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### Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 13

Connecticut College

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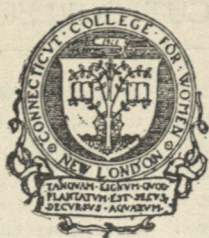
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## C. C. WRITES FROM TEXAS

FORMER MEMBER OF '19 IN  
WAR LIBRARY SERVICE

Dear Connecticut College News:

Shut your eyes, count three, then open them quickly. You will see a dim room with a great many double stacks filled with books, and in the corners huge piles of fiction, which there has never been any room to shelve, and on the stairs are books (these stairs lead to the El Paso Public Library above). There are books under your feet, books falling on your head, and still others which simply appear to be suspended in the air, for this, if you please, is the War Service Library in El Paso, Texas. Perhaps it would be better to say this was the War Service Library, for to-day being Friday, the thirteenth, said library is about to remove itself unto a new home.

Beyond this region where erudite spiders spin geometrical webs, from the dusty science books to the dustier histories, and where sober book-worms progress through so many romances that they begin to fancy themselves glow worms or fireflies, there is an office with librarians, and filing cabinets, and a clicky typewriter, not to mention a blond stenographer. Now for the first time, you see an earnest, dusty young thing, in a high collar, and sensible shoes. You are wondering why she interests you, when you hear the editor exclaim, "Same old Thomas, as serious-minded as ever! Those flat heels were the joy of Rond's existence!" Immediately you feel more comfortable. It is a comfort to have a former Exchange Editor about, who apparently knows the geography of this strange library.

You are thinking of speaking to Tommy Morriss, when you hear a tramp of feet. A war-like guard in khaki, with a cartridge belt about his waist, armed with both pistol and rifle is before you. He thumps the office floor with the rifle, salutes the head librarian, and announces "Prisoners from the Post Stockade." Two little prisoners in ragged blue overalls, and brown caps and sweaters, follow. If this were a Christmas fantasy, they would represent wood-mice, their frightened, brown eyes remind one of mice, and their quick timid glances. They sniff and shuffle, and the guard puts them to packing books. A tall Sergeant and a long line of ragamuffins, each carrying his box, have arrived from the Quartermaster's. The Sergeant smokes, he used to spend his winters at Palm Beach, but he has

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

## THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS '19 AND '20

The third Senior-Junior "get together" was held Wednesday evening, February 4th, in the Gym., from 6.45 till 7.30. The Seniors were in charge and introduced several novel ways of selecting partners for dancing. A new C. C. song was sung by some of the Senior song birds and then more music was supplied for dancing. The bell for quiet hours came all too soon and the girls very much regretted that the fun could not last longer. These informal gatherings are proving very satisfactory as a means of drawing the two classes closer together.

## ST. VALENTINE'S APOLOGIA

I crave your indulgence,  
Queen of my heart—  
Long years have seen vulgar  
Imitations  
Of my one letter to thee—  
My letter—  
A passionate outpouring of the pure  
And holy love  
I had—and have—  
For thee—  
Love like a white flame soaring  
Steady and true  
Towards Heaven.  
Of that what can the crowd under-  
stand?  
Each year they insult me anew  
With tawdry epistles—  
Each a thoughtless imitation,  
A mockery  
Of thee and me.  
Heart of my heart,  
With bruised soul and ashamed  
I crave thy pardon—  
Forgive them—  
That know not what they do!

M. P. '19.

## SOLACE FOR THE WEARY

C. C. is most fortunate in having a faculty who appreciate the "trials and tribulations" of examination period. During the recent mid-years they did everything possible to relieve the tension of examinations. On Friday, January 30th, Mr. Bauer and Mr. Rich very kindly gave a recital for the students. Loretta Higgins sang. It was a very informal and pleasing hour. Mr. Bauer more than pleased us with his piano selections, and Mr. Rich

