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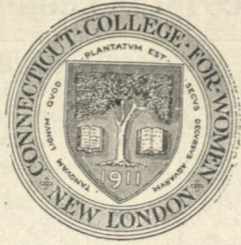
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TREASURE HIGHLAND.

COLLEGE SUDDENLY TURNS INTO A DIAMOND MINE.

Where is the Diamond?

If Stevenson were to stroll about our campus on a day like today, for instance, he would gather much food for thought and perhaps be inspired to write a sequel to "Treasure Island." For, verily, grave matters are afoot. Strange things are happening right under our very noses, to be exact, right under our very windows and in front of our very doors! Why these knowing looks and smiles? Why this silent merriment in corridors, or this anxious whispering? Why these secret rendezvous at power-houses and trolley stations and this sudden mania for dusky laboratories and ghostly classrooms in New London Hall after the business of the day is over? It may be the Student Secret Service out on the trail of class-cutters or Vespers-disturbers. It may be a sincere desire to receive inspiration from the hallowed walls. No, that cannot be, else why the bloomed, sweated and scarfed individuals scouting with such untiring zeal in the neighborhood of the reservoir the other day. Overturning every rock, they were, and kicking up the stubble at a great rate, seemingly very anxious to find some lost article.

"Must be looking for a new kind of mineral, or an easy and inexpensive way to 'China,'" I mused as I squinted at them through my periscope. "Or it may be a search party out after the lost balloonists. But rumor has it that they are being employed by the department of Geology and Archeology in view of starting a museum and preparing a book on "Indian Relics and Where to Find Them."

Next, I suppose, when the rocks and fields have been divested of the golden treasure, they will be diving into the reservoir itself,—for the expeditionists seem to be thorough workers. And then,—have you noticed how popular bloomers have become? For general evening wear and a stroll about campus, there is, now, nothing like them. They are so comfortable, and so well adapted for climbing, and poking into cobwebby corners. Oh, yes, there's something in the wind. "There's dirty work at the crossroads," as Kipling says,—or is it Longfellow. Janitors heretofore considered impervious to feminine smiles are being beguiled into opening passages never dreamed of. Stalwart night watchmen are pestered with inquiries as to the nature and location of various parts of machinery at the power house. The search is on in earnest. What is the great mystery and when and how will it be solved. And,—will it be solved? STEVE.

The News announces the election of the following as temporary Freshman reporters:

- Louise Hall,
- Helen Douglas,
- Mildred Donnelly,
- Maxine Liebenstein,
- Marion Vibert.

PIE! ICE CREAM! CAKE!

COME TO THE NEW TEA HOUSE.

A great want is about to be satisfied! We are to have a tea-house—one that will be a "thing of beauty and a gastronomic joy forever." You know how much you're longed for a place to entertain your friends, for a nearby supply of candy, cake and ice cream. Can you imagine anything dearer than a real, old-fashioned Colonial House with a red tiled roof for our tea-house? It is just above Mosier House, on campus, yet far enough not to distract our minds from the work of the day. Even before you hear what it has to offer you'll want to visit it.

Ice cream is to be served regularly. Home-made pastry, candy, fruit, jellies and package crackers will also be sold. Mrs. Mosier who will conduct it, is anxious to have it open in time for Tea Dance. Think of the opportunity! Her first customers will be served ice cream free of charge—which in itself is not an opportunity to be slighted.

There will be a contest for a suitable name—a distinctive name. The reward will be a free afternoon lunch. And if you know the culinary arts of Mrs. Mosier you know what such a reward means!

CAST FOR FRENCH PLAY.

As a result of the try-outs held last week for the French play, "L'homme Qui Epousa une Femme Muette," which is to be given March 5th, the following cast has been chosen:—

- Monsieur Léonard Botal, juge,
Helen Clarke
Maitre Adam Fumée, avocat,
Elizabeth Merry
Maitre Simon Colline, médecin,
Anna Flaherty
Maitre Jean Maugier, chirurgien,
barbier Gertrude Trauriz
Maitre Séraphin Dulaurier, apothicaire Elizabeth Hall
Le Sieur Gilles Boiscourtier, secrétaire de M. Léonard Botal,
M. Kreykenbohm
Un Aveugle qui joue de la musique Ruth Kronthal
Catherine, femme de M. Léonard Botal M. A. Taylor
Alizon, servante de M. Léonard Botal Dorothy Henkle
Mademoiselle de la Garandière,
Claire Calnen

CLASS MEETINGS.

