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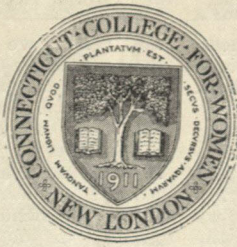
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MISS SIDNEY THOMPSON PRESENTS BALLADS

GIVES FIRST HER OWN PLAY, "A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION."

Reads English, French, and Moorish Ballads.

At Convocation on January 11, the college had the very great pleasure of hearing Miss Sydney Thompson present several English and Moorish ballads. She divided her program into three parts. The first part was taken up with a modern play called "A Letter of Introduction", of which she was the author. The scene was laid in the reception room of an American embassy in some foreign country. The seventeen-year-old son of the embassy, absent on a trip, had given a certain foreign gentleman a letter of introduction to his family. The boy's mother receives the so-called count but on reading the letter becomes apprehensive, for it is signed B. Waring Laine while the boy's real name is John. The foreigner soon divulges the object of his call, namely to obtain certain state papers. He fails to find them in the safe as Mrs. Laine had forgotten and left them on top of the table. Mr. Laine returns just in time to prevent too much unpleasantness for his wife.

The second division included a group of Mediaeval ballads of France and England, among them being King Leir and an excerpt from Sir Thomas Malory's version of King Arthur. Miss Thompson's presentations were most charming.

The third division consisted of Moorish ballads, some of which belonged to the Spanish Moors and some to the African Moors. This third division was to many the most interesting part of the program.

Miss Thompson seemed exactly suited to her costume and indeed created the real atmosphere of the times.

All of the presentations were given in appropriate costume and because of the wise selection and the spirit with which Miss Thompson rendered them the evening was a great success.

CONVOCAION SPEAKERS.

Jan. 25—Prof. Wm. Bauer. Piano Recital.

Feb. 1—Mr. Herbert K. Job. "Birds of Connecticut."

Feb. 8—Dr. W. B. Terhune. "The Relation of Mental Hygiene to Education."

Feb. 15—Mrs. Eugenia Wallace. "Women in Business."

Feb. 24—Mr. Frederick Monsen. "Vanishing Indian Trails."

March 1—Dr. Lillian Welsh. "Women in Science."

March 8—Mr. Arthur Whiting. Musical—Lecture Recital.

March 15—Dean Wilbur K. Cross. "Development of the English Novel."

We are a singing college but what do we sing?

"SCOTLAND'S BURNING" with "THREE BLIND MICE" as an encore.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

Everyone of us wants Koiné to be even more of a success than it was last year. We are sure the book itself will be a delight to all who behold it. It is to be an artistic one from every standpoint, and not only a book that every college girl must add to her library for its recollections and memories, but also a book that will charm its readers of non-college interests.

But to make it a success depends not alone on the staff, for they are but human. You must all help. We wish you each to buy a Koiné and in order to make its price as low as possible, we must get as many advertisements as we can. And you girls must be interested in getting them for us. We are rounding up all the available firms and individuals we can, but it is not enough. Many of you have fathers or relatives or friends who are in charge of business houses large enough to advertise, or who are connected with such firms. You can use your influence. Many of you patronize or have accounts with large stores. You can use your influence. We have printed contract forms to send to such firms. Come to Blanche Finesilver, 119 Blackstone, for paper, information, advice and encouragement!

WATCH US GROW,—THIN!

Friends, classmates, and general wellwishers, a new course has been introduced into the curriculum of Connecticut College; a course that promises to be a veritable record breaker,—a course that will go down in history as something unique, something novel,—a course that will make the world nod its head wisely and say, "Didn't I tell you C. C. was always different?" This course, moreover is restricted. Oh no, my friends, you all may not enter here. The hand of welcome is extended only to a few select ones. In short, lest you burst with suspense, its members are limited to the er, a-well,—I might say, the rather corpulent individuals in our midst, who have, with the greatest solemnity and fervence, raised their hands and sworn that they will faithfully and with diligence and patience, execute every order that their chief, Miss Harris, may see fit to give them. These aforementioned individuals have formed themselves into a most efficient club, termed "The Get-Thin Quickites," with Alice Ramsey as president, and they have taken the soul inspiring motto "Watch Us Grow,—Thin." They want us to watch 'em consume bread without butter, abstain from potato, and whipped cream,—and when it comes to the latter they may need a little bit of comfort. But we'll "stand by," as the saying goes. Anyway, each one has squared her chin and vowed she'd go through with it, e'en unto total self-extermination. They are to have a personally conducted diet, as it were, in my opinion. Why not get a bit of attention while making a martyr of yourself.

