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Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 10

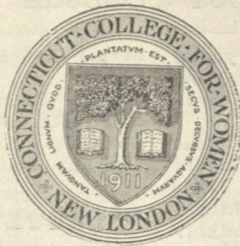
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THE EUROPEAN STUDENTS FUND CAMPAIGN.

\$1,101.00 Pledged.

Connecticut College Responds to the Call.

The conditions existing among European college students and professors were first brought to the attention of President Marshall by a letter from Mr. Herbert Hoover, chairman of the American Relief Administration, telling of the pitiful conditions of the intellectual population of Central and Eastern Europe due to unsettled economic conditions and the actual scarcity of foodstuffs.

An appeal was made to the colleges and universities of this country to assist their fellow students in Europe. There are 100,000 men and women, including professors, who are in urgent need of food, fuel, clothing and housing facilities, if they are to continue their associations with the colleges and universities.

We, the students of America, are under strong obligations to assist those institutions which have contributed so largely to the technical and cultural knowledge of the civilized world and to do all in our power to aid those other students who surely are kept studying under such distressing conditions, only by a real love of learning.

Connecticut College answered the call and immediately formed plans to carry on the work. Agnes Leahy was appointed general executive chairman and captains were chosen in each of the houses. Funds were raised not only by individual subscription but by food sale, entertainments and concerts given by groups of girls and by campus houses.

Following are the amounts raised:

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Blackstone | \$104.25 |
| 2. Thames | 32.00 |
| 3. Plant | 134.50 |
| 4. Branford | 198.75 |
| 5. Winthrop | 93.75 |
| 6. North Cottage | 41.00 |
| 7. Deshon | 33.75 |
| 8. Mosier | 30.25 |
| 9. Thatcher, Nameaug Avenue | 32.25 |
| 10. Prospect Street, Williams | |
| Street, Post Hill, Broad | |
| Street | 98.00 |
| 11. Commuters | 52.50 |
| 12. Faculty | 250.00 |

Total\$1,101.00

A CHRISTMAS PLAY TO BE GIVEN BY THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club will present "The Nativity" at the Christmas party on Thursday, December 16th. The play is a short but lovely adaptation of the old Christmas story. The singing of Christmas carols will follow this presentation.

On Thursday, December 9th, the commuters were entertained at dinner by the Senior hostesses. Branford House was open to all from 7 to 9 and after-dinner coffee was poured by Dean Nye and served in the lounge. Branford's new piano furnished music for dancing until everyone adjourned to the College Sing at 7, in the gymnasium.

SONG COMPETITION.

Words Due January 12th—Two Prizes \$10 Each.

There is to be another Song Competition this year although conducted along somewhat different lines from that of last spring. According to the new plan, the contest will be two-fold, first for words, second for music.

The words are due January 12th and on that date the judges will meet to select the best material which has been turned in. Copies of the "winning" words will then be handed to all students who wish to compete for the prize offered for music fitting these words. The date on which

music is due will be announced later.

Two prizes of \$10 each, will be awarded; one to the most successful poet, the other to the most "brilliant" composer. The judges, whose names will be announced later, will reserve the right not to award the prize in either instance if, in their opinion, the material is not worthy.

Since the purpose of this competition is to secure brisk, snappy, humorous, "catchy" songs, the entries are limited to songs "in lighter vein," than of the previous contest.

LAW-MAKING IN CONNECTICUT.

An interesting meeting of the History Club was held in Branford living room on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Mrs. Florence Ledyard Kitchelt, formerly of the Department of Citizenship of the Connecticut Suffrage Association, spoke to the Club on "The Mechanism of Law Making in Connecticut." As an introduction to the talk, Mrs. Kitchelt emphasized the newly developed opportunity for women to contribute to a more democratic and efficient code of laws. Her interpretation of the task that women have undertaken is that as co-workers with men their contribution should be supplementary because of a consciousness of needs and demands of society which they out of their experience can grasp. Basing her knowledge upon close observation at the State Capitol during the last three years, she was able to analyze with unusual clearness the opportunities as well as the defects of the mechanism of government as it works today. The speaker held the close interest of her audience, combining with an intelligent grasp of her subject, an attractive and compelling personality. It is the plan of the History Club to present a program for the year with the desire of developing an interest in service of this kind as young women go out from college.

