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Connecticut College

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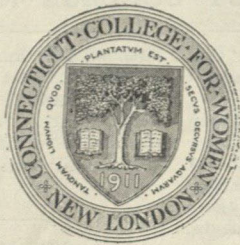
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Miss Julie Warner
Butler
n.g.

Connecticut



College News

VOL. 6, No. 21

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MARCH 23, 1921

PRICE 5 CENTS

DEAN CROSS SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION

On Wells' "Outline of History."

On March 16th Dean Cross of Yale University, lectured at Convocation on H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

Wells, we learned, attended the University of London, where he took honors in Zoology. His "Outline of History" is, therefore, treated from a scientific rather than a literary point of view. The early chapters of the book deal with an uninhabited world. The development of animal life is traced from its lowest form, by means of the Darwinian theory, up to its present state. Among other things discussed is the growth of government, the various forms of religion, philosophy, the cause of the war, the League of Nations and an ideal league which should be composed not of nations but of the peoples of the world. Apparently it includes every conceivable subject except literature;—Shakespeare and Dante being mentioned only in foot notes, and these added by critics,—while the Greek and other great dramatists are not even honored by a foot note. As Dean Cross said, "Mr. Wells had to stop somewhere." The Dean considers the book a valuable asset to literature in spite of this serious omission.

THE SENIOR GET-TOGETHER.

Monday evening, March 14th, the Seniors gathered together in Branford lounge, reviewing old times. Evelene Taylor read the history of their Junior year, which she had very amusingly and delightfully written in the form of a letter, with apologies to Charles Lamb. The class chose Olive Littlehales as Historian for the Senior year. While refreshments were being served they sang songs reminiscent of their four years together at C. C.

INDOOR DEMONSTRATION.

The annual competitive drill in which sixteen representatives of each class participated, was held Friday night in the gymnasium. Among the events were drills, apparatus work, dancing, and relay races. The admission charges were for the benefit of the Crew fund.

SENIORS SHINE AT SING.

Behind a very realistic stone-wall covered with crawling vines and bright flowers, with a background of gorgeous trees and shrubbery, were the Seniors—a bevy of organdy-gowned damsels with picture hats of purple and gold. The audience gasped and thought it had strayed into a garden party, or something nice like that. Singing "May-time" tunes to the class of '21, the Seniors tripped lightly from behind the stone-wall and arranged themselves in front of the stage. Then they sang! Novel and catchy songs telling of campus life, songs to other classes and to Faculty, and last of all our "Alma Mater" were given with "pep" and enthusiasm that seemed a very part of the gaily swaying line of Seniors.

THE AGE OF TODDLING.

Toddlng is here and toddling will some day go, but the ages go on forever which makes it necessary to state what toddling is. Toddlng has nothing to do with the way a baby makes a bee-line for its beloved parent. No, indeed!

Toddlng is the latest form of modern dancing!

"Ah," you mutter, "Another of those tango foot-twisters!"

"Not so," we answer. "It is really very simple. Only those who are incredibly foolish pant and perspire like men under sentence attempting to do ten years of hard labor in one. Toddlng is easy to look at and easy to learn—not the horrible agony that some would have you believe. Toddlng, once learned, is a means of enjoyable entertainment for yourself, your friends, and your wife. After you have learned, practice with your wife. She may be wary at first, but she, like others, will succumb to its manifold fascinations. When you have spare moments—toddle. All those golden moments will soon make you an object of admiration and envy to those who are still "dipping" about in the trance left by the Castles. Now, how to toddle. In four paragraphs. To wit:

Place your arm gently around the waist of your partner. While she is waiting for you to enfold her safely, take a step to the right starting with your right foot. Bring up your left foot and gently flick it against your right. Repeat that on the left side. Heave your shoulders as though with a groan of relief. You are now ready to toddle in earnest.

