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### Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 11

Connecticut College

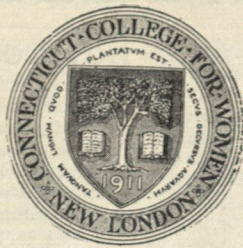
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## MISS DOROTHEA SPINNEY ENTERTAINS C. C.

Visitors from Norwich to Connecticut College on the evening of December 14 left streets black with umbrellas and came to a star-lit hill-top. Nothing could be more inspiring or stimulating than that brilliant sky except the presentation of Greek drama by Miss Dorothæa Spinney. The liquid tones of her marvelous speaking and singing voice, her supple grace, the mellow radiance on gown, arms, throat and dusky hair made it an evening never-to-be-forgotten for its aesthetic and intellectual satisfaction.

ESTHER E. ALLEN.

PUT "MRS SHADY" IN THE "SHADE"—WRITE A NEW SONG!

## HOW SHE DOES IT, SHE'LL NEVER TELL.

As you will see by the postscript, this article which I am about to write, will have been written by Nellie Never Tell. The thought was hers. It was also she who sent it to the printer.

I dare say you have surmised that I am Nellie Never Tell. I am a woman of experience. I am acquainted with the ins and outs of life. Many hundreds come in every second and quite as many go out. I am also familiar with the ups and downs of life. Moreover, I possess a knowledge of the ups and downs after life, and I can clearly see that most of you are doomed to go down.

I have long been a writer. I began writing upon my slate when I was six,—a precocious child,—and I have written off and on it ever since. Mostly off it however, since slates are no longer in vogue.

Now these are a few interesting details about my life, my temperament, etc. These are things I might tell to any one, but there are those things I would tell to no one but you. However, you will not hear about them today. If this article is printed in the News I shall write again. And then again, if this is not printed in the News I shall keep right on writing just the same. It takes a great deal to discourage me.

Some of you may find nothing in what I have written which you can carry away with you. You are quite right, there is nothing. I have said nothing. Don't think I am ignorant of this fact. Far from it, I wrote consciously omitting anything which made sense, the while. Now I'll tell you why. This is the first time I have written for you. I merely want to know if you like my style. A person may have a style without a mind. That accounts for my having such a stylish way of saying nothing. Then too, a person may have a mind without a style. That is why I can be mindful that I have none. As you see, I have both though I'm very modest about all my talents.

The following issues will contain sketches of my past life. They are peppy, they are entrancing, they are inspiring, they are anything and everything you could wish. They have color,

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

## HOW MODERN YOUTH DANCES.

Ever since the craze for dancing has enveloped modern youth, our Victorian parents have looked askance at the deteriorated ideals of a generation who have lost their sense of propriety and maidenly modesty to such an extent that they indulge themselves in modern "jazz."

The guarded rose of thirty years ago, who flitted gracefully about in the carefully measured semi-circle of her partner's arm, to the gentle, conservative strains of the Blue Danube for five minutes at a time, and then with a delicate, subtle, smile of thanks returned to her chaperone, and was pompously fanned by an appreciative but distant partner, was a belle, and a beautiful dancer. She held her head with poise, and her fragile, corseted waist responded but little to the surge of rhythm. Her feet lightly skimmed over the floor, and she moved with quiet, elegant grace. But nowadays, alas, the tide has turned, and the graceful dancing of the late Victorian era has reacted to the "Shimmy," and every vagary and fluctuation of the "Jazz" music. Apparently youth's aim is to "dance well." To dance well is a broad statement, but it does not include our parent's version of doing the light fantastic.

How many times have I seen the stern mother of a wild-eyed, jubilant "flapper," after a successful evening of five hours' straight dancing, reproach her daughter bitterly in the folly and immodesty of her mode of dancing; that any vulgar woman can do that sort of disgusting wriggling to music in the close embrace of a man. Whereat the "flapper" looked at her mother with implicit self-confidence, and lamented to herself the inability of her mother to understand the charm and the thrill of the "Tickle Toe."

