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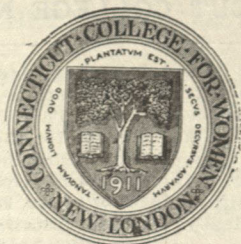
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FACULTY-CONTRIBUTED ISSUE

DANIEL WEBSTER'S JOVIALITY.

When Daniel Webster rose to deliver one of his great orations, he is said to have looked somewhat like Zeus on leave of absence from Olympus. This mien of Jove-like sternness was powerfully reinforced, however, by another mood and manner, quite its opposite: a never-failing, ever-helpful sense of humor. In oratory, this combination of Jove and jovial has never been beaten.

There is an almost Lincolnesque humor in the story Webster loved to tell on himself of being mistaken for a highwayman because of this same fearsome appearance. He was riding from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow and told so many stories of robberies and murders, that before they had gone far Webster was almost frightened out of his wits.

At last the wagon stopped in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly around to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, "Now, sir, tell me who you are!"

Webster replied in a faltering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, "I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts."

"What!" rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, "are you Webster? Thank God! You were such a deuced ugly chap that I took you for some cut-throat or highwayman."

Indeed no less than in word was Webster a lover of the ludicrous. He was once tramping over the Marshfield meadows, shooting ducks with a friend, when he encountered a couple of Boston sporting snobs, who happened to be in trouble just then about crossing a bog.

Not knowing Webster, and believing him to be strong enough to help them over the water (he stood just under six feet, and weighed toward 200 pounds), they begged to be conveyed to a dry point upon his back.

The request was readily complied with and after the two Cockneys had paid him a quarter of a dollar each for his trouble, they inquired if "Old Webster" was at home," for, as they had had poor luck in shooting, they would honor him with a call. Webster replied "that the gentleman alluded to was not at home just then, but would be as soon as he could walk to the house, and then added that he would be glad to see them at dinner." He didn't.

To his devout admirers, it may seem a kind of sacrilege that Webster on occasion made fun of his own oratory.

Shortly before addressing a very distinguished and exclusive gathering, he told some friends what he was going to talk about. "I am going to be excessively learned and classical," he said, "and shall talk about the older citizens of Greece. When I make my appearance in Broadway tomorrow, people will accost me thus: 'Good morning, Mr. Webster. Recently from Greece, I understand. How did you

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The Practical Life.

Science and philosophy have a common defect; neither deals with the present nor gives counsel regarding the appropriate conduct for spatial and temporal immediacy. Their laws are out of time, although time may be for each a constituent concept, as when philosophy ponders the reality of the temporal continuum, or science uses it in the equation for acceleration of masses. The laws of truth and of morals are fundamental and absolute forms, but they give no stimulus to do anything in particular, because they are indifferent to it. Philosophy and science without particulars are not only useless but meaningless; yet they remain aloof from the practical, even in their self-imposed requirement that they be practical.

A chief bridge to the active life of which the ideal form is thus philosophically supplied is the human individual, and especially a friend. He presents the need for the immediate application of technique and principles. He is a present stimulus for the embodiment and expression of concepts essentially objective and impersonal. Therefore have certain religions, as the Christian and the old Norse centered upon persons. Sometimes religious teachers have minimized the value of the universal and abstract in order to exalt the individual, and in so doing have militated against that self-conscious logical analysis of our ideals which remains the chief mark or culture and the only bulwark against the exaltation of impostor and unworthy individuals. Yet behind this emphasis on persons lies a verity, namely the need for embodied nobility in order to

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PRIZE CONTEST FOR NATURE-LOVERS.

In order to promote an interest in and love for nature the *News* has been authorized by an unnamed member of the faculty to offer a series of six prizes of \$1 each for the best answers to the following questions or problems. For the month of April:

1. Point out to the representative of the *News* one or more specimens of the Hornbeam or Iron-wood and indicate how this tree can be distinguished at a glance from the Beech, even when not in leaf.

2. Describe the sound made by the wings of the Mourning Dove and indicate at what point in its flight this sound is most pronounced.

3. Describe the movements made by the Fox Sparrow which enable it to scratch with both feet at the same time.

For the months of May and June:

1. Describe as accurately as possible the call notes and the song of the Veery, preferably by means of musical notation.

2. Describe the movements made by the Sparrow Hawk in dropping to the ground on a grasshopper or other prey.

3. Present a photograph showing the interior of the nest of the Blue-Winged Warbler, showing the full

Continued on page 4, column 2.