Strike out boldly. No, don't hit her. How foolish! Start walking as though you were used to it. But don't do any more than start. While your foot is still in the air, poise it speculatively. Gaze at your partner and smile. Swing your shoulders. She will swing hers and smile at you. Now put your foot down. Repeat from where you start walking. This time upon taking a step, with which ever foot you start, raise yourself up on the toes of the opposite foot, shrug and smile at the same time. After you have taken enough of these steps your smile will have the dimensions of a hyena's grin. Just before you bump into another couple force your partner to toddle two steps to the right and two steps to the left. By this time you will have gathered that the steps spoken of before, including all other acts such as poisoning, shrugging and smiling, are indicative of the fact that you are toddling.

It is also part of the dance to toddle on your partner's foot occasionally. That will occur without your volition so you will have no worry on that score. Remember to have your elbows at right angles with yourself. Remember, too, to place your partner's elbows beyond yours so that she can bear the brunt of the scrimmage as you will have all you can do to manoeuvre her about. Don't forget to let your elbows rise and fall with rhythmic speed of a derrick so that in case some couple toddles into you joyfully, you will have the wherewithal to erase the joy from their countenances. Never let the same couple hit you more than once. Toddle into and away from them with all the strength

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

BONES.

Essay by a School Boy.

Bones is the lattice work on which the body grows. If you didn't have sum bones, you would be shaped like a custard py. If I didn't have no bones, I wouldn't have so mutch shape as I now have, and I would not have so mutch motion, and teacher would be pleased, but I like to have motion, 'specially in this pay-as-you-enter suit Ma hired for me. Bones gimme motion, because they are somethin' hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones, my brane, lungs, heart and blood would be lyin' around loose in me, all mixed up like the readin' mater in a yellow journal, and I would get hurted, but now only my bones get hurted. If my bones wuz stuck together with wire in the right places, it would make a skeleton. I am mighty glad my skeleton was put on the inside before I wuz on the outside, as I fell down. I would brake everything in the place. Some animals wear their skeletons on the outside. I'm glad I ain't them animals. Onct I went to the sircus and seen a Livin' Skeleton. He looked like his folks didn't keep house but boarded sum place.

If my bones wuz burned, I should be brittle because it would take all the animal out of me. If I wuz soaked in acid, I should be limber. Teacher showed me a bone that had been soaked, and I could bend it. I should rather be soaked than burned.

There is a grate menny different kinds of bones. There is the Crazy bone, the Wish bone, the Soup bone, the Trombone, the Bone Spavin and the Back bone. The backbone is—the back bone is sit—the back bone is situ—the backbone is situa—the backbone is sitcher-e-vated just inside the peel on the other side from the front side and is filled with rubber.

The backbone is made up of humps, with places in between where the humps is left out. ("See that hump?") When your skates fly out in front, and you sit down on the ice, one end of the backbone is at the lowest side of the head, if it don't punch thru, and the other end is at the upper side of the ice.

There is another bone called the Skull. The skull has humps, too. Sometimes there is branes on the inside of the skull.

Bones don't grow solid like the limbs on a tree, 'cause they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. There is a good many kinds of joints. They grease themselves and don't squeak. You can move 'cause you have joints. There is a joint that don't seem like a joint. It is in the skull. It has to be there to occupy the branes and let the head out in the mornin', 'cause sum men do more in the mornin' than they did the nite before comin' hom in the in toc-i-cab.

There is a kind of fish kalled a Shad, that tastes just like a paper of pins. It is all bones except the part they don't cook and throw away.

The bones that hold your lungs in are kalled slats. They run around you East and West, but girls wears bones running North and South.

When bones is ground up fine, they make a good fertilizer. It gives me a lonesome, scattered feelin' and brings tears to my eyes—to think that I might be used on an onion patch.

Sum folks, when living killed everything they touched, and it would not be safe to use the bones of them kind of people for vegetables.

BASKETBALL.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR GAME, 29-11.
SOPHOMORE-JUNIOR GAME, 32-20.

Freshmen Defeat Seniors.

