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THE TEA DANCE

The words "Service League Tea Dance" have a magic melody for every girl who has ever been to Connecticut College. We remember the gay bazaars of the war period—a confused impression of balloons and flowers and streamers and lovely dancers and naval officers and music that beat in your ears for weeks afterwards. We sigh and say "Them was the happy days" and then we smile and say, "But this will be the happiest day," meaning of course, February fourteenth, of the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty.

The Tea Dance this year will lose some of its bazaar characteristics, owing to the fact that the appeal is no longer for War Relief, but it will lose none of its carnival character. There will not be the usual number of fascinating flower-girls and cigarette-sellers and candy-vendors to lure men's change and their dances, but there will be dainty Japanese waitresses and the same dashing dancers whom we have known before, with the addition of several new stars; and you will dance all afternoon to the strains of Danz' music. Could happiness be more complete! The added feature this year is the formal dance on the evening of the Tea Dance. The music will be by Heaton's orchestra, and the whole thing will be simply the unquenchable overflow of the gaiety of the afternoon.

You'll have to come—You can't resist! It will be in your memory and in your conversation morning, night and noon for weeks afterwards, and if there is any foundation at all for the ancient and honorable theory of a woman's love of speech, the greatest tragedy of your life would be to miss the Tea Dance and thus be automatically excluded from all campus conversation from now until June.

R. E. S. '21

PROTEST AGAINST THE WORD "CRUSH"

"Crush" is a very unfortunate appellation for a relationship between two people which might well be given a more dignified name, if a name it must have. "Crush" is a "fringed" word—it suggests a variety of meanings. It may be a case of a rather young person idealizing and worshipping someone, usually older than himself. There is nothing commendable in a young person's so under-rating himself or possessing so little individuality that he can allow admiration to turn into worship. Rather let worship turn into admiration than lose one's own identity in the love for another's personality. A constant comparison of the hero's remarkable virtues with the supposed deficiencies of his devoted slave often leads the youthful worshipper to neglect his own development and to lose confidence in himself, very often the hero does not know of his exalted position, for if he did, and was really worthy of the admiration he received, he would convince his worshipper that he was an ordinary person and would form a very desirable friendship between them.

A "crush" may also be between young people, who are about the same age. And in this case, the admiration

A DOUGHNUT GIRL'S ACCOUNT OF FRONT LINE TRENCHES

Connecticut College has had the privilege of seeing the battlefield of the Great War through the eyes of Y. M. C. A. speakers and chaplains but never before last Tuesday, at Convocation, has it had the opportunity of hearing a "doughnut girl's" account of work under fire written within 5 kilometers of the front. Miss Irene McIntyre is a daughter of Colonel McIntyre of the Salvation Army, and also a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College; so, for more than one reason, students and faculty gladly assembled to hear her message.

The retelling of her experiences with her sister, in 1917-1918, as Canteen workers and nurse, caused her audience no unpleasant, wincing, though her tales were often harrowing and always vivid. We found ourselves not only mentally watching 1500 doughnuts being fried per day and 300 double crusted pies prepared to find "the right spot" but also kinaesthetically slewing around Dead Man's Curve with shells bursting on all sides, and tumbling with her into dugouts for sudden refuge.

Her tribute to the American soldier was emphatic and sincere. The same spirit of cheering optimism, courage, and self-forgetfulness that every soldier must have felt from contact with Miss McIntyre, made us feel perhaps that as college women, we should do a little bit more than our part in helping to bring about the new scheme of things.

We thought we were tired of hearing war lectures but we appreciate this talk for its relieving perspectives. Fifty years from now we may count ourselves fortunate to have had the privilege of hearing one of the two famous Salvation Army "Doughnut Girls," whose heroism and sacrifice will long be remembered, especially by those connected in any way, with the 26th Division.

K. H. '20

is, as a rule, mutual. Since it is girls in whom we are interested here, the discussion will be limited to them. In the case of two girls caring for each other with perhaps an unusual amount of enthusiasm, the relationship is naturally going to be intimate. If the girls are normal in every respect and have an adequate sense of proportions, they will without difficulty, maintain an intimate, beautiful friendship. But very often girls who lack this sense of the proportions, become too intimate, neglect all their former friends, and become absorbed in each other's personalities. Invariably such a relationship does not last very long—there is a natural reaction and unless the friendship has been based on an intellectual or spiritual basis, there will be a complete severance of the two concerned. When however, there is such a basis, the breach is patched up and more normal relationship follows.

