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Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 17

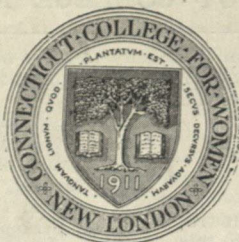
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STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

ANOTHER SONG COMPETITION IS IN PROGRESS.

Wanted: Funny Songs and Songs of College Life.

Do you remember the lively time we had last year when each class vied with the others in producing the best original song to our Alma Mater? Do you remember the hard work on the part of a noble few who composed music or created verses to fit that music or some other favorite tune? Do you remember also the final day, after the hours of faithful practicing, when you with your class proudly and heartily sang your "Alma Mater" and other songs?

Now, Mr. Weld and the Cheer Leaders have arranged for a similar competition. This time the aim is to have a drive for good, short, peppy class or college songs. Each class, in turn, will take up the first fifteen or twenty minutes of the Thursday night community sings, with their part in the competition.

So now it is up to each member of each class to work, and work hard to make her class win. Don't wait for inspiration—just go ahead and make up a good, jolly song set to a lively tune. Here's a chance to show your spirit, to show where you stand in your class! On Thursday night, Feb. 24th, the Freshmen will take their turn, followed by the other classes in order on successive Thursday nights. All come!

JUNIORS SELL EATABLES.

"All kinds of sandwiches,—tuna, pimento, and onion; apple pie, peach pie, cream puffs, chocolate éclairs, cream doughnuts, apple tarts!" Thus shout the criers on their rounds through all the dormitories. And they are well rewarded for their pains; long before the staggeringly insatiable appetites of the inmates are appeased, the wail of "Sell out" brings misery to the hungry mob.

Need it be explained that the Juniors are selling food every Monday, Wednesday and Friday night for the benefit of the Prom. fund? Thanks to the loyal services of the members of '22 and to the royal appetites of all concerned, the committee is enabled to report \$17.50 as net income for the past week.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GUM- CHEWING

There is, it would lately appear, a place and time for everything—even the humble gum! On campus it has at last come into its own. Of course, much may be said on its quiescent properties; there is no surer nerve calmer. And, probably, after the strain of the past month many nerves need calming. But, we ask you, isn't it still just a bit disconcerting to turn your eyes from the pleasureable contemplation of the concert violinist, and find a shapely jaw in your vicinity, moving slowly and rhythmically after the manner of the dreamy bovine?

We admit that the stenographer's fingers move more swiftly; that the athlete's ball flies with surer aim, for the aid of a small strip of gum. Per-

(Continued on page 2, column 1.)

FRENCH PLAY ARRIVES MARCH 5.

L'HOMME QUI EPOUSA UNE FEMME MUETTE.

The French Play which is to be given Saturday evening, March 5th, will be preceded by a short lecture in English on the life of the author, Anatole France, given by Miss Ernst. The story of the play is founded on a brief message in Rabelais' "Lives, Heroic Deeds and Sayings of Gargantua and His Son Pantagruel," where one of Rabelais' characters tells of a joyous incident in his student days at the University of Montpelier. This can best be given in the rich and racy old English translation by Sir Thomas Urquhart.

"I was there with you when we acted the moral comedy of him who had espoused and married a dumb wife," quoth Epistemon. "The good, honest man, her husband, was very earnestly urgent to have the fillet of her tongue untied, and would needs have her speak by any means. At his desire some pains were taken on her, and partly by the industry of the physician, other part by the expertness of the surgeon, the encyliglotte which she had under her tongue being cut, she spoke, and spoke again; yea, within a few hours she spoke so loud, so much, so fiercely, and so long, that her poor husband returned to the same physician for a recipe to make her hold her peace. 'There are,' quoth the physician, 'many proper remedies in our art to make dumb women speak, but there are none that ever I could learn therein to make them silent. The only cure which I have found out is their husbands' deafness.' The wretch became within a few weeks thereafter, by virtue of some drugs, charms or enchantments, which the physician had prescribed unto him, so deaf, that he could not have heard the thundering of nineteen hundred cannon at a salvo. His wife, perceiving that indeed he was as deaf as a doornail, and that her scolding was but in vain, sith that he heard her not, she grew stark mad."