On Wednesday evening, March 16, 1921, beginning at 7.30, two basketball games were played in the gymnasium, Junior first team versus Sophomore first team; and Senior second team versus Freshman second team. The Senior-Freshman game was a very exciting one. The Freshman team broke up many Senior passes besides displaying brilliant passwork of its own.

The Junior-Sophomore game was a pretty one, and was played well by both teams. Although the Junior team did not come up to its usual high standard it played a persistent game to the end. Each member on the team lived up to the old quotation, "Don't give up the ship." Catherine M'Carthy, Gay Powell and Mildred Duncan held up the Junior side while Anna Buell and Christ Pickett certainly deserve praise for their exceptionally fine passwork and Helen Hemingway for her splendid basket shooting.

Sophomores Defeat Juniors.

On the evening of March 15, 1921, a basket-ball game was played between the Sophomore second team and the Junior second team. The Sophomore team deserves credit for its speed and Leslie Alderman especially, kept her guard, Elizabeth Hall, on the look-out and on the jump.

DO ROYALTY SET THE STYLE?

Today I was grieved and astonished to hear some one put forward the idea that all gentlewomen—loathsome word—should model their clothes on those of the English Royalty.

Now, my acquaintance with the Royal Family of England is not a warmly personal matter. I do not call the Princess "Polly" or pat Queen Mary on the back with youthful exuberance. In fact my relations with them are limited to Pathe's Weekly and the photographs in the Sunday Times. These, however, are enough to assure me that death would be sweet indeed compared to dressing like Mary, Queen of England.

Fancy, saying, as you put on your elk-skin shoes, "I wonder if the Queen wears these!" Imagine your faithful "tam" remodeled on royal lines!

Pictures of this estimable lady in hats like befeathered grand pianos have filled my heart with terror. Visions of her, with little muffs, large enough for an undeveloped hop-toad to warm his hands in, have made my soul revolt. Portraits of the princess personifying "Come into the garden, Maud" have blasted my love for the simplicity of girlhood. So often the Queen's coats have that fitted line of which Noah was so fond. Moreover, she has a passion for high-boned collars that give her the impression of having some really serious disease of the spine, centering in the first vertebra. The general effect of Queen Mary approaching resembles the arrival of the entire British Navy, followed by countless minor vessels.

Rather than dress like the English Royalty, I would return to the era of the Wolf's tooth necklace, and the Leopard Skin. C. F. '23.

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EDITORIAL.

Were you ever in a very serious class, and a very serious professor was discoursing upon a very serious subject, and all was peace and quiet—when a girl chanced to open classroom door in a very noisy manner, singing a very noisy tune? Have you ever experienced that most annoying of occurrences? And, if you have, which we doubt not, have you never marvelled at the truth of the statement that the origin of all speech is in gesture? Think how far civilization has progressed! Once it was so difficult to utter words that they needs must be supplemented by significant movements of the arms and head. But now, ages have piled upon ages! Now speech has so completely replaced gesture that, in some advanced individuals, the habit of emitting a perpetual flow of vocal discords has become the second nature.

This particular variety of the human species is not such a "rara avis," that we cannot recognize one of its members when we see it. In fact, this pest seems to be spreading. Why? We cannot say. Evidently it is considered by some enlightened persons to be quite the proper behavior for college students. If this particular variety is studied from the scientific point of view, we discover the following characteristics:

1. It inhabits dormitories which have class-rooms in the basement.

2. Its period of greatest vocal activity are from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. on week days.

3. It causes general commotion by singing and whistling before classroom doors, and by shouting stridently through the corridors.

4. Its greatest aim in life seems to

be that attributed to Carlyle, 'the smallest happiness of the fewest number.'

After this analysis at what conclusions do we arrive? Shall this pest be allowed to thrive and spread in its present alarming manner? Certainly not! It is up to us all, as public-minded individuals, to exterminate these campus disturbers.

FREE SPEECH.