The following girls have taken the vow: Alice Ramsay, Gladys Forster, Elizabeth Bangs, Mary Courtney, Marjorie Knox, Dorothy Payne, Catherine Dodd, Marion Page, Irene Adler, Virginia Niemyer, Emily Slaymaker, Miriam Cohen, Helen Forst, Elizabeth

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

BOOKS OF LONG AGO.

Who does not love to finger the thin browned pages of old books? There is something awesome about touching a book that has passed through many hands, lived through several centuries. How we wish it could speak! What stories it would tell of long ago! If we cannot hear the stories it is something to be the possessor of such a volume.

One of our faculty members, Mr. Selvage, holds that enviable position, for he has in his library, several original copies, some printed in the seventeenth and others in the eighteenth century. This may not seem so very long ago, but when we think of the life of a book and its associations during those years, it seems truly aged. One of the books is an English translation of "John Valdesso," printed in 1638, from which the English poet Crashaw worked, which was given to Mr. Selvage by an old Roman Catholic family. Another work, printed in 1669, is the original, and only copy of the book entitled, (its very name suggests its age) "An Elegant and Learned Discourse of Nature" by Culverwell, one of the Cambridge Platonists. This was in the Library of Lyte before coming into possession of Mr. Selvage.

Added to these is the original of "A Short Account of the Life of Thomas Ken, D.D.," by Hawkins of the Middle Temple. The volume, published in 1713, is wonderfully preserved, with its letters bold and clear, and its pages unmarred. It is of special interest, having belonged to Lyte, who wrote the well-known hymn, "Son of my Soul, O Saviour, Dear."

There are others among the collection; several are second editions of the original; one is of special interest to Mr. Selvage because it was passed on through several generations of his family and contains, as do the other books, the signatures of those from whom the book has come.

HOW SOME SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES TO DATE HAVE REPLIED TO MR. HOOVER'S APPEAL FOR HELP.

	Jan. 5, 1921
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.....	\$1,353.00
Teachers' College, Columbia University	8,000.00
University of Illinois, (includes China).....	18,700.00
Laurenceville Academy.....	4,500.00
Ohio Wesleyan University..	3,200.00
Rutgers College.....	3,000.00
Vassar College.....	2,000.00
Penn State University.....	3,000.00
Colorado Agricultural College	1,000.00
College of the City of New York	1,500.00
Wesleyan University	1,500.00
Detroit Junior College.....	1,100.00
Holland, Mich. High School	1,460.00
Shertridge High School, Indianapolis	1,900.00
Connecticut College for Women	\$3.20
per capita, Princeton Theological Seminary, almost \$4.00 per capita.	

If you have written one song keep up the good work.

Two songs are twice as likely to win the prize as one.

'22's MASCOT APPEARS AT THE MOHICAN

A TOTEM POLE IS UNVEILED AT THE JUNIOR BANQUET.

Pole Was Carved by Constance Hill '22.

On the evening of the fifteenth, the Dutch Room at the Hotel Mohican was the scene of the Junior class banquet. The event had been long anticipated by C. C.'s four classes, as the occasion on which the Junior mascot would be unveiled. But many interesting things happened before that event. Jeanette Sperry, the class president and toastmistress, requested President Marshall, one of the honorary members of the class, to ask the blessing. After the first course was served, the Freshmen, ever on the alert to please, serenaded their sister class most enthusiastically, and gave its president a corsage of red and white roses, Junior class colors.

