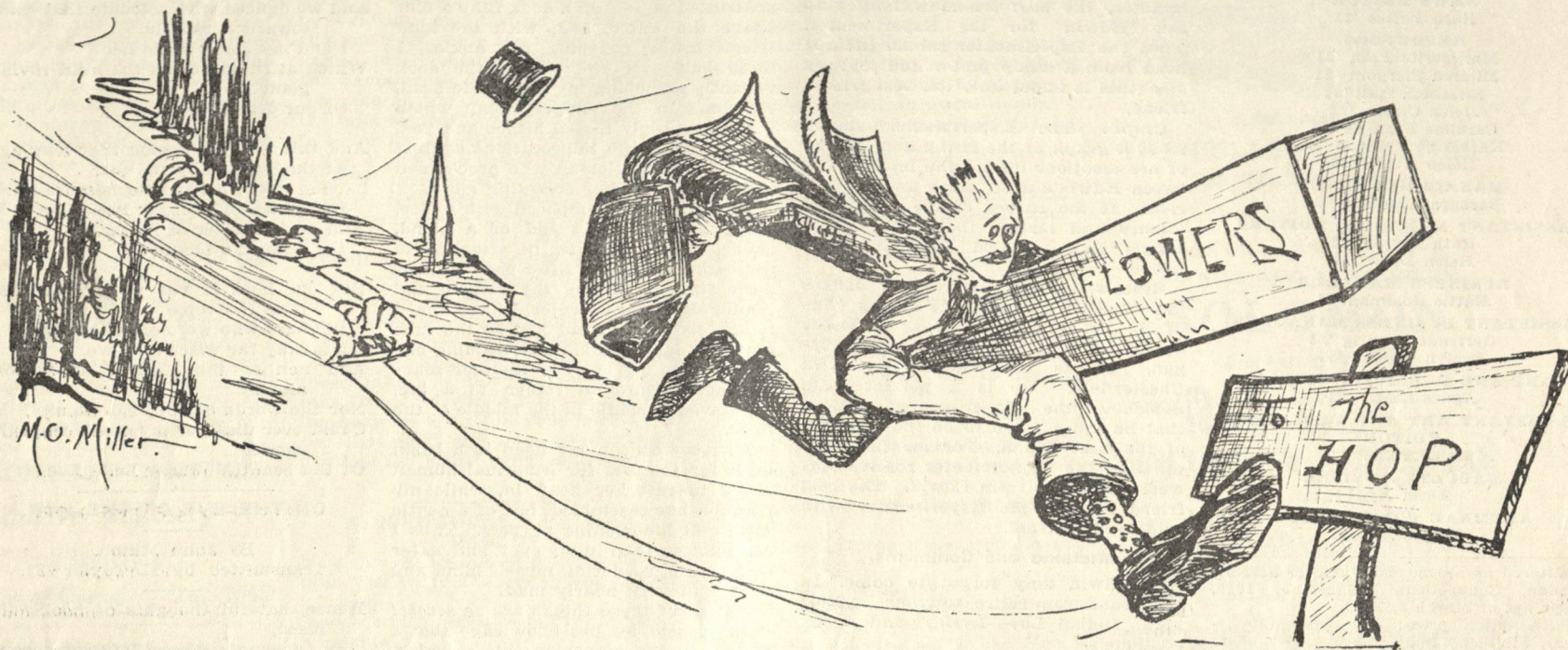
#### Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 9" (1920). 1920-1921. 24.  
[https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews\\_1920\\_1921/24](https://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1920_1921/24)

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1920-1921 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact [bpancier@conncoll.edu](mailto:bpancier@conncoll.edu).  
The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.



## SOPHOMORE-HOP ISSUE



### OH, YES, S'TRUTH!

Isn't it strange that the Sophomore Hop should be such an event in our lives? Living in a community so rich in entertainment as the town of New London it would seem that we should be satiated with amusement, positively wearied with the variety of our recreations, blasé, and exhausted from adventure! Let us give a curse-ory glance at the fertility of the town in music, the drama, the dance, and all the other arts.

Musical New London seems to be represented by the Salvation Army, which plays so feelingly before that den of iniquity, the Crown Theatre, many times and oft, to catch the sinners waiting for the Norwich car. I believe that it is only in the most advanced communities that music is offered to the public free of charge, which proves, beyond a doubt, that New London is one of the leading musical centers of the world.

