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Connecticut College

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So This Is The Feast Of Twelfth Night

Connecticut College felt itself re-enchanted by the Shakespearian atmosphere of 1916, when, in the evergreen-decked and candle-lighted dining room, the students assembled for dinner on the evening of January sixth. The mystery of the festive decoration and of the unoccupied tables in the center of the room was at last revealed when the door of the faculty room opened, and a long, stately procession issued forth.

Faculty in academic costume, a page bearing a candle-lighted boar's head, followed by quaint lords and ladies with familiar faces, a minstrel, a fool, and, lastly, the king and queen with attendant pages came slowly down the room and took their places at the tables.

Enthusiastic applause from the students was hushed by a wave from the royal sceptre, as the king proclaimed the meaning of the feast. The sixth of January, declared his highness, the royal President, marked the close of the Christmas festivities; this was the feast of Twelfth Night, when all evergreen decorations should be laid on the fire. Then, bidding his guests be merry, he began the banquet.

While the lords and ladies feasted, the pages piled high the fire with crackling evergreens, the minstrel wandered through the hall, singing delicate ditties in a most exquisite soprano, and the jester with capers, jokes, and a grotesque dance, aided the digestion of the banqueters by frequent laughter.

Student songs filled the hall, until King Marshall, standing in the far doorway, waived his scepter and bade us all good-night. The evening was crowned by the Queen's reading of her original poem, written especially for the occasion, and dedicated to the starting of the new tradition.

Twelfth Night!
Star light
On the snow—
Crescent moon,
Setting soon,
Hangs low—

Fair and still,
Our hill
Gleams clear.
Lights quiver
On our river,
Running near.

Christmas green
Still seen

College Spends New Year's Day On Campus

The fact that C. C. spent New Year's day on campus did not prevent her from recognizing the day with due enthusiasm. The celebration began at midnight, New Year's eve, with war whoops and fire drills, and ended New Year's night with chicken and ice cream. The year of 1919 was heralded with proper appreciation of its significance.

President Marshall presented the thought of the New Year at chapel, and spoke briefly on its possibilities for the college. Classes were suspended at three o'clock. At four o'clock the faculty and students with their friends met at an informal reception and dance. The proper college atmosphere was preserved through various entertaining features and stunts.

After the dance came a dinner to which Miss Turner lent a festive air by serving the traditional New England chicken.

The college students as a body may never spend another New Year's day on campus, but they will always hold the memory of this one.

KOINE IS COINED

The first Senior Class Book of C. C. is at last named. The Staff of the book has chosen the name submitted by Zeveley Green—Koine—a Greek word, signifying, "common," or "democratic."

Other Senior plans are under way for Class week, entertainment of the Juniors, and a Senior dance. A competition for class poem and class prophecy is open to the class, all contributions to be submitted by the twentieth of January.

Photographs for the Senior Book are being taken by Bachrach's photographers. The Senior class picture was taken in cap and gown Thursday noon.

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

(Twelfth Night, Concluded.)

In the fire.
Christmas peace
Never cease—
Our desire.

As we see our bounty here,
We pray the world may know good cheer,
In court and hut;
Outside, snow and ice,
Inside—our almost Paradise—
Connecticut!

Dr. Eleanor Bertine On Social Morality

"This war has brought about great changes in the world's ideas of sex conduct," said Dr. Bertine to a large college audience January 7th. She told how the world's conceptions of social morality had been transformed by this war. She described the large part the government, aided by patriotic women, had played in bringing about this change of conditions, and what the country had accomplished in relieving the situation. The role the college woman must play in improving social conditions was given a marked prominence in a lecture which was both eloquent and persuasive. Dr. Bertine held her listeners tense with expectation as she told in a simple, yet magnetic, manner of the pre-war conditions brought about through ignorance and stupidity, and of how they had been altered by the great upheaval of a world war.

Dr. Bertine came to Connecticut College as the representative of a Medical Society. She was accorded the most enthusiastic reception given this year to a convocation speaker.

THERE ARE FATES AND FETES

It began to look as if the fates were against the idea of a Senior Dance. Twice it had had to be postponed because of quarantine, and then to have the day of the third such a bleak and rainy one and every telephone connection on campus out of order. These seemed to be sure signs that the gods were unwilling. Once again, however, it was proved that the gods are a changeable lot, but of course that comes later in the story. So throughout all the day there were those many uncertainties; will I spoil my new pumps? How can I make the curb stay in? He has never come up to college before and will surely get lost. Everyone's mind was filled with them, except probably the committee's, and they had even more serious thoughts than those were. Why enlarge on such bitter disappointment when everything turned out so fortunately, a little fairy tale in itself. The gymnasium was filled with dancers, and not a one had the "rainy day" look, but instead looked as if she were thoroughly enjoying herself. No one wanted to go home, which is the very best way of saying that the dance was lots of fun and a great success. Finally the musicians couldn't play any longer and the dancers were turned out, literally and figuratively, into the snowy street.