Miss Sperry, speaking for her class, extended welcome to the honorary members, President Marshall, Dean Nye, and Dr. Wells. Dean Nye and Dr. Wells responded in a wholly charming manner. Constance Hill proposed a toast to Olive Tuthill, the absent member, and president of the class during its first and most trying year.

Mildred Duncan, Miriam P. Taylor, Grace Fisher, and Elizabeth Hall followed. We have dubbed them '22's humorists, and verily they upheld their reputation.

But the mascot was still undisplayed, so in the candle-lit room, to the weird sound of Indian music, The Totem Pole, symbol of Indian lore and legend, of what is past and of what is yet to come, was unveiled. It points ever upward—symbol of '22. The pole was delicately and cleverly carved by Constance Hill, with figures representing the class, the college, and the legend of an Indian maid who long ago lived on what is now college property.

President Marshall's fine and uplifting words were a fitting close for the banquet, and each Junior came back to campus well-pleased with its success.

Much of the success of the occasion is due to Helen Peale, chairman of the Junior class entertainment committee, and to Winifred Powell and Helen Stickle who very tastefully decorated for the banquet.

Miss Sherer's advanced class in interior decoration has been working on a very interesting problem showing the development of the English chair from the time of William and Mary to the present day. Ladies in town have been very cordial in receiving the girls to make sketches of such chairs as they have in their own private collections. Visits have been made to Mrs. Barlow's, Mrs. Bunker's and Miss Branche's as well as the Shaw Mansion of the D. A. R. Miss Nye and Miss Sherer have also furnished valuable reference material from their own possessions for this problem.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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WELLESLEY'S PURIFIED PROM.

There'll be neither balancing nor toddling in Wellesley's junior prom. They shall not shimmy, and they must not jazz. Cheek to cheek dancing is taboo. Syncopated music is forbidden.

"After the ball is over, after the dance is done," there'll be no petting parties. Straight to their dorms. vigilant chaperons will lead the way. And any girl who goes midnight motoring, what a fate awaits her!

Prom comes February 11. It's to be held from eight until one in the gym. The committee is headed by Caroline Ewe.

It is Wellesley's first reform prom, and as to whether it's going to be a success, there is much conjecture.

Following Mrs. Augustus Trowbridge's denunciation of the modern dance, prom will not be as peppy as of yore. More than 1,500 Wellesley girls listened this week to Mrs. Trowbridge's condemnation of their favorite steps. Right then they resolved that Wellesley would set the pace for Purified Proms.

First they choose their chaperons, as dignified and proper a quintet as they could muster—President Ellen F. Pendleton, Dean Alice V. White, Registrar Edith S. Tufts and Professor and Mrs. Hamilton MacDougall.

Then they picked their jazzless orchestra. Now they're making out their dance orders. Waltzes lead the way to two-steps, and one-steps are few and far between. African dances are in the discard. Even the minuet may be revived.

"Put away the jazz music," besought Mrs. Trowbridge, "reinstating the chap-

erons. Do not allow all-night dances. And remember that the lip stick and rouged cheeks are the trademark of the girl of the streets."

"I suppose if anyone didn't know Mrs. Trowbridge they might think she was just another joy killer," allowed a pretty junior yesterday, "but my fiance is a Princeton man, and we know all about the lady. She's the wife of a Princeton Professor and the most popular chaperon in all New Jersey. The boys are just crazy about her, and every girl who ever went to a Princeton dance loves her."

"She has been sitting up all night at college dances for years. She has been the confident of scores of girls to whom one big Princeton prom was the beginning or the end of youthful exuberance. She knows what she's talking about, and Wellesley girls are perfectly willing to take tips from her."

According to Mrs. Trowbridge, the syncopated heat, the yell of the saxophone, the whirl of the drums and the shriek of a colored leader drive dancers to mad frenzy.

"Shimmying, toddling, balancing, cheek to cheek dancing are of African origin," she declared. "Young people have learned them unwittingly. Now with full knowledge of their history, we must abandon them."

"Dresses with backs which allow no decent resting place for a man's hand were originated for those of low caste: then they were copied by ladies."