"Then, the doctor asking for his fee, the husband answered that truly he was deaf, and so was not able to understand what the tenour of this demand might be. Whereupon the leech dusted him with a little, I know not what sort of powder, which rendered him a fool immediately, so great was the stultifying virtue of that strange kind of pulverized dose. Then did this fool of a husband and his mad wife join together, and, falling on the doctor and the surgeon, did so scratch, bethwack, and bang them, that they were left half dead upon the place, so furious were the blows which they received. I never in all my lifetime laughed so much as at the acting of that buffonery."

BASKETBALL SCHEDULE.

March 2—Juniors vs. Seniors.
March 3—Freshmen vs. Sophomores.
March 8—Sophomores vs. Seniors.
March 10—Juniors vs. Freshmen.
March 16—Sophomores vs. Juniors.
March 17—Freshmen vs. Seniors.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

MR. AND MRS. GRIFFITH ARE WITH US AGAIN. MR. CHILD SINGS.

On Monday evening, February 21st, the annual Washington Birthday Party was held in the gymnasium. Graceful colonial maidens and stalwart cavaliers,—all powdered and be-wigged, lent a festive atmosphere to the occasion, and a rare treat in the way of a musical program was afforded,—with Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Griffith of Boston, whom we welcomed again with great pleasure, at the violin and piano, and Mr. Fred Child of New York, tenor, as soloist. Mr. Bauer acted as accompanist. The program was as follows:

Songs of Home Smetana
Romanza Chadwick
Guitarre Moszkowski
Mr. Griffith.
O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me? Handel
Bergere Legère Old French
Come, Sweet Morning
.....Old French Melody
Mr. Child.
La Media Noche Aviles
Nobody Knows the Trouble I've
Seen Traditional Negro Melody
En Bateau De Bussy
Hymn to the Sun.....Rimsky-Korsokoff
Mr. Griffith.
Supplication La Forge
My Little House Pierce
Response Brown
There is No Death.....O'Hara
Mr. Child.
Minuet Hochstein
The Voice of Autumn (in manu-
script) Grant-Schaefer
Introduction and Tarentelle.....Sarasate
Mr. Griffith.
Tes Yeux Rabey
E lucevan le stelle (Tosca).....Puccini
Mr. Child.
Violin Obligato:—
Mr. Griffith.

A NEW AFFLICTION HAS REACHED CAMPUS.

It has been the custom since the college began to have exams twice a year. They were announced in advance and many students with the aid of sundry cups of coffee and the proverbial mid-night oil prepared for the approaching ordeal.

But, the day of reckoning arrived when all were to have an equal chance. Often were they warned of the evils which would result from the war and of the necessity of preparing to meet them but little did they realize, living in this sequestered habitation, that during their college career they would be confronted with any of those maladies which grew out of the war. But, alas, it was one of the most trusted instructors of this institution who brought back, along with a gas-mask and hob-nailed shoes, that affliction so prevalent throughout the army camps, the Alpha Intelligence Test, and inflicted it upon the entire student body.

Behold the results:—
Test of Common Sense:—
(1) Why ought a grocer to own an automobile? *Because it uses rubber tires.* (Certainly an asset to the Good Year Rubber Co.)

(Continued on page 3, column 1.)

"WOMEN IN BUSINESS"

MISS EUGENIA WALLACE SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION.

The Greatest Demand is for Personality.