At the Crown, the Empire, or the Rialto, you can see drama, that, although it is silent, is so intense that sometimes it is almost worthy of being called Drayma. You can see any number of ex-prize fighters, heavily disguised as heroes, hanging by one gold eye-tooth to a burning rope, leaping down trap doors into boiling oil wells, protecting the blonde heroine with one arm and mutilating sixteen bandits with the other, or perhaps it is thirty-two bandits, you are apt to lose count in the scuffle. You can see a modern version of Comus which would turn Milton green, with an innocent heroine, pure and undefiled in the wicked city, with not a villain daring to touch a hair of her permanent wave. You can see any amount of drayma—as such!

Last but not least there is the dance. For the royal fee of seventeen cents you are able to enjoy, not only the most superlative dancing, such as only the Lyceum can offer, but to breathe

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

### GREETINGS! FAIR SIR.

Gentlemen, from without our cloistered gates,—we greet you! We run to meet you,—we extend to you the "glad hand," as it were, and we offer it heartily. For one wonderful, exquisite, marvellous,—alas, adjectives fail me,—week-end, you are to be with us. Your feet will presently tread our campus,—along with other feet,—smaller feet. Your shoulders will swing gracefully along under our street lamps (lucky street lamps!)—I say that with no murderous intent. Your shoulders may swing, and your feet yet be upon terra firma. Our campus, our sky, our river, our time and talents are at your service. You may walk about,—but avoid the rocks. You may lounge in our reception room,—but don't stray too far down the corridors and don't be too observant.

We have prepared lavishly—nay, slaved for your coming thou long-looked for, eagerly-awaited throng! With aching backs, stiff necks, and torn and bleeding fingers have we bedecked the Gym as it has never been decked before. (Do notice it and compliment us.) We await your pleasure. Honestly, we are awfully glad to see you and although we may be demure and very shy in expressing it, the gladness is there all the same.

### WELCOME.

The class of nineteen twenty-three welcomes its guests with all the enthusiasm and cordiality of which it is capable. We hope you will have as good a time as we shall have. We can say no more!

### WHAT?

What turns the little brook to sobbin',  
And stops the singing of the robin,  
When you're not here?  
What starts my happy heart a throbbin',  
And sets the whole wide world a bobbin',  
When you come, dear?

G. B., '23.

### WHICH IS WORSE?

#### On Being a Committee Chairman.

Have you ever realized what a hectic life is that of the committee chairman? No! Not unless you were one once. I think about it a lot. It just comes into my head whether I want it there or not! Something to do with reflexes, or association areas I suppose. But, like Hazlett, I digress. We were discussing committee chairmen.

By rights they should be imaginative people, and as such they should be carefully handled lest that divine spark of imagination die out. I am going to meet with the dining room committee to discuss the matter of a separate table for committee chairmen. I hardly think they get enough calories, or perhaps not the right kind. The college at large is supposed to be fed the kind of calories that help one take notes and find page and line references. That won't do for the committee chairman. She must have ideas, her own ideas, something to keep her committee busy.

It takes more imagination than even I possess to keep five husky girls busy all day, allowing of course, the minimum time for class attendance. I was forced to resort to tricks. It was the duty of one member of my committee to bother the other four, so that I should have time to think up tasks as rapidly as they could execute them.

But that wasn't entirely successful. I would find my committee idle! That is a reflection on the chairman! So I turned to hysterics. You can't imagine how quickly a dissenting committee can be brought to obedience, or a hard working committee be made to slow up by hysterics. I admit it is wearing and also humiliating, but who would not sacrifice herself for such results? All committee members have as their official privilege the right to be nervously hysterical at will. I practise in my room from six to seven every

(Continued on page 3, column 1.)

### DO YOU LOVE TO DANCE?

#### Apologies to Don Marquis.

I just love to dance! Really you can't imagine how much good it does me to go to a dance. Dancing is so important to the soul's development, don't you think? You know, when I am at a dance, I just forget all about life's serious problems and thoroughly enjoy myself. I get so interested in swaying about aimlessly to the music that I know I do queer things with my feet, but I always hope my partner understands that I am a person of temperament, and not one of these jazz persons.