The Experts' Report on Reparations.

The Dawes Reparations Report, avoiding political issues as outside its competence and not attempting to establish a total sum of reparations, confines itself to an analysis of the means by which Germany can pay. Its first significant decision is that Germany can pay and that payments can begin at once, on a sliding scale ranging from 1,000,000,000 gold marks in the first year to 2,500,000,000 in the fifth, the latter sum being regarded as the minimum normal payment per year. As the index of German prosperity rises, larger payments may be made, and the French and Belgian experts hope that ultimately as much as 4,500,000,000 marks a year may be obtained. The British and American members of the committee, however, regard this as an over-optimistic hope, though they believe that Germany can shortly pay more than the minimum norm.

German opinion regrets that no definite total has been fixed and no absolute moratorium given, but is relieved that the cost of maintaining Entente troops in occupied areas and Entente commissions in Germany is included in the reparations account, rather than being made an additional charge.

Other features of the plan include the stabilizing of the currency, balancing of the budget, the securing of a foreign loan of 800,000,000 gold marks to be used in part to meet the gold reserve needs of a new bank, and the appointment of international commissioners to supervise the execution of the plan. The sources from which revenue to meet the reparations payments will be obtained are taxes, railways, and industrial mortgages.

Comments on the plan, so far as at present obtainable, seem to be largely

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"LABORATORIZING" IN RELIGION.

We are living in what might not inappropriately be called the Age of the Microscope, or the Age of the Test-tube. A goodly proportion of every student body is spending much time, and enduring much eye strain, in the careful and thorough examination of specimens under or through the glass. For this, they turn the world upside down to secure samples of flora and fauna and chemicals, in infinite variety, and straightway place them under the microscope or in the tube.

For what purpose? If one who makes no pretension of being a natural scientist may answer, it seems to be to find out what is there, of substance, of form, of activity, of tendency. Then, therefrom, to formulate laws, to make experiments, to discover the truth about the specimens and the classes to which they belong.

The laboratory method is fascinating to most people; it appeals to the imagination; it satisfies, as few methods of study can do. It has a thrill attached to it that elates the mind, and

Continued on page 4, column 1.

WORKLESS EDUCATION FOR 1974.

Recently some not in the teaching profession said to me: "I think the American people are getting to be mad over amusement. This is about all they think of, and they don't care how they get it, either. If things keep on, all there will be of the schools will be whatever the children dictate that they want to study—sports and imitation cooking, etc., etc. They do not wish to learn anything that is hard and I think we will have a nation of make-believes, even more so than in the past—and it has always been bad enough in that respect. I mean that there has always been a great tendency toward superficiality and pretense. It is all up to the teachers, apparently, to make a determined stand for real learning, but I don't know how the teachers are going to do much when the parents don't care whether their children learn anything or not. It looks to me as if the youngsters want to learn how to mix cement, for instance, and then want to get a job where they can tell some one else to mix the cement while they draw big pay for watching them do it."

In other words, let there be "education," but a system of workless education.

If this tendency should increase with the speed that has marked the development of inventions within the past fifty years and inventions should multiply even more rapidly than in the past, the classes in Connecticut College for the year 1974 may present a strange picture for those of us who may manage to survive the 'less era. Here as well as everywhere else we shall no doubt see the result of both the desire to eliminate work in attaining an "education" and of the increase in labor saving machines whereby the second generation of the future may live a life of placid contentment.

Those in search of weird data will be ushered into a class room where the lecture or dictation system prevails. The instructor, being a little enervated by too much idleness, is not present, but on his table stands an instrument like a megaphone which emits tones very much like the instructor's, and reproduced from a record made when said instructor was most enthused with his subject and had a faint hope that he might make a slight dent in the consciousness of some of his pupils.

This is a very handy device for the instructor, because he gives out his burning thoughts only when in the mood, and if he wishes to take a nap during the period scheduled he may do so without being ostracized. This relieves him of the necessity of personally conducting his pupils during the entire tour of investigation, and perhaps the instructors and students may thus be saved the bother of ever getting a glimpse of each other.

But, convenient as it may be for the instructor, how very much more con-

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IN THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.