Girls who will sponsor the "Purified Prom" are Miss Ewe, who heads the committee; Miss Dorothy Woodward, Miss Margaret S. Jackson, Miss Kathryn Kidd and Miss Caroline Ingham.

There is nothing pretty, nothing graceful, in the toddle, or the jazz, there may be nothing vulgar in either. But, we don't always stop to think that there are two points of view to be considered,—that of the dancer herself who thinks toddling is just loads of fun,—that of the observer who doesn't quite like the effect of a whole floor full of people bobbing up and down as if they were puppets being pulled on so many invisible strings.

There's food for thought on the "Purified Prom" idea, think it over.

GRANDMA.

If you think the Tea Dance promises to be too crowded,—why not adopt Wellesley's plan of a "Purified Prom?" Then there would be, undoubtedly,—plenty of room on the floor, even for a Virginia Reel, which might be inserted as an extra.

Seriously, — however,—think what this means. Fifteen hundred girls,—students in one of the biggest and most progressive colleges in the country, girls that enjoy their toddling,—and jazz music as much as we have taken a decided stand against this new,—and can you deny it?—rather vulgar dances of the present day. Apparently, they have been doing some sober, sane thinking, since an address on the subject given by the wife of a Princeton Professor. It seems that there must be "something to it"—if a college like Wellesley will advocate and carry through such a Prom as they plan to make the one on February 11th.

Does it strike you that sneaks, sport coats and rather disheveled hair, creates quite the proper atmosphere for Vespers?

A SUGGESTION TO CLUBS.

The purpose of the News as a college publication should be that of reflecting the various activities of the college. To do this it is necessary to keep closely in touch with every organization. Now far be it from us to pull a long face and say that, as a staff, we are horribly overworked. But we are kept on the jump,—mostly high-jumping at that,—every minute,

and really, we don't blame the poor, long suffering reporters for groaning over the assignments that, of necessity, must be handed out to them now and then. Especially is it difficult for an outsider to "chase up" club notices. It is a disadvantage because there is always a chance that a slip will be made somewhere, and then there's a great "to do" because so-and-so's name wasn't spelled correctly, or the wrong date was given for a meeting. First we would suggest that there be more club notices,—there has been a noticeable scarcity of such announcements in the past. Get your organization into print! There is nothing like advertising to boom things! And next,—what about a wide-awake, peppy press agent, elected from each club, whose regular duty shall be to let the college and the rest of the world know what that organization has been doing, is doing, and intends to do in the future? Let's make the News an all-college weekly.

GREAT AUNT ELIZABETH.

THE LAY OF THE FRIGHTENED FRESHMAN.

"Oh why, oh why," the Freshman groaned,

Did I ever leave my 'appy 'ome?
My mother's arms, my father's care;
Oh would, ah, would that I were there!

I've never longed so much to see
The ones at 'ome so dear to me.
I just can't 'elp but feel some qualms;
Because you see, it's near exams.

I dream of 'istory at night,
Long lists of questions cross my sight.
And 'stead of dropping off to sleep
I think of Math,—and then I weep.

The fateful days are near at 'and
When in a shinking, trembling band
We'll sally into English One
Wishin' the awful time was done.

Oh why did I take French,—and Zoo?
And all that sort of rot,—you know;
And Latin,—I can never pass.
(Tis far, far worse than taking gas.)

But then,—one 'ope breaks forth in me.

If I get bounced, why then you see,
I shan't 'ave any cause to groan;
I'll just "light out" for my 'appy
'ome."

THE WIND.

O mad, wind, wild wind, strong beyond all knowing

Sweeping on through time and space
Leaving neither scar nor trace
Of thy going.

Bear me,—puny, powerless mortal
To earth's very farthest portal
In thy blowing!

Wilful wanderer, all ways wending,
Trembling earth in thy power

Mightiest tree to feeblest flower
Lowly bending,
Wilt receive an eager guest

Never ending?

Gay wind, glad wind, carefree seeming,

Wilt thou bear me on—away
Where the first fair flowers of May
All lie dreaming?

Wilt thou let me softly look
On some lowly laughing brook
Moonlit, gleaming?