Continued on page 3, column 3.

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE LIBRARY.

December 6, 1920.

Dear Santa Claus:

The Library needs the following books. In case you do not have them in your pack perhaps you could whisper a word to some of your friends who might be pleased to remember the College Library at Christmas or New Year's or any convenient time.

The Letters of William James; The Outlines of History, by H. G. Wells; A Cycle of Adams Letters, edited by Worthington Ford; Athena, a Year-book of the Learned World; Patterson's American Educational Directory; a good edition of Poe, preferably Scribner's; Irving's works, published by Putnam; some of the earlier novels of Henry James, The Altar of the Dead, or The Lesson of the Master; The Poems of Emily Dickinson; The Poems of Edward Rowland Sill.

C. C. L.

SERVICE LEAGUE PLANS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

The Service League has started its year's work in a most thorough and interesting manner. The Off-Campus Committee will concentrate its effort on the Children's Movies, and with this as a nucleus the officers hope to be able to leave a definite field of work for all future "Leaguers." The "movies" are held every other Saturday afternoon and at least sixty girls are wanted to act as guardians and to help entertain the children. This is one way in which all students can show their interest and render active service.

Immediately after the Christmas holidays the League will start a veritable "knitting bee," with the purpose of keeping chill winter away from small, and heretofore unmittened, hands of children who venture to school in all sorts of weather. Yarn will be supplied, and hours for purchasing will be posted. As this work cannot be successful unless a number of girls interest themselves in it, everyone is urged to buy and knit.

The League is also to act, as an organization, in arranging for means of entertainment at nearby hospitals and sanitariums. Already through the efforts of this benevolent body, the Mandolin Club has gone to Crescent Beach Hospital to entertain the children.

Through the International Committee a letter has been sent to Miss Kathryn Hulbert, at Beirut College, Syria, our only representative abroad, asking her for any suggestions as to work which the League might undertake in the Far East. Also this committee plans to investigate conditions among the Mountain Whites of the South, with the hope of sending books and clothing to them, or helping in other possible ways.

An arrangement has been made with President Marshall for conferences to be held with him the first Sunday evening of the month, at which any subject of campus or world interest may be discussed. The first meeting was held on Sunday evening, December 5th, with seventy-two girls present and more requesting to join. Plans were made for definite meetings and the girls offered suggestions for subjects which they would like to have discussed during the coming winter. President Marshall spoke on "What Receiving a Degree Should Mean to a College Student," and expressed his ideas as to just what a girl should

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

REMEMBER THIS DATE, JANUARY FOURTH.

Dr. Devine Will Speak.

The college has been particularly fortunate in again having secured Dr. Edward T. Devine, known as the Dean of Social Work, as the Convocation speaker on January 4th, the day on which college reopens after the holidays. His subject will be "American Ideals."

For over twenty years, Dr. Devine has been one of the foremost personalities in social work in America, actively connected with the inception and development of various important movements, and with emergency relief of various kinds in widely distant places in Europe and America. As teacher, lecturer, and writer, he has contributed substantially to building up the literature of social work and to developing courses of instruction in social economics, both for the general student and as training for social work as a profession. He is now associate-editor of the "Survey" of which he was formerly editor.

