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"ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR HALT, CECELIA!"

Under the auspices of the Service League and for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund, the first musical comedy ever given at Connecticut College was presented on the evening of May 3rd. Snappy music and peppy songs and dances were the leading characteristics of "Halt, Cecelia!" and were prominent throughout.

Mary Chipman, as Cecelia, made a typical and charming young society heroine, while Miss Blue as "the only man I (Mary) ever loved," upheld the reputation of the Navy to the ninth degree. The rest of the cast was in keeping with these two stars and especial mention should be made of the comedians who made it seem quite like a professional production.

A great deal of credit must be given to the girls who staged the comedy so effectively and managed the entire affair so efficiently and also to the authors. Miriam Pomeroy showed herself a very versatile as well as charming poet in the composition of the lyrics in which she was assisted by Rachel Smith. The very catchy music which rang in the ears of the hearers and their friends long after the play was over was composed by Roberta Newton.

On the whole the affair proved very successful, and over \$300 was realized on tickets and on the candy which was sold during the performance, part of which was donated by Mr. Peterson, the rest being made by the students. The Service League is to be congratulated on having secured so excellent a cast and such a fine chorus of dancers.

SENIOR—SOPHOMORE TEA

When the class of 1921 first came to Connecticut College nearly two years ago, she found waiting to receive her a Sister class who smoothed out the rough paths of the Freshmen and made them happy in their new home. During that first year a bond of love and loyalty was welded between the Sister classes which this year has been strengthened for all time. Many have been the delightful parties which the two classes have enjoyed together, but none have been so beautiful as the Senior-Sophomore which was Seniors' farewell to their Sisters. They danced together, talked and had tea together. With merry songs they sang to each other and pledged their love and loyalty, which is to exist for ever and ever.

HOTEL WONTBORE LIVES UP TO REPUTATION

C. C., true to her youth, is testing out all kinds of experiences. She has added to her list of sensations a cabaret show, given by the Freshmen for the Juniors. The Hotel Wontbore lived up bravely to its name and expectations. That it was a hotel one saw immediately by the extremely energetic bell hop, conspicuously labelled as such.

Edna and James officiated as waiters and Eldridge as bartender.

One interested in humanity would find plenty of scope for study—all types were represented, from the "family party" to the "House Detective."

The first feature of the evening was the "Rushing Ballet." Grace Fisher and Evelyn Gray gave a very clever burlesque as the protagonists in this somewhat startling presentation. Other events were the Chinese pigtail dance, the Honolulu chorus "straight from Hoboken," the "Vermin Castles" (Rose Webb and Blanche Finesilver), and a song and dance number by M. A. Taylor and Helen Coops.

Except for a slight difficulty in steering one's partner between the tables and manipulating one's feet at the same time, the affair went most successfully, and gave proof of C. C.'s originality in this line.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF WAR, BY MARCOSSON

"Personal glimpses" of the war's foremost men, and "inside information" concerning some of the big battles were featured in Isaac F. Marcossan's lecture, "The War and After," delivered in the First Congregational Church, April 30.

The fierce, flashing eyes, the devout piety of Field Marshall Foch, the eloquence of Lloyd George, the simplicity of the great general's headquarters, all were described with an intimacy which made them real.

Two pictures of the French women "behind the guns" Mr. Marcossan gave as his most vivid impressions of the war.

Concerning the problems after the war, Mr. Marcossan declared that America is forgetting the war, and that Bolshevism is nowhere more hideous than in the United States. "It has imposed a penalty upon prosperity," he

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

IS SCIENCE OF ACTUAL VALUE TO MANKIND?

The enemies of "cultural education" would have been discouraged from their scoffing had they heard Professor Martin Rosanoff of Mellon Institute on May 1, when he talked on "The Use of Science to Mankind."

"The search after truth is ultimately utilitarian," declared Professor Rosanoff. Two very interesting illustrations proved his point.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the discovery of an unknown gas, helium, about the sun, through the aid of the spectroscope, was not considered at all a useful and practical bit of knowledge. But when, as Professor Rosanoff explained, the same gas was discovered in the earth's atmosphere, and very recently, in natural gas, helium came within easy range of man's use, and when, during the war, a non-inflammable gas was sought for balloons, helium was found to be an excellent substitute for hydrogen.

Again, so-called "pure science" has been of very practical value in the airplane problem. The delicacy of aircraft machinery demands a purer article than the common automobile gasoline. Impurities in the gasoline have caused fatal accidents in many instances, explained the speaker.

Hence, skilled chemists were sought

(Continued on page 5, column 2.)

YALE PROFESSOR ON LIFE IN RUSSIA

On April 30 Professor Petrunkevitch of Yale University, whose father served in the first Duma, and who has spent most of his life in Russia, addressed the college on the subject of Bolshevism.

The seed of revolution, he said, was sown in the early history of Russia when the invasion of the Tartars resulted in the serfdom of the peasants and consequent growing discontent among them. Even after the emancipation of the serfs they were obliged to pay the landlords for the land they acquired, and necessity forced them to work for low wages on the farms of the large property owners.