Sometimes, though, I get very serious at dances. I remember once I was suddenly moved to say to my partner while I was dancing a perfectly lovely waltz, one of those waltzes, you know, that bring life's realities very close to you—"Oh, Mr. Jones. I feel as though this little dance of ours were somehow in harmony with all the great unchanging laws of the cosmos; don't you think it is?"

And you know, he didn't know what I was talking about. Poor man, he hasn't found out the great truths of life. So few of us do. I often thank Heaven that I have been so wonderfully blessed with such an insight into matters of the soul.

But to continue about dances. I wonder just what significances dances have? I have a little theory, you know, that everything in life from a seemingly inconsequent pebble to the great ball of fire in the sky, has a purpose. Dances, I think, are meant to be periods of relaxation from the great every-day struggle of life.

You know I belong to a club of Serious Thinkers which meets every day in the week. We discuss all of life's problems. You can't imagine what a relief it is for me suddenly to drop all life's problems and just relax. Oh yes. I just love to dance. M. J. '21

## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Thursday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

## STAFF

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**  
Abby Gallup '21

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS**  
Ruth McCollum '21  
Miriam Taylor '22  
Blanche Finesilver '22

**NEWS EDITOR**  
Ruth Pattee '21

**REPORTERS**  
Marguerite Paul '21  
Mildred Pierpont '21  
Elizabeth Hall '22  
Helen Clarke '22  
Caroline Francke '23  
Katherine Francke '23  
Helen Avery '23

**MANAGING EDITOR**  
Barbara Ashenden '21

**ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS**  
Ruth Levine '22  
Helen Drew '24

**BUSINESS MANAGER**  
Hattie Goldman '21

**ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS**  
Gertrude Traurig '22  
Evelyn Cadden '23

**ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR**  
Agnes Leahy '21

**ASSISTANT ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR**  
Helen Peale '22

**FACULTY ADVISER**  
Dean Nye

**ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR**  
Virginia Rose

Entered as second class matter at New London, Connecticut, August 5, 1919, under act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription price: Per year (30 issues), \$1.25; by mail, \$1.50.

Printed by The Bulletin Company, Norwich, Connecticut.

Material for the News should reach the News editor or be left in the News Office before 8 a. m. on Thursday. The name of the writer must accompany every manuscript. The article may also be signed as the writer wishes it to be printed.

## THE INSURANCE POLICY.

## The Hop Man to the Freshman Waitress.

Tho I've no fear of dire events,  
Of burglary or accidents,  
Bewitching maid, dare I endure  
Thy bright-eyed, coy vivacity,  
Thy smiles inviting lure,  
Thy lips' half-shy audacity,  
'Til I my heart insure?

## EXPERIMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

References: Breeze, Ocean Beach and Dr. Morris.

## EXPERIMENT I.

## Taking a Chance.

Date: October 1 to December 11, 1920.

Subjects: At least three men from your own home town. Your brother, if you have one. A friend's second-best (man.)

Experimenter: Any Sophomore.

Materials: One quire of pink writing paper; six envelopes; six special delivery stamps; six two cent stamps; a fountain pen; small change for long distance telephoning.

Procedure: As early as possible in the Sophomore year, the Experimenter should make a list of her masculine acquaintances. In classifying them for eligibility as escorts she should use the following formula in the point system:—Dancing 80 per cent., looks 10 per cent., conversation 5 per cent., wealth four per cent., manners one per cent. When the status of the various gentlemen have been determined, the Experimenter may write cordial special delivery invitations on pink note

paper. In case the first invitation is refused the Experimenter must proceed hopefully down the list. As a final resort she may telephone her brother imploring his assistance. Oftentimes the brother may be hard of heart and refuse to sacrifice his prestige. In such an extremity she should rush to her best friend's room and cast herself on the bed. If an onion is concealed in the Experimenter's handkerchief, large tears may be wept quite easily. If the best friend is of a slightly emotional temperament she will soon begin to register sympathy and if the weeping is continued for about fifteen minutes, the best friend will offer to ask "Edwin" for the Experimenter. Then the Experimenter should lift her head from a damp pillow and joyfully kiss (this is important) the best friend.

**Graph:** The Experimenter should make a graph of the rising and sinking of her emotions during the interval between Edwin's acceptance and his arrival. If the curves of the graph fall oftener and farther than they rise it should be concealed from the best friend.