During the past few weeks Dr. Leib visited a number of the private schools in Eastern Massachusetts from which girls have been coming to Connecticut College. At Bradford Academy he spoke to the student body at their regular assembly, and at dinner a full table was made up of prospective Connecticut College girls. They are already an enthusiastic Connecticut group, and will be heard from later. During the spring recess Dr. Leib attended the biennial convention of the American Association of Collegiate Registrars, held at the Congress hotel in Chicago, April 2, 3 and 4. One hundred and fifty colleges were represented by one or more representatives. In addition to the papers and discussions by the delegates, President Burton and Professor Judd of the University of Chicago, and Dean Babcock of the University of Illinois made important addresses.

Owing to the ever increasing number of applicants it was deemed necessary to close the regular application list for admission in September 1924, on March 15. Later applicants have the privilege of filing applications to be placed on a waiting list, with the understanding that candidates will be selected from this list on a basis of scholarship and other qualifications denoting promise, and not in order of application. In this connection it is of interest to note that the applicants for the class of 1927 are distributed more widely geographically than any former group. Only 20 per cent. are from Connecticut, and 40 per cent. from New England. More than 25 per cent. are from states west of the Alleghenies. A striking illustration is Ohio, which sent but a single Freshman during the first five years is represented by 25 candidates for next year's entering class. The actual number of candidates from Connecticut has not materially changed from year to year, but the general westward march as well as the spread about definite centers in the west is quite striking.

D. D. LEIB.

THE PROFESSOR AWAKES.

"He ariseth while it is yet dark and giveth heat unto his household"—that is, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. With an almost unbelievable persistence during a large part of the college year, dawn hovers around the six-thirty mark; and willy-nilly the

Professor arises in the twilight and descends to the nether regions to regulate that most diabolical of modern mechanisms, the steam heater. But practice, even on alternate days only, makes perfect, and instinctively he finds the monster's chains and with a sure hand unbinds him in his dusky lair.

Yes (as the grammarians say), I am he—or better still, It is I of whom I write. Turning to my commonplace book I find, indexed under "Dawn; see 'Day, Early Morn'" this unfamiliar unpopular proverb:

Late to bed and early to rise
Makes a professor blear-eyed and wise.

Obviously I recorded this in a dark moment. But on alternate days and Sundays it is otherwise. The Sabbath I need not have mentioned, for as every one of my readers knows, that day is not the College's; it's the Professor's.

Humanity is, I suppose, constitutionally averse to early rising; but when, as in my case, such folly becomes regular and obligatory, the Professor, like the worm in the adage, may be expected to squirm—but only on the "M. W. F.'s" as we quaintly term them. I have been known to weary of the dismal process. Every other day I am blithe, even brilliant—quite normal (including Sundays); but three days a week I am both sub and ab-normal. I fear I am sometimes cross.

It is the Winter Solstice, dawn of a Monday. The world has been tantalizingly pitch-black since three-thirty Sunday afternoon. At seven on that evening I had fallen asleep in my chair for a moment, upon the arrival of guests had arisen brilliantly to the occasion, and after speeding the midnight callers had sunk to rest. It is now the horrid hour of six-fifteen on Monday morning. In my fevered sleep I hear the thud of other professorial feet on the floor of the apartment overhead, the clinking of the jolly milkman as he runs violently by my window to hurl four quarts at our rear door, and there comes to my ears from below the dull rumble of my superimposed colleague's furnace as he shakes it into life.

Angrily and noisily (with the hope of disturbing my family) I fling my formerly splendid physique to the floor, right side up, carelessly, and burst into raucous song:

First the coffee,
First the coffee;
Watch it well,
Watch it well.
Then you start the heater;
Shake it well.

As I stumble down the three-foot hall bristling with sharp-cornered book-cases and chairs, the roseate hues of early morn lead me to the East window. With arms akimbo I sip of the icy nectar that issues from the front (porcelain) marked, as it seems in the dim light, "DLOC." Retrefreshed and chilled on both sides (in and out) I run to the kitchen, discover the dawn once more, and hunt for the coffee percolator.

You probably drink coffee; but did you ever brew it? It is a kind of ceremonial involving certain mystic rites. Conforming to custom I wear my most formal house-robe—a cassock-like garment with cord and hood; and mumbling cabalistically I measure out the one for each and one for the pot of coffee and water alike. Then I touch off the various burners and enflame the percolator and the porridge pot each in its own proper aureole of blue fire.

Retreating from the scene I go cellarwards pausing for a numb endeavor to turn the right electric switch. As I descend the stairs the dusk thickens and I am aware that I have flooded the rear porch with the illumination that

I had expected to find in the cellar; but I continue, too proud to retrace my steps. There, in the blackest corner, I grope for the creature's throat, carefully adjust his check, and bending low, unbind his chains. Gathering an armful of paper, kindlings, and cannel coal, I rush upstairs in time I hope to catch the coffee before it boils. Always I am too late and my reward is the inevitable muddy cup that marks my muddy days.