To both of these types of friendship here mentioned, the word "crush" should not be applied. The former in which the two girls instinctively know how to keep a friendship that

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BROWN UNIVERSITY ENTERTAINS

On Friday night, February 4., the musical club of Brown University gave a concert to a good sized audience in the gymnasium.

Such vocal agitation, violin rhapsodizing, and syncopated mandolin madness was never before seen or heard! The program of thirteen numbers offered a variety of entertainment. From the first number, a rendition of Brown songs in medley form, given by the combined clubs, to the final singing of the "Alma-Mater" by the Glee Club, the audience was kept up to "concert pitch."

The mandolin club, ably lead by M. M. Fulton, gave two numbers—"Musical Scenes from Spain." The players cleverly mimicked typical Spanish scenes, such as the singing of the Spanish troubador and the marked rhythm and swaying of the Spanish dancers. It would be well for our mandolin club to take some "pointers" from Brown.

What's that crouching under the piano? A convict?—two of them! After a whispered conversation, one slumps over the piano, while the other picks up a mandolin. Despite their prison garb, they surely could free the little jazz tunes and received much applause.

The credulity of Connecticut College was severely tested by C. H. Pinkham, the "legerdemain" artist. With the help of a red-headed waiter he showed us how to concoct "Brown stew." After mixing "Prohibition," a storage egg, and bits of the program together the mixture was ignited by a match and the cover of the pan put on. The front rows were pleasantly surprised to receive a shower of "stew" in the form of molasses kisses. Pinkham vouched for his own cleverness and good jokes, so we will take his word for it.

After the jazz troupe had successfully demonstrated its skill at syncopated music in all keys and in all positions, and the rhythm-loving souls were satiated, the audience was glad to listen to the tenor solos of W. L. Dewart of Brown.

The mandolin club of Brown has reason to be proud of M. M. Sherman, who delighted his listeners with a remarkably fine violin solo.

The concert over, chairs were moved back, the jazz orchestra appeared and the rest of the evening "cut in" dancing was in order.

M. P. '21.

AMERICAN GULLIBILITY

It is a common saying, almost a maxim now, that since the time of P. T. Barnum the American people swallow anything that is told to them. I would not be as harsh as that. I would qualify the statement and say that the American people swallow anything the newspapers tell them. I don't believe there is anything quite as irritating as to hear someone say with the most serious air: "Why, it's a positive fact. I read it in this morning's paper." Or in answer to "Where did you hear that story?"—"It was in the papers." That settles it. No one can doubt the authenticity of the report. The newspaper is a sort of su-

GREETINGS FROM 1919

To The Editor of the Connecticut College News:

May I express through your columns a word of greeting to the class of 1920? Dear 1920:

Perhaps more than any of us anticipated every girl of the Class of 1919 felt with regret, one month ago, that "our" year had gone. We thought four brief years ago that 1919 was far in the future. But with the passing of January we have been making readjustments and with the advent of February we can send you of 1920 a hearty and sincere greeting.

We recall how four years ago this same season, we were looking forward to your coming to join us at Connecticut College. We remember the friendly rivalries and the jolly good times. We think of the sorrows as well as the joys which we shared and we are glad to have had 1920 as comrades. To-day we feel that we would be poor friends indeed, if we did not rejoice and that you have the happy months with you that "your" year has come before you which we enjoyed so short a time ago. We thought then, as the months went by that we appreciated them to the full, but having worked, having seen a bit more of life since last June, we appreciate more than ever what you have before you of enjoyment, ambition and accomplishment.

We congratulate you in your facing of the future and send you, dear 1920, a greeting of good will and love.

Loyally yours,

Marenda E. Prentiss

For 1919

preme court for the American public. When will people realize that daily newspapers are not managed by public benefactors bent only on the enlightenment of the people? The owners unfortunately are out for the material gain just as much as anyone else. They turn out the reading matter that will best suit the minds of the people. There is a kind of circle between the public and the newspapers. The papers control the public mind, and, therefore, can satisfy the public by the news that is printed. People do not realize that most owners of newspapers have a very definite object in view. And that object is most often political gain.