**Results:** Edwin arrives, he dances like Vernon Castle, he looks like Wally Reid, he is as clever as Oscar Wilde, he is as rich as Pierpont Morgan, he has the manners of Lord Chesterfield. He is a perfect man. Somehow the Experimenter decides that he muse cease to be the property of the best friend. For months after the Hop the Experimenter receives bi-weekly specials from Edwin. The best friend regards the Experimenter with cold-eyed distrust.

## Mistakes and Comments.

1. Edwin may forget to come. In that case you retire to your boudoir with "Indian Love Lyrics" and a box of "Pete's."

2. Edwin may break his leg on the way up from New Haven or down from Boston. If so, your first aid training will come in conveniently.

3. Edwin may have an unexpected exam and send a friend in his place. The friend is likely to be club-footed, or cross-eyed, or feeble minded. This is the greatest test of character. If you can conceal your disappointment you can probably qualify for assistant gate-keeper to St. Peter.

"This the end," as Rags said, when he bit his tail!

## SUFFERING FOR BEAUTY.

This morning I picked up a magazine, and, in glancing through the advertisements, I came across a lovely lady with abnormal quantities of hair rippling about her knees, and large printing under her portrait proclaiming, "You Must Have Beautiful Well-Kept Hair to be Attractive." Further down the page were directions—a weekly shampoo, a little warm water, a few teaspoonfuls of "rich, creamy lather," more warm water, a mere trifle of a breeze, and your hair is transformed into a mass of glinting lights and shining waves; or so ran the words of the advertisement.

From the deep recesses of memory rushed various stirring pictures of my weekly shampoos, differing astoundingly in detail from those of the printed page adorned by the lovely lady. How futile indeed is the quest for beauty and how painful for the seekers thereof!

Of course there are those who can walk into a "parlor" attracted by a display of wavy false hair in the window, and a boy in uniform at the door—seat themselves in a plush-lined chair, and dream in peaceful content while a perfumed and be-aproned Austrian count applies the warm water and the "rich, creamy lather." They emerge shining, fluffy and unfatigued. But there are also those who, because

of cruel circumstance or wayward inclination, manage the rite without the plush-lined chair or the Austrian count.

In the last class am I, unafraid, unashamed, and experienced beyond my years. I have often spent my summers in a tent on the shores of a softly lapping lake where hot water might have belonged to an effete civilization long forgotten. Many times I have sallied forth on a bright, unclouded morn to cleanse my hair in the lispig waves aided by a cake of floating soap, and a kind friend. By long experience I discovered the simplest method. I prostrated myself on a dock fully a foot above the water, and, with the kind friend firmly grasping my ankles, I hung half over the end of the dock violently scrubbing my apoplectic head, clutching at the slippery soap which the waves coyly tossed hither and yon, and moaning vile imprecations against the Biblical gentleman who proclaimed a woman's hair her crowning glory.

Again, I have shampooed with a nice, shiny spray on the end of a blond, rubber tube conveniently attached to the bathtub faucet. After having spent some time regulating the volume and temperature of the water, I have aimed it bravely at my head just as the tube sprung a large double leak sending one stream into my eye and another soaring heavenward to return to a big, comfortable puddle in the middle of the floor.

I have stood on my head in a basin built far too low for a normal human being to rest her head in, while my position has resembled that of a gentle giraffe at his evening prayers. Thus I have gotten soap in my eyes, and water in my ears, rendering myself blind and deaf, and very nearly mad.

But all of these things are as nought! I am upheld by the knowledge that I gained in the magazine this morning. "You must have beautiful, well-kept hair to be attractive." With that in mind I would suffer anything! I not only would,—I do! C. F. '23.

## ASK SIR OLIVER!

Through the medium of the Ouija three noted poets have sent to us poems particularly written for our Sophomore Hop.

Transmitted by K. Francke.

## TO THE SOPHOMORE, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

By Robert Herrick.

Gather ye kisses while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying  
And this same man that smiles today  
To-morrow may be hieing.

Then do be coy, don't lose your time  
And while ye may, go marry,  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

## TO THE FAT MAN'S PARTNER.

By Alfred Tennyson.

I see my fat old partner yet—  
His double chin, his portly size,  
And none he danced with could forget.  
The busy wrinkles round his eyes,  
The slow, wise smile that round about  
His shining forehead damply curls.  
Seem's half-within and half-without,  
And full of meaning for the girls.  
His rotund form, his beaming smile,  
Fair Roscoe dear cannot excel,  
Tho fat men charm me for a while  
I'd like a thin one for a spell.  
Without the smile, without the weight,  
Without the plump, perspiring palm;  
The fat men surely must be great—  
Thin men do hold a certain charm.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE SOPHOMORE HOP.

