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Connecticut



College News

VOL. 7, No. 19

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MARCH 24, 1922

PRICE 5 CENTS

LETZ QUARTET DELIGHTS AUDIENCE.

"DELICACY" CHARACTERIZES PERFORMANCE.

On Monday evening, March 13th, the last, and perhaps the loveliest number of the concert series, was held in the Lyceum. The Letz Quartet, which is a continuation, in a way, of the famous Kneisel Quartet, came up to all expectations, and only the warmest appreciation and praise has been heard since its appearance.

The program consisted of the Haydn Quartet in D Major; variations on the theme of Schubert's song, "Death and the Maiden"; Menuetto and Fugue, by Beethoven, and the American Quartet of Dvorak.

The Haydn Quartet was the last word in exquisite quartet playing. There are portions of this quartet which are tremendously difficult, but the whole was played with the utmost ease and delicacy. The beautiful ensemble work, and this "delicacy" (which is a word which excellently describes the whole performance) was a source of great joy to the listeners.

Of the remainder of the program, the Lento movement of the American Quartet and the encore (Tchaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile") perhaps called forth the greatest admiration from the audience. But it is superfluous to comment at all upon the delights of last Monday evening.

ABOUT ALUMNAE.

The Connecticut College Club of Hartford cordially invites all Faculty, graduates, and undergraduates of C. C. who will be in Hartford or its suburbs, for the Spring recess, to attend its meeting to be held on Saturday, April first, at three o'clock, at the home of Marion Kofsky '19, 63 Oak street, Hartford. Girls from Hartford who have registered to enter C. C. next fall have also been invited to this meeting.

If you plan to attend this meeting, please let Marion Kofsky know, so that she can tell how many to expect.

Elizabeth Williams '20, has just returned from a trip to the West Indies.

Alice Horrax and Marian Hendrie, both of the class of 1920, and Dorothy Stelle Stone were visitors on campus over last week-end.

AT LAST!

Chiefly through the efforts of Dr. Jensen, of the English department, a literary magazine, "The Connecticut College Quarterly", will make its first appearance before the Easter recess. It will be issued again before June 10th and will print short stories, editorials, essays, articles of general interest, and verse submitted by members of the student body. The board of editors comprises the following students:

Catherine Hardwick '24, Michaelina M. Namovich '23, Helen Avery '23, Charlotte Lang '25, Margaret McGarry '25.

Nearly 100% of students and faculty at Wellesley, Boston Tech., Yale and Pennsylvania Universities have joined the "Ancient and Honorable Order of Shifters".

WOODS HOLE OFFERS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY.

This will be the third year that Connecticut College has sent its representatives to the summer school of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass. Miss Mary Louise Bristol '23, of Foxboro, Mass., is the holder of the scholarship offered by the New London Branch of the American Association of University Women, and Miss Dorothy Stevens '23, of Stafford Springs, Conn., has been awarded the scholarship offered by the Trustees of the college. Miss Bristol has registered for the course in marine botany, and Miss Stevens for invertebrate zoology. Another representative of the college will be Miss Carmela Anastasia '23, of New Haven, the holder of a scholarship last year, who has been appointed by Prof. Bowen, director of the course, to the much-coveted post of laboratory assistant in invertebrate zoology. Dr. Dederer is also planning to spend part of the summer there.

It is a source of satisfaction to all who are interested in the college to know that Connecticut College and the New London University Women are listed in the laboratory bulletin among the fifty-five institutions subscribing to the support of the laboratory. The cooperating institutions include the best known colleges for men and women, — Harvard, Johns Hopkins, University of Chicago, Yale, Columbia, and many other universities.

The immense advantage of the study of living animals, of intensive work in one subject for a period of weeks, the contact with students from many different colleges, of acquaintance with men and women renowned for their scientific achievement, combine to make Woods Hole a unique place. During the six weeks of regular class instruction in July and August there are public evening lectures each week, in which visiting scholars present the more generally interesting aspects of their special fields of study. Although microscope and laboratory claim the allegiance of man and maid, there are recreations, in some of which oilskins and a sou'wester may be distinct assets. One of the many delightful social customs is the weekly tea held at the "M. B. L. Club," an attractive club-house with a large reception room, and broad verandas directly overlooking the water. The first party

Continued on page 3, column 3.