SENIOR CLASS MEETING.

Agnes Leahy was elected chairman of the entertainment committee to replace Roberta Newton. Dorothy Pryde was chosen manager of the sports committee.

SOPHOMORE CLASS MEETING.

February 4th, Dorothy Behrens was elected chairman of the committee to raise money for Silver Bay.

SENIOR TEA IN BLACKSTONE.

The Seniors of Blackstone sold hot fudge sundaes with nuts, Friday evening, February the 4th. Eleven dollars was thereby added to the Commencement Fund.

THE C. C. O. C.

COME TO ALEWIFE COVE!

What is it? Why the Connecticut College Outing Club of course, that from humble, but enjoyable hikes, hopes to attain to the joys of skis, toboggans, boating and even club houses for week-ending before a roaring fire after a stiff hike. We are giving it a loyal start. Long may it live and grow! For here is one organization where faculty and student members alike, don old hats and serviceable shoes, and forget intellectual strata.

On February 12th there will be a cross-country hike over all the original stone-walls and briars that the locality offers.

Come and bring your friends! (Male?) Much healthier than dancing!

The destination for February 19th will be Alewife Cove. Water! Ice! If its cold, sling a pair of skates across your shoulder.

For those who missed past hikes to Miller's Pond and Cohegan Rock, Miss Patten wishes to announce that, later in the season, those hikes will be duplicated.

SOMETHING NEW!

Did you know that there is to be a "French Table" in the dining-hall very soon? Not merely a table where everyone will speak French, but one at which Mlle. Berg will preside as hostess and at which seven French students and enthusiasts will sit. The table promises great results!

Get ready your ear muffs, all ye throng, for there is to be extensive jabbering *en français* in a secluded corner of the alcove! But here is a word of advice to French students—polish up a bit and yours may be the honor of sitting among the chosen few.

MUSIC! MUSIC!

On February 18th, Professor Harry B. Jepson, distinguished university organist at Yale, will give an organ recital at St. James' Church, on the Plant memorial organ, which is the largest in New London. Professor Jepson will play selections from Widor, Jepson, Bossi, Reger, Boellmann, Borodin, Kanganoff, Lemare, and the War March from Rieni by Wagner. It is hoped that all music lovers will give their loyal support and thereby make this concert only one of a series. Programs, at 50 cents each, will be sold at the College Book Store. Chocolate bars will wait! but this is an OPPORTUNITY not to be allowed to pass.

ALUMNAE!

Teachers—Send us your funny exam. excerpts! We know you must have quite a collection. And all our other fair laborites must have in their experiences found something to laugh at. Let us know. We like to laugh and so do our readers!

BIRDS VISIT COLLEGE.

MR. HERBERT K. JOB GIVES AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

Has Remarkable Photographs.

On Tuesday, the first of February, Mr. Herbert K. Job, formerly State Ornithologist, spoke on "The Charm and Value of Wild Birds."

Mr. Job's interest in birds was aroused when he was a small boy of six or eight and has never slackened. He not only has written many books on the subject of birds, and taken and collected many unusual pictures of them, but he has also organized a farm at Amston, Connecticut, where wild birds are reared.

He spoke briefly of the growth and aims of the Audubon Society, mentioning particularly, the importance of its junior membership.

His lecture was illustrated by interesting and amusing pictures of the native birds of New England. He closed his talk with a very sincere plea for the preservation of bird life.

BEWARE OF JOINT MEETINGS.

Do you recall the notice read last week in the dining room?

"Joint" meeting of Juniors and Seniors in room 113? Did that sound suspicious or arouse direful forebodings of calamity? Absolutely no. but a large number of Juniors and Seniors who came found themselves cunningly trapped in room 113 with Dr. Morris guarding the door and the choice of either taking the Alpha Army Test or, if seriously objecting, of leaving the room. What a dilemma. What an uncomfortable situation in which to be placed. To get up deliberately and walk out would surely betray feeble-mindedness, while to stay and take the test might actually prove it.

