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Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 20

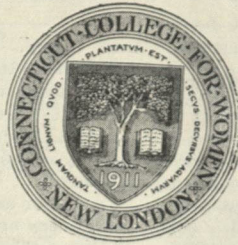
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JUNIORS GIVE STUNT AT SING.

INDIAN MOTIF DOMINATES TOTEM POLE REAPPEARS.

March 10th was Junior night at Community Sing. With reluctance we sang a few of the "old favorites," and waited expectantly to see what would emerge from behind the curtains. Suddenly the lights were lowered. While the impressive music of the Junior mascot song was played the curtain slowly rose. Two wigwams were disclosed, dimly lighted by smoldering camp-fire. Back of it sat the Big Chief holding the Totem Pole, while a file of Indian maidens wrapped in gay blankets circled around her. The Indian chant was most appropriate to the dim circle of squaws invoking protection for their Totem Pole. When the lights came on again, there were the Juniors, dressed in red and white, down in the front row of the gym. They sang us some of their peppy songs, and then four "uke" players entertained us, with their strumming. Later the cheer-leader "played school" and asked the girls questions. We learned that the Freshmen were "Some sister-class," that the Sophomores were "Well—better say it with flowers," and that the Seniors were "all good fabrics!" The sing closed with a Freshman song to the Juniors, and a great deal of cheering for '22 who had carried off their program so well.

A NEW AFFAIR AT CONNECTICUT COLLEGE.

Connecticut College is always original. Because it is quite the thing for everyone to go to the Crown on Saturday night, the Seniors conceived the brilliant idea of bringing the movies up here on campus for the girls. Instead of paying money for carfare, they might just as well give it to the Seniors for graduation expenses. On Saturday night, March 12th, the Gymnasium was turned into a regular Movie House where Marjuerite Clark in "Come Out of the Kitchen" was the chief attraction. The picture was accompanied by fitting music played by a young man who also sang during the intermissions. Here's hoping that the Seniors received a large profit, and also that the Gymnasium will be again turned into a Movie House.

A SHORT YARN!

Come to the Service League Office! Get yarn and make at least one sweater. We have on hand enough yarn to keep sixteen children warm—any age you please!

Office hours — Nine until ten every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—Nine until twelve every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Rip Van Winkle — March nineteenth at two-thirty — Freshmen and Sophomores, here is the chance you have been looking for—Be a Champion!

MRS. WATSON SPEAKS.

Opens Up New Field For Women.

Mrs. Frank E. Watson, instructor in the Pennsylvania School of Social Work, and wife of Professor Watson of Haverford College, spoke at Connecticut, March 11th, on the subject, "Opportunities for Trained Women in the Home."

Mrs. Watson said that in choosing a vocation a woman should analyze herself to determine the occupation that gives her the most satisfaction. If she enjoys work in the home, there is an opportunity for her to pioneer in the field of home assistant, where the financial returns should in time equal those of any other occupation in the social field.

SILVER BAY CONTEST.

Title of paper:

1. What part the Service League has in the life of Connecticut College?

2. What it means to a girl to be a member of Service League

Conditions:

1. To contain not more than nine hundred words.

2. To be typewritten and sent to Evelene Taylor in an envelope with the name, written on a separate piece of paper, enclosed.

3. Must be in by Friday, April 10th, at 6 o'clock.

The reward offered by the Service League to the girl winning this contest, is a trip to Silver Bay with all expenses paid. It is hoped that there will be many contestants for this splendid opportunity.

BASKETBALL.

On Wednesday, March 9th, the Junior second and Freshman second teams met in friendly rivalry. The game was not exciting as the Freshmen were far superior to the Juniors and had no trouble running up a score of 27 to 5. The Senior and Sophomore first teams played, and the Sophomores, with the able shooting of Helen Hemingway, showed a score of 36 to 26 in their favor. Ray Smith starred for the Seniors.

On Thursday, March 10th, two peppy games were played, the first between the Senior second and Sophomore second teams. Helen Barkerding scored heavily, and the passwork of the team was much better than in their last game. Although the Seniors worked hard, the score was 24 to 28 in favor of the Sophomores. Far the most exciting game of the season was the Junior-Freshman first team game. Muriel Cornelius of the Freshman and Catherine McCarthy of the Juniors, both played a good forward game. Although the Juniors played well, the work of the Freshmen center, Dorothy Hubbell, was too much for them and the game ended with a 57 to 27 score in favor of the Freshmen.