Varsity to Play Alumnae.

Much of the business of the last regular meeting of the Athletic Association was concerned with the Varsity team and game with the Alumnae, which will be played on Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock, on March 25th. For the purpose of choosing the Varsity team the Sports Committee will appoint a committee of five, — three students representing the three upper classes and two faculty members from the Physical Education Department. The old English "C" will be awarded to players on the Varsity. At the game the Seniors and Freshmen will cheer for the Alumnae and the Juniors and Sophomores for the other team. It is not definitely known as yet what Alumnae will return for the big event.

FANTASY FINDS FAVOR.

A very attractive Pierrot appeared before the darkened curtain and signalled "Sh". Thus "Fantaisie" began. First Charlotte Beckwith appeared to render a well-chosen piano selection. This was followed by "Eccentrique", a pretty dancer and a pretty dance; the first was Virginia Eggleston and the second, had there been a program, might have been called the *Dance of the Black Ostrich Fan*.

Fantasy III—*Ostrich Courtship*—the significance not quite clear. Anyway, the effect was good and the performers unique and attractive in appearance.

For the fourth and seventh numbers, Alice Barret recited with her usual good taste in selection and her usual charm of manner.

"Modern Eccentrique" in which Julia Warner, a fascinating young man even to her moustache, and Catherine Slayter, as a charming flapper presented some modern dancing, received so much applause that the dancers were forced to give an encore.

Marie Taylor made Fantasy IV one of the best numbers on the program when she sang with expression and sweetness of tone Sieur's *The Waters of Minnetonka* and as an encore Dr. Coerne's *Canoers' Song*.

The last act was perhaps the greatest success of all. A short playlet, a "take-off" on *The Yellow Jacket* was presented by Jeannette Sperry, Grace Fisher, Alice Ramsey, Elizabeth Hall, Marjorie Backes, and Minnie Kreykenbohm. This caused a great deal of amusement, especially the hunch-backed character who kept Jeannette Sperry busy keeping his hump in place.

That the student body is interested in the Literary Magazine is proved by the returns from the performance, for which Michaelina Namovich '23, deserves the credit.

AGRICULTURE OFFERS NEW WORK FOR WOMEN.

On Friday evening, March 17th, Mrs. Charlotte Barrett Ware spoke to students and faculty on "Agriculture, the New Vocation for Women." Mrs. Ware was a member of the American Agricultural Commission sent to Rome by the United States in 1913. It was she who first brought about the establishment of certified milk standards in the city of Boston—standards which have since been adopted throughout the country. She finds encouragement in the fact that from the war has come a recognition of the importance of the basic industry of agriculture. The positions open to women in this line are becoming better and better and are demanding experts with technical and managerial ability. The sociological side of this work, also requiring much technical knowledge, deals with the extension service of colleges and of the government, with leadership of boys' and girls' clubs. Mrs. Ware emphasized the fact that if agricultural work attracts only because it means dollars and cents, it is not the line for a girl to undertake, but if she loves it as the one work for her, she is by all means justified in trying it.

ARCHITECTURE COMBINES UTILITY AND BEAUTY.

PROFESSOR HAMLIN TRACES DEVELOPMENT OF ART.

Professor Alfred D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia University, addressed the college at Convocation on March fourteenth. The subject, "Mile Stones of Architecture," he illustrated with lantern slides. Primitive man, said Mr. Hamlin, was the first architect when he made his shelter both practical and decorative. Architecture is the art of building beautifully, or a building design in which both utility and beauty are combined. Each style of architecture is the product of all those forces which mold the life of a people—climate, customs, religion and so forth. No one style of architecture is independent. Each country borrows from other countries and each age from preceding ages. A piece of architecture has four stages in its development—planning, construction, composition and detail.

Mr. Hamlin made ten different divisions in the development of architecture, starting with primitive man and his rude hut, continuing through the Egyptian, Greek and Roman rise of architecture, and finally taking up the latest style, which had its birth in the United States. Under this last head he mentioned the Massachusetts State House, the Capitol at Washington, D. C., and the Woolworth and Metropolitan buildings in New York.

CITY MANAGEMENT PROVES EFFICIENT.