But escape was impossible. So after invoking the deities in all known languages, the captive students tightened their nerves, left loose and jangling by recent exams, and resolved to do or die. Evidently some nerves suffered from overstrain and snapped as the following answers prove.

Question: "How many legs has a PADUAN? Two, four, six eight
Answer: "Eight."

But has he, considering that a PADUAN is only an inhabitant of Padua?

Question: "Who was the author of "Treasure Island?" Stevenson, Kipling, Keats?

Answer: "Kipling."
Well, Well!

Question: "Is a silo used in fishing, hunting, farming?"

Answer: "Hunting."
Picture the bold hunter faring forth with a SILO over his shoulder.

Question: "What is an iguana?"

Answer: ".....!"

KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES FROM SYRIA.

American University,

Beirut, Syria, Jan. 7, 1920.

The candles of Twelfth Night are still burning for you, while I'm up to greet the sunrise of another day, leaping in golden haze from behind the cold, dark silhouette of Sunnin, the highest mountain here in the foothills

(Continued on page 2, column 3.)

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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ASSISTANT ART AND PUBLICITY EDITOR

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Dean Nye

ALUMNAE CONTRIBUTOR

Virginia Rose

it occur to you that it's even a better time of the year for college girls at least to make new resolutions than at New Year's? We take new breath, new life and again join the ranks. Isn't it fitting now to dedicate a few vows to our rebirth? Why not arrange our schedule so that we can spare at least an hour a day for good, substantial reading? If you would but consider a moment you will see where you can spare even more than an hour. But don't do it! Start moderately. Alas! How many good resolutions have come to naught because we promised ourselves too much. And then if you feel you must do some more reading, give up about fifteen minutes to the newspapers. Don't you ever feel out of it when current events are being discussed? Physical Isolation should not involve mental isolation.

There are heaps of other good and absolutely necessary resolutions we might mention here, but we'll finish with an earnest plea for the head-waitress, and let you think of the rest. Personally we think it's just as easy to sit in your own assigned seat as in the wrong one. However, that is merely a personal view. From all accounts most people don't seem to think so. But it does help the efficiency of the dining room. And if you want food, ask the head-waitress. She's usually amenable to reason. Resolve always to ask for food. Don't think what you can get away with is yours—it isn't. It still belongs to the dining room. Think it over. Here's your last chance to make good this year! B. F. '22.

FREE SPEECH.

[The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.]

To the Editor:—Contrary to rumor, and a most elaborate obituary, Savanarola yet lives on. But e'ens have been frosty, and steam has been slow, and all our inspirations have sought us after the casements have been cautiously opened, and blankets have been piled high. And, apropos of the above, we have never acquired the habit of storing pen, pad, and flashlight under our pillow, where all "king thoughts" seek us out.

We are rather discouraged with our pen efforts to right the world. We are such an infinitesimal bit of human frailty—to attempt to instill grit into a body of girls who don't think it a necessary virtue, or to make an author finish a story when she quite obviously *can't*. Humans are as they are—and they *are* so queer. Our grave and august Seniors can do no wrong. We would think not! Yet, a deliberately pitiful insult, engendered by a few pitifully narrow Seniors who could not see beyond their own petty prejudices, to a regard-for-the-other-fellow's-feelings, courtesy, plain common decency, was passed at a January class meeting. That a few staunch souls, appreciating eagerness to cooperate, and a steadier judgment, tried to turn the vote, is an everlasting tribute to the judgment of the class who has chosen these girls as leaders through its educational explorations. That the cloudy-minded persons were blessed with tongue to persuade and sway those on the fence to the commission of a wholly despicable action, is only indication that wrong is still on the throne—even here.

But after all, we can but descry. We cannot remedy the wrong. Our Italian predecessor himself, could not break *all* the golden images and statues. And after a few were broken—what good did it do!

But we are still ever for the joust. May we not meet the Black Knight sometime on the *News* field of battle?

SAVANAROLA.

KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES FROM SYRIA.

(Continued from page 1, column 4.)

of the Lebanon. A north wind is driving wild waves against the rocky point below the lighthouse where I live with the Chemistry Professor and his family. We live in the upstairs half of an old Syrian house, stone, with flat roof.

