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 and political conditions, and great scarcity of foodstuffs.

An appeal was made to the colleges and universities of this country to assist these college students in Europe. There are 180,000 men and women, including professors, who are in urgent need of books, fuel, clothing and housing facilities, if they are to continue their academic work with the colleges and universities.

The President of America, 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 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. Arvon Leshy 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 collections, and the money was given by groups of girls and by campus houses.

Following are the amounts raised:

1. Blackstone
2. Thames
3. Plant
4. Redstone
5. Winthrop
6. Gay Head
7. Depew
8. Mosler
9. Thatcher, Nameaug Avenue
10. Prospect Street, Williams Street, Post Hill, Broad Street
11. Commuters
12. Faculty

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 Redstone house. 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, and a dancing theme was continued through to the College Sing at 7 in the gymnasium.

There is to be another Song Composition this year although conducted 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 choose the best material which has been turned in. Copies of the "winning" words will then be printed in all student publications for which music is desired. The date upon which music is due will be announced later.

Two prizes of $10 each, will be awarded: the one to the most successful poet the other to the most "brilliant" composer. The judges, whose names are under seal, will reserve the right not to award the prizes in case of a tie of opinion, the material is not worthy.

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

The Servicemen’s League plans its year’s campaign.

The Servicemen’s League has started its year’s work in a most thorough and energetic manner. The Off-Campus Committee will concentrate its efforts on the American Educational Division of the Servicemen’s League and the Servicemen’s Movements, and with this as a nucleus the committee will endeavor to be able to leave a definite field of work for those who say: "The leagues". These leagues are held every other Saturday afternoon and all at least sixty girls are invited to attend as guards and to help entertain the children. This is one way in which all students can show their interest and render service active.

Immediately after the Christmas holidays the League will start a very varied "knitting bee," with the purpose of keeping winter away from the small and often unmunitioned hands which will have to keep the children who venture to school in all sorts of weather. Yarn will be supplied, and hours for knitting 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 support for near-by hospitals and sanitariums. Already through the efforts of this committee, the Mandolin Club has gone to Crescent Beach Hospital to entertain the children.

Through the International Committee a letter has been sent to Miss Kathyrn Hubert, at Beirut College, Syria, our only representative abroad. Through the American Relief Administration, with the purpose of keeping child laborers out of Syria, and with the hope of sending clothing to the children.

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 an effort was made to develop interest and to express ideas as to just what a girl should be.

Dr. Devine will speak.

The college has been particularly interested in 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 of social work in America, actively connected with the inception and development of various important movements and with the relief of various kinds in widely distant places in Europe and America. As teacher, lecturer, and writer, he has contributed substantially to the founding of social work and to developing courses of instruction in social economics, both for the general student and as training for the professional social worker.

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 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 carry on general lecturing throughout the country and he is now on the staff of the National Child Labor Committee.

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, Missy and Its Causes, The Principles of Relief, and Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.
Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the academic year except during mid-years and vacations.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
ASSOCIATE EDITORS
NEWS EDITOR
REPORTERS
ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR
ASSISTANT PUBLICITY EDITOR
FACULTY ADVISER
ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR

Virginia Rose


Material for the News should reach the News editor or be left in the News Office before 8 a.m. on Thursday. The name News editor or be left in the News Office under act of March 3, 1879, is $1.25; the name Assistant News editor or be left in the News Office is $1.00.

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

The News.

Connecticut College News

THE PRINCESS WHO COULDN'T PRAY.

Once upon a time there was a king who had one daughter. She was a Princess, and her hair was like pale silk and whose white hands and the moon had kissed. She, and as, was, and light as a wind-twisted flower. All the people of the kingdom cared deeply for their Princess, and her father, the king, loved her very much. But in the heart of the king dwelt an eternal sorrow, for, though she was good and pure, the Princess worshipped not the gods of her father. There 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 had prayed for a horse. She danced and he grieved and mourned for her. But 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 sound of the thunder she danced.