F. K. H. '20.

Work And Life Of The Farmerettes

On January 7th, Dr. Ida H. Ogilvie, founder of the Women's Land Army of the United States, told us about the work and life of the farmerette. For a number of years the problem of the farmer has been very serious. Each year more men have been leaving the farms and entering the factories. Land has been cut up into estates and no food produced on it. As a result of this dangerous situation, a committee at Columbia College long before the war conceived the idea of the farmerette. They decided that the woman farmer should have standard living conditions and an eight-hour day with pay equal to that of men in the time of peace.

This committee succeeded in recruiting between four and five hundred women farmers, but they could find no farmer who would accept the girls. The farmers argued that women in their eight-hour day could not accomplish as much as men who would work for a much longer time. The committee, however, were insistent upon the shorter hour schedule and to prove that the farmerette could finish her "job" in eight hours they established a unit at Bedford in the summer of 1917. Here they had a very old house for headquarters and from this center they went out to work for the farmers in the vicinity. At the end of the summer these farmers gave a unanimous verdict that "girl farmers" were better than men. Thus the success of the farmerette was insured and last winter the Land Army was launched in forty states.

Now that peace has come people are asking whether women will any longer be needed on the farms. The answer is "Yes." More women will be needed this summer than ever before.

The United States has promised to send to Europe twenty million tons of food. There will not be men enough engaged in farming to produce this large amount and care for the American population at the same time. For this reason the Department of Labor has made a division for the Land Army workers so that they will be under government supervision next summer.

The life in the camp communities has been proven to be a unique and interesting experience. There all kinds of girls have assembled, including shop girls, girls in ill health who are seeking a cure, college girls and professors. The college people set the pace; they

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

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THE COMPLEXITIES OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

There is no one in Connecticut College who cannot truthfully say that she lives a perfectly well rounded life. First, of course, comes the academic. That takes a large proportion of hours, and embraces a large variety of subjects. Thus we gain inspiration and instruction at once, just by sitting in a class room, whether we take part in the discussion or not. If we do not appreciate the opportunity of sharing the experiences of interesting and talented people now, we will alter the college course is finished and we are making our own experiences. And we do not only absorb wisdom; we make an endeavor on our own part to obtain it in the study hours between. And then we take some physical ed, to refresh our minds after our strenuous mental efforts, and to build up our strength so that we can proceed to the next day's activities with alert bodies and brains. And secondly, we engage in much recreation after the day's work is over. Perhaps meetings, of organizations and committees and everything else we engage to do, are not really recreation. But the results of these countless meetings are dances, vaudeville shows, sings, plays, and entertainments of all kinds, involving more or less elaborate preparation. Our social schedule is always full. Every evening in the week is bespoken for some worthy cause or other. We entertain profusely. Each class entertains its sister class, its elder class, its younger class. Each

organization plans something more unique and unusual than the preceding one. Now in a small college this is a great burden upon a few. In a large college, there is necessarily a division of labor. No one has to enter into everything. But here where every student is on more than one committee and belongs to more than one organization, the amount of time which every student has to give is very disproportionate. We are being deluged with responsibility. And there is no real necessity for such elaboration. All girls are socially enthusiastic, but we are almost letting our enthusiasm run away with us. We undertake too much in our zeal. Just as many girls are giving several evenings in one week to social service, so we others are giving several evenings a week to social recreation. Remember that we are setting precedents. The classes that come after us will have to maintain the traditions that we set for them. There is no reason why, even if we are able to keep up the pace ourselves, we should burden the future inhabitants of the college with a multiplicity of entertainment. It should be our aim rather to condense our social activity so that it will be a pleasure instead of a burden. None of us has ideas enough to run off a successful entertainment every week, or even every month. Why try? If we concentrate our energies on a few we can make them much more effective, and reduce the social pressure to a more normal standard. Never in the preceding years have we undertaken so much. It really isn't necessary to our happiness. And we will enjoy ourselves just as much with a few good times that we really appreciate as with a continuous process that sometimes even bores us.

BOLSHEVISM AND THE ACADEMIC.