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

To the Editor:—

It is with no little disappointment and dismay that I, a member of the Freshman Class, have heard, many reproachful and discreditable remarks, made by the upperclassmen against the Class of '24. It seems that the basket-ball season has given the opportunity for several questionable occurrences which in turn have caused the reproaches. My comments on the subject, I can assure you, are not biased by personal experience, for I am not a member of the Freshman Team. But, I have faith in them that assures me that they have neither said nor done anything intentionally which merits the rebuke they have received. It seems unfortunate if the upperclassmen judge each error of the Freshmen as a deliberate act of discourtesy. Therefore, I beg you, Sophomore, Junior, Senior, before you slander—THINK. M. B. L. '24.

To the Editor:—

Since writing the last article on reserve books, I have been informed that the library, although the system is not impeccable, is not entirely responsible for the confusion of having several cards for one book. It seems that the girls (and this has come to me from several members of the library staff) actually change the dates on the cards, or make out new ones, leaving the signers of the first card to their fate. Doesn't this seem rather incredible? Does it seem possible that our honor system can be taken so lightly? Can a girl who does this sort of thing be deluding herself into the belief that she is not committing a grave offense? Where is her sense of community spirit and fair play, and her sense of right and wrong?

Here is a case where the offender must be rooted out. Even when a girl is discovered the penalty is trivial. A fine is imposed or reserve rights taken away. But these are penalties belonging to the lesser crime of bringing books back late. Why cannot council handle the case and deal with it as one of the graver offenses of Student Government rules? B. F. '22.

To the Editor:—

A little more formality in our college entertainments is perhaps advisable, and the continual plea that we adorn ourselves in evening dress is not unreasonable, or unpleasant, but the lack of uniformity of costume that results is certainly very, very sad.

If you comply with the request, laboring long and arduously to find your slippers and mend your evening dress and arrive (somewhat clad), at the gym door, you see, as you look in, great numbers of females dressed in serge. With your eyes bulging with horror you sneak to a seat, and often keep your coat on throughout the performance because you feel like a peacock in a chicken-yard.

If, on the other hand, you are very tired and you resolve to go in the good old dress that you have worn all day, you feel equally shamefaced and you creep to your seat with frightened glances at the gay creatures around you.

The situation, viewed from either aspect, is very sad! For the sake of

both sets of miserable souls, some decision must be made one way or the other. Either no one should wear evening dress, or, since we have been requested to appear in all our glory—we should shine simultaneously.

C. F. '23.

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

Have you ever been a servant of the public? I have. I was a librarian,—once. In those days I thought I would be a librarian forever—but after I found out what it was to be a servant of the public, I stopped. To modify Lord Dunsany, there are some things no fellow should be forced to stand. The public is one of these.

The successful librarian is a judicious mixture of the better qualities of Sir Walter Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, Jane Addams, Macaulay, and Hiram Johnson. One's poise is severely tested. For instance, when a widowed woman, with white hair streaming in the breeze, rushes in and breathlessly demands a detective story with a good solid murder in it, asks the time of the evening service at the Congregational church, proclaims in positive tones her irremediable dislike for William James, and informs you that she knows she is going to cry,—all without perceptible pause—you are expected to be able to handle the situation. Now this is where I definitely and irrevocably fail. I can do practically anything with a situation except handle it. In vain I read articles which exhort me to "teach my spirits to hover in a slightly detached balloon-like manner above my attitude of perplexities." It is very difficult to preserve a balloon-like detachment, when on one side the wild-eyed one is clamoring for a story which begins—"I was alone in the old mansion. It was midnight. Suddenly a loud scream rang through the house. I awoke with a start, to find six corpses lying on the floor beside my bed;" and when on the other, a solemn youth is demanding the works of John Dryden, and the local anti-suffrage leader is stalking an article on Susan B. Anthony, in the Living Age for February, 1898.

Another interesting element was introduced by the fact that the Sherlock Holmes' kindred spirit was extremely deaf. My voice does not naturally possess the carrying power of the cal-hope; and to find myself shouting into the high arches and remote recesses, "Would you like 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue?'" is vaguely disturbing to me. I do not feel that I am my true self, in these circumstances I am pained by the look of mild amazement worn by the people at the reading table. I feel that my imitation of a train-despatcher is not in keeping with the atmosphere.