Dr. Devine was the special representative of the American Red Cross in charge of relief in San Francisco after the great fire of 1906 and during the years of 1917-18 he was in charge of the Bureau of Relief and Refugees of the American Red Cross in France. He was one of the founders of the National Child Labor Committee, and in 1912 was chairman of the Committee on Industrial Relations for the first part of its existence. Since his return from France he has been free to engage in general lecturing throughout the country and he has lectured at Carleton College, Trinity, Vassar, New York School of Social Work, Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs, before the chambers of commerce of many large cities, besides having been frequently called upon to advise on special problems in connection with the development of social work in different parts of the country.

Several of his books are in our library and have been read by interested students. Among the best known of his works are: *The Normal Life, Misery and Its Causes, The Principles of Relief, and Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.*

COME OUT.

Mr. Weld hopes that we may become a "singing college." In my opinion there is no college anywhere better fitted to become a "singing college" than Connecticut.

The whirring, rushing wind makes us want to sing. At Blackstone House "get-togethers" we sing. Walking arm and arm about campus we still find ourselves breaking into short snatches of song. But, what do we sing! "Mrs. Shady!" "Keep on Hopin'!" and the ever-present "Smiles!" These are all fine enough, but a "singing college" wants and should have its own college-talent songs, that live with the zest and enthusiasm of the girls who know our college. We don't want to say anything about the prizes that will be offered for the three best songs. We

(Continued on page 3, column 1.)

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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

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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.

Best Wishes for
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year.

The News.

THE PRINCESS WHO COULD NOT PRAY.

Once upon a time there was a king who had one child. This child was a daughter, a Princess whose hair was like pale silk and whose white hands the moon had kissed. Slender, she was, and light as a wind-tossed flower. All the people of the kingdom cared deeply for their Princess, and her father, the king, loved her with a very great love. But in the heart of the king there dwelt an eternal sorrow, for, though she was good and pure, the Princess worshipped not the gods of her father. The king was a righteous man and daily he prayed that the Princess might believe, and that she might be forgiven her one sin. For, in the eyes of the king, she had one sin. She danced! And because she danced he grieved and mourned for her. And although the Princess loved him with all her heart at the sound of the lute or the harp, at the lilt of a song, or even at the lark's melody she danced.

The king held deep in his heart one hope. Someday a young Prince would come and then, he thought, the Princess would forget her dancing and remember her father's gods!

One day with a clattering of steel

and a fluttering of banners, the young Prince came. He went to the king, and doffing his plumed hat, and bowing low, he spoke thus:

"Oh, King!" he said, "I have come to you that I may ask the hand of your daughter in marriage. My lands are broad and fair, my people kind—and in my heart there sings a mighty love, so loud it sings! I hardly know how you can hear my words above the song!"

"Prince," said the king, "In my kingdom it is the custom for the royal Princess at her betrothal ceremony in the temple to offer a prayer, both for herself and for her betrothed. My daughter will not pray. If you can make her pray, her hand is yours!"

Then the Prince went to the Princess and told her of his love, and of the words of the king.

She answered him. "Beloved, my heart is as full of love as the butterfly of sunshine, or the oriole's throat of song. All my love is yours, surely out of its depths I shall find words with which to pray at my betrothal feast."

When the Prince kissed and left her, the Princess ran out into the garden to dance to the blossoms, and to a butterfly fluttering in the flowers.

On the day of her betrothal a great fear grew in the heart of the Princess. When the time had come and she waited outside the temple doors for the solemn march to begin she felt that she could endure it no longer. There were no words at her command when she most needed words to win her Prince. As the first chords of the march throbbed in the air the Princess caught her breath in terror, then she saw hovering near the little butterfly from her garden, and she took it in her hand and sobbed.

"Oh, Little Butterfly! Little brother, help me now or I must lose my Prince, for I cannot pray."