Although Russia is essentially an agricultural country with 90 per cent. of its population tilling the soil, ignorance and primitive methods of farming have curbed its natural develop-

(Continued on page 3, column 1.)

"TODAY IS THE FIRST OF MAY, MAY, MAY!"

May Day postponed its historic April showers until afternoon this year, and welcomed the sleepy "fire-drillers" with a golden sun on a glassy river, as they emerged from the dormitories, to greet C. C.'s fourth May Day morn.

For the first time in history there were Seniors to figure conspicuously in the celebration. And faithful sister Sophomores were well aware of it—long before the merciless fire-gong had rung, tiny gold and purple May baskets hung on every Senior's door, filled with purple pansies "for thought," candies, and personal May Day greetings.

The beloved Magdalen College hymn had its largest audience and its greatest choir this year—for gathered in bright array on the grey stone steps, were three under classes, centered about the somber black gowns and caps of the first Senior class.

The chapel exercises on the court completed the morning celebration in a beautifully impressive service. The quaint strains of the tiny harpsichord mingled with the chorus of young voices, until the whole campus seemed flooded with the music. The May Day response, the beautiful and dainty choir anthems, the lovely, rich, sadness of the Alma Mater, and finally—Dr. Sykes' Invocation Ode,—all told of the beauty and of the joy of the spring-time, of the seasons, and of womanhood until, in truth,

"Hills, trees, rivers, and seas,
Opened their hearts to them,
Blessing this day."

SPAIN DINES WITH CHINA

Where could you find a more unique event than the Spanish banquet held in the Chinese Restaurant? The little "Chop Suey House" was filled with the spicy odor of queer and unfamiliar Spanish delicacies which constituted the menu. Between courses Helen Collins and Anna Cherkasky presented a very charming little sketch, and Marion Wells sang haunting Spanish melodies to the accompaniment of a ukelele. Clementine Jordan served very ably in the capacity of toast mistress. Miss Ernst, Dr. Cary, and Senor Barja, who were the guests of the evening, each responded with a few informal remarks which added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. So with merry chatter and song ended the Spanish banquet.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief—Alison Hastings '19

Associate Editors—

Miriam Pomeroy '19

Fanchon Hartman '20

Irene Wholey '20

News Editor—

Julie Hatch '19

Managing Editor—

Kathryn Hulbert '20

Art and Publicity Editor—

Elizabeth Williams '20

Assistant Art and Publicity Mgr.—

May Buckley '19

Business Manager—

Dorothy Peck '19

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Juline Warner '19

Marion Hendrie '20

Alice Gardner '20

Ann Arkin '21

Abby Gallup '21

Evalene Taylor '21

Ann Hastings '22

Cecilia Washburn '22

Proof Readers—

Helen Rich '21

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Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

EDITORIALS

"OH, C. C.'S ALWAYS DIFFERENT THE LATEST THING OF ALL—"

Connecticut College has done a great many big things since it opened four years ago. It has organized Student Government, and organized the Service League, and inaugurated the other clubs which give pleasure not only to the members, but to all the college. The work of organization will never be entirely done. But for three years we have given our time and our executive ability to systematising the machinery of government. And now we are turning our energies in another direction. Our ingenuity and our executive ability is showing to fine advantage in the many successful social affairs that have been planned and presented this year. More than ever our versatility is being displayed. This sounds as though we were pretty much puffed up about ourselves. Well, we are. And why not? Wasn't the musical comedy the biggest success we've ever had?

It isn't an easy thing to produce a plot for anything, especially for a musical comedy. And that's why we're so proud of Miriam Pomeroy, who wrote the scenario, and gave the Service League something to work with. If "Halt, Cecilia!" hadn't originated in Miriam's fertile brain, there might

never have been a musical comedy at all.

Miriam wrote the scenario, and then she submitted it to the Service League Committee. Rachel Smith was the chairman of this committee, and she was so enthusiastic about the possibilities of the plot that she filled in the words of the songs some of which Miriam had merely indicated, and began to plan for rehearsals right away that minute.

Then she showed it to Roberta Newton, and Roberta Newton worked like a regular Trojan, setting the words to music. She became so inspired that she added new choruses here and there, up to the last minute. Bobbie put the "musical" in the musical comedy.

And who put the "comedy in the musical comedy? Well, there were so many characters, over fifty, that it is hard to say who didn't add her own special individual touch. Rachel superintended rehearsal after rehearsal, for there were seven choruses to train, and only four weeks to get it all done. Everyone in the cast contributed brilliant suggestions.

Then there was the orchestra. The interesting thing about this comedy was that only five of the nineteen song hits had been written down, and the orchestra played entirely by ear. There were two violins, and two mandolins, a 'cello, and a drum, with Bobbie gallantly jazzing away on the piano.

Marion Williams was the business manager, and through her efforts enough tickets were sold to bring in the three hundred dollars for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund.

The comedy was enthusiastically played to a full house, and it made such a hit that it is to be repeated in Norwich if all goes well. Every member of the cast looked pretty as a picture, and a hundred times more peppy. They received encore after encore. After the cast had been applauded, time and time again, the authors came in for their own special share of the enthusiasm. Preceded by our hero, Miss Blue, and our heroine, Mary Chipman, the author, Miriam, the manager, Rachel, and the composer, Bobbie Newton, were clapped again and again.