The campus was delighted to have several alumnae with us over the week-end. An annual alumnae meeting was held to discuss plans for reunion at commencement. From 1919 there were Esther Batchelder, Miranda Prentiss, Winona Young, Grace Cockings, Virginia Rose and Marion Kofsky; Jessie Menzies and Edith Lindholm represented 1920.

DR. AUGUSTUS G. POHLMAN TO SPEAK.

Will Address Students at Convocation.

The Convocation speaker for Tuesday, the twenty-second of March, will be Dr. Augustus G. Pohlman of St. Louis, Mo. His subject will be, "The Golden Rule of Health."

Dr. Pohlman is Professor of Astronomy in St. Louis University, and has recently been made President of the St. Louis Natural History Museum.

COLLEGE CLUB DELEGATES VISIT CAMPUS.

A meeting of the State Federation of College Women's Clubs was held in the assembly hall of the Williams Memorial Institute, New London, on Saturday afternoon. The business session opened at two o'clock, prior to which the delegates were entertained at luncheon by the members of the local Association of Collegiate Alumnae. At the close of the meeting, the visiting alumnae motored to the college, where they were the guests at tea of the college faculty. Mrs. John Edwin Wells, of New London, is president of the federation. Representatives of all the college women's clubs in the state attended this meeting, which was the third of its kind held since the federation was organized about a year ago.

(Excerpt from New York Times.)

A NEW CREW ON THE THAMES.

It is not surprising to learn that the Connecticut College for Women is planning to put a crew on the Thames.

The Connecticut College women look straight down from their lofty campus upon the blue waters of the Thames and they must often have asked themselves, during the last five years—that is as long as the college has been in existence—why they, as well as the young men from Yale and Harvard, should not use the river to row on.

Other women's colleges include rowing in their athletic programmes—at least Wellesley does; and the time may come when we shall witness an intercollegiate women's regatta on the Thames. But meanwhile the girls have a good deal to do to learn the rudiments of the art, and they need not be in a hurry to measure sweeps with the Wellesley or Vassar undergraduates.

There is no reason why girls should not row. It is a healthful exercise as long as it is not carried too far. Of course nobody would expect the Connecticut College oarswomen to undertake a four-mile race from Gale's Ferry down to the railroad bridge. Even half the distance would be unwise. But short of that they can find much pleasure and profit in the sport, even if, indeed, their competitive rowing never goes beyond races between the classes.

CLASS NOTE.

The Junior Class decided at their last meeting to proceed with Prom, according to previous plans. They are, however, omitting engraved invitations in order to keep the expense as low as possible.

MR. ARTHUR WHITING GIVES RECITAL.

PIANIST DELIGHTS AUDIENCE.

VARIED PROGRAM PLEASURES.

The recital given by Mr. Arthur Whiting on the evening of March 8th, in the Gymnasium, was undoubtedly one of the most successful of Convocation programs presented thus far. Mr. Whiting developed his subject, "The Art of Pianoforte Playing," first by a brief sketch of the history of the pianoforte, followed by the rendering of a delightful musical program.

The piano, he said, is the most perfect of all instruments, because it is the most sensitive to the individuality of the player. It is the greatest of all instruments and should be treated as such. The forerunners of the piano were the clavichord, which was so delicate that it could be heard only in a small room; and the harpsichord, which was more like the organ in that one could not make accent by the direct touch of the finger. The desire for more tone brought the introduction of the pianoforte, in 1775, with its essential feature, the damper pedal the use of which is a great art. The piano was a delicate instrument until by degrees technique entered in and the piano had to be made stronger to meet the desire for loudness.

Mr. Whiting's program was of great variety and was well-selected and arranged, including works of five of the greatest composers, typical of successive periods of the art. Handel, of the Old School, was represented by his Suite, in G major; a series of short dances, Beethoven, the greatest master that ever lived, by his Sonata appassionata, in F minor; Brahms, of the Romantic German School; Debussy, by several of his compositions based on the "whole tone scale"; and last, because of his brilliancy, Chopin, the "King" of all, by his Preludes and Ballades.

Mr. Whiting's interpretations were exceptionally pleasing, marked by a depth of feeling, along with fineness of touch and technique.

PROSPECTS OF A SCIENCE CLUB.

A new Science Club is being formed for students who are taking any Science courses. It was originally intended to be a Nutrition Club, but as there are no other clubs of this sort, it was thought best to include all the Science students. It has been formed so that the students can bring in any questions along this line that they want answered, and also to help out Miss Southworth with some special work that she has to do this spring. All students who are interested please sign up as soon as possible on the paper on the Students' Bulletin Board.