## WILL YOU, WON'T YOU, COME AND DANCE?

From all accounts the Tea Dance this year is going to be even nicer than that much-talked-of one last winter. Everyone who has the two requisites, money and the man, is going, and it is hoped that the fund for Belgian Relief will be swelled quite considerably by the proceeds. The patrons and patronesses for the affair are Mayor and Mrs. Frank E. Morgan, President and Mrs. Benjamin T. Marshall, Dean Irene Nye, Rev. and Mrs. Edward Chapman, Miss Carola Ernst, Miss Mary E. Holmes, Miss Orrie Sherer, Mrs. Sydney Minor, Mrs. Beatrice Parmenter, Mr. George F. Kenland, Dr. Lena, Mrs. Frank T. Cable, Mrs. F. S. Newcomb, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Joseph H. Beattie, Mrs. Ida Krupp, Mrs. G. F. Brown, Mrs. Seth Comstock and Mrs. John K. Foran.

## GOOD THINGS IN STORE

The week-ends from now until the Spring vacation are well filled with an interesting variety of entertainments and social events. The schedule in full is:

- February 13th—Glee Club Concert.
- February 14th—Freshman Dance—Plant House Entertainment.
- February 15th—The Dansant.
- February 22nd—President Marshall's reception.
- February 28th—Sophomore Hop.
- March 1st—Sophomore Vaudeville.
- March 7th—Thames Hall Party.
- March 13th—Music Department Concert.
- March 14th—French Play.

The Senior Calendar Secretaries, Ruth Trail and Winona Young, are assisted by Justine McGowan, Junior Secretary. These secretaries have office hours in the student Government Office from 8.30 to 8.50 a. m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and from 9.15 to 10 on Tuesday and Thursday.

completely won our hearts with his violin. We are always interested in our own student talent and were delighted to hear Loretta sing. The recital surely succeeded in its purpose and gave everyone inspiration and strength for the final days of the mid-year examinations.

## A NEW ENGLAND MYSTIC

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW  
LIGHT AT CONVOCATION

In interpreting for the students in convocation, the life of Bronson Alcott, the New England Mystic, Professor Winchester of Wesleyan, was particularly successful in vividly creating the atmosphere of the peaceful, thoughtful life of the New England intellectualists of his period. He told of Alcott's early life, of his misfortunes, and of his various attempts at teaching. He spoke particularly of the methods of education in the famous Temple School, in Boston, where the most profound philosophical truths were taught to the smallest children. The story of his idyllic venture of a New Eden, and its failure, was also told by Professor Winchester. The deep conviction of the man, and his profound mysticism, the intangible truth which he spent his entire life in trying to express, were commended by the speaker.

There was one more light in which the students, still close to the days of *Little Women*, saw the subject of the lecture. He was the kindly counselor of tomboy Jo, the adoring father of sweet Beth, the leader of Demi into the mysteries of his own being. And because of this picture of him in the homely old story, the Bronson Alcott, mystic and educator of Professor Winchester's lecture, seemed in reality to be an old friend.

## MISS CAUDELL IS HOSTESS AT TEA

On Saturday, February 1st, Miss Caudell was hostess at a tea to the faculty and the dietetics classes. Miss Caudell has resigned her position at C. C. and will soon take up her new duties at the State Normal School, Buffalo, New York. It is with real sorrow that C. C. has accepted Miss Caudell's resignation. In expression of this feeling the dietetics students at the tea on Saturday presented Miss Caudell with yellow daisies.

Miss Caudell introduced Miss Southworth, who is to take charge of the work in Dietetics. Miss Southworth is a graduate of Mount Holyoke and of Columbia. She has been an instructor at Simmons College, Boston, and during the past half year she has been teaching in the nutrition department at Teachers' College. We hope that Miss Southworth will find her work here most pleasing and we extend to her our heartiest welcome.



## Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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Fanchon Hartman '20

Irene Wholey '20

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Julie Hatch '19

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Evalene Taylor '21

Ann Hastings '22

Cecilia Washburn '22

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Helen Rich '21

Barbara Ashenden '21

Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

## EDITORIALS

## REPORTERS

Perhaps the title is a little misleading, for the subject under discussion is not how New York City gets its information, but how Connecticut College gets its News. The paper, as perhaps you have observed, in your pergrinations through its pages, is maintained by a staff numbering nineteen. You have met representatives of the editorial department through their announcements in the dining hall. You have met business managers at a subscription price. You have come in contact with the proof readers through the weekly distribution. But only when the reporters corner you with requests for a contribution do you meet this most important branch of the service.