By Edgar Allen Poe and Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a day ago,  
In a college by the sea,  
That a maiden there was whom you  
may know  
By the name of Jazzy Belle Lee.  
And this maiden she lived with no  
other thought  
Than to shimmie and glide with me.

I was a man and she was a maid  
At this college by the sea  
And we danced with a toddle that leant  
toward a waddle  
I and my Jazzy Belle Lee  
Which attracted to us the mild roving  
glance  
Of our dear faculty.

And this was the reason that long ago  
At this college by the sea,  
I found that I loved a Sophomore tall  
By the name of Jazzy Belle Lee,  
And as I told her of my love  
Up came the faculty.

But our hold it was stronger by far  
than the voice  
Of those who were older than we,  
Of many far wiser than we,  
And neither the glances of Seniors  
around  
Nor the words of our dear faculty,  
Could ever dissever my cheek from the  
cheek  
Of the beautiful Jazzy Belle Lee.

## ON THE EVE OF THE HOP.

By John Milton,  
Transmitted by E. Taylor '23.

Hence, hateful thoughts of books dis-  
pised,  
Of spurned descent from ancient,  
mis-named sage  
That cared not if some age  
Would tortuous hours spend with  
books advised!  
Flee back to season's yore,  
Where Plato, ill things learned of  
Sophocles,  
Still more augmenting these;  
There, spiteful spirit breathed from  
books, go dwell  
And cast thy baneful spell  
On them, whose soul possessed by  
fiend, thee bore.  
But come, thou joyous festival,  
O Earth's best gift convivial,  
Named feast, named ball, named glad  
what-not,  
But by us, best named—a Hop,  
Not Goddesses nor Gods e'er were,  
Surpassed our mortal him or her;  
Not wine that touched bold Sappho's  
lips  
A Hop's sweet nectar could eclipse;  
Not revels of Olympian Mount,  
Nor wondrous balls that bards re-  
count,  
Not feast e'er spread by Epicurus,  
Nor mountain nyades' dance—could  
lure us  
From sweet enchantment such as this,  
Where earth enriches Heaven's kiss.

Haste, O Hop, and in thy train  
Bring stalwart youth and graceful  
swain,  
Of gold, of black, of auburn hair,  
With smile, with love, for maiden fair;  
Send shafts of wit and mirthful jest,  
Returned by whimsies, coyly stressed.  
Bring madding dance, pulse bounding  
whirl,  
In ebon splotched rainbow swirl.  
Then as rapture summit vaults,  
Begin a dulcet, rhythmic waltz,  
Diffuse a rare elusive scent,  
From God's beloved flowers lent;  
Pervade the place with mystic light,  
And breathe a charm from fay filled  
night.

Since then the power's thine to wield,  
These gracious favors pray us yield—  
We'll well return that ecstasy,  
In fervid, soaring eulogy.

**WHICH IS WORSE?**

(Concluded from page 1, column 3).

morning. And next year I shall give a course in nervous hysteria for all who expect to be chairmen of committees. This is not an advertisement. You see it goes right in with the news, being news itself, as it were.

But my motto is:  
"Remember number one", or in other words: "give everyone the opportunity you have for the enjoyment of life."

**On Being a Committee Member by One Who Knows.**

I was on a committee once. You may not believe it from my looks. But I was. That vacant expression that comes just before I register pain or pleasure is due to the habit of waiting for my chairman's emotional reaction. When one is a committee member one learns to conform. It makes for smoothness and things run so much better where there is smoothness.

Some people become habitual committee members. They thrive on it, grow fat, and all that. I didn't, I worried, couldn't help it. What would you do, taking for granted of course that you never had the servile experience, if you were told to produce a marble bench, or a life-like ham? Why, you undoubtedly would be astonished. I wasn't. One gets used to such things.

As a committee member one should know the price of lobster salad for five hundred people, how to hitch the col-

lege horse, where the turpentine is kept, what will remove berry stains, and why people do as they will. Moreover, every committee member should carry thumb tacks with her, to be ready for any emergency. It is my personal experience that with a hair pin, a razor blade, some thumb tacks and a shoe as tools, almost anything may be built by an experienced committee member.