And now, how could anyone be surprised that Connecticut College is puffed up about itself. It isn't every day that musical comedies are invented and performed in such fine style.

SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION: AND ITS TENDENCIES

One might well say, in these after-the-war days, that "of making many reconstruction programs there is no end." Social reconstruction is the watchword of the hour. So it is all the more interesting to read a summary of these programs, drawn up by the National Catholic War Council, at this time. Many of these programs are so social that they verge toward

the Socialistic. All of them advocate immediate and more or less radical reform. And although some are far more extreme than others, all are agreed on certain fundamental issues.

American labor parties demand a legal minimum wage; British Quaker employers advocate a family living wage for all employees; American employers agree that the laborer is entitled to fair wages; the Interdenominational Conference of Social Service Unions of Great Britain declares that the State should enforce a minimum living wage; and the National War Labor Board has taken a firm stand for a family living wage for all male adult laborers. Catholic authorities go even further in asking why, when our industrial resources and instrumentalities are sufficient to provide more than a living wage for a large proportion of the workers—why, in short, the worker is not entitled to more than a living wage. They further urge that the law should establish wage rates that will be "at least sufficient for the decent maintenance of a family in the case of male workers, and adequate to the decent individual support of female workers." This is an interesting suggestion. Although they state in another portion of their program that women who are engaged at the same tasks as men should receive equal pay for equal amounts and qualities of work, they are here advocating that the legal minimum should be based upon sex qualification, because in most cases the economic need of the woman supporting herself is not as great as that of the man supporting a family. It seems just to draw this distinction in so far as it is true for a large part of the workers. But on the other hand, it would mean that employers could secure woman labor at lower rates than man labor. It would mean that women would be employed, and that many men would be out of a job. It would bring about the same conditions that cheap Chinese and child labor have already forced upon the market.

"The proportion of women in industry," say these authorities, "ought to be kept within the smallest practical limits."

It is agreed by all the labor organizations, by the British Quaker employers, and implied by the Catholic Council, that labor has a right to organize, to bargain collectively with the employer, and to participate in the industrial part of business management. In fact, Mr. Rockefeller asserts that "industry should promote the advancement of social welfare quite as much as material welfare." It is urged that labor ought gradually to receive greater representation in the industrial part of business management, which includes "the control of processes and machinery, nature of product, engagement and dismissal of employees, hours of work, rates of pay, etc." In fact, business is to be run jointly by labor and capital, industry, as well as government is to be democratized.

Among general welfare measures are suggested government insurance on life, limb and property to all classes, including soldiers and sailors; State provision for the decent housing of workers; reduction of the cost of living through co-operative enterprises and methods; government prevention of unemployment; a safeguarding of the rights of the laborer and his family to a reasonable amount of rest and recreation.

"There must be a reform," concludes the summary, "in the spirit of both labor and capital. The laborer must come to realize that he owes his employer and society an honest day's work for a fair wage. The capitalist needs to learn the long-forgotten truth that wealth is stewardship * *

* * He must cultivate and strengthen within his mind the truth which many of his class have begun to grasp for the first time during the present war; namely, that the laborer is a human being, not merely an instrument of production. The laborer's right to a decent livelihood is the first moral charge upon industry. The employer has a right to get a reasonable living out of his business, but he has no right to interest on his investment until his employees have obtained at least living wages."

If this program, strong in its appeal for government ownership of public utilities, and insistent in its demand for representation of labor in all industry, is a measure of the reconstructive tendencies of the present day, we are moving rapidly toward abolition of monopolies, of private enterprise; of individual responsibility for employment, housing, recreation, medical care;—in short the dawning of the era of the Socialistic state is close at hand.

OPEN LETTERS

To the Editor:

It is our privilege as students of a new college to start customs which will in the course of time become traditions. Only those which stand as memorials, or which are of benefit will stand the test of time.

The enthusiasm which has been shown at the Senior sings may well be taken as a sign that this most recent custom will become a permanent one. The black-gowned seniors, the gray, stone wall, and the moonlight form a picturesque setting for the singing of sacred, college, class, and popular songs. The whole effect begets a feeling of college spirit; and that feeling is what we need now and shall probably need more as our numbers increase. As long as this sing does make for college spirit, it seems as if the other three classes ought to have a more definite part in it. It is true that when some song is started with which the other classes are familiar, when there is a special song addressed to a certain class then we do sing, but we do it in a hit or miss fashion. We

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

THE SECRET LETTERS FROM
ANNETTE GENEVIEVE
MARIONETTE JEANETTE
(Concluded from last issue.)

that makes no difference they have to be rewritten today.