Nevertheless, there is an art in it. For apparently to be a popular, sought-after figure on the dance floor, the modern maiden must abandon herself to the rhythm and dictates of the syn-copation. With a sure and steady foot she follows the numerous and intricate steps of her leader. She fares forth into the maze of bending twisting, whirling couples, in a dimly lighted hall, with the moaning of the muffled saxophones giving somewhat the effect of a war dance in a Zulu jungle. Her nerves are alert. Every muscle of her supple body is alive with the throb of the music. The girl drifts off into the measures of the dance. To the on-looker, she seems to be a clinging bit of femininity; bent to distorted, clumsy lines, to fit the tight grasp of her leader. But in reality, she is cleverly commanding her posture to follow the dance, with the agility of a bird and the lightness of a feather.

The aim of the modern girl dancer is to be as nothing in her partner's arms. She abandons the beauty and grace of the old-fashioned dance. But she has now for herself the ability to follow with ease any phase of "jazz," the modern standard of good dancing.

M. P. '22.

The Seniors welcome their *Good Fairy* with open arms and greatly appreciate the forethought of the Juniors in returning their mascot before the fateful year of '21.

## THE VALUE OF TYPE-WRITING.

The following is from an article entitled "Education in Vocational Courses," by Elizabeth Adams, in "The Wellesley Alumnae Quarterly:"

"I contend \* \* \* that there is educative value in any training that means a gain in control of any mental process, whether the result is facile skill on the typewriter, or control of mind and body found in the ability to write good shorthand, or the power to reason in the realm of ideas. \* \* \* The process of learning to manipulate the forty-two keys of the typing machine, if pressed to the point of accuracy and speed of standardized commercial value demands a higher degree of patience, perseverance and courage than was demanded of me by any of the academic subjects."

A good secretarial course trains the student to "follow directions without deviation; to carry the task through to the end without relaxation of care and attention; to make repeated trials until a hard task is successfully accomplished; to prevent waste; to be orderly; to look ahead; planning by the week, not by the hour."

When one has spent hours, days, weeks, months, with an uncompromising, merciless typewriter, there comes a certain humility bred by no other form of study I have yet experienced. An error is an error and throws out the entire piece of work, so one simply has to become 100 per cent. correct. There is no getting by with an average of 80 per cent. accurate and 20 per cent. error. The work must be 100 per cent. correct or it is worthless. This habit of absolute accuracy seems to me a habit of value, comparable to none, because into the forming of it has gone such persistent, honest effort. Even the science courses in college demand no such high standard of a passing mark as 90 per cent.

ALMIRA LOVELL.

## STUDENTS' FUND.

After frantically giving musicals, serving breakfasts and selling cake, candy, sandwiches, hot fudge sundaes, etc., to enable us to pay our pledges for the European Students' Fund campaign we are all interested to know, that of the \$1,346.71 raised here at Connecticut, \$1,055.71 was the contribution of the students.

DON'T LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT—YOU'RE THE "OTHER FELLOW!"

Great Aunt Elizabeth, wending her weary way to the dining hall one noon espied a rather buxom figure perched on the corner fence of the Hockey Field. "What on earth can the child be doing," quoth she. "Is she impersonating the statue of Liberty, or is this her latest reducing stunt?" Now, looking closer at the lonely figure, she discovered it to be none other than Catherine Dodd '23.

"Hey!" yells Catherine in piteous accents, "How on earth do you get to the Hockey Field?"

"Oh, just face the north," says Aunty, "take a deep breath, and jump, and you'll find it."

## SYKES DANCE TO BE JANUARY 8th

On Sa'urday evening, January 8th, a formal dance will be given in the gymnasium for the benefit of the Frederick Sykes Memorial Fund. The gym, assuming a new guise for the occasion, will be transformed into a Japanese garden with Japanese maidens in attendance.

It is hoped that this dance will awaken the interest of the underclassmen in the Sykes Fund that the custom of a benefit dance, started by '19 and '20 may be continued

COME "OVER THE TOP" WITH A NEW SING SONG!

## THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

According to Cap'n Nate.

Sunlight winked and sparkled on the blue waves and their dancing "white caps." Sea-gulls with their tapering wings spread wide, circled low, screaming joyfully as they darted close to the water.

I shielded my eyes from the ever-moving dazzle and glare.