At Convocation on February fifteenth, Miss Eugenia Wallace, head of the Employment Bureau of the New York Y. W. C. A., gave us one of the most interesting and instructive lectures we have had this year. Her subject of "Women and Business" held a strong appeal, for sooner or later, nearly every college girl intends to have some kind of a business career. Miss Wallace dwelt particularly on the requisites for different kinds of business, and told us how to prepare ourselves for positions that offer the greatest opportunities. An accurate knowledge of typewriting is apt to be useful in any profession. All through her lecture, Miss Wallace emphasized the value of personality. Business men say, "We want girls with personality." They do not want the shallow girl, but one who has depth of character. The girl who comes into the office in the morning with a smile, and a cheerful word for her fellow-workers is apt to succeed. Combined with this she needs punctuality, health, correct dress, and a keen mentality. Miss Wallace warned the college girl against over-rating her services. Many girls without previous business experience demand fabulous salaries, and, when asked why, say, "Because I have been to college." Experience is one of the greatest assets to success. Miss Wallace strongly advised working up from the ranks in any business. Watch for promotion and see that you get it. If a girl does a thing well, there is a tendency to keep her at it instead of promoting her, and this is a thing a business girl who wishes to rise must guard against. There is great demand for the college woman in all fields of business, therefore if she really loves her work, if she goes into it with the right spirit, if she is determined to get ahead, she is sure to be successful. And after all, the secret of success is the art of making people believe in you.

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Mandolin Club is holding its regular meetings every Tuesday evening in Blackstone basement. At these meetings, the club has been practicing the new music which has been recently received for the concert to be given in the spring. The concert of last year was considered very successful and it is hoped that this coming event will be an even greater success. However, to make it so, it will be necessary for all members to be present at all the future meetings.

CREW!

At present we are unable to give definite information regarding the campaign to be launched for Crew Funds. The most we can say is that great plans are afoot. The Freshman and Sophomore classes are working together on the first of a series of functions, to be continued by the Juniors and Seniors. In a later issue this space will be used for further announcement.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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SOUP AND FISH.

This is not to tell you how to make a one-piece dress suitable for every occasion, though undoubtedly a single garment with tam, middy, and riding trousers as its foundation would be infinitely useful. They undoubtedly go together. Therefore why stop at less than the complete outfit when you dress for dinner if you concede the tam as suitable to the formality of the occasion? If you feel comfortable at dinner only if you wear a midddy (in spite of the urging you may have endured to become used to yourself in something else), think how much more comfortable you'd be in the riding breeches or bloomers that one usually wears with a midddy! Why dinner at all? Need the third meal of the day bear the weight of a name? By just removing the restriction that the word dinner implies all would be free to appear garbed for action ranging from the dance to the bacon bat. Oft criticized convention would be freed and the appearance of the despised garment would be tolerated.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GUM-CHewing.

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

Perhaps an analogy is existent here. Perhaps the chewer had anticipated flights of harmony into the realms of high C., and had thought best to prepare her nerves for the ordeal. Perhaps the ears can be more attentive and the heart and mind more receptive and appreciative, if the dental orifice is engaged.

However useful from a physical or medical standpoint, viewed from the

artistic it is, as yet, too recent an innovation to appeal, and adds little or nothing to the attractiveness of the aspect of the assembly.

AUNT SAMANTHA.

FREE SPEECH.

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

To the Editor:—

In your last issue of the *News* there appeared a letter from the mysterious person who has adopted the name "Savonarola," and who under the protection of this name has been expressing her opinion of college affairs. May I ask you, dear Editor, just what policy your *News* Staff has adopted in regard to the matter of open letters?

During the two and one-half years in which I was a member of the Staff, it was always customary for every open letter to be signed. If the author of the letter did not desire to have her name printed with the article, she might sign it as she desired. But the Editor-in-Chief and all the members of the Staff knew who wrote the article, and upon question they always disclosed the name of the individual. I do not believe this was a written law, but rather an understood matter of courtesy and honor on the part of the staff toward its readers. Would it not be well if the Staff should discuss this point and decide what they want this policy to be? Of course, I realize that there are many obvious reasons why it might be at times convenient not to disclose the name of the writer, but I think these arguments are far outweighed by the fact that your "protective policy" followed so far this year, allows a girl to express herself too freely and almost to forget the laws of common courtesy and politeness.