"Intelligence on the part of the public is what will make City Management a success," said Mr. James Barlow, City Manager of New London, at the History Club meeting of March 16th. The new plan of government which is being tried in New London was successfully practised at Dayton, Ohio, ten years ago, and has been found to be a great improvement upon the usual form of city government, which is often so tangled up with politics. According to this plan the citizens elect, by petition, a council of seven members. The Councilors then appoint a City Manager, trained in the profession, and give to him absolute administrative authority. The Council also has the power of dismissing the Manager if he acts unreasonably or unfairly in his administration.

Mr. Barlow has done much to improve the efficiency of the various departments of the city—Police, Fire, Finance, Public Works, and Charity Departments.

The Finances of the city have been simplified by a Budget system, an Accounting system, and a Purchasing agent, who economizes in his buying of all city supplies.

There are opportunities for women in this form of government, either as members of council or of the departments under the council. So far, the women have shown most interest in the charity organizations of the city.

The News wishes to correct an error made in the issue of March 17th. For that week Katharine Francke '23 acted as temporary Editor-in-Chief and Ethel Kane '23 was News Editor.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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AN APPRECIATION.

The last concert of the series has been held—the Letz Quartet. And such a concert! Yet we can hardly say that it was best, for all the others were "best", likewise. The concerts have certainly been a source of pleasure to the college girls and they are distinctly sorry to have them end. Our sincere gratitude is extended to Mr. Weid and his Committee for making this pleasure possible, and we are indeed appreciative of the effort and hard work it has meant.

THE COMING OF THE KITE.

At almost all our American colleges one will find some peculiar and amusing custom, reserved as a privilege to the members of one of the upper classes. At one institution you will see the seniors during the first week in May busily skipping rope, at another the juniors rolling hoops, or the sophomores spinning tops.

These quaint customs seem to spring up over night like mushrooms, although they enjoy a permanency which is denied to this curious vegetable. In view of the great number of non-academic activities supported by the student body of Connecticut College it might seem unwise to suggest another addition to the list, and indeed the purpose of the writer is not to suggest an addition but rather a substitution. The custom now in vogue that impresses the writer as being of dubious desirability is the hide-and-seek game in which the sophomores spend weary hours in searching for the juniors' carefully concealed mascot. For the spectator, certainly, there is nothing enlivening in the sight of little groups of sophomores tramping over the campus in the dusk of a cold winter afternoon peering into ash-cans and rummaging

in fence corners in the hope of unearthing an object which, if found, would again be hidden, to the end that the same process might be repeated, with the rightful owners in the role of more or less hopeful or dispirited sleuths.

In place of this melancholy performance, the writer would like to suggest a contest between the two classes which would be of real interest to all who might be privileged to attend, and which would afford an opportunity to the contestants of cultivating and displaying a skill and dexterity entirely lacking in the game of hunt-the-mascot. This event could be described as The Great Annual Junior-Sophomore Kite-Flying Contest. Picture to yourself the scene. On a sunny day in April or May, with a gentle breeze blowing seaward (and for the skillful kite-flyer a gentle breeze is more to be desired than a high wind), the rival teams, attended by their cohorts, appear upon the field. The kites, bearing the class numerals and dotted and dappled or otherwise resplendent with the class colors, are submitted to the Official Measurer who pronounces them seaworthy and within the dimensions allowed under the rules. The Kite-Masters take their stand, cord in hand; the Kite-Lifters raise the speckled beauties into the air, and the race is on. In due course one or more "assistant" kites are attached to the line to take up the weight of the cord, and the little flock of paper birds wings its way up into the empyrean. At the end of the flight-period prescribed by the rules the Official Timekeeper fires a warning gun and the Judges take their observations for the purpose of calculating the elevation. Meanwhile the cheer leaders have not been idle; the result is announced, and the victorious kite descends to receive the blue ribbon and the plaudits of the multitude, while its rival comes down to explain that it failed to catch a little gust of wind that happened to strike the wings of the lucky winner. A college record is established which later classes will

Continued on page 3, column 2.

EVEN AS YOU AND I.

All day I have studiously avoided studying. My books and note books were depressingly impressive, so I hid them under the bed. Today the pussywillows and song sparrows entirely undermined all that was solid yesterday, making life utterly insupportable. Something must be done! Perhaps fixing my hair in fantastic styles might bring relief. So I stood, hour after hour, trying to make myself look like someone else, trying to forget the pussywillows and the song sparrows, trying to believe there will be another snow.