While I was a committee member I acquired the embarrassing habit of carrying:— needles, pins, and a hammer with me wherever I went. Did you ever reach for your handkerchief while at dinner, and surprise yourself by drawing out instead a hammer? Did you ever recite the seven tentative names for Sophomore Hop instead of the Sacraments, and have the instructor gaze at you with an expression of the mild sympathy and amusement one feels for the kitten that chases its tail?

Yes, I was on a committee, once. But I don't remember why, unless it was to borrow bed-room slippers from the faculty, and make talcum powder cigarettes. If you have not yet been on a committee, let me advise you never, under any circumstances, to make talcum powder cigarettes. What they do to the smoker who forgets and inhales is nothing to what she does to you afterwards. If your chairman demands these imitations, tell her in a very bold tone, being careful all the while that the hammer is still in your pocket, tell her that you buy yours ready made, it takes too long to roll your own.

J. B., '23.

**A SOPHOMORE'S FATE—A TRAGEDY.**

Now this is the tale of a Sophomore, Who was witty and pretty and always wore

Gowns which were certainly not home-made,

And were fitted for any dress parade. This damsel also had plenty of money, And smiles that were sweeter than any honey;

But in spite of her beautiful eyes so bright,

This maiden was now in a dreadful plight.

For she was a Soph'more at dear C. C. And the glorious Hop was soon to be; And this poor girl who knew dozens of men,

Couldn't decide to take up her pen To ask one man to become her guest, For she didn't know which she liked the best.

Now what could the poor girl do?

There was Archibald who was much too fat,

And Petey who didn't look well sans hat.

Billie always laughed too much, While Tommie ever appeared with such An expression on his fair, young face That father would ask him each time to say grace;

Horace was youthful and very shy, Allen was too old and very dry;

Ben seemed by far too haughty, While all the boys calley Percy "Shorty."

Now out of all this fine array, You wouldn't think she would need to pray

For aid to help her decide which one Would give her joy and also fun. But what could the poor girl do?

As she was an undecided Miss She at last determined to do just this: She would write to every man she knew

(Of course, 'twas a foolish thing to do!) And the man who answered first her letter

Should be her guest; she could do no better.

Her letters gone, she began to worry And got herself into a fearful flurry, She knew they all would fly at once, And called herself an awful dunce. But what could the poor girl do?

For the next few days the answers came

Signed with many a masculine name, And everyone bore the message sad: "It really is awfully too bad

But I've an engagement, don'tcher know And therefore I shan't be able to go". Day after day the letters kept coming And some of the men had the wires humming,

But ever the verdict was the same, "I just can't come, it's a dreadful shame."

So what could the poor girl do?

Finally there but remained one chance That the Sophomore would get to the dance.

Her face grew pale and drawn and white

She looked as though she would vanish from sight,

She wouldn't sleep, nor eat a bite, And she sighed with all her main and might,

At last the morning before the Hop A letter came and her heart went plop! But that letter should have been bordered in black

For the message read "alack! alack! I cannot come to the Hop, I fear

But I hope you'll have a good time, my dear."

Now what could the poor girl do?

The day was dull, all hope was gone; There was nothing left but to sit and yawn

At Shakespeare Notes the evening through.

But what in the world could the poor girl do?

E. P. A., '23.

**ZAT SO?**

The Freshmen girls look all amazed, And even Senior girls look dazed.

Has C. C. opened wide its doors To Co-ed members by the scores?

Men, men, they're here and everywhere Their very presence fills the air.

"What's all the fuss?" Calls up the cop?

'Tis, merely, sir—the Soph'more Hop.

R. H. K. '24.

**Give a Thought to Books**

We carry a comprehensive line by the old masters and modern writers in subjects of all classes for Children, Boys, Girls and Grown-ups.