In every city, town or metropolis there is usually a feud between a democratic and republican paper. This is because whichever influences the public mind most wins politically. It is very obvious then that the news printed is apt to be prejudiced. Political speeches are twisted by reporters so much that often the speaker does not recognize his own speech, or the words are cleverly turned so as to give an entirely different impression from that intended. The democrats read their own papers and think how futile and foolish are their opponents, while, on the other hand the republicans do likewise. An unbiased newspaper would naturally present things as they are and would make the people think for themselves. Nowadays, we are not obliged to think for ourselves, our newspapers do it for us.

The greatest effect that the news-

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916

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A BALANCE

Why is it that we see practically the same girls doing everything? These girls are always tired and overworked; their activities seem to be unending. On the other hand, there are many more, one might say the great majority, who do nothing at all. They might be likened to the background, the fringe of our consciousness, while the others figure as the center of our attention. This condition on campus has not been unnoticed. We lament over it, but do not make any efforts to prevent it, probably because we do not realize the harm that results to the girl who does so much for us, as well as to the girl who does nothing outside of her academic work.

Concerning that girl who is interested in so many activities; it may be through her own efforts that she has become one of the overworked. Sometimes she is a person who delights in being busy, and in pitying herself. She likes to look at the bulletin board with an expression of dismay, and then turn to you with the sad statement: "Four meetings today, besides I've been elected Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of my class, and I simply have to learn my part in the play. Yes, I'm making the dance cards for that affair, and if I possibly can find time I want to write an article for the News——" and she talks on. Of course she is not obliged to do them all, but she doesn't know where to stop. Granted that she has talent

for a number of things, she is so rushed that she hasn't time to give her best and so she contents herself with quantity rather than quality. Then, too, there is the girl who is living up to her reputation; for she feels that she must be as busy this year as she was the year before. It is the girl who has the more highly developed sense of responsibility who really is the busiest of all. At the last minute a girl decides that she cannot carry on her part of the work, and her neighbor who is a more reliable girl feels that it is her responsibility to take over that work in addition to her own.

But there are many more responsible girls on campus than just the few we see on every occasion. There are girls, who, if they have not a number of talents, have one talent. They probably would be very glad to help if they were asked to do so. They may lack the initiative and personality for leadership, but that does not necessarily mean that they can't fit in and do their share. These girls can always add new ideas, for we do not all think alike. There is under this head also, the girl who lacks self-confidence, she feels that she cannot do anything, yet there are really many things she can do which do not require either talent or self-confidence, if she would only express her willingness by word or action.

It isn't quite fair that the majority of girls have never had a chance to show their good qualities. In some way or other we have acquired an index system in which each girl is set down definitely under one or more heads, and some girls seem to have blank cards. The data on many cards is incomplete, in other cases it is not true. If we looked over the index we might find that there are girls who were once catalogued as "grinds" and we continue to think of them as "grinds" even after they have shown an interest in college activities; there are others labelled as "funny" and these poor girls are always called upon to do stunts. It's too bad for them, and it's too bad for us. It would almost seem as if we didn't have enough ability at Connecticut College. Once in a while we hear the remark, "I didn't know she could do such a thing," and usually the girl mentioned is a Junior or a Senior.

There is a greater amount of work attached to "doing things" than the onlooker realizes, although it is fun and a part of our education which no one can afford to miss. One of the advantages of a small institution is that every girl can have a chance to show her individuality. It rests upon all of us to make this chance possible—to strike a perfect balance between those two types.

Free Speech

The Editors do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions and views expressed in this column.

To The Editor of the News:

We have always maintained that the biggest and best thing about our Service League, the thing that makes it more desirable than a Y. W. C. A., is its breadth of vision and scope. If we adopt the proposed preamble to the Constitution we shall be denying our first purpose in founding the League. We are narrowing it immeasurably and contradicting its very life.