And night came with a full moon. The river and the checkerboard fields on the other side succeeded in making me forget the song sparrows and the pussywillows. They would. So I hurried home, brushed my hair straight back, donned a stiff collar, and read the "Yale Review." '23.

GROWTH OF THE SOIL.

By Knut Hamsun.

The book is a relief—a relief from the usual modern novel concerned with introspection, with the unrelieved tragedies, with married life, with the divorce problem; it is like a great, clean gust of wind sweeping away the superficialities and leaving only the fundamentals of life. Its very style promotes this feeling—short sentences, full of meaning, very often reading like poetry rather than prose because of the choice of words.

There is no plot, in the strict sense of the word; the interest lies in some-

thing deeper than that—it lies mainly in the character of Isak, the man who cares nothing for money, for position, who loves his wife and children, who is kind to his neighbors, who loves the soil from which he gets his livelihood. The story deals with the growth of his farm from the most primitive state up to the time when it is the most complete for miles around; deals with the love of his one son for town-life, showing thru this the utter sham and worthlessness of it; and shows the changes, for the worse, wrought in his wife by her living in the city. However, apart from all the pettiness of life, all its trivial difficulties, stands Isak—"a tiller of the ground, body, and soul, a worker on the land without respite, a ghost risen out of the past to point the future, a man from the earliest days of cultivation, a settler in the wilds, nine hundred years old, and withal, a man of the day."

While Isak lives the simple, true life without realizing it, it is Geissler who puts into words the importance of it—"You go thru life bareheaded, bare-handed, in the midst of a great kindness. Look, Nature's there for you and yours to enjoy. Man and nature don't bombard each other, but agree; they don't compete, race one against the other, but go together." And he explains in few words the difficulties of men. "What's wrong with them, they won't keep pace with life—they want to go faster—."

The book ends with Isak, content in his old age as he had been throughout his life, looking out over his land—cattle are lowing softly—the world is quiet—"then comes the evening."

FREE SPEECH.

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

To the Editor:

May I offer a polite retort to the writer of the letter signed '23? Personally, I dislike to have any topic drag on too long but I can't help remarking on the sentence about "old stuff". Granted—that the news articles are not interesting when they reach many of us. Nevertheless, there are arguments in favor of these same articles. Everyone on campus can't go to everything, yet everyone likes to have some faint idea of practically everything that is taking place here. Enter—the News. Moreover, it is an excellent thing to have some sort of record of college activities. Re-enter—the News. And, then, there are the alumnae. Just because they are no longer with us is no proof that they don't want to know something of our life here. Once more—the News.

On one thing, '23, we agree perfectly, you and I. That review of *Dangerous Ages* was a pleasant innovation, wasn't it? More things of that sort would increase my interest, also, but there are some subscribers who would much rather read a column about science or athletics than about a new novel. Also, there are among our number, those who would dislike too much chortling (whether at ourselves or at our neighbours), and who would consider necessary a grain of seriousness mixed in with our pleasant burblings. I believe it is Horace who advocates a "golden mean". The News would be quite a model paper, if it succeeded in carrying out that principle (a thing which, I think, it tries to do). But in that event, we shouldn't have any opportunity to make friendly little verbal grimaces at each other, should we, '23? AUTOLYCUS.

THE HOME OF THE TALL FIGHTERS.

From a Freshman report of lecture on Architecture: "The sky scraper had its birth in Chicago."

"ZBRIG HAS GUB."

I thought that Spring had come. I joyfully welcomed the warm winds, laden with odors of melting earth and wakening trees. I revelled in the life-giving warmth of the sun, and gazed at the sparkling blue of the river, which reflected the sky. I loved the feeling of the moist spongy fields, and even enjoyed splashing about in the mud of the by-ways. I scornfully thrust aside my heavy winter coat, and gleefully donned my new crimson sweater, and a white skirt, and even dared to sport white Oxfords. I dreamed and strolled in the soft, mellow moonlight and let the night winds play with my hair and fan my cheek. I rejoiced that spring had come.