At present there are five reporters wielding the typewriter for the News: one Senior, two Juniors, and two Sophomores. Five is a fine number: we have five fingers on each hand, and five main buildings on the campus, not counting New London Hall or the Boiler House. But seven is a superhuman number; we have seven senses including the static and the incense (when that is burning we are all geniuses), and seven main buildings counting New London Hall and the Boiler House. The News felt it to be only democratic to elect representatives for these two houses and North Cottage. Perhaps it felt that much valuable hot air was being lost from

the smokestack which could be utilized better in these columns. So a long and arduous competition was held for reporters from the freshman class. Their contributions have added not a little to the literary value of the News. Now, after a whole semester of persevering effort, the staff has elected two from the eleven who originally entered the lists, Ann Hastings and Cecilia Washburn, whose work in its judgment seemed most meritorious.

The staff feels assured that these two new reporters will add a certain youth and intensity to the outlook of the News upon life.

## ON DRESSING FOR DINNER

"I don't care. I don't like it. The girls around here dress up only when there are men around."

A terrible indictment, indeed, hurled against us by one of our own members! Of course we aren't as bad as that. We dress for dinner on Saturday and Sunday nights, and on other nights when we do not have classes that last until six, or basketball practice at half-past seven.

When other colleges cast reproachful glances at us, we promptly reply, "Oh, but you have dining rooms in the dormitories. You don't have to go out in the cold and have your clothes blown to pieces."

No, but that is their hard luck.

You notice, if you read magazine articles written about the college girl, or even itinerant selections from the Woman's Page of the daily newspaper, that the great test for the right kind of college girl is whether she dresses for dinner or not. If so, she has been properly brought up. If not, she displays her unfamiliarity with the amenities of life.

None of us who appear for dinner in middies are ignorant of the usages of elite society. Why, we usually change from white gabardine into blue flannel middies, and surely that shows our innate respect for Thames Hall rations.

Nevertheless, the girls of Bryn Mawr and Cornell wear evening dresses. We are spared much, we admit. But out of deference to the opinions of our colleagues in other communities, and in defense of our own private convictions, we might just as well unconditionally surrender the middy habit to the archives of the past now, when we are in the mood for initiating traditions, and adopt some new and startling costume for dinner which will reflect the immensity of our cultural achievement, a white shirt waist and dark skirt, for instance, or a one-piece dress for variety.

Really, you know, it is rather dreadful to hear a neighbor say cuttingly, "Look at Jane! All dressed up and no place to go!" When Jane is appropriately attired for the evening repast in a simple afternoon frock.

We are proud of our physical education department. Oh, yes, we couldn't be prouder of anything we try to do.

And of course we show our devotion to athletics more strikingly when we refuse to be separated from our middies.

But even so, mightn't they appear even more eminently suitable, feminine, and strong minded by contrast? It is the average American girl who wears middy blouses all the time—and aren't we above the average?

RESPECT FOR  
PRECEDENT OR ENVY?

Much criticism has recently arisen because the Freshmen are giving a formal dance on February fourteenth. The Freshmen being a notably law-abiding people have asked, "wherefore this criticism from upper classmen?"

The answers to their query do not seem to be based on reason or generous impulses. Some of the objectors feel that the social schedule committee should not have permitted such a departure from custom, because other colleges do not permit Freshmen to give formal dances. Has Connecticut, which prides itself on being "always different," suddenly become so moss-backed that it is unwilling to try at least once what seems to be a harmless experiment?

No other Freshman class has ever given a formal dance at Connecticut say some other critics. True, but every other class has been given ample opportunity to establish new precedents of their own choosing. Are we so selfish as to fancy that the first three classes have a corner on the establishment of precedent? Are we unwilling to share pioneer privileges with our fourth class?

A third criticism has been made that a dance on Valentine's night is in too close proximity to the Dansant of the Service League the following day. To this argument the officers of the League have given their active reputation. Do we not know that the League made a special effort to induce the Sophomore class to give the annual hop to the Seniors on Valentine's night, because it was nearer the time of the The Dansant than February twenty-eighth?