On March nineteenth the last get-together of the Senior-Junior classes takes place. The annual luncheon which the Seniors give the Juniors will be at one-fifteen in the Grille of the Mohican.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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This issue is in charge of a Junior Staff—

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Elizabeth Hall

NEWS EDITOR

Blanche Finesilver

MUSICAL PROGRAMS.

Connecticut College wants more music. Anyone who attended the most delightful recital of Mr. Arthur Whiting last Tuesday evening can testify to the truth of that statement if attendance is at all significant. The fact that the student body, in spite of the busy round of campus activities, found time to support it, nay, were eager to, is evidence enough of the desire on its part to enjoy an evening of good music. We liked Mr. Whiting's type of lectures, "less lecture and more music" as he put it, and we would like that sort of thing often. We can never have too much of the kind of music he gave us. The remark is said to have been made by a member of the Music Department before this concert, that if it were well supported a special effort would be made to bring more of such programs before the college. Fervently do we hope that this remark will not be in vain. GREAT AUNT ELIZABETH.

ANNAPOLIS LOGIC.

Annapolis men prove that a homely girl is better than a pretty girl, and so do not allow their Freshmen to go out with a pretty one. This is their method: You all agree nothing is better than a pretty girl. Well, a homely girl is better than nothing, and therefore a homely one must be better than a pretty one.

FREE SPEECH.

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

To the Editor:—

When a *nom-de-plume* is assumed it is not really absolutely necessary that good-breeding be dropped. No one should possess such a quivering sense of self-importance that she would resent a few veiled ironical thrusts. Ironical thrusts are excellent for the soul. But when they are couched in words that hold all the acidity of which the English language is capable, they are not good for the soul, but very, very bad for the temper. I repeat that when a *nom-de-plume* is assumed it is not really necessary that good-breeding be dropped. My criticism of Sivanarola, worthy gentleman, is that possibly in his tremendous intellectual activity, in his remarkable rush of ideas, he has carelessly overlooked the above mentioned little truth. It is these little truths that have a way of hiding from mighty minds whose grip on the eternal realities excludes the mere details.

C. F. '23.

ADVANTAGES OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

Isn't college a wonderful place! Every day I am more and more amazed at the infinite resources of the scholastic life. When I think of the incompetent person I was last September, I can hardly believe that the complete reversal I now experience, can have happened. And college has done all this!

I am now able to sit in my room and identify material in the first and second parts of The English Mail Coach, with the ease and dexterity of a criminologist at work on fingerprints, while across the hall a dying Victrola is whispering its last message to a waiting world, and two doors away someone is executing "Margie" with thoroughness if not with speed. We have not yet relinquished the lingering hope that she may do the same by the piano, at some convenient season.

I can fight my way up the back stairs of the Lyceum without the aid of the obvious umbrella or the subtle stiletto, I can leave the gallery at 10.41, cover the distance between the Mohican and the corner, and catch the 10.45 car at the Parade, with no more than a slight disarrangement of the hair and a vague wildness of the eye. Our physical education classes are such a boon!

And then there is psychology. I have developed such a power of discrimination and selection that when the two concepts—one of attending a three o'clock class and the other of visiting the tearoom, are presented to me, I can decide with practically no effort. Surely outside the academic atmosphere it would have taken me years to learn all these things. Can I ever be grateful enough for my college experience!

MISS MOSELY'S INTERPRETATION OF TACT.

"This way to the fitting room, Miss!" chirped the pert little sales-girl over her slim shoulder as she threw my silken selection over her arm.

I hurried over the gray carpet in a desperate effort to keep up with the twinkling French heels and trim satin back that guided me. Suddenly the shining little back disappeared through a small gray door, and I dodged in after it—but came to an abrupt halt before a familiar plump soul who held my shimmering creation and beamed delightedly up into my face.

"Well, saints preserve us! Don't tell me I'm goin' to have the chance to do some dressmakin' for you again! Good land child, you hardly need to step into

this finery. I know your measurements from top to toe!

You didn't know I was in this establishment? Yes, child, I've been here for a month and it's more fun than a Sunday school sociable every minute of the day."

Laughter and fun seemed to radiate from every crinkle in the little old face, and as I stooped to step into the shining yellow heap that her plump arms held out to me, I heard a familiar little sniff. Just as the impertinent crow of a saucy Bantam cock heralds the approaching glory of the sunshine, so Miss Mosely's sniffs always precede a bursting forth of cheery wit that would brighten the soul of the dreariest of pessimists.