For instance, one of the biggest and neediest fields of service in the world is India. Nearly every kind of workers, social service workers, teachers, physicians, find it advantageous to go to these fields under a Mission Board, because by so doing they are assured of reaching the people. Privileges are desired to unattached foreigners, but workers under Mission Boards have the "Open Sesame". Shall the Service League of Connecticut

College refuse to support this work simply because the best way to support it is through a religious organization? This is only one example of the privileges of service which the proposed preamble would deny to us.

Let us not be afraid of the word "religion." Religion does not mean sectarianism, and a frank acknowledgement of the great truths which we all, whether Protestant, Jew or Catholic, believe these truths that give incentive and vitality to our lives and make our service an active force, would, instead of dividing the college, unite it more firmly than ever. The Service League in adopting this preamble would not only narrow its scope but would shut out its vision, with the result that in time it would be either mechanical or stagnant.

R. Smith, '21

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS:

From its very name, we would deduce that the Service League stands for service. And here we find at once the essence of all present-day Religion. No matter what may be our creed or sect, whether Catholic, Jew or Gentile, no matter what we may enumerate as our personal beliefs, in service we find the common denominator that underlies all our faiths and denominations. Thus we have as the heart of our Service League that which is the broadest and biggest phase of humanity, the heart of the Religion. In this adherence to the ideal of service, we uphold the highest ideals of mankind—a common sharing of our fortunes with others, a doing away with sect-distinctions, a free interchange of thought and deed—in brief, a reciprocity of interests which results only from a clinging to an ideal such as that embodied in the Service League.

But what would we be doing by including a religious section in our League? To begin with, we would be taking our broad, all-inclusive present ideal and narrowing it to fit some particular sect—for this would be the ultimate result. Since the Protestants are in the majority at college, we would have to undergo the possibility of the foundation of Catholic clubs and Jewish societies—and this classifying of sects would mean the death of the Service League. Pessimism, many will call this, but why not look at the consequences squarely in the face before voting on such a thing as the Preamble.

Do we, then, want to sacrifice the fine work the League is at present doing? And if so, why? What will be the benefit to our League of a "religious section" when its very life is based upon Religion? Is it that we fear from some one who does not understand, the appellation "pagan"? Surely, not that.

But no one will say that we have an unsupplied demand for religious groups on campus. The attendance at the discussion groups is not so large but what any number of persons seeking religious discussions might find room there. One does not need to point to the attendance at chapel and vespers and the means used to obtain it to show that the demand does not exceed the supply.

However, some persons think that we can do bigger things—perform greater tasks and accomplish greater services by affiliating ourselves with some national organization. At the outset, this bars some of our students because of their conscientious objections. And we have by no means done all that is within our power here at home—we have years of work ahead of us here in New London. Let us therefore, finish our self-imposed tasks of service here before we search for new fields which the discussion groups might well take over. And if these groups are too small, then the fact is evident that the students do

not wish, or I should say, are not ready yet to take on these new fields of action.

Before voting, then, let us consider well what are our reasons for our decisions. Do we want religious individual sects and creeds which of necessity limit action and the free interplay of thought and work—do we want to affiliate ourselves with national organizations—and let us not confuse this desire for the support of larger societies with religions,—or do we want to retain the broad common denominator of service—the essence of Religion upon which the Service League is founded?

Dorothy M. Matteson, '20

PAPERS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR MID-YEAR EXAMINATIONS

The college year is divided into two semesters. At the end of each occurs a period which is well known to us all. The first of these is the dreaded "mid-years" and the second the "finals." Since college is primarily a place where one is to be educated and not a place where one is to be graded and classified, is there not something wrong with a system which makes the attaining of A or B on the bi-annual exams the object of one's efforts during the term? It is clear that some sort of test is necessary in order to determine which of us are fitted to take up the study of advanced subjects. It would be too bad to have our classes spoiled by the atmosphere which would be created by the presence of uninterested and incapable students; and certainly the examination and its resulting mark is a concrete means by which to judge the fit and the unfit. Still, we must see that the established system is not all that could be desired. Just let us look at the attitude of students in general concerning exams.