"Good morning Cap'n Nate! Any fresh lobsters this morning?" As I spoke, I peeped down into the little fishing-smack that bobbed lazily by the wharf, knowing surely that Cap'n Nate was there by the clouds of smoke rising from his ever-present pipe, as he toiled over his fish-nets and lobster-pots.

Kindly blue eyes beamed up at me over steel-rimmed spectacles and his old face crinkled into a wealth of jovial smiles.

"Goodmornin', Neighbor, goodmornin'! Step right aboard, an' make yourself comfortable. Them lobsters is holdin' a prayer meetin' at present, an' has asked to please not be disturbed—so ye can set a spell an' chat can't ye?"

As I settled down on the soft heap of nets beside him, his old eyes twinkled delightedly.

"Mighty glad to have some one to talk to jest now, 'cause I've jest gotten news that my Nate has a brand new son—Nate the third! Yes, ma'am, I knew ye'd be tickled!"

Slapping his knee he asked between happy chuckles,

"And do ye know what that young rapsallion telegraphed us? 'Son Nate arrived last night. 'Promises to be Yale's star quarter-back in near future.' The happy old grandfather rocked with merriment.

"Mother's frettin' away. She can't understand why Nate should telegraph sech foolishness when she can scarcely wait to hear how many pounds he weighs, what the color o' his eyes is, an' a hundred other things!

Yes, ma'am, my Nate sets great store by his college, an' it's a fine thing! The sea is a good place for bringin' up a boy, but when his swimmin' days are over, an' steady healthy fishin' isn't quite so interestin' there's danger of a young scalawag losin' his ginger an' becomin' lazy an' good-for-nothin'.

When Nate come home after his

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

DON'T "KEEP ON HOPIN'" FOR A NEW SONG—WRITE ONE!

# Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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## THE OTHER PERSON'S POINT OF VIEW.

In order to weigh matters of moment and form intelligent opinions it is necessary to consider the other person's point of view. In such a small community as is represented by our college this necessity is even greater than in most communities. But do we do it? The all too general practice seems to be to take a hasty stand pro or con and refuse to be swayed or to listen to further argument on the matter in question.

Doubtless you have cherished mistaken ideas concerning the melting influence of argument, and through your lunch hour have sought to convert to your way of thinking, some recalcitrant unbeliever. Loudly and at length you have expounded your views. You have brought experience and superior wisdom to bear. You have produced arguments that you never suspected you possessed. Earnestly you have striven to make your unbeliever see the light. Though you are famished, in the zeal of making a convert you let your soup grow cold and finally be removed untasted. You scarcely touch the steaming hash and even dessert does not tempt you to relinquish the argument. Sustained by a glass of water and your interest in presenting the right of the question, you tenaciously labor to bring your subject to see your side of the question.

Then you stop breathless and triumphant, expecting your opponent in argument to magnanimously concede the outstanding points in your discourse and be forever enlightened. But woe! the maiden hotly bursting forth into speech, proves by her stupid repetition of the statement that started your

argumentative ball a-rolling, that she has blindly closed her ears and mind to argument; refuses to see reason; simply does not wish to get your point of view and therefore has not even made the effort. Your lunch hour is over and you have had no lunch and your victim escapes minus a new viewpoint.

Though you may seem a trifle presuming in trying to force your arguments on an unwilling subject you have espoused a worthy cause. The narrow, bigoted, single point of view is far too prevalent among us. We are not generous enough nor have we sufficient eagerness for just judgment to make us willing listeners, even seekers after the other person's point of view.

Rather than to make useless New Year's resolutions let us direct our energy toward magnanimously striving to get the other person's point of view—not from politeness only, but to gain the greater intelligence which consideration from a new angle is bound to bring.

## HOW TO COOK—AND COOKING.

Nobody knows better than I just how to cook. Indeed, nobody could live with Aunt Luellen as I did for four years, and not know how to cook. One just couldn't escape it. It was inevitable, like measles or the end of the world. I struggled hard at first and showed no aptitude as a pupil, but it wasn't any use,—I was taught just the same. I never understood, though, and neither did Aunt Luellen,—why it was that, although I could learn perfectly well how to cook, I never COULD cook. I suppose I am just not built for it though I know the process from A to Z.