And then, one morning, when I awoke, I was a changed individual. I shivered, I chattered, I wheezed, I coughed, I spluttered, I choked. I watched in horror as my nose took on the appearance of a fresh young beet. I patiently dried the tear-drops which oozed from my reddened eyes. My throat pricked like needles everytime that I swallowed, and my head felt much too heavy to carry around comfortably. I was the most miserable mortal on earth. Straightway, I took out my winter coat once more and even my woolen stockings, and sighed, "Zbrig has not gub."

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FRESHMEN WIN NAME IN BASKETBALL.

SOPHOMORES SHOW SPLENDID TEAM-WORK.

A basketball game is always an excellent opportunity for the display of class spirit, team spirit, and above all the fighting spirit of a college. Last Wednesday night the classes gathered by their respective colors in the gym to yell and sing for their champions in the fray. The game between the second Senior and Freshmen teams occupied half the evening and ended with the victory in the hands of the Freshmen. Score: 18-16. The snappy Junior first played the even snappier Sophomore first and were defeated, but not without a battle. The score was 59-22.

Then on Friday night four more spirited teams played two more games worth watching. Although Miss Patten tried to repress the crowd on the side lines during the play, the enthusiasts broke wildly into deafening cheers when a basket was made. The Senior and Freshmen first teams finished up with a score of 28-9 in favor of the Freshmen. The members of the class added to their glory by introducing to the college their latest possession in the form of a snake. By the magic pulling of a string somewhere the mysterious creature unrolled and became a large banner with gold numerals on a purple background. A royal sight it was, and much applauded by the crowd and welcomed in the company of the other class colors. The sophomore second played the Junior second with a score of 26-7. Of course we all think the teams are marvelous, the playing swift, and players too good for words to describe—some especially! But they really must be pretty good because the faculty are turning out at the games in larger numbers each time.

THE COMING OF THE KITE.

Concluded from page 2, column 2.

seek to surpass, and in the annals of our college sports the names of the great Kite-Masters will begin to accumulate, to the inspiration or the despair of later generations.

Just a game, to be sure, but one of skill and charm, with glory for the victor and no humiliation for the vanquished. For if we take time to play, let us play prettily, with nature for a companion and as a setting. Nature, indeed, often plays with man, and it is only fair that man should occasionally play with nature, bending her wayward and capricious forces to his will with deft hand and ingenious brain. Anyhow, who would care to poke around in dark corners of the campus on a chill afternoon in mid-winter, a wan and cheerless figure, when one might be flying a kite under the blue sky of May, to the honor of one's class and for the entertainment of interested spectators? H. Z. K.

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"JOY" MAKES BIG HIT.

OATMEAL CHORUS A FEATURE OF HEALTH PLAY.

The children had a musical comedy all their own Saturday afternoon, March 18, at the Children's Pleasure House. The name of it was "Joy". It showed all the nice things that Good Health brings little boys and girls—rosy cheeks, pep, and plumpness. The musical show offered such drawing attractions as an Oatmeal Chorus, a Milk Chorus, a Bedtime Chorus, and a Vegetable Dance!

The Oatmeal Chorus in jaunty cock-hats labelled alternately "Oatmeal" and "Porridge", sang about the rosy cheeks they brought. The Milk Chorus next appeared carrying milk bottles and cups. The Bedtime Chorus, adorable in pajamas, carried candles and reminded all good children to go to bed at eight o'clock sharp. And the Vegetable Chorus had all the pep that only green vegetables can bring!

For the grand finale, the young actors and actresses joined in giving the audience some excellent bits of advice about drinking milk, eating fruit, and so forth.

—And everyone went home humming that irresistible refrain: "Father, mother, sister, brother, every, every day!"

WOODS HOLE OFFERS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

of the season is known as a "mixer," arranged each year by students from some one college for women, in which everyone gets acquainted with everyone else. After that, the various courses are each responsible for a Friday afternoon tea, appropriate posters being designed for each one, and the "Invertebrates' Tea" usually draws the largest crowd, as this is the most popular course. Picnics are also an irresistible attraction, and the organizer of each affair secures a picnic outfit from the club kitchen, often sending in advance a scout to "engage a rock" for the party, somewhere near Nobska Light-house, or over on the Buzzards' Bay shore.

The songs of the "M. B. L." are the great delight of the students, and various summer generations have sung with zest to the strains of a once familiar song:

"It's a mystery to me, Sweet Marie,
What in annelids you find, Sweet Marie,
Can you count and then confirm
All the segments of a worm?
Do you know the mesoderm, Sweet Marie?"

