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PRESIDENT MARSHALL ENTERTAINS COLLEGE.

RECITAL GIVEN BY FACULTY MEMBERS.

On the evening of Easter Monday President and Mrs. Marshall entertained both student and faculty with a very delightful concert in the Gymnasium. Members of the Music Department furnished a varied and interesting program of vocal and instrumental music.

Mr. Weld, in his characteristic manner, rendered "The Fournay Lodge," by Bingham, "Sweet Blue Eyed Maiden," by MacDowell, "The Old Black Mare," by Squire, "My Jean," by Huss, and "Uncle Rome," by Homer. "Sweet Blue Eyed Maiden" and "My Jean" especially appealed to the audience.

Mr. Bauer played Paderewski's "Cra-coviennier Fantastique" very effectively, as also "Chant d'Amour," by Stojowski.

Mr. Grinnell's violin solos gave great pleasure. His selections were "June Barcarolle," by Tschaiikowski, "By the Brook," by René de Boisdeffre, "The Pale Moon," by Logun and "Chanson of Louis XIII," by Kreisler. His encore, "Neusette," by Sibelius, received the greatest applause.

The concert was especially enjoyed because of the rare opportunity afforded the college to hear the musical talent of its faculty, and all appreciate the kindness of President and Mrs. Marshall in making this possible.

ECONOMICS CLASS DEBATES.

All roads led to Room 216, New London Hall, on Thursday afternoon, April 20th, at five o'clock. The room was packed with the classes in Economics and Sociology—all there for the debate to be given by members of Economics 11-12.

The issue at stake was whether or not the coal miners have cause to strike. Julia Warren, Margaret Wells, and Elizabeth Wigfall, presented the case of the miners, and Ava Mulholland, Elizabeth Whitten, and Barbara Clay told the story of the operators (Miss Clay's arguments were presented by Miss Mulholland).

The debate went well until time for the Rebuttal, when one of the miners' advocates innocently declared that she really was not in sympathy with the miners at all. So then, of course, the game was up, and the operators undoubtedly carried the day.

However, a start in debating has been made and perhaps other classes would find it profitable to follow the good example of the Economics Class.

MATH. CLUB MEETS AT DR. LEIB'S HOME.

At the regular meeting of the Math. Club, held on Wednesday evening at Dr. Leib's home, several of the members presented extracts from Cajori's "History of Mathematics," on the development of Arabian number symbols, the conclusion of "Religio Mathematici," an address given at a convention in Wellesley, by David Eugene Smith, some humorous quotations from Moritz' "Memorabilia Mathematica," and "Love Mathematical." Cocoa and sandwiches were an added pleasure of the evening.

CLASS OF '25 GIVES "PASSING SHOW."

The Class of 1925 showed remarkable originality of idea and talent in the production of an entertainment given in the Gym on Saturday, April 22, for the benefit of the Freshman Silver Bay Fund. The performers won the enthusiastic applause and cheers of a large audience of students and faculty. Much of the work was done by Alice Barrett and Genevieve Delapp.

The orchestra, consisting of Olive Hulbert, Evelyn Randall and Betsey Allen, played a very necessary part in the evening's entertainment and furnished music for dancing afterward.

The first number was announced as "Vudo Ralentino," the great favorite being impersonated by Emily Warner, who swept Ann Doody from the arms of "Jackie" and whirled her off into a tango that would have pleased the most ardent of Valentino's admirers.

An Act of Hypnotism followed, called U Wonder Y. Grace Bennet introduced the great hypnotist with a few witty remarks and demanded the presence of a small boy or girl as a victim for their marvellous work. Grace Ward, in an appropriate and artistic costume, offered herself with her usual willingness. She was soon under the iron control of Emily Warner who commanded her to wrestle with temptation, rise to the occasion and jump at conclusions,—which she did in an entirely unconscious manner.

The third number was a reading by Alice Barrett rendered in a delightful manner. Her encore was especially well chosen and enthusiastically received.

Next Constance Campbell and Janet Aldrich—the "Kernon Vasties,"—illustrated the modern dance and we gazed fascinated, at the lightsome agility of Mr. Castle's feet.