But even all this might not have crushed me. After I had adapted myself to the requirements of the occasion, I found my murderously-inclined customer quite a pleasant old thing. She talked at length about Robert Haven Schauflier, whom she knew personally, and she didn't cry after all.

But a new horror has been added to this life of service. The powers in charge have given us little cards, on which there are terms like "Intelligence;" "Personality;" "Cooperation." We are requested to "consider it for a little while," and to mark ourselves. To reflect upon one's personality and intelligence as applied to the life of the public servant, is an absorbing occupation. It is at this point that the balloon of detachment blows up with a loud report. If you have the courage to put down an A for yourself on any of these counts, you should depart from the ranks of the menials. You have no business being any longer a servant of the public.

BECOME NOVELLY INEFFICIENT.

To break up the deadly quiet of the dining hall, we might institute a little variety in giving announcements. It's so orderly having all notices given at once. Why not spice each course with the silvery tinkle of the bell and feed the assembly a thrilling notice with each new dish? In that way it would be possible to string announcements effectively through the meal, especially if you scare up those which would ordinarily be posted, or printed in the News. Then, too, we might suggest that a different person give each announcement. It seems so unnecessary to have one person who is tall enough to be seen by all, and of sufficient lung capacity to be heard, and besides all, possessed of agreeable wit and humor. It is much better that the diners be fed on the unexpected. If they desire to hear a notice it is an exceedingly good plan that occasionally they be disappointed. Inversely, if they do not care about a certain item of news how disciplinary to have it bellowed forth in stentorian blasts worthy of the New London fire whistle. It is well and good that many of us should test our lung capacity and, incidentally, the capacity of the dining hall. Both experiments furnish us invaluable information. Then, too, one's speculative powers are aroused. How long will the speaker continue? When can we again eat with hearty talk and laughter? Is this a clearing house for unused speeches?

You must admit that it is a laudable thing to excite the dormant powers of speculation. Therefore should not the dining hall rather become novelly inefficient than remain at its present unexciting status?

QUEST.

April laughs; her hair is wreathed
With daffodils, and, lo!
Adventure takes her by the hand
And they a-questing go!

A song upon her merry lips,
Ablaze with fire his eye,
And joyous, jestingly they seek
A rose or butterfly.

But life is in the greenwood,
And love is in the dale,
When all the hillside meadows
Are white with daisies pale.

Adventure spies a bonny bird
Brooding on her nest;
April and adventure stand
Forgetful of their quest.

Adventure wooing April
Over hill and vale
For life is in the greenwood
And love is in the dale. '23.

THE MOUNTAIN.

O mountain who through years since
time began
Hast the North wind's chill blast full
often braved,
And the dread tempest's breath defied;
Thou, warlike chieftan, firm hast ever
stood.

To thee, the glory, wooded Katahdin,
Strong proven Vitas of many a well
fought fight!

Thine still the pines along thy bristling
crags;

Courage thy motto long ere man ap-
peared

To rend thy peaceful silence with keen
strokes

Of axe, that felled in ruthless might
thy sons,

The trees, who shoot along that rapid
stream,

Whirl as an unrestrained tear doth
flow

Down from thy haughty crest (the wild
cat's lair),

A silver streak athwart the wood's
dark gloom.

G. H.

George T. Brown

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The following are words of wisdom uttered by some of our brightest Freshmen. If you never knew these things about yourself and your anatomy before, it's time you did. Were you aware that:—

Aesthetic means graceful.
Anaesthetic means awkward.
Calories are living substances in the blood.

Sternum is canned heat.
Sterno is a bone.

Eugenics is heat given off from the body.

Mortality is the state of being able to die.

Cerebrum is the bony structure of the skull.

Aesophagus is the anterior part of the digestive tract.

Plexus is a muscle of the chest.
Mortality means life.