Tripoli lies about forty miles north and Sidon, twenty-five south. It's just ten minutes' walk, past the lighthouse, one minaret, and the Moslem school, to the college grounds, which cover about fifteen acres, a prep department, as well as the college itself which includes a Medical, Dental, Engineering, Scientific and Classical departments. And there are cypress trees, and pepper groves, and tennis courts and glimpses of the great bay of St. George between long vistas of eucalyptus trees and "Kharubs!" The college owns about forty acres in all, including the Clinics and Hospitals where nurses and doctors from all over Syria come to study.

The Faculty School has recently moved into a new school building, set back from the lighthouse road, at the end of a cactus alley, opposite the college grounds. It is well built on the same plan as all other houses here: square and high-walled, with a circular window high up above the casement ones. We occasionally have slug visitors on our walls, and in the fall had popular lizard friends who come daily to see the fun.

As for the children—they are all American with the exception of a little English girl, and two English boys, sons of one of the big doctors in the Clinic. We are thirty-one! I have arithmetic (7 and 8), English (7 and 8), Geography (6 and 7), Algebra (8 and 12), Caesar and first year Latin prose. It fills up each day's work to the brim, but is vastly satisfying, leaving only Algebra and Caesar for homework. It's so absurd to be teaching behind a teacher's lens. Sometimes it comes over me with a dizzying sense of unreality, and I grope around for someone to blow away the mist.

The American community has taken us in so cordially that we are overwhelmed by the one-family feeling that is evident everywhere we go—at the Consulate Dance, the Community Thanksgiving feast, the wonderful Christmas gaieties.

Mary Rouse, a Smith '19 girl, who came out with me, now working in the bacteriology department of the Hospital, is a kindred soul worth going around the world to find. We make time for bats, hikes, talks, and walks on every occasion, belonging to Tennis Club, Choral, and Book Review. Three weekly reunions when the Staff of the college, as well as the professors and their wives get together for jollification. Being four or five female-strong against the crowd of twenty-two men this year, means extra A. W. O. L.'S!!! Most of them are Amherst, Princeton, and Oberlin graduates, but there are representatives from almost every small college in the Union—even Whitman, Walla Walla! The suggestion and helps are numerous, and the methods and materials amazing.

The development of the Engineering and Medicine Departments, has helped much to counter-act the strictly "missionary" atmosphere which I was half dreading, being an honest minister's daughter! It's a wonderful place; the faculty are original, cooperative, and progressive; and the strangeness of cactus-alleys, braying donkeys crowded bazaars, and red-fezzed Syrians has still the fascination of a continued Arabian-Night's Dream.

It seems like a dream, now that we're all settled down for our long winter's work—that ever there were such glories as the days of the Atlantic, with glimpses of the Azores

and Gibraltar; a vivid week of Naples and Rome; (Sept. 20th celebrated by the underground, torch-lighted visit to the tombs of Calixtus and the bones of the martyrs); eight days on the Mediterranean, stopping long enough at Crete for a carriage ride in the heat of the day to the birthplace of Venezelos, shaded by olive-groves and high-walled gardens; at Kalamata for a swim on the beach at the foot of the "kalos monte" in full-moon-light; in Cairo four days, with a desert trip to Sakkara on four loping camels; and, the day before we reached the Promised Land, a trip to the top of Mt. Carmel to lunch in the little French hotel with the Greek sign, and feel the wide sweep of wind blowing over the pines and kharub trees, smelling sweet with heather and little purple flowers that grew in the fields where we sat and watched the sea curving around below the eagle-poised monastery.

Although it's January now, and the day only nine hours long, roses are blooming in the Close's garden, and oranges ripening everywhere! The heroine of "Matches" puts it for us, too, when she says "the days are crisp and hard around the edges but warm in the middle." None of the houses are heated, and being stone, give out a cold clammy, clinging dampness. But the minute you are out in the sun, even a sweater is too much!