First of all, you must always keep your kitchen spick and span and all your pots shiney, and if your husband is too poor to buy aluminum right away, you must save up and buy it gradually, because it is the only kind of kitchen ware that shines and lasts. All tables should be covered with zinc, because then nothing happens if you spill things or put a hot dish down hastily. There should also be a tin plate behind the stove to keep the wall clean, prevent fire and to hang pots on. Each pot should have its own place, to facilitate matters when you are hurried,—which you ought never to be.

In the second place, you should learn to "know your oven." To some bright beings blessed beyond the rest of humankind, this comes as a sort of intuition; but to others, among whose mournful numbers I stand first, it is only through long and sad and often painful experience that this knowledge is acquired. Sometimes even then,—but that is too sad a story. Suffice it to say that when at last you really do know your oven, you can tell to an eighth of a degree, merely by placing your hand inside, how hot it is and how long it will take at that heat to bake a three-layered sponge cake.

Once you have stocked your kitchen with aluminum and learned to "know your oven," it is, theoretically, plain sailing; because, of course after that you just follow the cook books and let the fire do the rest. You will never burn anything more nor have it underdone in the oven, because you know how to take its temperature by putting your hand inside; and, if anything burns on top of the stove, it won't bother you, because you know that aluminum scours and lasts forever!

So there it is in a nutshell! Perhaps some of you will be able to use my knowledge to advantage. I'm sure I never shall, for, in spite of my aluminum pots and pans and my long and hard experience, beets continue to burn on top of the stove, while cakes fall in the oven. I diminish the heat or double

(Continued on column 4.)

## HOW TO SHOOT A GUN.

It looked so deadly,—so long,—so black and gleaming, that you shuddered. He dropped a bit of lead into it, turned some screws, held it to his chin and fired. The can tumbled off the stone into the water, making an ever widening circle of ripples. It seemed so easy and yet you were sure it was not. He was asking you if you cared to "try your luck." Of course you would. It was loaded, he assured you. All you had to do was to shoot, —ALL, and you sniffed! You tucked the wooden end under your arm and grabbed the trigger. Then he gravely said he would show you how to hold it. It was necessary, it seemed, to put the curved part of the stock (that was the wooden end) up to your shoulder, and then grasp the underneath part of the gun with your left hand, putting all your finger tips in a straight row. This was absurdly hard, because your little finger insisted in remaining aloof from its fellows. You vaguely imagined you were ready to shoot, but no, the Patient Male assured you, you had to learn to aim. Did you see the tiny point on the very end? You did. And the little V near the stock? You nodded. Well, it was necessary to get the point in the middle of the ear. You understood, of course you did. So you struggled desperately to steady your hand,—to get the point exactly in the center. At last, there it was! You gazed triumphantly down the blue black barrel, and looked expectantly for the can, but alas, the calm, unruffled surface of the water stretched placidly before you with no sign of your mark. You hunted around the horizon for your tin, and succeeded just when you despaired of ever seeing it again. Then you dug your feet in the sand, shut your eyes and jerked desperately at the trigger. Poof! Bang! and you opened your eyes with little oh, just a little self-satisfied air, and looked for the ripples on the water and the floating can. But there was some mistake. It wasn't there. You looked around the beach. There, on top of the rock, the flaming label of Sunkist Apricots leered, uninjured at you.

E. K. '23.

## THE BILLBOARD.

The News recommends the following plays:

Somebody's Sweetheart  
Helen Hemingway  
A Regular Fellow.....Gloria  
Buzzin' Around...Dean and Barkerding  
Aphrodite.....Evelyn Ryan  
Breakfast in Bed.....Bibs and Bubs  
Daddy Long Legs.....Our own Judy  
The Better 'Ole.....Room 303 Plant  
Beyond the Horizon.....Mid-Years  
Happy Days.....Xmas  
Passing Show.....Biff Bum Bangs  
The Letter of the Law

Dorothy Gregson  
Oh! My dear.....Ray, Mae and Gay  
Nothin but Love.....Gay, Mae and Ray  
Midnight Frolic...Second floor Winthrop  
The Unpardonable Sin...Mme. Nicotine  
Thy Name is Woman..Roberta Newton  
Charm School

Monday Evening Dancing Class  
The Bad Man.....Prof. Doyie  
The Little Whopper.....Irene Adler  
The Jest.. "D" in physical ed.—D. Wulf  
M. N. '23.