Bolshevism is flying its red flag over Russia and Germany to-day. Even nearer home, it has shown its colors in the streets of New York and the assembly halls of Hartford. It is the most natural result in the world of the four years of actual physical starvation which have repressed the European nations. When men are prosperous, they are well content with things as they are. That is why Socialism is having such a hard fight. In this country do you mean? When men are down and out of a job, they raise violent protests against the society that denies them their economic opportunity. As soon as they find employment, their protests begin to die away. Men are fundamentally non-altruistic.

But the nations of Europe have been starved too long. Men's overwrought minds are turning again to the old industrial unrest and injustice. In blind revolt against deprivation they are waging war against all established institutions. They are battering at the gates of Society's well-nigh impregnable fortress. They are flaunting the

red flag in our very faces. And all the great army of the discontented in every land are rallying around them.

Why does the press rail against the menace of Bolshevism? Why is the red flag a danger signal?

Fundamental institutions, the church, the state, depend upon authority. Their claim to existence lies in the recognition of their claim to respect by society. And now the spirit of unrest is attacking institutions as well as men. Men are losing their respect for authority. They are questioning their obligations. They are trying to undermine the foundations of society. They are tearing down, everything; they are building up nothing.

And this turmoil of changing values affects even those who are far removed from the fiery Bolsheviks and their economic struggle. We, the college students, are touched by the wave of unrest even while we are not carried away by it. We do not depreciate the value of the academic. The advantages of a college education are too evident to be questioned. But many of us are letting the academic slide. Our work has been interrupted continually. If a difficult assignment was given out—well, peace was declared, or the influenza was threatening, or New Year's day was a legal holiday—or something would surely turn up to prevent recitations.

That is the essence of the menace of Bolshevism. Those who are radically attacking the modern age are throwing themselves heart and soul into the conflict. Those who are opposing the revolution have at least the courage of their convictions. But we—we are neither hot nor cold. If we are Bolsheviks, we must attack the academic from the outside. If we are defenders of the academic, we must get into it. We must make our studies the thing while we are here. But never, never attend classes mechanically. It will deaden your personality, and that is the biggest thing on earth, much bigger than the academic itself. The red flag will be torn to ribbons by the winds of opposition when it ceases to be a standard. The academic will change and readjust its scale of values under the fire of scientific destructive criticism. But whatever you do, even if you remain on the outskirts of the conflict, do it with your might. Bolshevism is stimulating only to those who are actively engaged in the fight. To the non-combatants, who do not accept its challenge, it too often brings about an attitude of indifference, a policy of laissez-faire. Are you letting yourself be influenced by the Bolsheviks in this way?

HEARD IN THE LIBRARY

J. W.—"I had an eight o'clock class today and did not wake up until 8.15."

L. P.—"Did you get to your class on time?"

AMONG OUR POETS

It is our pleasure this week to introduce through this column a new poet to the college.

The light of the sun-set heavens
Shines a parable to me
Of brave youth forward looking
Over life's uncertain sea.

The bright colors seem to foretold
Great deeds nobly to be done,
And their beauty to foreshadow
Happy aftermath to come.

May the faith that prompts the vision
Be the dreamer's to the end,
Rose colored at life's twilight
As when dawn its way did wend.

May it show such deeds accomplished
As were promised to be done
In that evening revelation
At the setting of the sun.

M. MUNGER '20.

The following verses are the work of an ensign in the navy:

HERE'S TO THE GOOD OLD NORWICH TROLLEY LINE.

Here's a toast to New London, it is
known throughout the land.
Inspected by many, and all pronounce
it grand.

It is known for poor car service and
for girls who can't keep dates;
It's the swellest town existing in a
dozen different states.

And the service of its street cars—
that's the one thing superfine;
How the folks are jammed together
on the Norwich Trolley Line.

A car leaves the parade in the early
evening haze,
On a half-hour schedule, and is gone
perhaps three days.

For the trolley slips the wire, and the
car stops still as death,
And the victims cuss the carmen till
they're nearly out of breath;
And the car returns the compliments,
in tones of fierce design,
And they chew the rag eternal on the
Norwich Trolley Line.

Then a crash and grinding timbers,
broken glass flies all around,
And the scared, disgusted riders pile
out on the frozen ground.
Some poor soul consults the motorman
to see if he is dead;

And he says, "Don't get excited, we
just smashed the car ahead."
Choke your wrath and can the cuss
words, all such things you should
confine.

For you're lucky to be living on the
Norwich Trolley Line.