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

One day with a clattering of steel and a fluttering of banners, the young Prince came. He went in and doffing his plumed hat, and bowing low, he spoke thus:

"Prince," said the king, "in my kingdom it is the custom for the royal Prince to be at his betrothal ceremony in the temple to offer a prayer, both for himself and for his betrothed. Will you not, daughter, will not pray? Can you make her pray, her hand in yours?"

Then the Prince went to the Princess and told her of his love, and of the wedding of the two.

She answered him, "Beloved, my heart, or to dance to the blossoms, and to a butterfly fluttering in the flowers, I could not pray."

But the Princess, lying as one dead, said, "There! I just told Satan 'No.'"

"And who do you mean, you feel like to do?"

"The Lord is my shepherd and his name is Protector."

"The Lord is my shepherd and his name is Protector."

Then the King turned to the Princess, and said, "Your father has prayed for you and for his daughter. She cannot pray."

"I'm not very glad to do it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it, and the great chords died under his fingers. Quick as the butterfly's wings and slept on the bare wings, he pulled out the lower part of the bed and placed it..."
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 Mrs. Rector at her home in New Haven at the beginning of December. Miss Morse will visit the college this week in connection with the course in English that she is taking at Yale.

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

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

On Tuesday evening, November 26th, members of the faculty were invited by the College Club of New London to attend a reception given at the Newcomb house in honor of Edw. Marham, Mr. Marham read "The Man with the Hose" in a most charming manner.

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

Mrs. Thurston, who spoke at Convocation, Tuesday, December 4th, was a school friend of Miss Wright.

The week of December 4th, 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 Dieckman and Miss Sherrer 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 either be 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 make a visit of the students in that vicinity who have been at Wood's Hole. She then plans to stop at Goucher College and go through the Zoology laboratory there.

Miss Patten will be in Dunnington, 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 24th, 25th, and 26th, Miss Caryl 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 Westham, Massachusetts, for the holidays.

Miss Sherrer will be in Petersham, Massachusetts.

Miss Cofly will visit in northern New Hampshire.

Miss Colby will visit in Cincinnati, where she will attend several classes in office practice.

Mr. Thayer and Miss Keene will have withdrawn from college, Miss Laura Dickinson was elected president, and Miss Adelaide Stetter, vice-president.

The members look forward to having Mr. and Mrs. Kitchell 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 Statter, vice-president.

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OLD MAN O' THE COALS.

Dancing freight flickers out into the soft, warm darkness of this big room, these warm radiants from the glowing logs, as they softly sing and crackle.

Contentedly I rock my big chair, snugly warm and comfortable with 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 dancing rafters. With great gusts of its chill breath it blows whirling eddies of whispering, whirling 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 tightest icy flake, it goes raging on its way howling with fury and disappointment, leaving its frozen snowflakes to whisper and whisper restlessly on the accommodating floor.

The great crackling logs chuckle and grow with triumph and snuggle closer to their warm beds of ashes.

I, too, laugh quietly into the cushions of my big chair and sink dreamily 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, orange-yellow 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 elfish wink. You nip stiffly off the brass knob of the andiron and dance grotesquely around, jovial self filled to the brim with new ideas for an entirely new jaunt in the big rocking-chair. You fling merrily off the brass knobs of the andiron and dance grotesquely around your nose, one merry eye a-twinkling and the other closed in an elbow 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 in 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, its trees lined with a snap and hiss of fingers, your grey clouds of white snowflakes hailing 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-star with sunlight!

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

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

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

Alas, 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 bamboos and paper houses, and on the shining blackness of sleek heads. We hear the knock and scuffle of sundaeled feet and the soft, rushed murmurings of a strange tongue. Brown faces tilt curiously as they hear the whisper overhead, and almonder 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 sleek vision and the dazzling sunlight they trip busily on.

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

Softly the amused chuckle of my elfin self roars me into 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, 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 5.)

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 Christmas or Children's Home kids. Last year the same thing was done, to the unforgettable joy of dozens of little children who might otherwise 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 purchased and are being dressed for Christmas gifts to these little New York children.

OLIVER SAYS—

"One day Miss H—- 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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