The "Hulbert Movie Co.,"—A. P. McCombs, Hulbert and Allen—presented one of the cleverest acts of the evening. A scene on a golf course was given twice,—the first time with the camera running at a natural rate, the second many times slower. This made a great hit.

The sixth number, "Bob It," was a song and dance amusingly given by C. Parker. We wondered how she made her braids stand out so far. She was loudly applauded.

In "Rac-Take Off"—Peg Ewing made the hit of the evening in "School Days." We loved her as a little girl but still more as a little boy.

The Fashion Show, the climax of the evening, followed, which left us gaping wonder-eyed at the marvelous creations displayed.

STUDENTS VOTE FOR KNICKERS.

OTHER MEASURES ADOPTED.

Tuesday evening a regular meeting of Student Government Association was held in the gymnasium. A discussion was held over the question of wearing knickers and trousers to classes. After considerable difference of opinion it was voted that knickers and riding trousers might be worn to classes, and on Sunday to picnics. It was also voted that the night after vacation and during short holidays, members of all classes shall have the privilege of being out until ten, but that all other Student Government rules shall be in force. A budget system for next year was laid before the meeting, whereby a budget shall be made out by the treasurer of each organization and submitted to the bursar who shall charge to each girl's college bill at the beginning of the year \$10 or \$15 entitling her to membership in all organizations and eliminating charges for college entertainments. This system will eliminate the work and worry of pay day and will afford good entertainments rather than hastily prepared ones which are given simply for the purpose of raising money. The plan will be voted on at the last meeting of the year. Julia Warner, Christine Pickett, Marjorie Backes, and Melvina Mason were nominated for next year's president.

SENIORS AND SOPHOMORES ENJOY TEA AT MOHICAN HOTEL.

A perfect day, a fine orchestra, and sister classes charming in spring attire, made the tea given by the Seniors to the Sophomores at the Mohican Hotel on Saturday afternoon, April 29, a most delightful affair.

The dancing began early and was varied by a Paul Jones and an Elimination Dance, in which Mary Snodgrass and Blanche Finesilver were the last couple. Evelyn Ryan, Kathryn Culver, and Katherine Slater did very pleasing solo dances with their usual ability and grace.

The Sophomores were enthusiastic about the dining room, for on the tables were most fascinating favors,—kewpies, Little Sisters, in varicolored dresses. Songs were sung by both classes, and an especially pleasing number was given by Marie Antoinette Taylor, Winifred Powell, Blanche Finesilver, and Miriam Taylor. The tea was ended by the singing of the Alma Mater.

PHILOSOPHY BENEFITS AVERAGE MAN.

DR. C. A. BENNETT GIVES REASONS.

Once again Yale has been represented at Convocation, for on Tuesday, April 18th, Dr. C. A. Bennett from that University spoke on philosophy. Dr. Bennett considered chiefly what benefit the average man with only a mild, cultural interest in philosophy can expect from a course in that subject. After putting this topic in the form of a question, Dr. Bennett went on to answer it by making four points. First, philosophy serves to counteract the modern educational tendency of over-specialization. Second, philosophy promotes "common sense"—meaning a sense of principles which are common to a number of subjects. Third, philosophy offers a means of detachment from the everyday world, and as a result of this detachment comes a serenity otherwise impossible. Philosophy provides this means of escape by lifting from the particular to the universal, by helping men to live in the mind and not on the level of sensation.

And for the fourth point—philosophy develops a healthy skepticism. Many older people object to the idea of making the younger generation any more skeptical or radical. But Dr. Bennett declared emphatically, "The radicalism of the younger generation doesn't show that they have been doing any thinking." And to quote another of Dr. Bennett's important statements: "If you think at all, you must be radical."

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE HAS "TWIN SISTERS."

Miss Helen B. Calder, Home Secretary of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, was a guest of the Service League on Friday, April 21. At the Service League meeting Miss Calder told about "Our Twin-Sister Colleges in the Orient," Gingling College at Nankin, China, and the Girls' College at Madras, India, which were opened during the same year as our own college. Miss Calder asked that we adopt one or both of our twin-sister colleges,—that we extend to them our friendship through letters and perhaps some time through financial aid. Many of the women's colleges of America are raising money for such Oriental colleges and Mr. John D. Rockefeller has promised to aid in the gift.