The butterfly flew from her pale hand in through the open window of the great temple. Up to the organ it fluttered, its wings catching light from the tall windows! The organist saw it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings the music leapt through the temple. The Princess, waiting outside the heavy doors felt in her heart the response. She loved, and the music was calling. Into the hush and the dim light she slipped and stood for a moment listening. The crowds of people, the white-robed priests, her father, the king, she did not see at all. The music was a torrent of silver notes pouring through the silence. Moonlight she saw—the glint of frosted branches, and poppies bowing low before the wind. And so she danced, danced like the thistle's silvery down, swift-blown, danced like a nymph who has known love. With her slim arms high above her head she leapt, and turned, and leapt again. And when the music died she knew what she had done, and she dropped on the marble floor, and her hair, spread out like a pool of gold, gleamed in the light of many candles.

In the terrible silence the king arose. White-faced, he was, and full of pain and wrath!

"Princess," he said, "you came into the temple of my Gods to pray!"

But the Princess, lying as one dead upon the marble floor, stirred not, and his voice faded into echoes through the stillness.

Then from his place before the altar the wise man of the kingdom rose. He was very old! He had known the king's father and the king's grandfather, and his hair was silvery white. With a voice like the voice of the organ he cried aloud:

"Reverend Sir! Most mighty king! Chide her not! For lo! I say unto you—the Princess has prayed!"

There was silence again, and the king looked long at the hushed faces of his people, and at the Princess lying

at his feet, and slowly he bowed his head.

Then the young prince ran forward and lifted the Princess gently to her feet, and the butterfly flew quietly out into the sunlight! C. F. '24.

FACULTY KIDDIOSYNCRASIES.

AMONG THE "CORN-FLAKES."

My father wears whiskers and is almost bald. The children were only accustomed to seeing clean-shaven men so this way of wearing the hair struck them as peculiar. When Ewart was about four she remarked, "Grandpapa wears whiskers all around his head but it isn't filled on top."

Joyce, when she was about the same age, pointed a fat forefinger accusingly at him and said, "Grandpapa, you're a funny man, you is. You wears your old curly-wurlies all round your old chin."

When Ewart was three I took her to church for the first time. She was very good and joined in the singing softly. I listened and finding she was singing "Jesus Loves Me," let her go on, although we were singing something else. After church her father told her he had seen from the pulpit how good she had been, and I said that she had helped us sing, too.

Father, "And what did you sing?" Ewart, "Oh I sang, 'Jesus Loves Me,' and 'Sing a Song of Cities,' and 'Working on the Railroad,' and 'What's the Matter With Father, He's All Right.'"

We were staying at my mother's, and she had in the billiard room a double trundle bed on the upper half of which Paul slept. The mosquitoes were very bad that year and one night Paul got out of bed, pulled out the lower part of the bed and slept on the bare springs. He explained gravely that this was to cheat the mosquitoes as of course they wouldn't think he would sleep there and would look for him on the other part of the bed where the bed-clothes were.

Winifred when she was just beginning to read at family prayers made the following mistakes:

"And they tied Paul up with tongs (thongs)"

"And she ate and stuffed (sufficed)"

"The Lord is my shield and my bucket."

Father, explaining, "Buckler." Winifred trying again, "The Lord is my shield and my butler."

Vivien has a bad habit of forgetting to fold us her napkin. One day in her Sunday lesson with her father she had the text "Be ready," and he told her she should "Be ready" to fold up her napkin and that if Satan told her to leave it unfolded she should tell him she was "ready" to fold it up. This greatly tickled Vivien and she remembered at the next meal and folded it up. Then she turned to me and said, "There! I just told Satan I was ready that time and I didn't obey him, and he said, 'Huh!' I'm being good today, I never told you not to."

Limerick on the word "Monk" made by Ewart at the age of seven: There once was an ancient old monk, Who ever from sorrow had shrunk, One day he was sad Said I'm not very glad For I've just found the home of a Skunk!

Vivien dramatically telling stories to her dolls:

"And the giant's wife seized little Francis, and the baby took a carving

knife and killed the giant's wife. The baby was very kind to little Francis to kill the giant's wife."

Mother, "But, Vivien, how could a baby kill a giant's wife?"

Vivien, "Well it was rather a large baby."