The most valid reason why this dance should not be given this year, might be that it crowded a rather full social schedule. Has this objection been suggested except by the schedule committee? No.

If we are criticising the Freshmen, it seems to be on selfish, envious grounds. To be left out of the formal dance seems to be a hard blow for upperclassmen, though they are to be entertained by the Freshmen when the more attractive Spring days come.

If we are criticising the social schedule committee's judgment in permitting a slightly questionable experiment, why not do it directly? The members of the committee have grown accustomed to the confines of college criticism, and stand ready to accept objections courteously and reasonably made.

Why not try our experiment, before

we condemn the result? If there is then just criticism, why not place it where it belongs—not on Freshmen, but on Seniors and Juniors?

W. F. Y. '19.

## CONTRACT STATION NO. 1

Did you know that Uncle Sam had taken a small apartment at C. C.? Yes, he moved in on February 1st with much furniture in the way of stamping apparatus, ink-pads, books of rules and information. In other words in the little office in the gymnasium where you get your mail, Contract Station No. 1 of the New London Post Office, has been installed. That means that several conveniences have been added to the College Post Office system. Therefore, follows our announcement.

We are assured of two regular deliveries of mail per day (except Sundays), 9.00 a. m. and 2.30 p. m.; also two regular collections (from the mail box in New London Hall only, remember) 10.00 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.

The collection of Parcel Post, we are sorry to say, is not one of the privileges of a Contract Station, so the college still has to transport the packages. Unless an increase in the number of packages sent demands it, there will continue to be just the weekly collection. The fee of five cents per package to cover transportation still continues.

As to new powers, the Post Office here can now make out money orders, register and insure mail and parcel post packages. We have for sale, stamps, books of stamps, stamped envelopes, post cards, in fact, a line of supplies equal to that of any country Post Office, and "one to meet the most exacting demands." Last but not least, we are provided with a longed-for letter scale, so no more will it be necessary to guess whether or not the postage on your letter is sufficient.

Daily post office hours are 9.00 to 9.45 a. m., 12.00 to 12.15 p. m., 3.30 to 4.00 p. m. On Fridays for the collection of Parcel Post packages the office will also be open from 1.00 to 1.45 p. m.

The post-mistress and her assistants ask the co-operation of the college in making our system most effective. Any suggestions for improvement will be welcomed. It would be helpful to the workers in the office if all those who have not postboxes would read the bulletin board daily for notices of unclaimed mail, and then call for it, or send for it as soon as possible.

V. C. R.,  
Acting Agent.

## LET US READ MORE

In time of depression, of weakness, and sorrow those of us who have the reading "habit" may find diversion, strength and hope. For, even though our external life may, at times, seem dully monotonous we can find recreation as a cogent novel or a clever drama. For example, will not Balzac's



powerful genius and the transcendent force of personality which he displays in his vividly alive, and passionately emotional stories lift us above the petty meanness of every-day life? Thus, for the time being, at least, we may live in a beautiful world, in a world where people love fiercely, hate bitterly; in a world, in fact, where mood and emotion hold sway. Therefore, since we have it in our power to gain diversion from whatever is monotonous in our lives, we are happier and freer mortals.

Those of us who are great readers may, as I said before, find strength in our weakness; for we may read beautiful poetry, poetry which, even though it tells of the suffering of mankind, shows the strength of human relationship, of human love, and too, of divine strength, of divine love. We may likewise find hope in our sorrow by reading such a poem as Browning's Saul. When David the shepherd boy sings: "How good is man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ all the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy," King Saul awakes once more to life. David has assailed his grief with hope. So, too, may that poem, and many others arouse hope in us who have learned the joy of reading.