After the meeting, those interested met with Miss Calder in Branford Lounge where she read extracts from letters written by a Chinese and an Indian girl, showing some of the difficulties that are facing the Oriental woman today as she emerges from her subservient position of the past.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED.

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Goodman, of Chicago, announce the engagement of their daughter, Marion '25, to Herbert Mayer, of Glencoe, Ill. Mr. Mayer is a graduate of Yale and is now practicing law with the firm of Mayer, Auction and Plant. Marion Goodman did not return to college after Christmas.

THE RING OF SIVA.

(Continued.)

The next morning at eight the bell rang and two gentlemen entered.

"We have a warrant out for your arrest," said one, with directness, "for the murder of Frederick Rackar who died last night."

"But," I cried, "this is absolutely impossible, it's incredible. Rackar was one of my best friends."

"I am representing Scotland Yard," said the other more agreeably, "if you have any evidence you would like to

get, before the regular investigation, we will be glad to be at your service."

"Thank you," I returned, "sit down, gentlemen, and allow me to tell you the story upon which I feel convinced, hangs the death of this unhappy man."

Part 2.

"Well," I began, "it's a long story and not one to be taken at its face value. I feel sure that there is some-

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COLLEGE BENEFITS HEALTH OF STUDENTS.

Our young women of the present day are under fire of a good deal of criticism. The world upheaval we have gone through has had its reaction upon society, but prior to the war there was a strong tend toward materialism in this country. To what extent our young people have suffered through the obvious growth of materialism among their elders is a matter to take into serious account. No country in the world has had a higher place for womanhood than ours. If with the independence of women there is a trend to materialism, selfishness, and self-indulgence, then indeed would independence be dearly bought.

Physical health and moral health are usually closely associated. Some recent statistics, show a marked improvement in the physical and general health of Vassar students of the present day, as compared to those of thirty years ago. One of the greatest obstacles to health improvement is the cynical attitude of mind which denies the efficacy of health measures—a reactionary and self-indulgent philosophy, resenting any established custom and questioning the possibility of materially altering human conditions.

The highly-selected groups, mostly college men, who served at the officers' training camps, were notable for their good physique, tall stature, and comparative freedom from physical deficiency. This has led some people to the generalization that the entire population has participated in these improvements, but this belief is a fallacy. The physical condition of the average draft registrant was very much below par, and the proportion of obvious physical inadequacy was extraordinarily high, so we are not justified in assuming that the nation at large is on any such plane of physical excel-

lence as is reflected by these college statistics. Where groups have come under influences like that of the college there is no doubt that progress can be shown.

Dr. McCastline at Columbia has recently commented on the benefits observed from the health supervision of students. The only discordant note in his report related to the higher percentage of illness among the women as compared with the men. He criticizes their custom of dancing among themselves every evening, and considers that this tends to spread respiratory diseases. The modern craze for jazz is one of the menacing factors in the situation. Social recreation is of hygienic value. Dancing of the right kind is inspiring and healthful exercise. But the primitive, barbaric, monotonous jazz dance, which could be performed quite as well to a tom-tom as to an orchestra, is wearing on the nerves. Dancing to melodious, inspiring, idealistic music would be a certain corrective of modern materialism. A revival of the jolly old-time barn and square dances, which provide fun and melody as activity, would do much to sweeten up what is now, in many respects, a very unsavory situation. It is about time that something was done to provide recreation for our young people which is compatible with the high destiny of the human race, unless we are prepared to make up our minds that we have no high destiny but are moving towards lower planes of existence, no less animal because of the glitter of the electric light, the hum of the aeroplane or the message of the radio.

FREE SPEECH.