As I lay the fire I listen eagerly for waking sounds from mother and son. Not a murmur. Wrathfully I insert several sticks of explosive spruce, purposely at hand, and mutter, "That'll fetch 'em!" A match—a sudden roar—violent hissings, cracklings and poppings. "That'll stir 'em," I growl spitefully.

The crescendo has been gradual and sustained for nearly half an hour; but at last, amid the deafening diapason of thumping radiators and the echoes of the cherubic voices from overhead, we take our places at table. Crescendo—climax—call it what you will—there is always a certain noble dramatic preparation, a rise in expectant interest, an entanglement of events (and sonny's clothes) that reaches the highest point at the board. But fortunately there is in this primitive drama no catastrophe, no descent to the horrors or the humors of a dénouement. Breakfast is unalloyed bliss with a promise of still better things to come.

The joyful culmination is there even on my darker days and doubly present on those normal mornings that restore me to what our late President named "normalcy;" but on those frigid days when we break our fast while the sky is yet pink, or more often foggy, the joy is for me short lived. There is in my subconscious mind the constant thought of the fiery furnace below and the certain conviction that the fires within my own bosom can scarcely kindle the dead wood which I shall shortly find awaiting me in the class room on the hill, carefully arranged in neat rows, ready for the match. My only consolation is that in the dawn of rosy intelligence they too have suffered.

On such days am I agreeable? Have you ever been a professor? Unless you have you should not sit in judgment or ask impertinent questions. To say truth I am not. How can one find time at such an hour to explain to sonny the intricacies, let us say, of wireless telegraphy, the ins and outs of America's foreign policy, or the mathematic mysteries of tide and wave? Do I love my family? I do; but at seven in the morning I have few words to express my nobler sentiments. Indeed my wife is still feigning sleep and sonny is at last silenced in porridge; what do they need of sentiment?

After a brief fifteen minutes at table, punctuated by delicate attentions to the toaster, I rush once more to the cellar, readjust the beast's chains, clamber to the first floor, front, wriggle into my overcoat, pick up my attaché case, make my hasty farewell, and at seven forty-five sharp, gallop steadily up the hill to College. In my course the humming trolley with its load of eager students pursue me, the over-eager capitalist taunts and goads me with his warning factory whistle; and just as the College bells whirl a feeble eight, I step briskly down the corridor, recover my breath, and enter the classroom every inch a Professor.

G. E. JENSEN.

THE EXPERTS' REPORT ON REPARATIONS.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

favorable in Great Britain and the United States, while France regards it as a vindication of the point which she has consistently maintained that Germany is able to pay and has been

evading her just obligations. France feels, however, that the success of the plan depends entirely upon Germany's will to observe it and that bad faith on her part might ruin the scheme at any time. And she still regards her military strength as the best guarantee for Germany's faithful execution of the plan.

German comment, as reviewed in the press, resents the suggestion of international control, though the project contemplates only such supervision as shall prevent evasion of her obligations. Serious difficulty may arise from Germany's unwillingness to accept the plan as an indivisible whole and her desire to discuss it point by point as a matter open to negotiation.

Before the plan can be put into effect, the political aspects of the question must be considered by the Allied governments, and it is to be hoped that no differences will arise between them at this critical time, for it is a distinct achievement that the plan as it stands is presented by the experts as a unit. The Reparation Commission will then submit the project to Germany. Precisely how this will be done is still a matter of doubt. It seems clear, however, that the Commission will proceed tactfully in order not to jeopardize the plan, and that it will not be presented to Germany as an ultimatum or forced upon her against her will, but that her friendly cooperation will be sought as a necessity for the success of the entire scheme. She may even be asked to make constructive suggestions, though any suggestion which would alter an essential feature of the plan could not be entertained.

It would seem to be the part both of wisdom and of self-interest for Germany to accept the programme outlined in the Dawes Report, since even under the highest payments provided for, her people would be incurring no greater burden of taxation than that borne by the people of Great Britain and France and since as an inevitable incident of enabling her to meet her international obligations, the plan is designed to restore her financial and industrial prosperity. In short, the experts' proposals commend themselves to the thoughtful lay critic as the most sane and practicable ones yet advanced for the solution of the difficult problem of reparations and their adoption would be hopeful augury for the effective settlement of that question.