Miss Blanche Finesilver and Miss M. P. Taylor wish to make formal announcement that from this time forth and forever after (until they are told to hold their peace) they are in readiness to receive and print all personal notices which any student may wish to tender them. If you have any company, who would like to see their names in print,—or if you go away for the week-end and would like folks to know where you've gone and what you went for,—we promise to satisfy. And what is infinitely nicer about us, we don't charge a cent.

## THE ELEMENTS OF FATE.

A strange wind talks mysteriously;  
The grey, huge clouds obliterate  
The sun, whose ancient warmth is gone,  
Now drowned and dead in depths of grey.  
The river, ashen twixt sand colored banks,  
Flows on with inward agitation—  
Heart hurrying to the deep mouthed sea.  
Nature in her aspect seems  
Aware of some portentous weight,  
Pendant, dark hanging in the air and palpable  
To us who know the wind's and river's speaking  
That say the ways of fate are past all seeking.  
K. P. C.

## WANTED,—A SUBJECT.

I'd like to write a poem  
But I'm very much in doubt  
And really cannot quite decide  
Just what to write about.  
It's not a lack of subjects,  
As indeed you might suspect  
But rather, such a plenty  
That I find I can't select.

Some poets choose the autumn  
With all its colors gay,  
The red and yellow tinted leaves,  
Which whirl and twirl in play.  
Then others write of sunsets  
And rose-hued, velvet hills.  
Of evening silence, broken,—  
By the nightingale's sweet trills.

Of dainty pictures mirrored,  
In some solitary pool;  
Nearby a stray deer grazing  
In the twilight shadows cool,  
Then there are tales of lovers,  
Of battle, storm, and strife.  
And all the countless other things  
Which go to make up life.

We may have dirges sombre,  
Or joyous carols gay,  
They all are vastly different  
Each perfect in its way,  
So though I cannot write one,  
And must think them all instead  
Still should I not be thankful  
That I have them in my head?  
G. H. '24.

## SPIRIT OF WINTER.

Gray, scudding clouds in a gray, gray sky;  
Keen wind—and the tumble-weed whirling by;  
Brown, lifeless leaves on the frozen ground;  
Wild hawks—and the far-off bay of a hound;  
Swift-falling night—wild, dark and bleak;  
Sleet—and the storm wind's haunting shriek.

Warm lights shining out in the vast unknown  
— Lost stars—or the comforting lights of home?  
Pine logs piled high on a blazing hearth,  
Warmth and happiness—light and mirth.

Grim, gray and old at the planet's birth  
The spirit of Winter still walks the earth!  
Forever beseiging the thresholds of men  
And baffled—seeking the darkness again!  
E. M. S. '24.

## HOW TO COOK—AND COOKING.

(Concluded from column 2.)

it, add baking powder or leave it out altogether—all to no avail. And so I have given up trying, having come to the sad realization that, although in this fine art I have the technique but lack the feeling I can never, never be a cook.  
E. M. S. '24.

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

**BORN.**

Mr. and Mrs. Rodrigue Berteault announce the birth of a daughter, Henriette Hermione, on November 7th, 1920. Mr. Berteault, who was instructor in French at Connecticut College in 1919-20, is now an instructor in the University of Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Greenbie announces the birth of a son Barstow Greenbie. Mrs. Greenbie was Miss Marjorie Barstow, instructor in English at Connecticut College in 1916-17.

**MARRIED.**

In Norwich, December 26th, 1920, Louis Y. Gaberman of Hartford and Miss Dora Matilda Schwartz of Norwich, C. C. '20.

**ENGAGED.**

Mrs. Mary Horrax of Brooklyn, N. Y., announces the engagement of her daughter, Alice G. Horrax '20, to Frederick Schell, Yale '19, of Maplewood, N. J.