Mad wind, sad wind, faint with crying,

Somewhere there are sunlit fields
Where the breathing clover yields
Scent undying,

Somewhere sunny Southern seas
Murmuring softer melodies
Than thy sighing.

Ah, somewhere, wild wind, thy eager burden bearing

To some land all still and green,
That no mortal eye has seen,
You are faring,

Leaving neither scar nor trace;
Sweeping on through time and space;
Past all caring! E. M. S. '24.

?

We thought

That

A ruling had been passed

That

Seniors were the only ones

That

Might let their arctics

Flap.

But

We have noticed

That

When it rains

All arctics

Flap.

And we feel

That

It's some class

That

Can't claim the privilege

That

Only THEIR arctics

Flap.

What do YOU think of

That?

WITH OUR PRESIDENT.

President Marshall will attend a meeting of the Board of Directors of the Eastern Association School Y. M. C. A. at 347 Madison Avenue on January 25th.

On Sunday, January 30th, President Marshall will attend a Union Service in the City Hall of Meriden.

On Monday, January 31st, President Marshall will address the "Monday Club" of New Milford, Conn.

On January 21 and 22, President Marshall will represent the college at a Citizens Conference on Education to be held in the State House, Boston, Massachusetts. The conference will consider education as a whole, as an organic unity including elementary and secondary schools, colleges, universities, and technical schools. It is called for the purpose of considering from the standpoint of statesmanship, and the public welfare, the present condition and needs of education in these States and the means of meeting these needs.

The members of the Student Council were entertained at tea by the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs on the Thursday of January 13th. The committee, which mediates between faculty and students, desired to meet the Council as a whole and discuss means of closer relationship between the two bodies that faculty and students may work more sympathetically and understandingly together. Informal discussion upon various student problems proved very helpful to all and served to emphasize the value of such a joint meeting in legislating academic affairs.

Dr. Leib in Math. class:—"Certain bodies partly slide and partly roll down planes."

Miss Marvin:—"That's what happens when you slide on ice. Sometimes you slide and sometimes you roll."

Dr. Leib:—"That all depends upon whether the shape of the body is angular or circular."

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY.

"THE EPIC OF PARADISE LOST"

—Marianna Woodhull, including twelve essays grown out of the idea that the epic form is essential for the expansion, in literary art, of the theme of the origin of evil.

EARLY SCOTTISH METRICAL TALES—David Laing, L. L. D.—Requested by Dr. Wells.

We are not a well-known college! What better heralds of fame than songs! Songs! Songs!

WATCH THIS SPACE.

Ah! The group gathers forces. Last week they met again at their place of rendez-vous, and presto! all lights were extinguished. Till presently, weird and fitful gleams shot forth from the windows; until heavy shades were drawn, and the Angel of the Dark reigned once again. Papers yet flutter, and still the pencil perches, but strangely it has changed. No longer sits it behind a shell-pink ear, but forth it comes bravely to the light of day, thrust into a brown or golden coiffeur. And aha! there is a clue, did you but know it, for the quest of this strange league. And the leader comes in red!

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE "FINDING OF THE GRAIL!"

MISS JEAN SAWIN ENGAGED.

Mrs. Wallace E. Sawin of Holyoke has announced the engagement of her daughter, Jean Marie, to Robert Dorman Hawley M. A. C. '19 of Amherst. Miss Sawin was graduated with the first class of Connecticut in '19 and now holds the position of head of the English department in the Amherst junior high school. Mr. Hawley is connected with the Massachusetts agricultural extension service as supervisor of exhibits and extension schools.

DORIS PATTERSON MARRIED.

Mrs. Edward Gardiner Patterson announces the marriage of her daughter, Doris Schroter, to Mr. Ross Herman Boas, on Saturday, the 15th of January, at Brooklyn, New York.

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CLASS MEETINGS.

SENIOR.

The Senior meeting which was held Friday, January 7th, is reported to have been very short but strenuous. The subject in discussion was the Koiné. After many energetic arguments in regard to who should be the recipients of the dedication and the appreciation, the class came to a final decision, but it is a secret, dark and mysterious.