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WORKLESS EDUCATION FOR 1974.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

venient for the "student," as we soon discover after surveying the startling aspect of the model class room. There is not a "student" visible, but in each one's seat is placed a machine labeled with the student's name and campus address. The machine records the remarks from the megaphonic object with great precision, and only a rhythmic whirring noise of the wheels in the mechanism disturbs the serenity of the place. At the end of the period each machine is removed from its stand and delivered at its owner's place of leisure. The owner is probably not on campus, either attending some extra-curricular activity, absence from which would count against his degree, or perhaps spending the 5-days-in-the-week holiday in some distant state.

Great disappointment is felt that it is not possible to get a glimpse of anything in this year of disgrace, 1974, which could be dignified by the name of student, so it is decided as a last resort to haunt the place while the examinations are on and study anxiously face to face these passive recipients of occasional doses of facts, to say nothing of hypotheses.

There we have an interesting, or, more accurately, shocking scene. Those who deign to attend the examinations are a very anaemic group, their chief aim in life being to avoid physical or mental exercise. Every movement is excessively slow and cautious. It is noted that the answers to questions are given in both a defunct and perfunctory manner, and, when a query bobs up that might require a trace of thought or originality in the answer, we are amazed to see in different parts of the room certain desperate ones place a little box-like dynamo on a carefully selected part of the scalp in order to stimulate electrically one's thinking apparatus. After the application of this little instrument called the anergon assorted expressions may be discerned, some indicating dismay upon discovery that not even by artificial stimulus will the brain work, others registering triumph because they have actually connected the dynamo with the memory nerve which begins to vibrate rapidly. Still others are a little contemptuous and refuse to use artificial stimuli. The composite expression of the class, aside from these little episodes, is that of utter placidity devoid of intelligence, and it is clear that nothing short of total eclipse of the sun and moon would arouse their interest.

In this generally workless atmosphere it is not strange to find the instructors no less bored than the students. Indeed we find many instructors patenting inventions whereby they may give less and less of themselves to their profession and spend as much time as possible sailing sun planes, which are operated by intercepting and conserving the rays of the sun, in search of the air castles of their youth.

The curriculum, too, suffers from the

workless germ or bookless worm. Due to pressure from parents and children a "division of labor" is made, so that one instructor presents the theory of a given subject, another the practical application of it. Thus the theorists forever have their heads in the clouds and the practitioners are forever beclouded by facts stripped of their halos, the immediate, practical good of the subject alone being emphasized. The latter have many followers. In many subjects a successful bluffer is given a higher grade than others because he more nearly approaches the ideal in a workless system.

Another feature is the assignment of four degrees, one in Applied Science, another in Practical Arts (and no one has yet been found who can tell what these terms mean), the other two in the Theory of Arts and Theory of Sciences (these being so enigmatic that a prize is given yearly to the Senior who makes the best guess as to what they imply). Since this system has been forced upon the men's colleges, too, it is to be noted that, since few take up the purely theoretical courses, no deep foundation for future invention is made, the result already being that those wishing to make real contributions to science and invention are obliged to go into the theoretical field again. But that means more work. The complaint of the parents since 1924 that the teachers are not making a decided stand against a workless curriculum is counteracted by the teachers declaring that what the public wants it generally gets.

E. E. COLE.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S JOVIALITY.

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leave Mr. Pericles and Mr. Aristophanes?"

But he did even worse than this in his self-irreverence. The day before he was to deliver the address of welcome to General Lafayette, in Boston in 1825, he went a-fishing.

Fish were not abundant, and his companions were just about giving up in despair when Mr. Webster hooked a very large cod and, just as it appeared at the top of the water, he exclaimed, by way of rehearsal for his next day's speech apparently, and in a loud and pompous voice, "Welcome! All hail! and thrice welcome, citizen of two hemispheres!"

There are other stories of the same kind. One more must suffice, ere we turn from this unholy glee. His famous Bunker Hill oration was mostly planned out on Marshpee Brook; and it is said that the following exclamation was first heard by a couple of huge trout, immediately on their being transferred to his fishing basket, as it subsequently was heard at Bunker Hill by many thousands of his fellow citizens: "Venerable men! You have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day!"

(No applause from the two gasping auditors in the fish basket.)

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THE PRACTICAL LIFE.