"That's it, child! Now we're all hooked up as snug as a sore thumb in a glove finger. My, it does my old heart good to see you in pretty things! Perky as a yellow canary—and I declare you flutter your feathers as much as you ever did. Hold still, child, or you'll get pricked as sure as fate!"

Another sniff! I looked down on the old gray head, wondering what new merry discoveries and ideas danced under the quaint cluster of gray curls.

"Yes, child," she chortled through a mouthful of pins. "I declare—the people that come and go in this place remind me of county fair folks sometimes—every kind and sort from Jericho to Jerusalem. And I do have the best time a-settin' back on my heels down here, a-listenin' and lookin'! And I'm learnin' things so fast that I'd never had to think of before!"

The merry face wrinkled up at me in whimsical amusement.

"Why, with my old customers, I could remind them of their deformities and tickle them to pieces in helpin' them to cover 'em. But here—saints alive! (Turn just a mite to the left, child—slow-like)."

"I guess I'm learning what you might call tact—but mind you, I don't mean the lyin' kind. I still hold on to truth like grim death! I've figured out that there's two kinds of tact—lyin' and truthful."

Another mouthful of pins were expertly adjusted so as not to interfere seriously with her speaking process.

"Maizie—that little snip that brought you in—uses the lyin' kind, and I declare it's wicked to hear that girl go on the way she does!—(Turn a bit more, child).

Why only this mornin' a great big woman came in to be fitted into a dress that made her two hundred pounds look like four hundred. Maizie was afraid of losin' the sale, so she hung on to that poor woman with wicked lies, tellin' her that it gave her slender lines and the such. Don't tell me that people don't know their own short-comings and failings better than anyone might suspect! That woman was as mum as a little sick kitten, and Maizie, not seein' her face, thought, it was a sign of satisfaction and left."

"Then I thought I'd test out my truthful kind of tact. I'd noticed that she had uncommon lovely eyes—as blue as fringed gentians and just the shade of the velvet of the dress."

"(Now we'll just fix that should'r a mite, child, and we'll be done)."

"Well, I just started brazen-like." "Maizie's lyin' about the slender lines, ma'am. It makes you look plumper than you really are. But it's the girle that does that. You needn't worry a mite though 'cause I can fix that in a jiffy, and it will make all the difference in the world!" I ripped the girle off and showed her and she brightened right up. Then I laughed and said, "I guess you know yourself that you've got mighty pretty eyes, an' you couldn't have matched 'em better if you had had this velvet made to order!" She laughed and colored up. That made

her look positively pretty, and she stepped out 'o here as pleased as a peacock."

"Now you can slip out of your feathers, Miss Canary. It's a wonder I've gotten it straight. Might as well try to fit a jack rabbit into his hide as to pin you into a dress!"

"What's say? Try my tact on you? Not a bit of it, you young upstart! You knew your strong points when I fitted you into rompers!"

Her whole plump little self ashaking with chuckles, she spanked me out of the room.

"But mark my words, child—honesty is the best policy, tact or no tact!" The plump little face crinkled mischievously as it peeped around the door, "And give my love to your mother, honey!" C. H. '24

RESERVE ISLE.

Softly through the trees so tall
Breathes the southern winds;
A woodcock to his mate doth call,
Then flutters through the pines.
Till through the forest wings
The answering call of whip-poor-will,
On high with widespread wings.
From out the bush a bulk doth rise,
Behind him a graceful fawn;
They've heard the hungry hound that
cries,
And the sound of the hunter's horn.

Now many of us fret our days away,
Not aiming for the everlasting goal—
The spiritual atonement of the soul—
But wandering hither, thither as we
may,

With no light to guide us lest we go
astray.

We let temptation fan the fiery coal,
As by vain means, we oft ourselves
console.

What bitter bondage is the price we
pay!

Oh, Lord, when shall we hearken to
Thy voice,

And tread the upward path with will-
ing feet,

Not heeding will, but setting trust in
Thee?

When, walk in Freedom alway and re-
joice

In victory, bear bravely our defeat?
Arise, fight on into Eternity!

AIROLG RETSILLOH.

PROFESSIO SIMPLEX.

To say "I can" when strength has
fled;

To say "I will" when hope seems dead:
To raise thy head when it would sink:
And seek of thought of life—one—
link—

And thinking find a glad reward
In new born hope, in soul more broad
To smile, forgive, and love once more—
If this thy creed, then this thy law.