I am a firm believer in the matter of free speech, for only in the light of everyone's opinion can human relationships be adjusted with fairness to every individual. But I do not believe in free speech when it becomes a means of vicious attack upon others and of unkind insinuation against others. Free Speech should be a means of expressing arguments pro and con, a means of constructive criticism but not a means of cruel "slamming" and destructive criticism. If a person desires to make such statements, let her do it under her own name, but really do you not think it rather unwise for a college organization to protect a girl in such an action? Please do not think, Dear Editor, that I desire to know who this mysterious girl is—for I hope I never shall learn her name; I am sorry to feel that we can possibly have in our midst a girl who would seek the protection of an assumed name to become so very discourteous. Sometimes, yes often, under the impulse of the moment, under the pressure of our excited feelings, we are apt to give vent to very strong statements. We are ashamed of them afterwards, and weakly we try to excuse them on the grounds of sudden passion. This, I admit, is a poor excuse, but I can at least see some ground for it. Whereas the person who slowly and deliberately, and with forethought, seeks an assumed name and then proceeds to "slam" under the protection of that name, can surely not find any excuse in this latter argument. The defence of such an action becomes a question of honor.

Perhaps before this, the need has never arisen for a definite policy concerning open letters. Continually in any new organization of community such as we have on this hill-top necessities are arising and it is the fulfillment of these necessities which builds up the organization. Thus perhaps, the time has now come for the *News* Staff to adopt a policy governing its open letter column. However, you

may already have a policy, and if you have, won't you make it clear to your readers?

And now may I make one more request? Would you be kind enough to publish the following letter to Savonarola, for only through the columns of the *News* am I able to reach this mysterious person, and I should like to ask her to substantiate her statements published in the college paper of February 11. Thank you.

EVELENE TAYLOR, 1921.

To Savonarola:—

As a Senior, may I ask you to prove the following statements, which appear in your letter to the "*News*"?

"Yet a deliberately spiteful 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."

Will you please publish all proofs of your attack in the next issue of the *News*?

EVELENE HAWTHORNE TAYLOR,
C. C. 1921.

To the Editor:—Is chapel becoming compulsory? This is a serious change since our rule for chapel has always been voluntary presence. But to one who has had the annoyance of being put out of the library at 8:50 it seems little less than compulsion. You must either sit on the stairs and improve the shining hours by looking at the ceiling, or perforce, go to chapel. Even when you don't feel in the mood, you must go because it gives you something to do instead of worrying about the theme at which you've been interrupted.

Is there anything so maddening as having to stop in the middle of an infrequent flow of eloquence—or when that 15 minutes will just allow you to finish the outside reading for the next class? Is not that 15 minutes ours to use as we will? And yet we can't will, when our work must be done in the library. Even if some girls do come in and chat, you can finish your particular work and stand it for fifteen minutes. And if they get too noisy you always have the privilege of shushing them. Of the two evils we would choose the lesser of having the library open.

It seems to me that we have the right to demand the library at chapel time, and that Council should seriously reconsider its action in the matter.

B. F. '22.

To the Editor:—At the recent Student Government meeting when the student body was asked what the punishment for smoking should be, two voices behind me hissed fiercely "expulsion." When I turned I faced the same expression of hard righteousness that I fancy must have accompanied the burning of old women at the stake, and the beating of children who laughed on the Sabbath. Just because some of us are so unfortunate as to have Puritan ancestors is it necessary to carry on the tradition of narrow-mindedness?

Tobacco is a little plant that grows with its leaves open to the sun like other little plants. It is harmless enough! It is picked and dried and rolled in clean white paper. Then it

is a cigarette and it immediately assumes a moral value. It is a thing to be shunned, it ruins the reputation of the college, it lowers the name of the girl who is associated with it. And yet it has no dreadful effect on the character; it is merely bad for the health and a waste of money as fudge sundaes are, or pickles, or spotted veils. One is allowed all kinds of personal freedom in one's fudge sundaes, one's pickles, and one's spotted veils, but then—this is different.