At the approach of mid-years comes a hush in the normal activities of the college life, and a period comprising long hours of cramming, followed by sleepless nights, and days in which one, two and even three exams of two hours each are taken. These two hour periods are often pure torture. A certain number of questions which the professor judges may be answered within the allotted time are placed before the student. I do not doubt that the instructor tries to perfectly fair. I suppose he looks at the question and estimates about what length of time will be sufficient in which to answer it. But—he knows what the answer is which he expects. The student does not. Out of the store of ideas which she has assimilated during the term perhaps a perfect torrent may pour into her consciousness in response to that first question. She wants to write what is expected of her, she must, if she is to make a high grade. She lets her eye glance down the series of questions before her and feels that she can answer them all if only the ideas which rise to the surface can be suppressed for the sake of the question at hand, and will not be lost before she gets to the ones which demand them in answer. Sometimes they are lost and she stares desperately before her, knowing that not ten minutes before she had the answer in mind and that it is there. Oh, if she could only, only think! What was it? Time is slipping away, there is more yet to be done, her body is tense, her brain is in a turmoil, but she cannot think. At the end of the two hours she drops her book upon the desk, leaves the room, her head pounding, and worse still her heart heavy with the knowledge, that she has not done her best, that she has not even done well and that her mark will show it.

I am sure marks do not always give a fair estimate of a student's know-

ledge. Often a girl who has done practically no work during the semester will cram before an examination and receive by good luck a high grade, while her room mate who has been interested in the subject and attended her classes eagerly, will, because of inability to do good work under strained conditions, produce a poor examination paper. That seems neither fair nor just.

Why not abolish the mid-year examination week, and in its place have an extended period for summarizing the term's work? At this time have the student prepare a paper for each of her subjects which shall be based upon directing topics and questions provided by the instructor. This paper will be a means of summing up and getting a connected idea of the subject as a whole. It will mobilize the facts and ideas of the work of that term and, not only that, the student may learn an almost unbelievable amount in the preparation of her paper. She is permitted to use books and any kind of outside information, and some of this new material may be absorbed. She brings to the fore all her own knowledge of the subject under natural and unstrained conditions. The result is good. She at last has a clear, complete understanding of the material which so far has been disconnected. The material she has gathered is no longer a series of assignments, it is a unified whole.

At the end of the second term have a similar period of summation. Then have an interim in which all of the festivities of commencement occur, except one, the day on which the degrees are conferred. After this period of relaxation, have final examinations, giving a whole day to each one. There will be no need of cramming, nor of the usual accompaniments of examination time, and the marks necessary for grading will be obtained. Of course, the adoption of such a plan would necessitate lengthening the college year somewhat. But would it not be quite worth while?

K. L. T. '21

CURRENT EVENTS

Democratic politics is livening up a little. The conservative Southern Democrats seem to be favoring Attorney General Palmer, while several Democrats close to the Administration are favoring ex-Secretary McAdoo for the Presidency and Herbert Hoover for Vice President. It is thought that this combination would find favor in the country for Mr. McAdoo would appeal to organized labor and Mr. Hoover to business men and women voters.

In the Republican ranks there is quite a bit of disturbance as to whether Major General Leonard Wood should resign from the army to devote himself to the campaign or wait until he is actually nominated. There are two opinions expressed on this,—one is that if he should resign, he would lose the advantage which he now has as an official in the United States Army speaking on the question of law and order. Those who have advised him to resign urge that serious difficulties might come up as they have before where he would be compelled to take a definite stand on labor and the right of the United States government to take extreme measures to put down a labor upheaval.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch was received by the French Academy on February 5 in the presence of a large and brilliant assemblage thus becoming an "immortal."

It is interesting to note that the Esch and Cummings railroad bill which is to come up before Congress in the near future has the anti-strike clause omitted. This was inserted in a panic and is not peculiarly appropriate to the railroads. The bill itself provides for the return of the railroads to private ownership.

The refusal of Baron Kurt Von Lersner of the demand of the Allies that the Germans charged with crime be extradited, while not meeting with favor in Germany still does not bring any reproof. It seems to indicate that the Germans do not intend to stand back of the treaty which they signed. Quoting the New York Times: "This clause is nothing new in treaty-making: the world's history shows many cases in which the successful party has demanded and received the surrender of persons alleged by it to have committed acts outside of law. Germany refuses to carry out the treaty, not because it is unprecedented or barbarous but because she thinks she can refuse successfully."