JUNIOR.

The Junior class held a regular meeting on Monday, January 10th. Dr. John E. Wells was elected an honorary member of the class. Final plans were discussed for the Junior banquet, which was held Saturday, January 18th, at the Mohican Hotel. Two committee chairmen were elected, Grace Fisher, chairman of the Junior Prom week-end committee, and Helen Stickle, chairman of a committee to raise money for the Prom.

SOPHOMORE.

The Sophomores held a regular class meeting on Friday, January 7th. Dorothy Randle, former president of the class, resigned her position, because of neuritis in her arm, and as Emily Slaymaker assumed the office of president, the vice-presidency was left vacant. Christine Pickett was elected to fill the vacancy. The question of printing paper with a class die was discussed and the decision was made that the paper should be printed for the use of the secretary.

FRESHMAN.

The Freshman class held a regular meeting Monday, January 10th. By request, President Marshall addressed the class on the subject of the Connecticut College Endowment Fund. He mentioned the sources from which the college has received money and land, and explained why it is necessary to have an Endowment Fund. When President Marshall had finished, Agnes Leahy told of how the students had participated in raising money and how the present class might contribute. The next business of the meeting was the selection of a banner. Samples were shown, diagrams were drawn, and the choice was made by a majority vote. The class symbol was discussed but no definite decision was made.

OUR FAMOUS FACULTY.

Why Didn't They Ever Tell Us?
The following interesting items about Connecticut College Faculty members appeared in the New London Day for January 14:

In a notice of the mass meeting to be held by the Federation of Churches of New London at the Second Congregational Church next Thursday we find "it is expected that Professor Wells of Connecticut College will sing."

Also, on another page, "Rev. F. E. Morris of C. C. to address Saturday Club in Mental Tests January 29th."

DON'T NOTICE US!

Miss Blanche Finesilver and Miss M. P. Taylor, wish to state that, as yet, they have been anything but swamped with the personal announcements and jokes that were so urgently requested in an earlier issue. Therefore the desire to re-announce, that if there does not seem to be any campus scandal worth mentioning, why not furnish us with the gruesome details of Uncle William's collision with a steam-roller, or Great Aunt Elizabeth's contact with an untrustworthy banana peel on her way to the Missionary meeting. Or, if these suggestions do not inspire you.—supposing your roommate has displayed a particularly nice, or a particularly nasty disposition since the Xmas recess,—it might be rather interesting, in either case, to let her know in print how you feel about it. Maybe you have ideas,—brilliant ideas concerning the value of mid-years. Keep your eyes and ears open. There's plenty of news if you only look in the right place. "G."

THE DORMITORY "IF."

If you can study chemistry With Lydia hitting her high "C" And someone playing the scale of "E"—Then live in Blackstone.

If you can keep French on your mind And listen to the awful grind Of typewriters and "Vic" combined—Then live in Plant.

If you can cram Teutonic brawls While listening to the loud shrill calls Of, "Coming, Stickle," thru the halls—Then live in Winthrop.

If you can do "comp" at any hour When someone's boring Mr. Bauer And Mr. Weld tests vocal power—Then live in Bradford.

If you can concentrate on "zoo" While they are cooking down below Most everything that smells—you know—Then live in Thames.

AN INMATE.

WATCH US GROW,—THIN!

(Concluded from page 1, column 2).

Brazos, Josephine Jarema, Ava Mulholland, Katherine Finney, and Barbara Clay.

Ten or fifteen more applied, but were promptly weeded out by the efficient Miss Harris as not qualified.

Don't tell a soul,—but it is being rumored abroad that Margaret Baxter is to start a "Get Fat" club, to run in opposition. M. P. T. '22.

'Because we are extending the time within which "song-words" must be handed in, we expect to be swamped with contributions. Don't disappoint us!

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Group of Seniors conversing before the Junior Banquet:

Cash: "I wonder what their mascot will be."

Marguerite: "Haven't you heard? It is a pig, because they grunt every time they come to the word in song practice."