We see our fathers smoke and yet no burning crusader's spirit is aroused in our breasts. But with a woman—ah! again, that is different. Expulsion—yes! public humiliation, why not beating for this dreadful stain on the pure white garment of sweet womanhood?

But this is a country of majority rule which is quite right and just—and the minority must honorably uphold the decision of the majority whether it be based on reason or on prejudice.

M. O'K.

We don't think it would be a bad plan at all if the Physical Education Department would allow us walks these fine days, instead of indoor gymnasium work. Or if that plan wouldn't work out very well, the girls with colds and other slight ailments should be given the hour for a bracing walk in the air. We tried this to advantage the other day and that's why we advocate the plan.

FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF HYGIENE.

Once upon an 'eve of moonshine,
In the Freshman house of Deshon,
Midnight lights were burning brightly,
Girls in flannelette pajamas
Were upon their knees on pillows
Drawing round their feet with crayons,
Drawing round their evening slippers,
Drawing round their pumps and ox-fords.

On into the night they labored,
"I don't see?" said one small damsel
To her roommate on the crex rug,
"Why my foot should change in shape
so

When I put my weight upon it.
Just like Cinderella's sister,
I shall have to cut my toes off,
So my shoes may fit me truly,
So my hygiene may be well marked."
"It is shocking," said another,
"How French heels look, drawn on
paper?"

"Do you think my bed-room slipper
Will expose an outline proper
For my shoe 'most sensible'?"—So,
On into the night they labored,
Drawing round their toes and slippers,
On the floor in their pajamas.

E. H. H. '24.

POETRY DEFINED.

If a poet
Is a maker
As the ancient
Greeks agree,
What he makes then
Is a poem;
'Tis as plain as
A. B. C.
So I find my
Definition
In my ety-
Mology.

Melodious and measured words
With cadence strong and free,
Bringing God's message down to man—
That, I name poetry.

To reach men's hearts by measured
words
For long years I essayed,
May God, some day, speak through
my lips,
Behold, a poem made!

AIROLG RETSILLOH

Watch This Space!

**Come to the
Gymnasium
Wednesday
Night**

It Will Happen

**A NEW AFFLICTION HAS
REACHED CAMPUS.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

(2) A machine gun is more deadly than a rifle, because it was invented more recently. (What are we coming to?)

(3) If a drunken man is quarrelsome and insists on fighting you, it is usually better to leave him alone. (Pacifist and ultra democratic).

(4) Trees roses sea and in grow the . . . true . . . false (Natural history up-to-date).

(5) Love we wrong those us always who . . . true . . . false. (My! My! Idealism runs rampant).

(6) The Holstein is a kind of goat. (Of course, doesn't it give milk?)

(7) The Plymouth Rock is a kind of granite. (If not cooked sufficiently).

(8) Carrie Chapman Catt is known as a singer. (Meow! Meow!)

(9) Cambrie is a dance (?)

(10) The spark plug belongs in the crank case. (Now I ask you)

(11) Eucalyptus is a machine. (Sounds rather diabolical).

(12) A silo is used in fishing. (Slightly unwieldy on rough water).

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EXCHANGES.

More and more colleges are coming to realize the value of their natural resources and are forming outing clubs. Mount Holyoke is enthusiastic over the idea of such a club for which it is making extensive plans.

To enlist the support of the College in giving up rich food between meals and to secure 100% subscription towards the European Relief Fund, Smith girls are urged to take the pledge, "I will not go to a tea-house or drug store between meals for anything but tea, coffee, or cocoa and toast from now until Easter and will give \$0.25 (.20, .15, .10, .05) a week to the European Relief Fund."