Mother, "But even a large baby. How could even a large baby kill a giant's wife?"

Vivien, "Well, it was rather a small giant."

"JUST DAVID"—AND AMOS.

Amos rushing in disconsolate, "David says he hates me and he and Oliver won't let me play with them."

Mother, "Well just you go out and give David a piece of your mind."

Amos, "Where is it?"

Mother, "What?"

Amos, "The mind, I want a piece, too!"

David, as he gazes wrapt at Amos who sits reading *Alice-in-Wonderland* in his own peculiar fashion, "Listen to Amos, Daddy, he is so spontaneous."

MARTHA HAS THE RIGHT IDEA!

Martha Brinkerhoff, coming in from horse-back riding, "My, my flanks ache." Martha also wished to know why people in the east do not pronounce their "r's."

WHEN IRA WAS A LITTLE BOY.

He was reading to Auntie from his little school history and was at the period just preceding the civil war. "The North was full of rumors," he read. "Do you understand that?" "Oh, yes," said Ira. "Then tell me what rumors are." "They're people who take their meals somewhere else!"

ABOUT THE BAUERS.

Cary Bauer, whose Teutonic name was the cause of considerable uneasiness to her during the war was obliged to undergo a blood test. She showed plainly that she was very much worried in the doctor's presence during the test, but said nothing. As she left the office, and the door closed, she grasped her mother's hand and whispered, "Mother! the doctor didn't find any German blood, did he?"

William, Jr. (meeting an unknown student) "How are you today?"

Student, "Rotten, thank you!"

William, Jr. (somewhat puzzled)

"Rotten — ? Oh, I know what you mean, you feel like a soft potato!"

(William, Jr. had been imitating some goats he had seen and heard that day, until it annoyed those about him.) Mother, "That will do, now, William, we have had enough of those noises."

William, Jr., "But why, Mother? Daddy does it; why can't I do it?"

Mother, "No, you are wrong, William, Daddy does not make such noises."

William, Jr., "Well, anyway, Daddy is a Billy, isn't he?"

Peering into a bowl of gold-fish,— "See the fishie's toes movin'!"

"That is the fish's tail, dear."

"Oh, the fishies got his toes in his tail. Didn't he?"

HISTORY CLUB PLANS.

The January meeting of the History Club will be devoted to the dramatic presentation of outstanding phases and characters of the French Revolution. This program is the result of the review by one of the classes in history, of that particular period of history and its comparison with the present revolutionary conditions of the world. Very brief historical sketches, given by members of the Club, will precede each of the

tableaux presented. The meeting will be held in the gymnasium at the 7 o'clock hour and all the students of the college are invited to attend.
S. K. NOEL.

REINDEER HOOFS.

There is a peculiar atmosphere in Branford these days. It is one of mystery, good cheer and hurried preparations. Sometimes one might even think she heard the rattle of tissue paper, or saw an end of red ribbon hustled out of sight. It seems that there is a party on foot. No one knows exactly what kind, but we are reasonably sure that there will be a Christmas tree in the lounge, and it is rumored that Santa Claus is making an extra trip about the middle of the week.

COME OUT.

(Concluded from page 1, column 4).
should write for the love and the joy of the writing, not for a prize. However, we realize the commercial attitude of the times, and that many worldly creatures must be coaxed with coin. Thus the abasement of our ideals, and we will say that two prizes will be awarded, one for the best words, and the second for the best music.

Come out for the prizes! Come out because you want to sing your love of us, our games, our life! BUT, COME OUT!
L. H. '24.

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FACULTY NOTES.

On the afternoon of Monday, December 6th, President Marshall spoke at the Meriden High School, and later addressed the College Club of Meriden. On January 5th he will lecture on "The Spirit of America—A Vision and a Purpose," before the Woman's Club of Stamford.

Miss Anna Morse, graduate student at Yale, was the guest of Miss Robinson over the first week-end in December.