My vacation in New York was wonderful. I wish you could have been along to have a good time too, and I know you missed my not coming home. But you'll have to spend a week-end with me soon (a week-end is Saturday and Sunday and sometimes Friday after the 4.11 train gets in). It is called a week-end because it comes after every one is weak from having to study the beginning of the week. First we went to the Hippodrome—it is quite a big place, lots bigger than any hall at home and sort of like a circus inside of something besides a tent. There were so many things going on at once that I couldn't see them all so I stopped trying to. It was a cold day so they had some ice skating on the stage. It wasn't so cold in the theatre as you would think having the ice there and all, but I suppose they got it warmed up at the last minute. I wonder what sort of an act they have instead of it on a warm day. I asked Aunt Clara while the act was going on, and some girl next to me said that they had acrobats who stood on their noses with their mouths in the air. And I didn't answer her back like I should have.

The hotel Aunt Clara stays in is gorgeous. You don't have to do anything for yourself. The electric light even turns itself on whenever you open the door of the clothes-press. And when there's mail in your box a little light tells you all about it. That's another reason why I was so glad to get your letters every day. My aunt gave a party for me. It was a regular party with boys and ice cream. There was one fellow there who knew about C. C. (this is what we call our college when we are in a hurry, or when we sing songs about it; it's a nickname). He said he reads all about the quarantines we have. Another fellow took me out to the theatre, and I managed to let him know that we study about such things at college. Then I happened to remember a few things I had overheard upper-classmen say when they were cramming (that means studying a lot of new things you are supposed to have studied a long time ago so that you can write them in an examination the next hour) and I told them to him. I guess he thinks I know a lot—the play we saw was a musical comedy so the things I told him before the curtain went didn't happen on the stage. That made me feel sort of disappointed.

I did a lot of other things in New York. Some things I can't even write in a letter, because Ma might see it and although Aunt Clara said nothing at all I feel that Ma wouldn't like to know about them because she'd have to scold me. Now be sure you don't tell her nothing about what I have written.

Yours lovingly till that week-end Fri., 4.11 train or Sat.

ANNIE JENNIE.

BROTHERHOOD WHAT
HUMANITY DESIRES

Dr. Steiner of Grinnell College, Iowa, delivered a splendid address on "The Struggle for Democracy" Tuesday, April 29, in the gymnasium. He needed no introduction to the students and faculty. As soon as he appeared on the stage he was vigorously applauded.

Dr. Steiner interspersed his serious theme with his usual delightful humor. He told of the hunger of the human race, of the "call of the hungry for brotherly relationship." Because of the fact that men did not fly to seek each other but at each other, he said, the universe was wrecked. Herein came the greatest loss to the spirit of men. He emphatically stated that he had no faith in the definite power of war, no matter how great the victory. "What men want is brotherhood, and the struggle is on everywhere. But nothing short of material adjustments will bring results. Whether one looks at history from an idealistic or materialistic standpoint there is always the struggle for bread. It is this continuous contention that has kept humanity from reaching the starting point—the realisation of highest hunger. That is the obstacle in the way of interpreting the superficial distinction of caste, color, and creed. Man is a splendid product of God. Underneath the external differences, all humanity is one."

COLLEGE STUNTS
FEATURE OF EVENING.

(Concluded from page 3 column 4.) very attractive in a short Pierrot and Pierrette dance in costume. A vocal selection, *Monitone* by Franz, was charmingly rendered by Marie Antoinette Taylor.

The last number of the evening was perhaps the most effective, when the double quartette sang in an informal manner a number of college songs, ending with our college song, *Dear C. C.*

HELEN COOPS '22.

OPEN LETTERS.

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.) show up unfavorably by contrast with the well-led singing of the Seniors.

Each class could stand in a group and be led by its cheer leader. Possibly the four leaders could arrange some sort of a program for the evening. Of course, this is only one suggestion, but it may lead to more. Mr. Weld has shown us what well organized singing can accomplish.

The Seniors have started the custom; it should by all means continue to be a Senior Sing, yet it could become a college sing in spirit.

F. K. H. '20.

MRS. SCHOONMAKER'S
LECTURES HAVE BEEN
PRINTED IN BOOK FORM

"We believe that of all governments," says the Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association, "a Democracy stands most in need of an intelligent electorate."

"That with the spread of democracy all over the world, resulting in the enfranchisement of women in every continent, the women of Connecticut may hope to have this new badge of service very soon conferred upon them also."

In accordance with these beliefs, in the spring of 1918, the Association initiated a Department of Citizenship, to give specific political and civic education to the women of the state. The results of a careful investigation were compiled and issued first in pamphlet, and later in book form, since no text book dealing specifically with the government of Connecticut had been published. Lectures have been given before schools, clubs, colleges, and associations of all kinds. Mrs. Schoonmaker delivered this course of lectures to Connecticut College during the recent winter months.

These lectures have been published in book form by the National Woman Suffrage Publishing Company under the title *The Actual Government of Connecticut*. It is a very valuable and lucid little book, very well worth reading, and even more worth remembering. It possesses a special interest for Connecticut College, because gratitude is expressed in the foreword to President Benjamin T. Marshall. "who has given us his very generous endorsement."