A Vitamine is a normal insane mind.
Agar-agar (a food-stuff) is a disease.

The Eugenics are large muscles on the upper part of the body.

Fulcrum is the large muscle in the back which connects the arms with the trapezius.

Metabolism is the amount of good the different food essentials of fats, carbohydrates, proteins, and minerals do for the body while being digested.

Trapezius is a bone in the upper part of the leg.

Triceps are bones found in the arms on the opposite side of the biceps.

Gastrocnemius is a bone found in the calf of the leg.

Torso is a large muscle near the chest.

Torso is the bone in the upper part of the chest or the throat. The bones may be easily noticed for it is prominent on some people.

Eugenics is the study of household.

Esophagus is a gland in the throat.
Inebriate is an animal.

Agar-agar is a drink.

WELCOME GUESTS.

On my tea table, six dainty wine glasses sit with prepossessing dignity. I do not know to whom they belong, nor from whence they came. I suspect that the French Play was responsible for them, but I know only that they show no signs of taking themselves off. I don't care if they do stay. I feel extremely wicked and sophisticated while they are with me; I daily imagine myself gulping down with perfect nonchalance wine from the six of them. They also afford me another form of amusement. People come into my room, register surprise and even pain at the sight of them, recover poise with difficulty, and continue with their conversation. Only two or three have ventured to ask me the reason for their presence. I have gleaned infinite satisfaction from watching my friends recover from shock, curiosity, and amazement. I hope sincerely that no one will ever come to claim my six dainty wine glasses.

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IN DEFENSE OF THE NORWICH TROLLEY.

Much has been said against the Norwich Trolley Car. Poor thing, I wonder she can run in the face of all the slanderous remarks. People are not even polite enough to confine their remarks to trusted friends and dark nights. They must embarrass the poor trolley, that servant of the public, while accepting her warm hospitality.

In defending my old friend it might be well to state that I fully appreciate her faults. But I can overlook them. To be sure she is apt to be a bit close, but then who isn't considering the number of demands there are on one these days? Again she is not as tidy as she might be; but her day begins early, and her face is such a large one to scrub each morning. She moves without grace; but to me that shy cub-like awkwardness is charming. She is not discriminating in her choice of friends. But is not Democracy the word of the Day? And even if this weren't the Day—suppose, for instance, this were yesterday, or even the day before, what would you do if you were so sought after, really wanted, needed in fact? If what you could give would mean so much to others, I feel sure you would give it, or rent it, or sell it. If you had dedicated your life to the service of your brother's wouldn't you stretch a point and serve your cousins and perhaps your sisters-in-law too?

Having convinced you on this point I now turn to the good qualities of the Norwich Trolley. In the first place she is a gentle beast. All during the War when men were killing each other, she kept right on her track and didn't harm a soul.

Then she is responsive. Just watch the motorman sometime. You might even question him if you can speak Irish or Russian, and he will tell you all about how responsive she is. Then there is her idealistic nature. Where most her thoughts be all the time she is running back and forth. If they were not very far away with some beautiful theories about the universe, she could hardly keep from being bored. Have you noticed her as she climbs to the heights? She sings in a soft voice, a voice full of confidence and trust—beautiful trust in the strong cables. Of course, like all idealists, she has her dark fits, her drops of dejection, leading to the plains of ease and smooth running. But even there comes the peak. Will the Norwich trolley reach the summit? Let's all give her our support! and if it comes to the test we might even get out and push her to the top. J. N. B. '23.

"Here is where I make a clean getaway," said the burglar, as he looted the soap factory.

PERSONAL.

Doris Miner and Doris Bradway walked to Norwich Saturday.

"Oh, So Delicious!"

THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY
AFTER TRYING ONE OF THOSE

Fresh Strawberry Sundaes

"With Whipped Cream"

AT

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

Our old friend the wind is here in conflict with our friend the quizz. Says the wind, "Come and blow with me." But quizzes say, "Come and study for me."