The class of 1921 announces the engagement of Olive N. Littlehales to Emory C. Corbin, Dartmouth '21.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hardy Mitchell announce the engagement of their daughter, Charline McRae, to Mr. Charles E. Bailey of Newton, Mass. During the war Mr. Bailey was an instructor in the Merchant Marine Corps, and in 1918-19 served in the Near East Relief in Turkey. He is now a member of the firm of Downer, Hunnewood & Co. of Boston.

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**THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 4).

first year at college the house couldn't hold the lad. Foot-ball had stretched his legs an' deepened his chest—an' Lor', the muscles stood out like lumps o' iron on them arms o' his! I declare I felt plumb like an invalid 'round that boy—for he would have made two o' me!

Yes, ma'am—it's fine trainin' for the wits too. It took me fifty-odd years out in the world to learn about half o' what Nate learned in four years at that Yale college. I got my education by makin' fifty years full o' little mistakes. To be sure I never made the same mistake twice, but it was a mighty slow, painful way o' learnin' the right ways of the world."

Pausing to re-light his pipe, Cap'n Nate's old shoulders again shook with suppressed laughter.

"Neighbor, t'would have done your heart a world o' good to hear my Nate handle a real estate deal for me last summer. The old skinflint who was buyin' the property tried to coax Nate to lend him the deed, to look it over before he made payment. But Nate was too sharp for him an' pumped him so full o' law an' what would happen to him if he didn't abide by it, that the old fellow backed out o' the front gate scared out o' his wits. He didn't know my Nate was a lawyer—a full-fledged lawyer! I declare mother and I laughed over that 'till we ached.

Yes, ma'am, college is the only place for a lad. Gets him nook on the top shelf o' the world, an' makes him as hale an' hearty as if he'd taken a four year sea voyage!

Well, Neighbor, I'm sorry ye must go along. Lobsters? Lor' me, I plumb forgot—Bein' a granddaddy has scattered my wits for fair! How will them there in the basket do? No, Neighbor, I haven't a cent o' change. We can settle that up in a day or two. No, no—let it go 'till ye drop in again. Good-day!" C. H. '24.

**BEAUTY IN BILLBOARDS.**

Billboards are often criticized in that they mar the beauty of the landscape. Why couldn't we continue to have billboards, yet have some system in their arrangement? For instance, if we confine ourselves to Main Street in New London, the boards might be arranged in the following sequence for the entertainment of their readers:—

Buy Holeproof Hose,  
Ask Dad, He Knows,  
Sloan's Liniment For Croup—  
Eat Margarines,  
Join the Marines,  
And Bathe in Campbell's Soup.  
Use Shaving Cream,  
And Danderine,  
Wear Walkover Shoe—  
Pyrene for Fire,  
Time to Retire—and  
Stick With LePage's Glue.

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Corner STATE and GREENE STREETS

New London

**FACULTY KIDDIOSYNCRASIES.**

(Continued.)

[Excess material made it necessary to omit the following from our previous issue.]

**A LA MORRIS ARTHUR WESSEL.**

Morris had learnt a new word during that day that his mother had not yet heard. It was bed-time and he had not yet "sprung" it on her. Prayers were being said and still the time had not come. Finally:

"Good night, God Bess Fandy

("Fandy" is our nurse.)

God B'ess mudder dear."

"Good night, Sonny, God bless mother's little boy."

In great assurance came the quick reply, "Oh, SURE."

"Don't carry me, mudder, I not too big to walk."

After having been told that the specific call then being heard was a kitty crying, Morris called attention to the fact that he heard the birdies crying. But they were "singing." A little later: "Hear the dog singing."

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?"

**GUESS WHO THESE ARE!**

Two boys, dressed alike, and starting for an afternoon walk, were met by a stranger, who asked: "Are you twins?"

Whereupon the younger, aged three, proudly drew himself up and said: "No, sir, we're brothers."

Two youngsters were engaged in a friendly tussle, when the elder bit the other. The younger, only two years and a half old, cried: "Oh, Mother! Clarence has tasted me."

Little Boy, on his first appearance at dinner, noticing his smaller helping: "I don't want that much, I want mucher."

**FUNNY FINGS.**

Senior to Freshman—"Going to the Sykes Dance, Mary?"