DR. BARSTOW
TOURS THE WORLD

To have made a journey of 40,000 miles is no small matter, but that is exactly what Dr. Marjorie Latta Barstow, a former member of our faculty, has done. The account of her trip was first given in the *New York World* and later reprinted in the *Literary Digest*. Miss Barstow did not visit the usual sightseeing places, but rather the ones where tourists rarely go. She first went to Montana and Nevada, where she was interested in the cowboys. She sailed from Vancouver. She then visited Japan which was at that season of the year very beautiful with cherry-blossoms. Her next stopping place was China. At one place in China she was called the "White Wonder," because of her coloring. The natives had never seen a blonde before, and wanted to know if her hair was real. At the Philippines she saw dog-eating Igorotes. Miss Barstow traveled in India and Burma. She spent Christmas in Palestine.

At every place there were novel and interesting sights, which were just the sort of things which Miss Barstow

(Continued on page 6, column 2.)

HOW THE WAR WAS WON

A True Story About the Alpin
Chasseurs.

At last the division was actually going out of the lines. For eight long weary weeks they had held, through successive attacks and counter-attacks and a constant deluge of gas and shell. Many had already gone out—on their last repos. Others we had carried back—to be patched up for service again in the base hospitals in the rear. But tonight they were really on the road; they were happy, we were happy. The driving rain couldn't repress us; even the guns barked more cheerily and the shells whistled a less mournful whine. Tomorrow we were going back au repos.

Road conditions were mean, traffic was heavy, the rain made it darker than usual, and the enemy with his uncanny intuition seemed to realise what was happening, and tried to break it up. But all that was incidental; it was the last stage of a bad dream; tomorrow we'd wake in the sunlight.

An uncertain dark mass on the road ahead resolved itself into another body of marching men. They pushed over into the ditch to let me pass—and then I recognized them. It was the 55th—our battalion of Chasseurs Alpins.

In the happier days of April and May we'd been quartered together in the same village, and passed pleasantly many otherwise dragging hours by playing soccer, staging boxing matches, and listening to their band.

But since then they'd suffered cruelly; of the nine hundred that had pulled out of Jubecourt at sundown two months before less than five hundred were coming back over the road tonight. And their gray haired old major, the brave and beloved father of the battalion,—two weeks before one of our cars carried out his body to be buried in the quieter country further back.

But tonight they too were happy, in spite of their back-breaking packs, notwithstanding the driving rain and the sticky mud that nearly concealed the deep blue of their tunics. They sang snatches from the *Follies* as they plashed along.

I stopped. They had enough mud without my adding another coat. And some of them, recognising me as one of 'les Americans,' jumped up on my running board to exchange greetings, before they disappeared into the murk again. One left a heavy boche helmet for me to carry back; all were eager for a grand game of soccer the first good day back au repos.

The fragmentary strains of "Madelon" died down; the clinking of accoutrement and the wheezing of wet boots in the mud were drowned out in the medley of the guns. I pushed on to poste.

I badly wanted an hour's sleep; I was weary from twenty-four hours' watching of snaky roads; my head

SPRING MEETING OF STUDENT ASSOCIATION

At the regular spring meeting of the Student Government Association, the following girls were nominated for next year's presidency:

Helen Perry,
Mary Brader,
Marjorie Doyle,
Frances Barlow.

The Association voted its wish to adopt, permanently, instead of the former scholarship eligibility rules, the present system, namely: instead of a student's automatically having to drop any office or offices aggregating a number of points over 30 if she has had over 5 points of D work in the last semester, each case of a girl's being low in her studies is to be considered as an individual case by the (Student) Council and dealt with accordingly.

Announcement was made that no girl would be allowed to go either boating or swimming this spring until she had filed anew in the office a written permission from her parents.

The Chairman of the meeting urged that students should be more careful in observing the rules regarding all matters of chaperonage.

It was also announced that all overnight books were to be returned to the Library by 8 o'clock as stated in the "C," instead of at 8.15.

YALE PROFESSOR ON LIFE IN RUSSIA.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

ment. Autocracy fostered ignorance among the mass of people. The landowners were seldom on their estates, which were left under the direction of overseers. These had extorted huge profits and had grown rich. One farm of 36,000 acres in South Russia realised for its owner an annual income of only \$8,000.

Meanwhile the oppressed peasantry were living in tiny, self-supporting villages. This life taught the peasantry the principle of common ownership of land, and fostered in them resentment toward the rich. Thus the ground was prepared for a socialistic revolution.

Even as early as 1903 Lenine led a small party of Bolshevik agitators. In 1917 Kerensky spread socialist propaganda, but Lenine attracted public sentiment by urging the workers to nationalise the factories and the peasants to seize the land.

Bolshevism ruined Russia. But two reasons exist why the other parties in Russia oppose the Allies' sending food to Russia:—1. It will mean compromise with the Bolsheviks. 2. It will strengthen the Bolsheviks. Then Bolshevism will prove itself invincible.

The hope of Russia lies in a federation of republics, for even the peoples who have expressed the desire to form separate republics hold the greatness of the nation at heart.

AMONG OUR POETS

THE FIRST OF MAY

Orange baskets, purple tied,
Orange baskets, filled with flowers,
In the early morning hours,
Every Senior door outside.