Yet why may we who have the reading "habit" find great happiness in life and much relief from trouble? It is because of the aesthetic influence which wide reading has on us. Those of us who read constantly have a more acute feeling for musical sound and harmony, a greater capability for broad thinking, a keener impressionability to varied emotions, and, above all, a livelier appreciation of the beautiful than have those who seldom read, who know little of true literature. The value of this aesthetic influence upon our lives cannot be measured. We who have received its somewhat intangible benefits would not relinquish them for many more material and practical necessities of life. This aesthetic influence, then, "is more to be desired than gold, yea than much

### C. C. WRITES FROM TEXAS

(Continued from page 1, column 1)

been driving Army trucks, successfully, since the war, while his men fill the boxes with fiction. The prisoners have revived miraculously, and they proceed to entertain their fellow-laborers with brilliant bits of autobiography. The slim, brown boy explains that he is being punished for trying to impersonate the Kaiser, but the little fat one, who upon inspection closely resembles a German sausage, is not to be outdone. He is being kept in the stockade, he affirms, because he refused to eat, and this lack of appetite was mistaken for some malignant failing. The audience is vastly amused.

The boxes have been filled. The truck is loaded. Book racks tower into the air like partitioned chimneys, desks rock back and forth, and the legs of helpless chairs protrude into the horizon. The moving corps, pronounced "corpse" by all good privates, and undertakers, besiege the truck. One perches himself on top of a bookcase which the Tower of Pisa would recognize as a brother in leaning. Two sit on the desk, and a third crawls into a corner, concealing all of himself but his eyes, and a ragged cap. Two dirty assistant librarians, one of whom you recognize as your old friend Thomas, loaded with the correspondence file, and the marking ink, climb into the seat beside the driver. The two prisoners, with the guard between, sit close behind, with their feet dangling in the librarians' ears. One prisoner is armed with paste, and the other gazes blissfully at the passersby, while drop by drop the ink from the patent ink-well goes to join the patches and holes on his

fine gold," for by increasing the love for beauty in every phase of life, in art, in music, in literature, it gives us a deep, sweet, and lasting happiness.

CECILIA WASHBURN '22.

Compliments of  
A FRIEND

blue overalls. 'Tis thus that the War Service Library triumphantly moves through the streets on Friday, the thirteenth of December.

But you must not suppose that moving days are the only interesting ones. There are always our patients or clients, namely, the soldiers who read our books, and the various war workers who co-operate with us, ex-ministers, who are Y. M. C. Aing, young chaplains, who are good-looking, but married, vagabonds, and camera men, a lean actor with a scar, and his friend the stage manager, a clever Catholic priest, who tells stories about Pat and Mike and their immortal souls, in Irish brogue, a grandfatherly colonel, with five pretty daughters, a pathetic private, who would be content to stay in the army for life if it did not keep him away from his pigs, and a hardware salesman who has turned poet. These and dozens of others keep us busy ordering books on everything from the raising of ostriches to the training of police dogs. The Army is gifted with a wonderful imagination. The poet affords us more pleasure than the rest, however. He brings us all of his latest productions, and recites them to us if we have time to listen. I may add, by way of suggestion to the editor, that he has already made a thousand dollars, by having his verses printed on postcards, and selling them to his fellow privates, for the wonderfully reasonable rate of three poems for ten cents. His favorite burst of genius begins something like this:

When Margy Clark begins to dishin'  
out the soup,  
When Kaiser Billy's little Willie has  
the croup

This is accompanied by gestures; he has been taking elocution, to enhance the charm of his recitation. Margy is represented as swirling the soup over

her left shoulder, and little Willie has a violent and dramatic fit of coughing. It ends by saying that when all these miracles happen, and Mrs. Wilson is reduced to taking in washing (is that correct? does one "take in" washing? I am quoting the Sergeant) then, and not until then, will the Boys in Khaki allow the Huns "to put anything over."