Trinity's drive for a larger endowment will be started this spring, according to announcement made by President Ogilby following a luncheon given by him for prominent alumni at the University Club in Hartford.

At Columbia 31,000 students have been enrolled this year, a 35% gain over last year. This makes Columbia the largest educational institution in the world.

Middlebury has opened a drive for funds for the Chinese Relief Commission, which is being conducted by the Student Volunteer Band. The commission seeks to relieve acute famine conditions prevailing in the Orient, which threaten over 45,000,000 people with starvation. Six cents will save one life for a day, two dollars for one month, and twelve will provide sufficient food for one person until the next harvest.

Concerning handsome campus guest: "I wonder how he can escape so many avid females!" "Must be single-minded."—Vassar Miscellany News.

Honorable Parent:—

It causes me great grief that you, for one moment, should consider me neglected in writing to you. You and I have agreed that uninteresting letters are a crime; I have not wanted to be a criminal. Right now, I wish to state that my mental condition is your fault. "Why for?" you ask.

Remember once you said I'd look cunning with short hair? Well, my head at present possesses short hairs which have and intimate nothing cunning, cute or kittenish. My bobbed condition gives me torments with all the local color of the nether regions. I am shorn of all the golden glin's. I cannot curl the mop left me. I dare not brush it for it sticks out in vengeful spikes and from my forehead it slides back in limp, pathetic strings. It looks as though I had used every method of waving, curling and amputating, with extraordinary results. My neck, slender in its white grace, shows

up from under the spikes and strings and down-trodden tendrils with all the meek length of a blond giraffe. You may think me blessed (?) with wondrous imagination, but I tell you in truth that from the top of my pate to the last inch of my neck the distance is exactly two dozen cubits. I can tell by the way my nerve impulses travel every time anyone gazes upon either of those extremities.

Father, is there any insanity in your family? Have you kept something from me that I should have known? And, if so, how could you!

I wake up with a cold perspiration on both feet and a wild shriek about to issue forth—from my agonized lips! I wake up at weird hours after having fought exhaustively with devilish Blue Sunday enthusiasts who insist upon sewing my removed tresses back into my scalp, hair by hair, with an awfully long thread in the needle. It's a fact! I wake up, clutching what is left of my head with avid hands, and babbling of home, mother, barber-shops and long hair! When I discover no devilish creatures about me I bury my head in the pillow and my shoulder-blades heave with wild, raucous laughter.

I can't stand this much longer. Send me a wig, some poison, or some candy. I shall never be the same again!

Bobbishly,
Your dutiful daughter,
DOTTY.

PERSONALS.

Peggy Shelton and Mickey Lawson spent the week-end of February 8 in Bridgeport.

Estelle Hoffman expects to spend a few days in New York, leaving February 26th.

Margaret Call '24, spent a pleasant week-end visiting relatives in Hartford. We welcome Miss Call back to campus.

Miss Janet Purvin of Wellesley College spent the week-end on campus visiting her sister, Nata Purvin.

Miss Lillian Head of Simmons was the guest of Helen Clarke for the week-end.

When to talk and when to keep silent is a hard thing for both women and parrots to learn. Sometimes the parrot is successful.

"Literature is the thought of thinking souls."—Carlyle.

"Real education starts with inspiration, leads to action, and ends in satisfaction of teachers and taught."

Said the Prof.: "Now if you've got that through your head, you've got the whole thing in a nutshell."

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TAIL LIGHTS.

Mr. Doyle, carefully explaining the term of office of the Federal Reserve Board: "You see, my dear young ladies, one of them expires every three years,—." And indeed, well they may.

Beware of writing that cannot be read. Its results may be disastrous as well as amusing. Once there was a physician, whose directions were so interpreted that a woman patient shook herself instead of the bottle of medicine.

"A ring on the hand is worth two on the 'phone."

The antics of a small boy on the day after the big snowstorm have nothing on a staid Senior, who, right before our very eyes mounted the biggest snow drift she could find, and rolled clear to the bottom.