Orange baskets, softly fluted,
Orange baskets, filled with kisses,—
Not a Senior's heart it misses,
Every Senior's taste is suited.

Orange baskets, sisters dear,
Orange baskets, filled with Maytime,
Shall be sunshine, night and daytime,
To the Seniors through the year.

AGAIN.

So tremulous Spring has come again
To breathe cool fragrance on the hills.
The eager clouds shake out their hair
for her,
Their white-soft hair for winds to
frolic with.
Sometimes you see them caught in
trees' fair arms,
Or pierced with green of poplar's
slender flame
Nothing within our power could stop
this growing—
O great strong pulling heart of
of Spring.
Loving and lifting the world up so,
Tune us to your vibrant sympathy,
Teach us to be brothers—all again!
'20.

COLLEGE LIFE.

These intimate college days—
How cold and brutal will the world
seem soon
When all this cherished Youth is gone,
This garnered Youth that we have
guarded here,
Counting not the golden hours
As they pour their confidence and
powers
Into our greedy hands—so,
We are thirsty now for everything,
Absorbing all the heavens will send.
Eagerly we run abreast, full-strong,
And know the touch of comrade's hand
And sound of sympathetic voice.
The jostling crowds are running side
by side,
Yet so apart—each one is bent on his
own goal—
They do not see that all the goals are
one—
Here in this happy college life,
How natural it is to tell of home, of
loves, of simple eager things,
Discuss psychology and art,
And puzzle out philosophies and kings,
And listen to the dreams and griefs of
others here—
Well we learn to love this little golden
world
This four-year world of sun and wind;
And Socrates and Kant—
These intimate college days—
How cold and brutal will the world
seem soon.
'20.

INTRODUCTION TO ANTHROPOLOGY Lecture I.

Come, eager students, let us go
To study, first the Esquimaux.
Upon arrival we soon learn that:
A little igloo, now and then,
Is relished by the Esquimen.
Entering the igloo we see
Around a pot of steaming soup
A charming little Esquigrou.
To our surprise we note that:
Fresh grampus meat of flavor mild
Is set before each Esquichild.
And observation soon shows that:
A little whale oil, well frapped,
Is prized by every Esquimaid.
From the conversation we gather that:
The kyak is a thing of joy
To every well bred Esquiboy.
While the young folks enjoy their meal
The grandsire, sitting on the floor,
Recites strange bits of Esquimore.
Meanwhile:
The housewife, grinding cuttlefish.
Prepares a wholesome Esquidish.
Our practised eye quickly detects:
Before the fire, upon a mat,
A squatty little Esquicat.
We remark incidentally that:
The clothes here seen look much the
same
If worn by Esquiman or—dame.
Emerging into the open
We hear the mighty walrus roar
Upon the rock bound Esquishore,
While far away the caribou
Emits its plaintive Esquimoo.
To our pleasure we find
No dust at all and little smoke
Among the happy Esquifolk.

Furthermore:

When children for some naughty
prank
Are handed out an Esquispark
They do not stamp upon the ground
Nor utter any Esquisound.
Indeed:
One never sees a sullen frown
On any face in Esquitown.
Of haughty pride there's not a trace
Among the simple Esquirage.
In fact we see on every hand
Much to admire in Esquiland.
Yet candor compels us to admit that:
The middy blouse, though nice and
cool,
Is unknown in an Esquischool.
They cannot sing a single hymn
Nor do they own an Esquigym.
They've never heard of Spain or
France
Though all are taught to Esquidance.
From this brief talk you all can see
The aim of Anthropology.
Next week we'll meet again, I hope.
To dwell upon its range or scope.
And then, as here our custom is,
We'll hold a comprehensive quiz.
H. Z. K.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES OF WAR BY MARCOSSON.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

said, "It is the new Prussianism. It must be stamped out."
"As to the peace," Mr. Marcossion concluded, "It must be an altruistic peace. It must show the Germans where they are to get off, and keep them there."

SPRING ELECTIONS MOST SATISFACTORY

The result of the recent elections is as follows:

President of Student Government—
Helen Perry.
President of Service League—Leah
Nora Pick.
President of Senior Class — Alice
Horrax.
President of Junior Class—Rachel
Smith.
President of Sophomore Class —
Mildred Duncan.

We are glad to welcome the incoming officers to the honors which they have won.

Helen Perry and Leah Pick especially have a great work ahead of them. On them depends greatly what shall be the spirit and tone of our first year without the present Senior Class. It is this year which will be the real test of Student Government, whether or not it is equal to maintaining the ideals which it has upheld thus far.

However the candidates have in their past activities recommended themselves as capable of conducting the offices to which they have been elected, and it is certain that the ideals of Student Government and of the Service League will live and grow under their leadership.

COLLEGE STUNTS FEATURE OF EVENING

A very successful entertainment was given by the Senior class on April 21 for the benefit of the Sykes Memorial. The attractive settings of the stage in the Second Congregational Church House added a great deal to the finish and style of the performance, and the ten numbers of the program were enthusiastically received by a very appreciative audience of townspeople.