The afternoon of Armistice Day four of us, including my brother (—and it's pretty fine to have him so near!) hiked out across the windy stretch of Sandy Beach to Ousszey, in a blinding, glorious rain storm, following the coast all the way, stopping to wring out the water from our clothes in deserted sand-houses built against the cliffs. The surf was magnificent; I'd never seen anything so tremendous before, huge breakers fourteen feet high dashing against the limestone headlands and swirling around in foaming eddies in the ragged coves where on calm days the swimming is wonderful. At Ousszey four roads meet, where the velvet mountain coverlet of small, green pines comes down from the mountain-villages of Aleh and Suk el Gharab. The son of the Principal of the Prep, came to meet us at the crossroads, and carried us home in high glory in the Ford!! wrapped up in steamer rugs like conquering chiefs silent in their splendor! Hot cocoa and an open fire at Marquandt House greeted our return to civilization.

Mid-year's come during the middle of February out here. It was during the first exams last year at that time that the snow-scare came. . . the first snow they'd had in Beirut for over fifty years! The Egyptian students were so frightened and worked up by superstition that they couldn't go back to classes! Although the higher mountains have been covered with snow for two months now, they say the winter will be milder than usual. Oh, for the sound of crisp, crunching snow under foot, and "the quick frost catching your breath!"

Letters from Frankie Barlow, Miriam, Constance Hill and others have told of C. C. doings. And five copies of the *News* have been eagerly devoured. It takes mail three and sometimes four weeks to cross the two oceans, but news even a half-year

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

WITH THE FACULTY.

On Sunday, February 13th, at East Northfield, Massachusetts, President Marshall will speak at the Northfield Seminary.

On Monday, February 14th, President Marshall will address the Greenwich College Club.

Miss Julia Turner is spending a month's vacation with her sister in Pinehurst, North Carolina.

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S-S-SHUSH.

In the libe.
In the dorms.
In chapel
At meals—

(One almost expects to hear it in church.)

The long drawn out sibilant
S-S-SHUSH.

Does it arouse your ire, and make you want to break something, anything to show your derision of authority? If so it unquestionably defeats its purpose. Of course it requires a little more effort to search out the offender and speak a tactful and timely word but it would doubtless be more effective and would be received with better spirit. We advise the spoken word and would fain put the *tabu* on *shush*.

ON RESOLUTION.

After mid-years seems a wonderful time for a real clean-up. We clean out our notebooks, our pens, our book-cases, and in general get ready for the second semester. We rearrange our rooms, try a new coiffeur we've wanted to assume for long, get rid of all the material with which our brains have been buzzing for a whole semester, and start in the new work with clear heads and active minds. Of course, we're presupposing that most of us are allowed thus to array ourselves for the fray of another half-year. Perhaps a few have been gently but firmly advised that home is the best place after all. But in any kind of a battle we must expect to lose a few members per Ce n'importe.

But in this general sweep-up, doesn't

WATCH THIS SPACE!

The queer group has been quiet! All these past days have we heard no word from them! The stillness before the storm? Gone is the pencil from the pink ear, and gone are the fluttering papers. But hush! What is this we hear! The turning of leaves (book not tree), thick leaves, large gray leaves, between stiff black covers. Black, brown, golden heads pore over the pages and young voices murmur, "Ah, this is too small, but this one will do." "A Brownie 2A!"

We feel we are on the track. Our ears know! and our ears have been with us just as long as our bones, and have done right valiant service!

A disclosure will be made soon.
WATCH THIS SPACE!

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS.

In a teachers' training course to be given in New London President Marshall will lead the first half of each session with a discussion of the international lesson for the next Sunday. The last half of the session will be led by Dr. Morris for four evenings beginning February 10. His subjects will be "The Psychology of a Class," "The Instincts of Children," "Habit Formation in Children," and "The Teacher and the Child."

Professor Kellogg will speak for the next four evenings on "The New Scholarship and the Old Bible," "The Canon of Scripture," "Old Testament Literature," "New Testament Literature" and Professor Wells will address the teachers for four evenings on "The Literature of the Bible."