The failure of Clemenceau to obtain the Presidency of France and the election of Paul Deschanel, President of the French Chamber of Deputies since 1898, has occasioned much newspaper comment in the United States. Many papers have deplored the fact, others have rejoiced because he was accustomed to take matters into his own hands and many people feared the results of this method.

The personnel of the Cabinet has been changed too and Alexander Millerand succeeds Clemenceau there. It is prophesied, however, that this ministry will fall and one headed by Aristide Briand will take its place.

PRACTICAL COLLEGE LIFE

On all sides the current remark is that college life is not practical. In other words, a girl spends most of her time on theories, and on the ideal, so that her wage-earning capacities are not developed to a high degree by her years in college.

Such may be the case—but I am not concerned wholly with wage-earning capacity. The materialist it seems to me, who speak only of money and power, derived from money, have overlooked an important point in the college girl's experience; namely, the fact that she is becoming a better citizen by learning how to live with people.

For example, one's room mate intends to become a social worker, and her room is filled with all the present day literature which affords excellent reading on Bolshevism, Socialism, or factory and social problems. Next door, is the blue-eyed doll type, who strives for proficiency in aesthetic dancing, original and otherwise.

The second floor may rightly be called "reporter's row." Here at wee small hours, by the aid of the proverbial midnight oil came into being real literary gems which are to make the name of Connecticut College famous.

Another resident of this gifted house hopes to accomplish wondrous feats in original piano compositions, and hour by hour come the yearning, storming, now soft, now loud melodies from the practice room, while you may be reading one of Horace's odes, studying a "Psyche" lesson or writing a theme.

And then, while your gaze roves about the stone bedecked landscape, vainly searching for inspiration, the talented forces of the house combine as if for your very undoing. The piano starts at a terrific rate of speed, your roommate starts typing a host of letters for the charities, and meanwhile several Juniors tap softly at the door, and ask you to buy food for the post-bellum fund.

Yet, life goes on, maybe you have learned to write a presentable theme, and maybe you haven't (owing to interruption.) But if you have learned to meet and beat all these contending forces with a mild Christian spirit, then surely are you able to meet the outside world with experience.

DIARY OF AN OLD MAID

April 12th, 19— I walked miles to-day, trying to get away from my self, and came back more tired in soul than in body. If it were only possible to get absolutely outside oneself and to be impartial.

The roads grow muddier, every day, it seems, but the trees are beginning to show a hopeful grey fuzz, and as I passed the Hayden place the smell of fresh earth brought back the days when Martin, Elizabeth and I used to follow the plough and Simms would sometimes give us a ride on old grey Mollie.

A widow has taken the little Grayson place for the summer. She's a frail looking piece of Dresden china but very pleasant in a shy fashion. Jerry ran in as we went by and the little boy and girl, who seem almost twins, were delighted with such a "big" dog.

April 18th. I went over the place with Simms this morning planning the rest of the planting. I might as well have stayed at home, for Simms had everything arranged as it's been for the past thirty years and gently but firmly vetoed all my foolish suggestions. I still have the flower gardens at my disposal, but an imbecile could plan that.

The Little Widow at the Grayson place has come here for quiet and to get the children out in the open. She does all the housework and mending but nothing for relaxation, and yet she is happy and seems contented.

I asked the children here yesterday; but there doesn't seem to be anything in this house to amuse children, and I was too damp out of doors for them. My stories all fell flat; but they enjoyed the ice cream and cake which Janet made. I decided, when they left me alone by my fire, that I had failed again. There seems to be nothing that I can do any better than any one else except perhaps being disagreeable.

Mary wrote asking me to come in to town for two weeks next month. She thinks I'm lonesome. Perhaps I am. Of course, I might have some company, but they would be bored to extinction and so should I. Afterwards it would be worse than ever.

May 6th. I've decided to go abroad! Eight months at home in seven years seems as much as I can endure. Settling down is impossible when you haven't anything to settle to. At least

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I can sit gracefully in a deck chair and be scared at as that eccentric old maid. The Little Widow thinks it must be wonderful to be able to travel and travel and yet always have a house to come back to. It may be, but I think she'd grow tired of being a rolling stone.