But your poor Connecticut College News! I can hear you sighing, while you wonder if this boring tale of a War Service Library will never be at an end. So I suppose I must stop, although I have not yet told you about Thanksgiving day at a dejected outpost in the foothills, where trouble was expected from the Mexicans, or about the other outpost, whose top Sergeant was so enthusiastic that he insisted upon taking me through all of the tents in camps, to give me an idea of the books his men were reading. I am afraid that my days of visiting outposts are over, as we have a new assistant who was sent to do nothing but that, but shall not forget my visits, and I shall especially remember my last one. We had taken a library to a small cavalry outpost, doing border duty. Everybody but an illiterate lieutenant, and the cook being out for rifle practice, we considered our afternoon wasted. We started home, taking a different direction from the one in which we had come. Our road led through a little village, built by the Spaniards so long ago that the houses seemed to have grown white with age. The sun was setting, a pale December sun, behind madonna blue mountains, the bell in the old white church rang for vespers, and a beggar, old and bent, who sat in a doorway, crossed himself and muttered a prayer for each of us: To "Maria, Madre de Jesus," and we felt that we had been blessed.

RUTH MOORE MORRIS 19.

### WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

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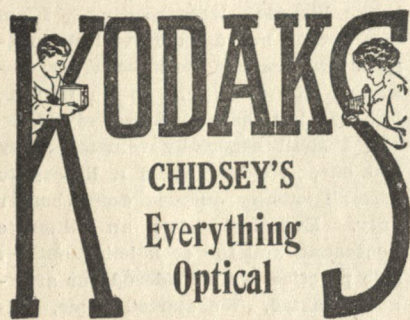
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**AMONG OUR POETS**

**FORECAST OF SPRING FASHIONS**

Roses in February?  
Where do they blow?  
Not in a hothouse garden,  
Ranged row on row;  
But in pink clustered borders  
Round every wall  
Of a chintz-curtained inn, that  
Welcomes them all.

Pussies in February?  
Where do they grow?  
Not by a warm wood fire,  
Curled up just so;  
But in grey willow pattern  
Round a brown stem,  
Down by an icy pond, that  
Melts its heart for them.

A. H. '19.

**SUCCESS**

A withered hand reached out,  
So old, decrepit, dry, and sore,  
It grabbed the border of my cape,  
A leper at my door.

I pass it by,  
Why should I stop?

The great assembly meets at four.

I hurry on,  
Why should I heed

A broken leper at my door?

A tiny hand all cold and chill,  
It bears the cut and bruise of war,  
It cannot close to clutch my cape,  
An orphan at my door.

I pass it by,  
Why should I stop?

The great assembly meets at four.

I hurry on,  
Why should I heed

An orphan lying at my door?

So let them reach, and clutch, and beg,  
The strong I love, the weak, abhor.

I'm needed in the ship of state,  
I trample beggars to the floor.

I pass them by,  
Why should I stop?

The great assembly meets at four.

I hurry on,  
Why should I heed

A beggar grovelling at my door?

M. St. C. H. '20.

**STAFF LOSES ONE  
AND GAINS THREE**

Dorothy Matteson '20, has been  
forced through ill health to resign her

**THE STRAP-HANGER**

They call me unfortunate,  
—Those satisfied and sleek ones,  
Riding in their gleaming limousines

After a too-hearty meal.  
And why not?  
One must talk of something!  
And clothes and scandal  
"Went-out" with the beginning of the  
war.

They prefer me and my kind  
To blinded soldiers and French  
orphans:  
—It takes so much less time from  
bridge.

It's strange I never thought of my-  
self so-  
But then, you see, I only am at leisure  
When I'm riding to my work  
Or home again.

If they did not fear contamination  
I could enlighten them  
From the window of my elevated  
train.

Their work they could find there.  
Slattern women, gossiping, so easily  
forget

The baby, playing in the debris on the  
floor.

There's no use in washing clothes  
When one must hang them in the  
alley;

Rag-pickers are dexterous when it  
comes to pilfering,

And garbage-men are careless with  
their loads.

I would show them  
The shame of their city and its filth;  
Its infinite lassitude and its infinite  
effort;

Grime and ugly living and a stale des-  
pair!

The gray pall of futility.

And then, I wonder,  
Would they,—dare they  
Think me so ill-fated!

Of this they do not know.  
They call me unfortunate.

M. C. G. '20.

position as proof reader for the News.  
Helen Rich '21, has been elected from  
the contestants of the last year's com-  
petition to fill the vacancy.

Ann Hastings '22, and Cecilia Wash-  
burn '22, have been elected Freshman  
reporters for the News.

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