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**PERSONALLY CONDUCTED
TOUR OF THE C. C. O. C.
OVER THE COCHEGAN
BOULDER.**

At two o'clock on the afternoon of January 29th, the college bus, crowded with faculty and students, tooted its horn at the gym, then bounced and bumped over the road until it reached the old Witch-hazel mill beyond Montville. Here, the bus stopped and sure enough the C. C. O. C. really was going to do a little hiking. We followed the Stony Brook road about two miles away from the main highway and came to the boulder. It was a hazardous climb even for seasoned hikers, over the Cohegan boulder. The rickety, weather-beaten ladder afforded a perilous foothold. Indeed, —this boulder brings forth many Indian legends of Uncas' holding forth in a garnet chair under the rock. All hikers should carry chisels when scrambling over boulders—they might find some garnets. Miss Black was admonished by the conductor of her failure to tell the children the stories of the rock. Cohegan boulder is said to be erratic, having been transported to this spot during the Glacial Period. —and is about as large as Winthrop House. That may seem incredible but it's the truth,—just go and see it! The club plans to have a trip every Saturday, with a leader appointed for each trip. The area covered will be in the vicinity of the college for a radius of 20 miles.

Do you like to hike—to explore the country and to see the sights around New London?—Then,—go on the next trip of the C. C. O. C.

**KATHRYN HULBERT WRITES
FROM SYRIA.**

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.)

late is better than none at all. Now that the new year and first term of readjustment have brought an even balance in the week's work, I hope to keep more closely in touch with you all. . . . There are times when Blackstone fire-place looms up warm with memories.

Tonight in West Hall (the Brotherhood Building here, corresponding to the Y. M. C. A. and Student's Hall). Mr. Wooley, Director of the British Museum Expedition to Carchemish, is to give the third of his series of five lectures on the Archaeological History of Syria. He's recently figured as one of the hits in a British play given in the American Community on New Year's Eve. . . . "The Bathroom Door," have you read it? They gave "Spreading the News" on the same night, and turned the proceeds over to the Syrian Day Nursery which is run entirely by the Brotherhood. Greeks, Moslems, Egyptians, and Druse students all belong to this. . . . In some ways its very like our Service League. . . . I'm trying to get a copy of their preamble to send to Evelene, before Mid-year's.

THE DREAM.

A pale, nebulous crescent, the moon arose
And caressed with silvery touch
The sleeping, swaying lily
Whose petals, white and cool, un-
tainted,
Closed o'er its depth of gold.

A glittering, gliding thing, the serpent crept
And gleamed—weird, nauseous coils
That dragging, twisting, writhing,
Left crushed the dark, moist earth
And broken the dew-wet grass.

I saw your soul in the heart of that flower
As I stood near, chained mist
And in aching torture my unseen arms
Stretched out to you; but in whistling lament
Like the sighing of spent wind, the words,
Dropped from my mournful lips.

The serpent slid near and still more near
And reared on its coils a green, dank head
Whose eyes swam in yellow, unholy desire
To tear and sear your cold, pure blossom
And foul your gold with its slime.
By unseen, evil power, the lily swayed and bent
And the green, dank head lifted, eager to sate its lust.
My fettered soul, bared in agony, quivering,
Screamed aloud unto God. The crescent moon shadowed;
My soul was unchained; NO more was I thrall of the dream.

BOOKS WE RECOMMEND.

Babs, Sub-Deb.....Romola
The Age of Innocence.....Beulah
The Unspeakable Perk....Kay Culver
The Sower of Seeds.....Ruth Rose
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
.....Mineola Miller
This Side of Paradise.....Caroline
Making Life Worth While.....
.....Florence Hopkins
J'Accuse!.....Jessie
Seat(s) of the Mighty.....Dr. Wells

PLAYS ON REVIEW.

The Truth.....Stick
Beyond Human Power.....
.....The "Intelligenti"
Suppressed Desires.....
.....Training Table for the Obese
The Varmint.....Les
Mollie-Make-Believe.....
.....Minnie Kreykenbohm
The Great Divide.....Gay
MACHIAVELLI.

Policeman, respectfully to woman driving the wrong way on a one-way street, "Madam, I'm sorry, but this is a one-way street."
Madam, haughtily and icily, "Well, can't you see I'm only going one way?"

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TAIL LIGHTS.

Barbara Ashenden wishes to announce that she purchased a wedding ring at the auction and now the only thing missing is the man.