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arouse noble responses. Our theoretical maxims are not truly ours, until they enter into our purposes, govern our conduct, and thereby become the agents of our liberation. Friends supply the supreme emergency of their application. It is for this reason chiefly that friends are precious; they are liberators, they give occasion for our best. We thank no one for tolerating our second best. Such a one is our enemy. Rarely has this been understood. Alcibiades, unscrupulous opportunist, confessed to the influence of Socrates: "For my heart leaps up within me more than that of any Corybantic reveler, and my eyes rain tears when I hear him. I have heard Pericles and other great orators, but though I thought they spoke well I never had any similar feeling; my soul was not stirred by them, nor was I angry at the thought of my own slavish state." Never intellect alone but concrete life can move us.

Consider the paradox thus presented: what we cherish most is the individualizing of what is supremely impersonal. I do not share the desire commonly expressed for personal immortality; what, indeed, is precious in a man save the impersonal? For this each of us is a momentary and accidental vehicle. We prize persons in so far as they seem to be local or, paradoxically, personal. The Vedanta and Buddhist systems realizing this problem have attempted to gain the impersonal by extinguishing the personal; but it takes a stronger fibre and a sterner will to see no inconsistency but a mutual necessity in both. By sacrificing the individual we destroy the universal, while neglect of the universal disintegrates the individual. Culture is the individualization of the universal, the exquisite application resulting in a further explication and enlargement of the meaning of purpose and ideals. Life illustrates and clarifies, but never justifies ideals.

Thus it is in society that our best thoughts are converted into deeds. What is best in me is never a temple out of sight, never "the abstracted shrine of my least breathed on thought," but what is a common desire for all. Happiness and sorrow are alike social; the muse of tragedy and of comedy are the same, as Plato observed. All tragedy is ours, as is every triumph, and is only on that account tragedy or triumph. The personal is thus the locus of feeling. Society, and chiefly a friend is the gateway to action, to the practical and dramatic life.

J. W. MILLER.

"LABORATORIZING" IN RELIGION.

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sometimes inflates the chest (if not the head).

Is it too absurd to say that one might apply the laboratory method to religion, as well as to bugs, to daisies, and to stagnant water? Is it possible one could take "specimens" from this field of phenomena, and put them un-

der the microscope or into the test-tube? If we may use these terms figuratively, we may answer "yes," and "why not?"

Not so long ago, this would have been blasphemous to some ears; it may now, to some; but to the true student, nothing that leads to truth can be blasphemous: no process, no method, no experimentation, is forbidden or unworthy.

What do we mean by the laboratory method in religion? To a degree, what we mean in chemistry or botany or biology. Secure specimens, and put them to the test.

Did you ever examine your religion? Did you ever study it? Did you ever analyze it, and discover of what it is composed? May it be suggested that this is a healthy occupation in which to indulge, healthy, that is for one's soul at least? What is to hinder you from taking your religion seriously sometime (though never too seriously!), and putting it under the glass—from testing it out in some vital way?

Suppose, for example we place your religion under the glass right now; what do we find? There are certain beliefs, forming a vital part of the religious life; there is faith, there is prayer, there is a Book, there are forms and rites and worship. All these at least. What do we discover about all these "specimens" as we look at them closely? What about "substance," and "form," and "activity," and "tendency"? What does your examination of it all result to you? No one can tell you that fully about your religion; you'll have to find out for yourself.

Perhaps one can tell what he found by such a process:—that some of the components of his religion were there by inheritance, and some by habit, and some by chance, seemingly; that some of these elements were not "active" at all, but stagnant and inert; that some had "no form or comeliness" or worth; that some showed no valuable "tendency."

Perhaps it will be the experience of some of you, as it was of him, that you will turn from your "laboratorizing" in religion to a new and keen appreciation of what it is all about, of whether it is heading, of what in it is of worth. If so, it will have repaid you to put it under the glass and into the tube; it will have rewarded you for putting your religion through the crucible of life, and testing it, and purifying it, and refining it.

"We are living in what might not inappropriately be called the Age of the Microscope, or the Age of the Test-tube."

All this pot-pourri of metaphor is for the purpose of suggesting that we submit our religion to the criteria of the age, and test it, to see of what stuff it is made. In other words, "Be yourself in religion" is a healthy legend to inscribe on the doorpost of your life.

WALLACE L. GALLUP.

PRIZE CONTEST FOR NATURE-LOVERS.

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complement of eggs. (For the Blue-Wing the Prairie Warbler or the Red-start may be substituted).

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