You can look the country over, from
New London up to Maine,
And from Oakland, California, back to
here again.

You may study all the systems for
their defects and their worth,
And be forced to know when finished
that this is the worst on earth.

There's not another like it where the
lights of heaven shine,
But maybe below they're riding on the
good old Norwich Line.

THE SECRET LETTERS FROM ANNETTE GENEVIERE TO MARIONETTE JANETTE

Dearest Marionette Jeanette:

Busy, well I should say so; but if I were as busy as the sign says I am then I'd be too busy to be writing to you; but, really, I am just as busy, so you can easily see how grateful you should be to me for giving up being busy when I am. My English teacher says to always begin a letter with an interesting fact, but I prefer to begin with an excuse, but she doesn't "comprehend" (that's the French third singular imperfect for *understand*) that I never get a chance to answer letters because I'm always so busy. They never seem to understand around here—at least that's what my roommate says. I always take her word for things. She has taught me such lots of stuff just as valuable as that. You don't want to know about her though, but about me. You said you didn't in that letter where you told me that the Widow Corning married again and that you had been asked to recite "Break Wilde Waves" at the reception for homecoming soldiers. Well, I like college more even than I did in my last letter, although there are somethings I haven't found out yet, so don't know whether I like or not. We have our room fixed up wonderfully—everyone remarks about it. Our wall paper wasn't very pretty so we cut out a lot of magazine covers and pasted them on. If you happen to see some pretty ones with girls' heads or soldiers or both please send them to me. Then we have some flags. We buy them one at a time, as we don't always have money in large sums, then, too, sometimes the 5 and 10 is so crowded we can't get in. Anyway we have about 12 of them now and they haven't any new colors at that store, so if you happen to go in to the city and see any different shades than orange, blue,

pink, red, yellow, white, black, green, gray dark blue, purple gold, please send them to me or give them to me as a birthday present, that is if you were intending to give me a present, but I gave you one so suppose you'll give me one. Then we have sofa cushions—you know the ones I brought from home. It's a nice room and if you come to visit me you'll like it, too. Our tastes always were alike in the way of artistic things. Lately, I haven't had any time in my room because I've been so busy with clubs, etc.; only doing studying in my spare time. I'm what you might call a clubwoman or maybe since I'm still in college you could call me a clubgirl. When you get in a club they say you "make a club"—just different words for the same thing. Well, I belong to some clubs that aren't clubs but are really organizations. I don't see any difference, because I have to pay dues just the same and go to meetings. That's one of the things I don't understand around here that I spoke of before. Well, the biggest club is "Stewed Gee." Everyone belongs to that although we weren't asked. Well, then there's the A. A. As long as I take gym. work I'd like to belong to that; I think that it's nice for athletes to club together. They haven't put me on the teams yet. But I'm on a team for the Service League. The Service League entertains the soldiers and sailors. You'd never think I could entertain, could you? But I do it. You might tell some of the people home, but don't say I told you to. I belong to the Dramatic Club, too. Some girls made me recite for them one afternoon and then next day someone said I had "made" it, but they didn't see how. Someone is always jealous of someone. One learns so many truths about life in college. You should hear some of the discussions we have about love and marriage and religion. Of course I have to work hard, I spend every spare moment I have in studying. Honest,

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF TWO SUFFRAGISTS

Imagine two ardent believers in women's rights striving to find a few sympathizers who would confess their sentiments in writing. It is a cold day, the kind of day when a bewrapped housekeeper does not care to chat on the doorstep. The bell rings. She leaves both her husband and the stove to smoke in the kitchen, gives two parlor chairs a passing whiff with her apron, and releases locks and other methods of defense. She warily thrusts her head out. Behold on the doorstep two shivering girls are waving a pencil and paper in her face and stuttering something like, "Do you believe that you have equal rights with your husband to vote?"

The door seems to close mechanically with much rattling of chains, snapping of keys, and the usual appendages of a well fortified retreat.

We move on. At the next door again we wait expectantly. Plodding footsteps come down the hall. A red-headed, sleepy-eyed woman opens the

I've got to stop writing more because I'm the procter and someone's making a terrible noise. The procter is supposed to go out and drown them out with a loud *sh—sh* like that.

Give my love to your mother, to Annie, if you see the new boy in the grocery shop tell him how I entertain and anything else about me that's nice. I'm going to write oftener now that the tests are coming and I'll have a lot of free time.

Yours till you next hear,

ANNIE JENNIE.