**THE CHAMBERLIN & SHROPSHIRE CO.**

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

240 STATE ST.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

**TATE & NEILAN**

**Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Hats**

Corner STATE and GREENE STREETS

New London



GET THEM AT

**THE COLLEGE PHARMACY**  
393 Williams Street

LOOSE LEAF BOOKS  
DIARIES AND STATIONERY  
**SOLOMON**

44 MAIN STREET

—THE—  
**SINCLAIR & LITTLE CO.**

DRY GOODS  
TOILET GOODS  
HOSIERY, CORSETS

33 MAIN STREET

**STRAUSS & MACOMBER**

WATCHES, DIAMONDS  
and JEWELRY

100 State Street, New London, Conn.  
Fine Watches Repaired and Adjusted

**UNION BANK & TRUST COMPANY**

STATE STREET

**FELLMAN**

Tel., Store 2272-2. House, 2272-3

**The Florist**

DESIGNER—DECORATOR  
FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

**B. M. Baline FUR DEALER**

14 Main Street

**GEO. N. BATES, D. D. S.**

Manwaring Building

Rooms 13 and 14

COMPLIMENTS OF

**ISAAC C. BISHOP**  
PHOTOGRAPHER

'Phone 403 Manwaring Bldg.

**MISS FLORENCE CANFIELD**

**Distinctive Millinery**

Plant Building

New London, Conn. Tel. 1542

**J. TANNENBAUM**

Fine Stationery and Imported Novel- ties. All Office Supplies

Whiting's Stationery by the Pound or Box

156 STATE STREET

Telephone 2055

**Cleaners and Dyers**

**CITY DYE WORKS**

Efficient—Prompt

46 Bank Street, New London

**The Specialty Shop**

MANWARING BLDG.

Hosiery, Underwear

Waists, Neckwear, Corsets

**Get It At STARR BROS., Inc. DRUGGIST**

110 STATE STREET

GROCERIES and MEATS

**A. T. MINER**

THREE STORES

381 Williams St. 75 Winthrop St. Crystal Ave. and Adelaide St.

**Alling Rubber Co.**

Best Quality

Tennis Shoes and Rubbers

162 State Street, New London, Ct.

**THE NATIONAL  
BANK OF COMMERCE**

OF NEW LONDON

New London, Connecticut



and New London, Conn.  
**CONFECTIONER  
AND  
CATERER**

A Store of Individual Shops

**Rockwell & Forester**  
Barrows Building, New London

Carefully  
Selected  
Ultra-fashionable  
Ready-to-wear  
for

Women and Misses  
**MODERATE PRICES**

**EATON COMPANY, Inc.**

"New London's  
Busy Cash Store"

New Fall Models in Coats, Suits,  
Serge and Tricotine Dresses now  
on display in our garment room.  
Call and see the latest styles.

**70 State Street, New London**



**N. M. RUDDY**  
JEWELER and OPTICIAN  
C. C. COSTELLO, Mgr.  
52 State Street  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

**KATIE'S KOLUMN OF  
KLOTES KUESTIONS.**

Uniqueness in wearing apparel is the mode this season. If you are in doubt about any vital question you will find the answer in this column. If you don't find it, write to me enclosing fifty cents in stamps and I will answer it free of charge.

**For Street Wear.**

The most truly apropos mode originated in some time comes from New London, a quaint sea-board town, where sailor hats gaily bedecked with plumes of Cherry Blue are being worn by all of the leading set.

Under no circumstances does one wear furs about the neck. The popular small animal scarfs are hung about eight and three-quarters (8¾) inches apart, tail downwards, from a belt balanced with careless *savoir faire* upon the hips. This gives the much sought after Charlotte Russe effect achieved by all of our prominent actresses.

Speaking of furs, the banana skin has come into its own.

If you possess an onyx ring, wear it over your glove on the thumb. If you do not possess one, wear it on the index finger.

In New Haven recently at an impromptu affair held by the Yale Students in their arena a new and novel idea in foot apparel attracted a great deal of attention. Heavy woolen stockings were being worn in loose, careless folds rippling about the ankle. Here also the prevailing motif seemed to be a great variety of impedimenta covering the neck.

At the rendezvous of the Club de Hocker not so long ago, the smartest of the smart, Roberta Paige, one of our pioneers of fashion, introduced coquettish artificial nosegays coyly peeping from the shoe-top.

**For Evening.**

Just now simplicity is the note in evening gowns. At Plant Hall the other evening a stunning creation was seen—one of extreme simplicity expressed in terms of gold thread and charm.

A whisper to debutantes. I can furnish upon request the name of a very exclusive little shop where one may procure an unlimited quantity of passé hosiery upon which to build satisfactorily the new victory arch coiffure. These have been proven a Bang-up success.

**For College Girls.**

The middy tie is an invaluable part of every college girl's equipment. At present I have on hand an extremely limited supply of transparent ties which (a word to the wise) may prove quite practicable in typewriting classes.