Is it not humiliating enough to know that you possess unbeautiful and unexpressive feet, without being obliged to exhibit their outline shamelessly to the world? One student in Hygiene 1-2 evidently felt rebellious. "WHY, it took me nearly two hours to get around my feet," she was heard to expostulate. **SOME FEET!**

CANNITIES.

Sooner "has a rendez-vous with death"—whether the Norwich car or the college bus will be the instrument, is a matter for conjecture. And have you seen him taking toll in the Gym doorway? Great profit in peppermints and whirls!

Rags feels that chapel service is as much his appointment as is any one of his numerous Physical Ed. classes. One gathers that he would even be willing to conduct chapel or play the piano, if all other volunteers failed!

Announcement in the Dining Hall: Waitresses come early to get pinned up, so as not to lose any time.

Miss Josephine Hall of Branford House enjoyed a marcel last week.

Great was the fall thereof when Edward who was removing decorations after the Tea Dance took a hasty trip through the air (along with the ladder on the top of which he had been poised), and utterly demolished one of our best wicker chairs. A few stray splinters of the chair—and quite all of Edward—were removed from the debris, and the work of dismantling went smoothly on. Except for a slightly jarred and uncomfortable breathing apparatus, and a few dozen bruises, Edward seems entirely intact, but the chair—well, I'm afraid the college will have to invest in a new one. We hate to think of the horrible results, had the descent been upon a wooden chair instead of a wicker one provided with a cushion.

The moral courage of the Get-Thin-Quickites is arousing the admiration of the country side. The New London Day appeared recently with the following headlines displayed on a prominent part of the front page, "How to Grow Thin Is Popular Study. Connecticut College has new club of those

who would reduce weight by course in Hygiene." As to this, we would refer inquiries to the Freshmen who are being exposed to this course. If they look closely, they may detect a decrease in their own weight.

Prof. Doyle in Economics: "Miss Josephine Hall, what does ex-officio mean?"

Miss Hall—haltingly—"Why, er-a, Tuft would be-er-a-an ex-president, wouldn't he?"

Alice Purtil has lost seven pounds and seems to be just as strong as usual. Who says lettuce contains no nourishment?

Margaret Baxter having slept seventeen hours in a stretch is indeed establishing a record. The "sleeping sickness" is spreading.

Two inmates of Winthrop visited the Turkish Baths Wednesday afternoon and report a warm reception.

Home Economics '23-'24, has undertaken the task of measuring the rooms of North Cottage to see if the architect did his duty. They hope by this means to be able to plan their own little "Love Nests" in the future.

High School Instructor: "Who was Woden?"

Bright freshman: "He was the God of Love because he invented Wednesday night."

THE AUTOMOBILE PERIL.

Despondent Pessimist: My bills are protested, my wife has left me, my landlord has given me notice to vacate my house, my cash-box is empty. There is nothing left to live for, I may as well end my existence. I am resolved—I will go for a walk in the city.

Have you heard of the new pastime at C. C.? It has been reported that two Plantites attended (for a short while) the prize-fight at the Lyceum last Monday.

We have heard of the fate of the unlucky wicker chair when "Narcissus" fell off the ladder into it, but what we want to know is, how did "Narcissus" come out?

We have discovered many followers of the hitherto despised plebeian stronghold—the onion—after Junior food-selling.

Faculty, viewing with interest the newly acquired "sparkler" of a student, "Oh, how lovely! It has an aluminum setting, hasn't it?"

Embarrassed student, stammering, "Yes-er-the prongs are platinum."
Flabbergasted faculty, "Oh yes, of course, I mean platinum!"

English instructor arranging a conference with struggling pupils, "I'll tell you, Miss X, you come down to my home this afternoon."

Miss X, anxiously, "Will that be all right?"

Instructor with a twinkle in his eye, "Oh, yes, that will be perfectly regular. My wife will be at home."

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