P. S.—Don't say anything about the soldiers and sailors to ma, knowing how particular she is and all that.

P. S.—Don't show this letter to a living soul.

door a crack and peers out. She pulls her wet apron close around her shoulders as she shivers. But of course she doesn't see that we are cold.

"Would you be willing to sign a suffrage petition?" we ask.

"No, indeed, it's against my principles to sign anything," comes the sharp reply. We feel that the door is to be slammed.

"But your neighbor, Mrs. Brown, has just signed it," we say breathlessly. Immediately our red-headed friend becomes interested. Here is a chance to get some gossip.

"Let's see who else signed," she says.

We pass the petition through the crack. The woman pulls her apron closer as she curiously reads the list.

"Nearly all the ladies are signing. You know the women in England have the vote now, and of course all the women of to-day believe that men and women should have equal rights," we argue.

"Here is my husband's great aunt's name," the woman replies. "I guess I might as well sign."

Now we go down into town. It is already five o'clock, and the streets are filled with the busy Saturday crowd. We secure fifteen names by standing only a short time in the ten-cent store. Working girls are eager to sign.

Our next section lies in the slums proper. Every other house seems to be either a saloon or a barber shop. At last in desperation we compromise by plunging into a butcher's shop. Strange people, strange surroundings, strange tongues—no one understands what we are trying to say. Foreign women with shawls over their heads and pretty dark-eyed children raise

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

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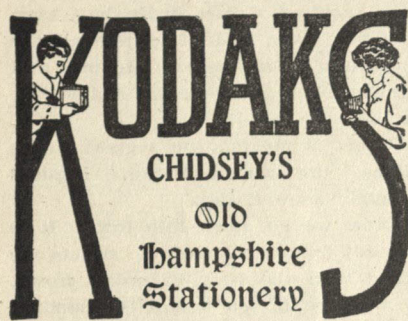
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NORTH COTTAGE AT HOME

North Cottage has at last received the furniture for its living room, and may now be considered quite completed. On Sunday afternoon the residents of the house were at home to students and faculty from three until five, thus initiating a custom which is to be continued for the remainder of the year. A large open fire gave the room a home-like atmosphere, and harmonized with the lovely simple furniture and gay cretonnes which have been chosen for it.

**TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS
OF TWO SUFFRAGISTS***(Concluded from page 3, column 4.)*

dull, apathetic eyes to ours, and hasten by. Do they understand? Surely some of them do, for the next moment a crowd presses around us eager to sign. They seem to be more interested than their more well-to-do neighbors. We have hardly expected such good fortune. It becomes exciting. We have forgotten the cold. We are fired with enthusiasm.

We hurry into a dreary tenement and climb three flights of steep, dark, rickety stairs. A vague light shines through a keyhole. "Who is concealed behind that door?" we wonder. We knock. A gruff man's voice says, "Come in." Half fearfully we enter. A strong odor of tobacco and beer pervades the crowded room. A flickering gas light gives a vague indefinite color to everything. A man sits eating while his wife tries to quiet her fretful baby. "What do you want?" the man asks roughly. Suddenly we realize that we have been gazing around without speaking.

"Do you believe that men and women have equal rights," we ask.

The woman does not answer, but looks questioningly at her husband.

"You believe that your wife should have a right to vote? You are willing

SOCIAL NOTES

Mrs. Marshall will be at home to students and faculty every Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg entertained a large number of students and faculty at an indoor garden party given at their home Saturday evening, January eleventh.

KOINE IS COINED*(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)*

The Seniors have accepted with great enthusiasm the invitation of the Juniors to an informal "get together" monthly sing, which shall bind the two classes more firmly together.

("The common language" is not the original or fundamental meaning of the word, but a later application.)

**WORK AND LIFE OF
THE FARMERETTES***(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)*

have the spirit and get the job done. Through these camps they have spread their influence broad-cast and done much for the development of women. With lantern slides Dr. Ogilvie showed pictures of life at the various camps, including the one at Bedford and others in New Hampshire, several in New York state and one at Wellesley. Wellesley has an especially well organized camp and has already recruited a large unit for 1919.

How many is C. C. going to recruit?

that she should sign this paper, aren't you?" we ask.

"No, she does not sign it," he says to us, crossly. It is quite evident that we are no longer welcome. We make a hasty retreat.

When we are down the street again we find that our time is up. We hastily return to headquarters and report that fifty people have signed the petition.

C. W. and A. F. H. '22.

For All Occasions---

—WEAR—

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Work in Laundry of All Descriptions
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Telephone 231-2 14-16 Carroll Court