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

My dear Editor:

The recent approbation by the Student Government Association of knickers for general campus wear has, as is not surprising, precipitated caustic comment from the Conservatives among the students and faculty. Now, if it weren't for the dear old Conservatives perpetual boredom would be imminent, for it is they who really give variety its spice by counting to ten before they speak and then saying what they said before. I'm not a Spirit of Progress. I admit that an assemblage composed entirely of those Spirits appalls me; I become nervous. One Conservative, a firm one, relieves the tension and gives variety. Undoubtedly, lack of creative force or stability of purpose prevents me from falling into either group. I've been neither "the first by whom the new is tried, nor yet the last to lay the old aside," and so, from this sheeplike position I feel at perfect liberty to make random remarks to whichever group I desire. Just now, I feel that I must speak gently but firmly with the Conservatives.

"I suppose we'll be teaching in bathing suits next," a genial member of the faculty remarked. Maybe. Conventions are fairly flexible things, and I can imagine a time and place when such a condition would be desirable. It would, however, be the result of a gradual process and not a sudden innovation. Women's clothes, along with all else, have undergone an evolutionary process. Knickers, I believe to be the outgrowth of the fifteen-yard skirt Great Aunt Matilda wore when she ascended to the side saddle and cantered gracefully down the shaded lane.

One day Aunt Mat had a harrowing experience. Prince, that horse the whole family had trusted so implicitly, took fright at a harmless white cow pasturing in the graveyard, forsook his accustomed and proper canter and

reared skyward in such a manner that Aunt was catapulted from the saddle, but instead of falling at once to the ground as she should have done, the fifteen-yard skirt caught on the horn of the saddle, and the poor girl was dragged, her hair trailing in the dust, for a half-mile or so. When she recovered Aunt Matilda became a Spirit of Progress. She said it was criminal for women to endanger their lives by foolish impediments and a show of false modesty. Despite the stern protests of her elders, she split the same skirt and arranged the buttons so that she could wear it as one skirt, or encase her limbs in what were really two separate skirts on one belt. This was much more satisfactory for her remaining equestrian experiences.

Her daughter, my own Aunt Pauline, was also an ardent horsewoman, but she was a Conservative. All she did was to cut the divided skirt from fifteen to five yards, and she did this chiefly because material was more expensive. She was embarrassed when she had to walk from the stile to the house with her skirt in two sections. It remained for her daughter, Cousin Hannah, to realize that trousers were the only sane and sensible riding clothes, both for her sake and the horse's. Somehow she didn't lose her girlish charm even then, although the minister preached for an hour on the Frivolity of Modern Youth. This was in 1900.

I've always had riding trousers. I've heard too many times about Aunt Mat—I'd be afraid to try a skirt because I'm far from agile. Their real value had been proved, however. Girls and women who were active war workers found that trousers of the same general style as the riding trousers were the most practicable clothes for their work. Since then we've come to realize their value for work and for play when we want to be unencumbered.

Sport clothes are worn universally now, and knickers meet a definite need. They are trimmer, neater, more comfortable, and much less cumbersome than riding togs; they are new garments which have come to stay. They are the process of evolution, and seem to me infinitely preferable, especially in class, to bare knees.

I am amused when I hear that knickers detract from the feminine charm. Clothes may make the man, but the women certainly makes the clothes, and, after all, it's still true about Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady. I read recently that only the Chinese ladies were fully aware of the paradoxical femininity of trousers, so perhaps we are revolving in a cycle.

'24.

SISTERS.

I have heard many a person who is burdened with an older sister remark that there is absolutely no joy in it, whereas people who have never had one, look upon it in an entirely different light. However, I find both joys and sorrows in the possession, and feel life would indeed be stupid without one.

In the first place, by an older sister, I refer to the variety who are enough older, not only to "boss" you, but to make your mother feel that she has no mind, and take the liberty of telling your father to remove his pipe from the parlor clock.

Indeed, when I was a mere infant with big feet and freckles, I could find no joy in Sister. It was Sister's cast-off clothes I had to wear, and Sister who taught me to make a bed, and saw that I did it; yes, everything unpleasant was Sister's doings. If I rebelled, Sister, an ardent suffragette, would argue with Mother, who in turn would debate with Father, until she had the whole family on her side.

Thus was I directed through my infancy, until one day, a marvelous

thing occurred. Sister was invited West, for one whole year. No end of once-unbelievable things happened then. First, I moved all her furniture into my room and wrote her a long letter about it. Sister!—who was too far away to rebel. Next the library underwent transformation at my hands. More incredible than all else, the family were meek as the cat.