The well known College String Quartette played together for the first time this year, displaying their ability to great advantage in the execution of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The members of the quartette are Virginia Rose, Anna Cherkasky, Clementina Jordan and Grace Cockings.

The double quartette was very effective in singing a number of college songs in harmony. A rather unique bit of acting was the "Bird Courtship" by Laura Batchelder and Doris Patterson. Miss Patterson also gave a monologue — *Mrs. Newlywed at the Meatmarket*—a very good bit of comedy. The next number was the second selection of the string quartette, *Paradis' Pastelle*.

Especially popular was Miss Patterson's Dual Dance, the impersonation of two people in one. The seventh number was a presentation by Dorothy Henkle, *The Whistle of Sandy McGraw*, by Robert Service, a war poem made especially effective by Catherine Troland's accompaniment on the piano. Marion Wells and Mary Chipman were

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

ached from the steady pound of the guns; and all the fatigue of two months' gruelling work seemed to pile itself upon me at the last moment. I slipped in under my blankets, boots, mud, and all. But sleeping wasn't done that night—that cursed telephone wouldn't cease its discordant jangle.

A brancardier pulled my blankets back. "Down on the road, monsieur. Near the Farm de Verrieres, et vite."

Fate had played one of its hellishly tragic tricks. A big boche marmite had struck right among our Chasseurs, hitting a tree or bouncing back in such a manner as to burst on the level of their heads, wiping out eighteen and wounding nearly thirty.

For half an hour we worked like supermen fixing first aid dressings inadequately temporary; searching still forms for signs of life, and rolling those that still groaned or stirred onto stretchers and hustling them back in our cars.

Lights were strictly defendu there, but we had to use our car lanterns to aid us—it was life or death. And the enemy, seemingly gleeful over our misfortune, shot his cursed shrapnel across, which spitefully whined and spat overhead, but found its target in the empty woods beyond.

That wasn't war; it was murder. Those boys didn't have a fighting chance against those flying chunks of steel that took such a bite out of them. They knew it; they'd learned that three years before—yet time after time they went cheerfully forward. Their work is almost done—too many of them are not here to appreciate it—but they went knowing that we would win because they could count on those that they left behind to pick up and carry on the work where they left it. That is why we can't fall down on this last Liberty Loan.

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A PASSING MOOD

A feeling of loneliness came over her; deep, painful loneliness, gnawing at her heart like a vulture. "It is right," she said to herself, for she had talked, and she had talked too much, had overstepped the bounds of moderation, and, therefore, she was suffering. This was the cause of her anguish, her despair, she told herself. And now she will be laughed at, scorned inwardly if not pointed at with the finger, as, "the altogether too earnest, eccentric, little fool," etc., and what-not.

"It is best not to say anything; to 'be silent,' as Carlyle advises," she thus softly remonstrated with herself, "unless, indeed, there is something unimpeachably strong, worthy of being said, something new, something vitally great."

"But the desire, the longing for expression?" she again remonstrated—"Alas, that is to be smothered, to be killed, to be murdered mercilessly in its bed, to go down with the sorrower, and the sufferer into an early grave,—a deep, cold grave."

"What we would like to be—alas, it is far, far from us." We stretch out longing arms on the breadth and width of the world, call aloud in the emptiness, suffer and bleed, nourish the pangs of hunger, yearning and despair, but to no avail. What we would like to be—never, never on this earth—never, never! Deep, deep insufficiency, starvation, longing, despair, and disgust with the world, with life, with systems, with laws, with "justice," and all!

IS SCIENCE OF ACTUAL VALUE TO MANKIND?

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

by the government, until, in Mr. Rosanoff's own laboratory, the so-called "super x" gasoline was produced, which enables an airplane to go three thousand feet higher than former records.

But, just as "pure science" is inseparable from the "practical," so science should be inseparable from other studies, according to the speaker.

BALSAM OF NATURE

He walked out into the forest. The moss and turf were wet beneath his feet. The tall trees stretched upward to an amazing height. The sky hung in massy clouds overhead. A wind blew in the trees—the preparation for a storm. The birds sounded in the air—call after call, chirp after chirp, and twitter after twitter fell upon his ear—beautiful the medley, different, entirely natural. Still sick at heart, he touched the bark of a tree. It was moist and cool. With a feeling of great hunger and longing of soul, he put his head close to it. Soothingly, it acted upon the fever of his brow, and the burning passion of his spirit. The perfume of the leaves and the trees went to his nostrils. He inhaled them deeply—pungent odours—the air was laden with them, and the wind carried them, and blew them out beyond the bounds of the forest so that people passing in the vicinity of the giant horde smelt the fragrance in its softened, delicate quality, and were gladdened by the sensation, their heads uplifted; their nostrils dilated to absorb the essence of the atmosphere, and their souls felt at one with the pensiveness and wildness of the scene. So sweet and fragrant were the odours that he felt almost as if he had tasted the scents in the air. Hungry, he opened his mouth, and caught the odoriferous loveliness in deep breaths. He walked steadily homeward, refreshed and elated by the quickening of his senses, and the giving of his wounded soul to the winds.