E. T. '23

SERVICE LEAGUE.

At seven o'clock Monday evening, March seventh, the Service League held its regular meeting in the Gymnasium. A revision of the entire constitution was voted on and accepted. Wool was given out to those wishing to make sweaters for the children in New London who are in need of clothing. Everyone is urged to do her share in the knitting of these sweaters since they are very much needed.

The Freshmen have already started May-Day plans. It was voted that each member should possess a miniature class banner. Their motto is "Id fieri potest." Jeanette Sperry and Evelene Taylor talked to the Freshman Class about Silver Bay.

George T. Brown

TEACHER OF
PIANO AND HARMONY

Pupil of S. B. Mills, Bruno Swintser (Piano), Salmon Jadassohn, Alios Reckendorf and Homer Norris (Harmony and Counterpoint), Percy Goetschius (Musical Form and Composition), S. P. Warren (Organ).

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EXCHANGES.

In order that many city children may have the pleasure and benefit of a summer vacation this year, the Freshman class at Smith have given up class pins and rings and are using their two thousand dollar fund to buy a bungalow at Mount Ivy.

The class of 1924 at Barnard gave the first Freshman dance in the history of the college. It was a huge success, open to Frosh and Juniors and lasted until one o'clock.

Princeton University has recently taken an amazingly great stride toward student self-government. The Senior Council which is the Student Governing body has been given, by unanimous approval of the faculty, the power to recommend the dismissal of a student without offering any evidence or reason. The University already has an honor system.

The Home Economics Class at Hunter College took a trip to Chintown and made an interesting study of Chinese food, customs, and manners.

Vassar has been awarded a silver medal by the Red Cross, in recognition of the College's services in Verdun.

The Dramatic Club of Mount Holyoke presented as this month's feature "Cooks and Cardinals" which is considered one of the finest productions of the Harvard workshop.

February 19th the Senior-Faculty party took place at Simmons. The faculty presented "The Neighbors" by Zona Gale, and it is said to have furnished the students many hearty laughs.

"The Jesters," Trinity's Dramatic Club, presented Anatole Frances' "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" and "The Medicine Show" for the benefit of the Hoover European Relief Fund.

From Goucher we learn that The Francis D. Pollak Foundation for Economic Research offers three prizes for the best essays submitted during 1921 on Economics subjects.

MATH. CLUB HEARS PROFESSOR GILMAN.

A regular meeting of the Math. Club was held last Monday evening at 7.30 o'clock in New London Hall. Professor Gilman of Brown University spoke on "Recreations in Mathematics." Professor Gilman handled his subject in an interesting way which made those present realize that Math. is more than a "dry-as-dust" study.

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Friend Jake:—

Sophia has probably writ Sal about our trip to that place, Conn. College, but I feel restrained to take my pen in my fingers and tell you about what I thought about it. Sophia was most repressed with the place where they eat, but I wasn't. I am naturally inclined towards animals, and so I was very interned in the animals that live there. They hev some dogs, cats, etc. One purp is black and white and acts just like our old Carlo when he was crazy. Another is an animal they call *Sooner* but it seemed to me to be *After* because he was always after me. There cats are just plain cats and I am going to give them a calf so as to finish there menology. I saed as much to 1 of the girls and she said they'd appropriate it but that she thought a venom would be better, which I did not understand, as I do not keep that kind of animal. If you see what she ment well you tell me so that I can give it to her for she seemed like a nice sort. Sophia sez she has to write to Sal agen and I don't know why as she writ more than too pages before but I will let her.

Yours perspectivevely,
HIRAM JINKS.

Dere Sal:—

I forgot to tell you the way they catch mice down there. Sarah—that's the gal we went to see—told us about a gal that left some salid dressing in her dresser drawer and drowned the mice in it. I said I thought that was very waistful when a trap would do just as well. Also I thought it was rather crool to the mouse to leave it drown in a tall skinny bottle. And it can hardly be pleasure to take it out—but Sarah, she just laffed. She told me to avocate it to my frends and I would make a hit but I told her if anyone was my frend I wouldn't want to hit her. Howsomever, if you want to ketch mice that way, I won't stop you except to tell you that you will be sinfully waisting money which your husband has worked hard to attain. A trap and a snitch of cheese will do the work.

Very confectionately,
SOPHIA JINKS.

When Menus Reverse the Order of Evolution.