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

Coming Events:
Exam.—Cram.
Flunk.—Trunk!

When college students get to the stage where they blow soap bubbles in class in order to prove some dusty hypothesis,—heaven knows what,—and make peculiar shaped inkspots to sharpen one's imagination, I guess,—why then it's time for anxious parents to begin to manifest some of their fears. Truly they have cause.

A PLAYLET IN ONE SWEET SCENE!

Setting.—Economics 1-2.
Bell rings in near vicinity. Curtain rises.
Discovered, amidst a large class of eager (?) students, Miss M. A. Taylor, busily engaged in reading a letter.
Prof. Doyle, calling the roll, "Miss Taylor."
No answer. The letter continues to be interesting.
Prof. Doyle, a trifle louder, "Miss Taylor!!"
Tony, coming to with a start brightly and enthusiastically, "Hello!!"
Pandemonium, and then, from Prof. Doyle, "The same to you. Happy New Year."

We have been pleased to notice that Rags is acquiring breadth as well as length.

HURRAH! WE'RE FOR YALE!

Regular, blue ink has at last replaced the black and sticky fluid that has heretofore reposed in the receptacle placed outside the Library.

Now, at last, may the night-watchman make his rounds unhindered by requests to unlock various dormitories. The new fire-rope may quite conveniently be used to hoist to their rooms, girls returning to campus after 10 o'clock.

Steeple-chase has been added to the Physical Education curriculum. The aspirants are all rather flushed as they cautiously "take-off" from the balcony; but quite smiling and gay of mien, as they feel terra firma once more beneath them.

An interpreter might not be amiss in Senior gym to interpret the rather obscure Swedish orders and correct our German turn of mind.

If this mild weather continues not even the faculty will get a chance to sport their rubber boots.

The reign of the Blue Book is upon us.

One might think the wind were campused and was making an incessant fuss about it from the amount of whistling in which it indulges.

You needn't be musical to win the prize of \$10 now being offered. You write the words; let someone else do the music.

MID-YEAR'S EVE.

'Twas the night before mid-years
When all through Plant House
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse.
Each door was adorned with a big,
'BUSY' sign
For notebooks and papers must be in
on time.
The students were cramming for all
they were worth.
And there was a noticeable lack of all
mirth.
The girls they were huddled in groups
in each room
Striving to stave off the dread crack
o' doom.
While I, with my Shakespeare, and
Liz with her Math,
Had just roused our brains from a
long winter's nap,
When down on the first floor arose
such a clatter
We sprang into action to see what was
the matter.
Right out in the hall Lizzie flew like
a flash
And I let precious Shakespeare fall
down with a crash
Now what to our wondering eyes did
appear
But House President Al with Big Ben
to her ear
Then,—quick as a flash upon us did
dawn
The fact that we'd studied and strug-
gled till morn.
"Grab pen and grab blotter,—Come one
and come all,"
Yells Al, "for this morning we dine at
Thames Hall."
And we heard her exclaim as she tore
out of sight,
"Good luck to you all. If you flunk,
tho'—Good Night!!"
'22 (With ample apologies).

ECHOES OF THE BANQUET.

If Juniors will dress up for banquets
and insert large combs into their coif-
ures, we suggest their secure anchor-
age—at least until after the song
course is over.

Mustn't it be awful when you are
toastmistress—to choke on a bone just
as you are about to introduce the most
prominent speaker of the evening?

Gravy has caused many a heart-
ache. It should always be missing at
a meal where she's wearing a bor-
rowed evening dress. 'Nuf sed.

"WE BUILD OUR OWN WORLDS."

Into that vast, and that consummate
place,
Into that fabulous wealth of treasure,
Into that storehouse, we call mind,
Gifts beyond our measure,
Unnoticed through the space of years,
Lie hidden now, sometime to wake;
Stirred visions that shall once again
Send our white thoughts to climb-to,
soar.
So ecstasy still lives in us
To freshen and invigorate.
If we but look for joy, it comes
Called by our eye's behest.
So we may build our own glad hap-
piness—
And soaring, by ourselves be blest.
K. P. C.

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