G. CHORNEY '22.

able from the "practical," so science should be inseparable from other studies, according to the speaker. "This is the time," he declared, "for the United States to foster science and the humanities. Science alone is insufficient. We should continue the study of all branches of thought, and without the question in regard to any. 'What is the use of it?'"

IS THIS YOUR TRUNK?

About a thousand pieces of personal baggage go astray each month, according to a recent statement by an express official. Very probably, the trunks and suitcases of college students are among them, particularly at this season. Therefore, it is important that you start your trunk right, safeguarded with the proper kind of address labels and tags.

Most of the trouble is due to the fact that trunks, unlike the students, cannot speak for themselves when the address label or tag comes off. "Old marks" from previous trips are confusing to the expressman and usually send the baggage some place where it oughtn't to go.

If you do not want your vacation ruined, or a romance shattered by a lost trunk, follow these general rules:

Remove or cancel all addresses of former trips.

Don't entrust your fineries to a single tag. The expressmen will not accept your baggage unless you have a label on it, in addition to a strong tag.

Be sure it is a strong tag. One with a reinforced eyelet, and attached with a heavy cord or wire, is best.

Use good ink, never lead pencil, in writing the address, and do it legibly, giving all of these details: Name of shipper; where from; name of consignee; local address, street and number; destination, city; value—state in full; and date of your shipment.

As an additional safeguard, place your name and permanent address on the inside of your trunk; on the lid, for instance.

Use these same common sense rules when you ship a suitcase, a handbag or other baggage, and you will see your best clothes again!

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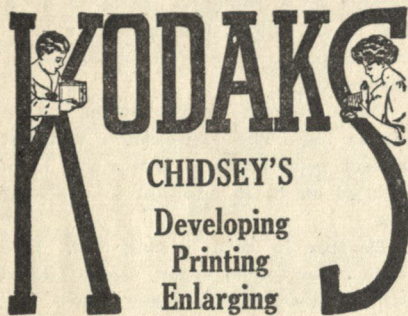
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THE LAST OF THE OLIVERS

The race of Olivers had steadily been declining, until there was left but one to represent a once-famous family. Sammy's appearance was not prepossessing; he was thin and small, stoop-shouldered, pale of hair and little blinking eyes—hardly one of whom the first Colonel Oliver would have been proud. He was somewhat of an institution at Cray's Landing, and every one was more or less interested when the hour approached for his appearance before the Draft Board.

That evening, as usual, a group of loungers gathered about Lem's store, to smoke and swap tales of fish caught and almost caught—deeds exaggerated and artistically trimmed, but none the less interesting to the hearers, who were stirred with a desire to go each tale one better. Tonight, however, conversation swerved from fish and fogs to war and drafts—four of the men would have to go, and were not very cheerful about it.

In the midst of the conversation, the door opened and Sammy shambled in. He took the center of the floor quite naturally and stood there, hands clasped behind his back, his little eyes beaming upon his expectant audience.

"Wal, I'm goin'!" He announced after a dramatic pause. "Me head ain't quite right, but I'm agoin' jest the same."

So it came about that Sammy was given the blue uniform, the instinctive choice of a man who had always lived by the water, tho he had been but little upon it. He was set to shoveling coal on a ship—a simple enough task, you would think, yet poor, conscientious little Sammy did it as inefficiently as you could possibly imagine. So they tried him at this, and they tried him at that, always with the same result. His little bent figure drooped wearily, looking more than ever incongruous in his blouse and flaring trousers, and his brow was continually wrinkled in perplexity.

He was neither normal, nor yet feeble-minded—just a miserable, unhappy misfit, until one day an officer called to him.

"See here, Oliver," he demanded

gruffly, "Do you know anything about a garden?"

Sammy fairly leapt to his side, his eyes alight, his back almost straight in his eagerness.

"I sho' do," he exclaimed excitedly, "I can grow an'thing—anywheres! Lawse, ef you'd seen my garden last year—"

The man who listened was a man who was interested in his fellow-men—a man who felt the opportunities as well as the obligations of his position. And so it came about that the newly planned Navy Gardens were put in charge of half-witted Sammy Oliver.

People watched for the result with sceptical interest, but at the end of the summer, Sammy returned to Cray's Landing on a furlough, and you might have guessed his success from the greetings of his townspeople. Fame spreads quickly, and the Navy's trust had been justified. The little shrunken figure, ridiculous in its uniform, was hailed with great acclaim. The last of the Olivers had found himself—he was no longer half-witted Sammy—he was head of the United States Navy Gardens in—(Censored)—and he had run them more successfully, economically, and efficiently than Hoover could have imagined in his wildest dream.

**DR. BARSTOW
TOURS THE WORLD.**

(Concluded from page 4, column 3.)

was seeking as inspiration for her work in writing and developing pageants. The climax of her unusual trip can be best given in her own words: "On the North American coast we met a hurricane. One of the seamen was washed overboard and lost, as we could not stop to get him for fear of jeopardizing the rest of the crew. Even the cabins were washed away. The ship's kitchens were flooded and we had to live on tea and crackers for several days. We wirelessed Boston to meet us with ambulances. A few days later we limped into Boston; and so ended a wonderful tour."

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