Miss Dederer has joined the Woman's Club of New London.

Mrs. Noel and Miss Julia Turner have become members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

On Tuesday evening, November 30th, members of the faculty were invited by the College Club of New London to attend a reception given at the Newcomb home in honor of Edwin Markham. Mr. Markham read "The Man with the Hoe" in a most charming manner.

Mr. James Hislop and Mr. Edgar and Mr. Lewis, of Lewis & Co., were among the visitors at the Pottery Exhibit on November 29 and 30.

Mrs. Thurston, who spoke at Convocation, Tuesday, December 7th, was a school friend of Miss Wright.

The week of December 6th, Miss Rector visited Simmons, Wellesley, and other schools and colleges around Boston for the purpose of investigating their systems of household management.

Dean Nye, Mrs. Noel, Miss Black, Miss Dickerson and Miss Sherer attended a meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in Boston the week-end of December 4th. Ex-President Elliott of Harvard was one of the speakers at the banquet.

The Board of Trustees has invited the members of the faculty to dinner in Thames Hall at 5.45 on Friday, December 17th.

FACULTY DOINGS.

Most of us know, or try to keep in touch with, the activities of our faculty during the year, but of how they pass the rest of their time, we know little. Here are a few items concerning their plans for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Ernst will be in Boston with relatives where she will spend the greater part of her time in perfecting her new book, which is to be sent to Brussels on January first for publication.

Miss Rector will spend most of the

time in Boston, but on Christmas Day she will be at home in Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

Miss Black will visit in Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Dean Nye will spend the greater part of the time here, varying the holidays only by attending conventions at New York and Baltimore.

Miss Robinson will be either in Annapolis or in New Haven.

Miss Lovell will first go to New York where she will attend several classes in office practice, and then she is intending to visit in Ithaca, N. Y., where she taught commercial subjects in the High School from 1909 to 1915.

Miss Walters will visit her family in Washington, D. C., and may also attend a reunion of the students in that vicinity who have been at Wood's Hole. She now plans to stop at Goucher College and go through the Zoology laboratory there.

Miss Patten will be in Duningham, New York.

Miss Slawson will be in New London for the first part of the vacation and will brighten the last of the holidays with a short trip to New York.

Miss Leonard will be at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey.

Miss Dederer will be in New York for part of the time.

On December 28th, 29th, and 30th, Miss Cary will attend the Annual Meeting of the Modern Language Association at Vassar.

Mrs. Noel will be at West Point for a few days, and will then visit friends in Philadelphia and Washington.

Mr. Bauer will take part in the Christmas services at the Second Congregational Church in New London.

Miss White will visit Grace Cockings '19, for a few days.

Miss Southworth will probably be at Wenham, Massachusetts, for the holidays.

Miss Sherer will be in Petersham, Massachusetts.

Miss Colby will visit in northern New Hampshire.

LAW MAKING IN CONNECTICUT.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

The members look forward to having Mrs. Kitchelt speak again in the near future.

At the close of the hour elections were held to fill vacancies caused by the resignation of Miss Keene who has withdrawn from college. Miss Laura Dickinson was elected president, and Miss Adelaide Satterly, vice-president.



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Dancing firelight flickers out into the soft, warm darkness of this big room; cosy warmth radiates from the glowing logs, as they softly sing and crackle.

Contentedly I rock my big chair, snugly warm and comfortable within its cushioned arms.

Outside, the wind whistles and shrieks around the house as though it were resentful of the snug, warm comfort within the closed door and drawn shutters. With great gusts of its chill breath it blows whirling eddies of whispering, swishing snowflakes against the windows as a great curious dog snuffles and sniffs at the closed crack of a tightly shut door. Then, furious that it cannot gain entrance for the tiniest icy flake, it goes raging on its way howling with fury and disappointment, leaving its frosty snowflakes to whimper and whisper restlessly on the accommodating sills.