Connecticut College girls have found very convenient an odd contrivance consisting of metal-lined pockets with a tiny spigot attached. These can be changed from one dainty frock to another and aid these clever misses in removing liquids from the dining hall for future consumption. G. R., A. G.

**OUR NEWS STAND.**

The Sportsman.....D. Randle  
Popular Mechanics.....E. Slay-maker  
Good Housekeeping.....Keenie  
The Bookman.....C. Hall  
Literary Digest.....L. Roche  
Literary Indigestion.....C. K. N. F.  
Popular.....Ray Smith  
Vogue.....Sliv  
Life.....Dimmie  
The Smart Set.....Class of '24  
Punch and Judy.....Henkle and Warner  
Bringing Up Father.....Ma-shall  
The Theatre Magazine.....Anita Greenbaum  
Physical Culture.....Ruth Wilson  
Snappy Stories.....Babe Mitchell  
Cosmopolitan.....Marge Backes  
Vanity Fair.....Kay Culver

**HOARY LOCK'D SENIORS.**

Oh, the joy of sitting by,  
And looking on the show!  
What pleasure, just to rest ourselves,  
While plannings come and go.

For three long years we've decked the  
gym,  
And matched up colors gay,  
We've ordered eats and orchestras,  
And *once*—sent them away.

We've worked and worried, clashed in  
strife,  
And cast our friends away,  
Because they wanted other plans,  
With Hop due in one day.

But this year, down we sit in peace,  
And smile with gracious joy;  
Not a single thing to do  
The pleasure to alloy.

Our time we take, to choose a man,  
No hurry to decide;  
Not a single stunt to plan,  
No dashing of our pride.

Oh Soph'mores while you plan your  
Hop,  
We watch, and beam and glow,  
We know now how Seniors felt,  
Two long years ago. O. L. '21.

**OH, YES, S'TRUTH!**

(Continued from page 1, column 1.)

air from which all oxygen has been removed for the last fifty-nine years and six months. It is a privilege worthy of a higher price. There you can see Azelea or Rosalind, or Gertie using her anatomy to express all the concentrated jazz of America slightly influenced by the earlier manner of the Africans. Masters—and mistresses—of the terpsichorean art leap and twirl there nightly—aye, verily, they even clatter and clog, shuffle and slide, and billow and bounce!

Among all these attractions what is a mere Hop to us? Just one more tune, just one more twirl to add to our load of social and artistic excesses! Magnus O'Kane.

**SOUND ADVICE.**

Ned—"Darling, say the words that will make me the happiest man in the world."

Edna—"Shall I really?"

Ned—"Please, if you only will."

Edna—"Well, then stay single."—Sun Dodger.

**The Quality Drug House of Eastern Connecticut  
The NICHOLS & HARRIS CO.**

ESTABLISHED 1850

119 STATE STREET

NEW LONDON, CONN.

TELEPHONE 193

**LYON & EWALD  
Hardware**

88 STATE STREET

NEW LONDON, CONN.

—THE—

**Gager-Crawford Co.**

**PURE FOOD STORE**

New London, Conn.

Freshest Stock

Greatest Variety

Lowest Prices

Largest Output

**ALL KINDS OF  
WOMEN'S  
FURNISHINGS**

**VISIT THE  
James Hislop Co.**

153-163 State Street

**FOR  
DRY GOODS**

—THE—

**S. A. Goldsmith Co.**

131 to 143 STATE STREET  
NEW LONDON, CONN.

"The Store for Service"  
**THE BEE HIVE**

**WALK-OVER  
BOOT SHOP**

237 STATE STREET

**CHIDSEY'S**  
OPTOMETRISTS and OPTICIANS  
Photographic Supplies, Developing,  
Printing, Enlarging, Greeting  
Cards, Picture Framing  
Die Stamped College and Dormitory  
Stationery  
115 STATE ST., NEW LONDON, CONN.

**VANITIE SHOP**

SHAMPOOING, HAIRDRESSING  
MASSAGING and MANICURING  
Room 317 Plant Bldg. 'Phone 313  
New London, Conn.

**THE STYLE SHOP**

LADIES' and MISSES'  
APPAREL

Lawrence Hall Building  
17 Bank Street

**DAVIS & SAVARD**

Regal Shoes for Ladies  
134 STATE STREET