Mary—"I only wish I could but I don't take Psych."

Professor Lawrence—"Taft was a stout advocate of Harding."

Peggy Call, taking the part of the maid in "Rosalie," opens the door when her mistress summons her and inquires guilelessly, "Did Madame calf?" 'Nuff said.

"I don't believe in parading my virtues."

"You couldn't. It takes quite a number to make a parade."—The Dawn.



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**COMMENTS.**

*Did you ever visit*

The barmaids' costumes worn by the waitresses at the Trustees' dinner brought forth many compliments from the faculty.

*Another college*

The singing of the choir at the Christmas party on Thursday, December 16th, was especially good.

*Where they had*

Red-striped candy canes swung on the Seniors' door knobs as sleepy-eyed they opened their doors to see the early morning carolers. Two by two and bearing lighted candles the Sophomore choristers marched slowly through the corridors of their dormitories singing Christmas carols.

*Reams and reams*

If you see staid Seniors spinning tops or playing marbles or Freshmen absorbed in making puzzles or building blocks, lay it all to the Branford Christmas tree—though you dare not call the gifts inappropriate.

*Of funny songs*

"Holy Night," softly sang many voices as the Freshmen sang carols to each dormitory in turn at midnight on Thursday, December 16th.

*Peppy songs*

Do you think publicity is a good thing? Do you think the News is an effective means of publicity? Then, whenever you plan a dance, a tea or any sort of entertainment, won't you take the News into your confidence that we may spread the information through the printed word?

*Individual college songs*

It is perhaps just as well that the trenches are at last being filled up if people have taken to falling into them.

*And wish fervently*

Now that exams are looming up in the near future we understand why Thames Hall tried "lights out at 10.30" only until Christmas.

*That at C. C.*

A conspicuous poster marks the spot. You can't miss it if you ever cross the threshold of the Library Annex. So just walk over to the Exchange shelf and see what your sister colleges think of Connecticut; see how your paper compares with theirs; follow the news of other colleges. READ THE EXCHANGES AND LEARN.

*We had some such songs?*

At the Junior Prom we expect no less than a circle of expectant "papa's" patiently waiting until 11.30 P. M. that they may safely take "Sonny" home in the machine.

*Now's your chance!*

Did you all know that the college has acquired a psychology laboratory this

year, that the library is constantly acquiring new books? Improvements and additions are constantly being made in the various departments and these department notes are of interest to every one. The News will welcome any such items.

**WRITE THE WINNING WORDS AND GET \$10.**

**HOW SHE DOES IT SHE'LL NEVER TELL.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

I am quite ready to share them with you. I am naturally generous.

P. S. This article was written by Nellie Never Tell. The thought was hers. It was also she who sent it to the publishers. How she does it, she'll never tell.

**CONGLOMERATION OF CAPRICIOUS CAMPUS COSTUMES.**

Baggy bloomers.  
Bungling blouses.  
Bunchy, bulging,  
Muscularity.

Trim, tight, trousers.  
Tilted tams.  
Tasty, tailored,  
Angularity.

Pleated plaids.  
Prominent pockets.  
Peculiar, pleasing,  
Vulgarity.

Sporty sweaters.  
Swagger smocks.  
Striking, slender,  
Regularity.

Regal raiment,  
Rakish rags.  
Rhapsodic, riotous,  
Singularity.

K. H. '24.

**DOWN WITH "SMILES"!**

All words written for the Song Competition are to be handed in to Helen Clarke, '22, before January 12th.

**VIRGINIA GIRLS MUST WEAR HIGH STOCKINGS.**

Danville, Va.—Girl students at the Randolph-Macon Institute, part of the great Southern Methodist institution, have been told in blunt terms they must wear their stockings as their mothers taught them and not in conformity with fashion's latest edict, which provides for the rolling process and knee lengths.

From sources of unquestioned authority come word that within the past few days the faculty of teachers were called together and served what was little short of an ultimatum to the student body. Failure to comply will be met with severe reprisals.

It is alleged, and not contradicted, that certain young sophomores who cling to college traditions have been "rolling their own" with ruthless disregard to feet and metres. The students have accepted the order with philosophy.

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