Sweet Marie, look and see!
Look and see, Sweet Marie!
Tell me what without the lens you
can see.

Do you think you'd better try, with
your own unaided eye
To discover nuclei, Sweet Marie?"

Professor: "You will all be on the
Honor System in this exam."

'24: "When did we take that up in
class, Professor?"—Exchange.

We go to school that we may be examined. Why do they examine us? That we may fail, since the upper class-room holds only forty scholars. —Barrie.

Examine our work. See if we fail to give service.



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"BY THE LIGHT OF THE
MOON."

Under the full March moon, shining across the river, the Seniors took their places on the old stone wall. Despite the cold wind, a goodly number from the other classes assembled to answer the Senior songs and thrill anew to the well-loved tunes. The Alma Mater sung with softened voices and warm feeling in the white light of the moon, left with all a deep sense of loyalty and friendship which well justified the stonewall sing.

BAPTIST WORKER VISITS
CAMPUS.

Over the week-end of March 18th, Miss Frances B. Greenough of the Northern Baptist Convention was a very welcome visitor on campus. On Saturday evening Miss Greenough spoke at Winthrop House to all who might be interested in various forms of religious, social and educational work in which she has had large experience. Sunday afternoon a tea was given in her honor at the home of President Marshall, and again on Sunday evening at Vespers Miss Greenough spoke most forcefully.

HOTEL WORK FOR WOMEN
DISCUSSED.

At a tea given on March 17th by the Secretarial Department, Mrs. Lois Pierce-Hughes discussed informally the opportunities for women in hotel work. Mrs. Pierce-Hughes is hostess of Hotel McAlpin in New York City and has had wide experience in her work. In her talk she emphasized the fact that there is greater opportunity for college women in smaller hotels than in the large ones where it is pure speed which counts rather than creative ability. But whatever the position, there are three qualities necessary for any woman who takes up hotel work—co-operation, courage and courtesy.

SENIORS AND JUNIORS
FIND NEW UNDER-
STANDING.

From now on there will undoubtedly be a much deeper feeling of friendship and of understanding between the classes of '22 and '23 than there has ever been before. The reason—a meeting of these two classes on March 14th, when many problems were discussed and explanations revealed entirely new points of view. The meeting was certainly a success. Proof—everyone wants another soap.

A VOICE FROM DOWNTOWN.

Little Fords and Dodges
Go whizzing by me fast—
I wish that I were in one—
Not trudging home from class.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

IT MAY BE TRUE!

"I hear that the Chinese claim that they discovered America before Columbus."

"That's right. They came over here and found only unclothed savages. So they said to themselves, 'No laundry business here', and went back home."

ABSOLUTELY!

A college paper is a great invention.

The college gets all the fame;
The printer gets all the money,
And the staff gets all the blame.
—Exchange.

A SUGGESTION FOR WEBSTER.

Dr. Jensen: Well, does anyone know what this word *wench* means?"

Front Row: "It's some kind of a tool, isn't it?"

One rainy day little Mildred Kip rode to school on the car. She got off at the square and walked the rest of the way. When asked why she did not transfer she replied: "Why, it says on the ticket, 'Non-transferable.'"

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Ethel Kane without her giggle?
Dr. Wells without his beard?
Grace Byron making a noise?
Judy Warner with bobbed hair?
Helen Hemingway losing her temper?

Katharine without Bing?
Eileen Fitzgerald without her work done?

Marj. Backes looking dowdy?
Polly Packard staying on campus for a week-end?

Peg Heyer without "the funniest thing to tell you"?

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Miss Anna Hempstead Branch talked about poetry before the girls at Mt. Holyoke, recently, and read several of her own poems?

The eastern women's colleges are much interested in a combined issue of the college magazines? Beulah Dimick '23, was a delegate from Radcliffe at the Intercollegiate Magazine conference held recently at Mt. Holyoke.

SOPHOMORES, ATTENTION!

Here's your chance, Sophomores. Show your spirit. You want to help your *News*. So, please, everyone who is so inclined, or who has a possibility of being inclined, sign up on the Bulletin Board in New London Hall, thereby stating that you will try out for Sophomore reporter. The time is limited so please sign at once so that you can begin to report immediately.

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