The great crackling logs chuckle and glow with triumph and snuggle closer to their warm beds of ashes. I, too, laugh quietly into the cushions of my big chair and sink drowsily into their depths.

I am waiting for you, Old Man o' the Coals!

Suddenly with a muffled report and a shower of sparks you spring from the red coals and perch on one of the shining andiron tops, your old white head thrown back in impertinent, rollicking merriment.

Always you are the same—your round, jovial self filled to the brim with laughter and glee and your wise, shaggy head filled with new ideas for an entirely new jaunt in the big rocking-chair. You slip nimbly off the brass knob of the andiron and dance grotesquely toward me—just as you are dancing now—your finger placed wisely on your nose, one merry eye a-twinkling and the other closed in an elfish wink.

No, not so fast! I'm not forgetting your song—I was just about to mention it! With each visit it varies. Tonight it runs how? Old Man o' the Coals?

"You're off tonight for Japan,
Heigh-o!
You and this little old man,
Heigh-o!"

With your last "heigh-o" you are astride the arm of my chair, your agile elfin self a-rocking with glee, as we are whirled away, out of the flickering fire-light.

We pass through the storm, 'tis true, but with a snap of your tiny fingers great clouds of white snowflakes halt round about us, parting humbly to let us pass untouched by their frosty onslaught.

Boldly you laugh in the face of the north-wind, as he bears down upon us, shrieking with anger and fury because his angry biting and snapping cannot reach us.

The howling grows fainter, the humble snowflakes grow fewer. Suddenly your ragged beard and hair are a-shine with sunlight!

Bright feathered birds flit by your saucy nose, their tiny throats a-throbbing with song as merry as your own.

A pink petal flutters softly into your beard, another brushes by your laughing mouth.

"Cherry-blossoms, you say, Old Man o' the Coals?"

Abrim with laughter and mischief you answer me by plunging us into their pinkness and perfume, and we arise all covered with their fragrance and pink loveliness.

Scattering a shower of petals as we whirl on, we peep down into song-filled gardens, tiny bamboo and paper houses, and on the shining blackness of sleek heads. We hear the click and scuffle of sandalled feet and the soft throaty murmurings of a strange tongue. Brown faces tilt curiously as they hear the whir overhead, and almond eyes widen with astonishment as they see nothing stranger than the blueness of the sky. Perhaps reassured with the thought that a shimmering, colorful humming-bird had whizzed between their slow vision and the dazzling sunlight they trip busily on.

Picturesque temples, narrow, busy streets filled with color and life and the soft rumble of hurrying jinrikishas drawn by basin-hatted, nimble-footed beings—all this is before me!

Softly the amused chuckle of my elfin geni rouses me from my absorption in the color and interest below.

We seem to be rising breathlessly on a sunbeam, whirling into the sun's very depths. Dazzled, warm, startled, I jolt suddenly to a stand-still, gazing straight into the heart of the glowing embers of the fire.

Did I hear you laugh, Old Man o' the Coals, or was it the dull shuffle of the charred logs as they fall into the ashes?

And did I see one last flutter of your shaggy beard? But no, there it is again, just a flicker of a yellow-white flame!
C. H. '24.

SERVICE LEAGUE PLANS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

know before receiving a degree. The interest and enthusiasm of the students promise to make these conferences a great success.

Another phase of the work of the League, in which we are all participating—or should be—at the present time is doll-dress-making for the Christadora Settlement House kiddies. Last year the same thing was done, to the unforgettable joy of dozens of little people who might otherwise never have had a dolly. So this year a special effort has been made to have as large a number sent as possible. At least a hundred and fifty have been already purchased and are being dressed for Christmas gifts to these little New York children.

OLIVER SAYS—

"One day Miss B—— told me that she had been out in a boat. 'Did you catch any fish?' I asked her. And she said 'No, it was at night.' And I said, 'You might have caught some starfish, though.'"

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