May 15th. The last of my house-party is speeding from my gates and Janet is pulling out the furniture cover.

It wasn't such a bad week-end, for the weather was clear and we talked of books and my trip. At least I've been keeping up with books, though I find I'm a bit acid in my criticism. My trip furnished plenty of topics and we kept off the things I'm "queer" on. When you get old you need a hobby; it keeps you from thinking and talking nothings.

Martin stopped on Saturday. He's opening the place for the summer. After dinner he asked me to marry him. It's two years since the last time but I'm quite sure he used exactly the same words. For a moment I was almost tempted to say yes and see what would happen; but though it would be a change it would mean, in the end, just one more person to do things for me and to be sorry I didn't develop my potentialities. Besides Janet and Simms would hate moving; I dislike the cedars at Hayden place and the family portraits drive me frantic.

Life seems to be an endless round of the same things. If you do things you are discouraged because you accomplish so little with so much effort; if you don't do things you wonder what life is for and where you are going.

June 5th. I stayed three days with Mary and nearly went insane between the cats, the children and Andrew. If Mary enjoys being married to Andrew she has become a fool as well as a colorless, worried matron. He is a man with all a man's abominable conceit and devoid of a saving sense of humor. Speaking of humor, I've decided that mine's been on a year's leave of absence. Since I've been on ship-board it's come back from its extended vacation and I'm actually relishing my typical companions who range the decks before me, flirt, dance, gamble and pledge eternal fealty under my very eyes and who, when we land, will part to meet no more. Even the children who insist upon playing so near my chair that it is swept almost into the sea during their wild races, have the faces of cherubs and annoy me not at all.

There is nothing but grey sky above and grey water beneath and round about me a few hundred atmoitic creatures fighting against something they cannot see or understand; and some persuade themselves that they are happy and some that they fight a winning battle; but all in the end live a lie. It's not a bad lie when you admit that you're not sincere, and it's not a bad world when you realize that the world isn't everything in the universe.

I've sent a wireless to the Little Widow and her two imps to come on the next boat and we're going to Venice and travel and travel and travel!

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**PROTEST AGAINST
THE WORD "CRUSH"**
(Continued from Page 1, col. 2)

will last, the application of that unfortunate word, if it gets to their ears may be the means of breaking up the friendship if the girls are guided by public opinion rather than their own consciences. The word "crush" seems to have a sinister implication and consequently should not be used unless there is real occasion for its use, which is not often.

Th's article is a protest against the use of the word "crush" for what is a natural and beautiful relationship between girls, and which needs neither name nor publicity.

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AMERICAN GULLIBILITY
(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)

papers have upon the American public is that of arousing their emotions. It is an open secret that this is the chief duty of a newspaper. In case of impending war the papers day after day will print small notices of the approaching break in international relations. These will be followed by fiery speeches of influential men. Before the people realize it they find themselves at war. The demand of the Hearst papers for war with Mexico in order to do away with all revolution in that country is nothing but a demand that the United States protect the thousands of dollars Hearst has invested in land there. The people of that country are waking up and realizing that they themselves are entitled to their own land and natural resources.

In the case of strikes one does not usually get a fair story of the strike. The employers are given the right of way in the papers. The public swallows the distressing details of window smashing, of rioting and of general stampede on the part of the strikers. But there is often not a fair statement about the militia shooting down the strikers, about the clubbing of the pickets who are doing their duty in a peaceful and orderly manner, about the courage of the strikers' families in upholding their cause. As a result the common picture of a striker in the minds of the American public is something between a Bolshevik and a thug; not merely an earnest worker demanding his rights in the only way he can effectively do so.

I wonder if many of the Americans realized the significance of the struggle between the German parties to get possession of the newspaper plants. Some of them were even used as barricades or fortresses. Each party realized the great importance of controlling the press. It is the easiest, surest and safest way of controlling the people. But the German people were used to having things explained to them and accepting them as the truth. The American public should not submit to the same treatment. We have the opportunity and training to think for ourselves. To let the press, controlled by a few people, think for us is inexcusable. It is time for the American public to wake up!

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