Sunday—Roast chicken.
Monday—Cold sliced chicken.
Tuesday—Chicken salad.
Wednesday — Minced chicken on toast.
Thursday—Stew.
Friday—Hash.
Saturday—Chicken soup.
Could there not be some provision for old age pensions for overworked fowl? '24.

"Oh, So Delicious!"

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AFTER TRYING ONE OF THOSE

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70 State Street, New London



N. M. RUDDY
JEWELER and OPTICIAN
C. C. COSTELLO, Mgr.
52 State Street
NEW LONDON, CONN.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

The picture of Miriam Cohen, who sat placidly knitting, knitting, during a recent exciting basketball game—and directly under the basket, too,—cannot but recall the vision of Madame Defarge in "The Tale of Two Cities," who knitted, knitted, while the heads dropped, one by one.

Bright remarks:

Rachel T.—in round-eyed innocence—"Why, if it hadn't been for Helen Hemingway and Mugs McCarthy, the Sophomores wouldn't have made any baskets at all!"

Dr. Morris in Psych: "Now, Miss Clarke, if you asked Miss Barnum if she was going to the circus,—” And then he wondered why everyone laughed.

Again Dr. Morris in Psych: "Now a goal is ahead, is it not?" There's no use denying that at times we wish it were.

The following item shows the great danger to which all partaking of leftovers,—especially chicken,—are exposed. You never can tell! We wonder if this is to be the end of our "Mistress Shady" of Community Sing fame. "Mrs. Mary Shady, aged 47, is dead, and six other members of her family are seriously ill, as a result of eating chicken left over from the family dinner yesterday."

Crowded street,
Banana peel,
Lydia Jane,
Virginia Reel!

Every well-behaved Ford should conduct itself according to this motto, "Don't kick the hand that's cranking you."

Wanted: One pair large feet on which I may stand on a crowded trolley rounding the curve at State and Main. Must be steady and reliable and guaranteed to stand without hitching. Address Miss Allen, P. O. 23.

Even the professors leave,—or have expressed their willingness to leave,—their classes, at the call of Spring, and the robins.

Styles are looking up. Melicent Claw-deen has conceded a two-inch curl at the end of her pig-tail instead of braiding it tight to the tip.

Mr. Doyle, in course of lecture—"That is the reason why work is so slack,—why clerks in the retail stores are holding their hands behind the counter"—Whose?

Beware, girls! There's a woman on the Norwich car who is getting a line on our "lines." Ask Ginney Neimyer—she knows!

Welcome the stranger with the black eye, "Just on Time," who has come to these parts to replace Sooner. May he have a longer and a happier life than his predecessor!

Deshon has the fever. Miss Constance Bridge and Miss Ethel Witten sacrificed their bonny locks for the sake of the bob.

JOTTINGS BY "THE RAMBLER."

A woman is queer, there's no doubt about that,
She hates to be thin, and she hates to be fat,
One minute it's laughter, the next it's a cry,
You can't understand her however you try,
But there's one thing about her
That everyone knows,
A woman's not dressed 'til she powders her nose.

I've studied the sex for a number of years;
I've watched her in gladness and seen her in tears.
On her ways and her whims I've pondered a lot,
To find what will please her and just what will not,
But all that I've learned from the start to the close,
Is that sooner or later, she'll powder her nose.

At church or a ball game, a dance or a show;
There's one thing about her that you know, that I know.
At weddings or funerals or dinners of taste,
You can bet that her hand will dive in her waist,
And every few minutes she will strike up a pose,
And the whole world will wait till she powders her nose.

—Anonymous.

We waitresses recommend the immediate extinction of:

1. The girl who saunters in after everyone else, and orders two milks and a tea.

2. The thoughtless hostess who shoves a dish at us and says, "Can we have some more of this?" and not so much as smiles when you trot your legs off for her.

3. The person who thinks she is saving time and trouble by filling every glass at a long table and then sits down to be joined eventually by perhaps four other people,—while the seven remaining vacant places are guarded by seven perfectly clean, full glasses of water. What don't we think as we proceed to make three extra trips to the "Wagon" with them!

4. The girl who sits for at least five minutes contemplating the scenery, or engaged in a lively conversation with her neighbor—and takes up her fork or passes her plate for more—just as you are about to remove it.

TO RAGS.

Oh playmate frolicsome and gay,
Oh singer most serene,
Oh you who went to classes oft,
Oh you of injured mien;

To you I sing my praises loud,
You, once so dirty gray,
You took a bath. It was too much,
And so you passed away.

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