Stomach tubes are coming into their own—the stomach. Miss McKee's physiological chemistry class had to swallow one as part of the mid-year examinations. It took Jennie Hippolitus exactly one hour. Helen Tryon, however, distinguished herself—and nearly extinguished herself—by gulping it down in the record time of 15 minutes.

Extract from Sociology 1-2 exam.: "The family has improved. We used to have polygamy, but now we have monopoly."

John Doe is *not* dead. We wish to contradict the former statement. We thought he was dead but he isn't. Richard Roe, too, is still treading this mortal sphere. We heard of them both in Ec. 11-12 this A. M.

The gym resembled a pawn shop Thursday night when leaky fountain pens and umbrellas went for 25 cents and \$1.00, and perfectly good coats and sweaters for a nickel.

It would seem the Freshmen are degenerating, if marks in Hygiene have anything to say about it. Did you ever meet anyone who knew why a cold was called a cold—or why one is prone to colds in December and not in May? It strikes us that these are a bit elementary even for Freshmen.

"China plate to Mike"
"Willow Ware"

But the question is Will-it-wear!

Fumes of Blackstone—after the onion party! No wonder every one else made cocoa!

We hear that some of the Faculty object to our wearing black shoes—with green stockings—with blue skirts. Can we not manage to conform with the wishes and tastes of our preceptors by wearing green shoes with our green skirts and green stockings. We would suggest the usual "Paris Green" for metamorphosing, if finances are too low to enable us to purchase new commodities.

Proposed reform in dining hall. Shift seats often and frequently so that one does not sit with one's little chums. The resulting quiet is astonishing.

Why should a person complain of a chronic stye on the left eye if she will look constantly at a blinding light on shall we say—the left hand?

DISSENSION ON COUNCIL.

There's a certain member of Council (she's addicted to wearing a red knitted sash) who openly vows her intention of voting *no* if ever the important question of punishing Grace Fisher comes up again. Grace has proved much too fertile in devising means of torture for the aforesaid red belted individual's peace of mind.

TIME UP.
Yea-a-a! Mascot.

EXCHANGE.

IN THEIR RECENT EXAM. ISSUE. MT. HOLYOKE SUGGESTS THE FOLLOWING EXAMS. FOR THE FACULTY:

I. Outline the least offensive method of conducting chapel service, including the following points:

a. Nineteen fresh and original methods of introducing the Lord's Prayer and your personal theories as to how often the congregation may be induced to repeat said prayer in one service.

b. Demonstration by the use of diagram of the best means of shutting off a speaker at 8.55 sharp.

c. Discussion of the maintenance of composure under the following circumstances: dog fight in the vestibule, hiccupping of the organ, total absence of the senior class, sophomore falling over balcony railing.

II. Make a rough estimate of the number of times you have inscribed, in quiz books and papers, the following comments, and, if possible, explain what they mean:

Well written, forceful, entertaining, vigorous, colorful, pleasing, vague, inadequate, slipshod.

III. Compile a syllabus for the study of Saturday night chaperoning as a science, include a complete survey of the modern dances, their development and probable origin: qualifications for an ideal chaperon; methods of discriminating between the toddle and the camel walk; and a discussion of cheek-to-cheek versus chin-to-ear.

Hunter had a joyous celebration on January 8th when the Associate Alumnae gathered under the college roof-tree.

Goucher has inaugurated a new custom—a Sunday eve "Fireside Hour" when the students gather around an open fire and sing old-fashioned songs.

Vassar held an ice carnival on Pratt Lake on Tuesday last. Bonfires, bands, hot dogs and doughnuts made the affair a great success.

Extracts from Washington Irving High School Freshmen intelligence tests:

Question: Are you a boy or a girl?
Answer: I am an Episcopalian.

Question: Tell whether each of the following words is used in law, medicine, or theology.

Answer: Larceny is used in medicine.

Question: Are all barbers wealthy?
Answer: (by all Italian girls) Yes!

Question: Should a teacher be habitually tardy?
Answer: (playing safe) Yes!

A little boy came with his class to the American Book Co. to give a reading demonstration and was taken out afterwards for ice-cream. It was a new delicacy to him. Asked to give his favorite flavor, he thought for a moment, and then said "finnan-haddie."

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