Complexion beautifiers in the form of yeast cakes, should be compounded in the daylight hours, especially when being cooked, in order that their peculiarly distinctive odors along with the violent agitation of many bells, may not be taken as the cause of a fire drill.

Surely there must some "Educational" value to the professor who can so effect the habitues of the front row that they remember to omit the middy as morning attire!

O the ringing and the ringing of the bells! NO! NOT wedding bells!

Hooray for the exceptional and absorptional powers of the student who, on the morning before a mid-term quizz, succeeds in mastering all the considerable outside reading of the term!

This fine weather is admirable for riding. Don't keep Mr. Selgelkin standing alone in the ex-archery field.

The Thames Hall authorities may expect any morning to see sleepy-eyed breakfast-seekers wandering in at the unpeopled hours of five or five-thirty, just because the new system of bells is so deceptive.

More and more converts to the ranks of the great god Bobyrhar!

How delightfully novel, when one has about three score small quizzes to make up, to receive a little packet of them along with these instructions: "Take one every hour until relieved of all information!"

Has it come to this! Apples and roses are now being offered to "teachers," as tokens of fervent ambitions after higher learning, namely Psych.

Ceramics 1-2 has acquired a new student. It is rumored, that a smock is most fetching, and that very soon Friar Tuck is to have a beautiful new set of brightly glazed dishes, one for each day in the week and an extra large one for Sunday.

The professor was lecturing on the Elizabethan Age. Suddenly he turned to a dreamy-looking youth whom he suspected of being inattentive, and asked, "How old was Elizabeth?" "Eighteen her last birthday, sir," replied the youth blissfully.

Art class: When the teacher's away, the children will play.

Class in oil painting and singing featuring the *Nut Brown Maiden* held twice weekly over the library. Ask Middie White, she knows.

Why not sue the administration for a fifteen-minute recess during the 2

o'clock class hour that we all may get our afternoon mail?

The Senior floppy garden hat has proved so fascinating that only the high velocity of campus winds prevents their adoption as C. C. headgear.

Dr. Leib: "What is the distance between your ears?"

Jane Lord: "I don't know."

Dr. Leib: "One Block."

Question: Are the highly suggestive chairs in the dining hall to keep Branfordites from skidding into meals at QF o'clock?

THE AGE OF TODDLING.

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)

and agility of which you, with the added efforts of your partner, are capable! But, under no circumstances, however harrowing, must you permit yourself to forget to smile!

That is all. What remains for you to do now is to send your wife and children to the movies, give the cook an afternoon off, roll up the living-room carpet, start the victrola, remove your coat and vest and—toddle!

**COMMUNITY SING
ANNOUNCEMENT.**

Mr. Weld wishes to announce that late in May, after each class has conducted its second sing, he will hold an interclass competition in which a prize will be given for the best interpretation and rendering of a song to be chosen later.

ODE TO THE METRONOME.

(Upon receiving one for a Christmas present.)

O instrument serenely set upon this ebon ledge,

Com'st thou twixt me and practice pleasant—a malignant wedge?

Thou hast a base of sturdy width: thy balance is assured,

Thy pendulum can angle right and know 'twill be endured;

Thy vocal variation's slight—thou sing'st a brisk tick-tack,

And with small regulation thou consents to slow click-clack.

Monotony, thus rife, breeds risk—conceivably I might

Hurl any nearby object and thy life completely blight.

One needs great power to derive philosophy from thee,

That smugly sit, complacent tick, devoid of personality.

Yet, p'raps I'm wrong—there's nought to tell what thoughts attend thy task—

Thy dull routine thou might'st explain—if I knew how to ask—

In glowing altruistic terms—imagination fails

So soon to shroud thee in a cloak of feeling and it quails

Beneath the task. Oh, better say, that beat the time thou must,

Since man, perfection bent, knew that himself he couldn't trust.

I've tried my best to justify thy entrance to my home,

I may have failed—wilt take the blame? O Unloved Metronome!

E. T. '23.

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