Tempus fugit, and Sister comes marching home again, stuffed with new ideas. But it was those very ideas that I had resolved to resist. And I boldly did so. Soon Sister and I were on equal terms. Now, when one of us wants anything, we fight for it. Not a female tongue fight, but a regular one, in which I pride myself on usually holding the upper hand.

I have also become very observing. When Sister, in revenge for something, tattles to Mother, that I had three letters all in one week from the same person, I refer to a notebook and tell Mother that Sister held a forty-three minute telephone conversation with a certain person last Tuesday.

Of course, occasionally, Sister resorts to her old habit of "bossing" and then comes a speechless day. Those are the most pleasant days of my existence. Then I can eat all the cake because Sister is too angry to speak, and if I leave my bed unmade, she remains silent, though it must be very difficult.

Thus the days roll by, and the more I think of it, the more stupid my existence would be without dear Sister to argue with and advise me.

'23

THE SAPPHIRE LAKE.

Once some one had called her "an empty-headed fool," and, although she had tossed her bobbed hair and laughed, it had hurt! And it wasn't a little superficial sort of hurt—it was one that made her stop—and think. Then she laughed, and bought a new jade cigarette holder and had her hair bobbed shorter. She was having a good time. At least, she did everything that every one else did—and did it as often. She drank just a little more than she ought, because all the men brought their own. She smoked much more than was good for her because some man had once given her a gold cigarette holder in a little gold case that hung around her neck on a narrow black ribbon. She danced until it was morning because everyone stayed, and the music throbbed in her pulses and men rumbled her hair. She read books on free love and the modern generation because people talked about them. She saw the most risqué of modern plays because it was to those that the men took her. She listened to jokes that were not jokes—that were merely vulgarisms, because those were the only kind that were told to her. She was living.

She never read real books, or saw real plays, or made real friends; there wasn't time. She never thought about herself, or life, or anything except midnight blue sequin gowns, and silver brocade slippers; the days and nights were too short.

Always there were men—never a man. And sometimes she almost wished she were not having a good time. The men were nice—that is, they were good sports—they played golf and tennis; they swam and danced; they drove their cars at mad speed anywhere—they liked the modern girl—they liked her—at least, to play with—and to kiss.

Then, one night, she was skating with other people and somehow she fell into the cold, icy water. Some man drove her home in an open car and next day she had pneumonia. So she had time to think; and she thought of other things than having a good

time. And somehow, most of all she thought of the "House of Dreams."

It had been long ago—perhaps three years—when her hair was long, and she didn't believe in smoking and people didn't kiss her, that the Dream House had grown into being. She smiled as she lay on her straight, white hospital bed—smiled a tender, wistful little smile—as she remembered. Somehow it made her sadly happy to imagine herself back there and to remember—remember. So while she stayed in the noisy, anti-septic-smelling hospital, she went back and lived it all again.

Houses of Dreams don't suddenly spring up, you know; they grow slowly, first in your mind and then in brick and mortar. And it takes more than just you alone to dream—there must be somebody else. She remembered how they had talked—she and the Dream-Woman—talked philosophy and religion and then, finally, their ambitions. One day, she told the Dream-Woman how she had become her inspiration and how she craved to "write" her—for somehow, then she had loved to "write" everything—houses and people and feelings—everything.

And so there came the idea. It was the Dream-Woman who had it. She confessed that she too loved to write things—only she wrote them in verse—and how they ought to write together, and have a place where they could go—out of the world of reality, away from materialism and the modern generation, just away—to a house—to a House-of-Dreams.

It was built on a hill-top overlooking a lake set like a sapphire in deep, pine woods. The House was alone there and the sun shone in it and the wind swept through it—the clean, sweet wind—and the rain splashed on its roof. The heavy door opened right from the porch into the Room-of-Inspirations—a long, wide room with gold curtains, and soft brown rugs. There was a fire place, deep and broad, with heavy andirons and a great, carved wood-box. On a stone shelf above it were shining brass candlesticks with tapering wax candles. There was a low davenport drawn close to the hearth; there were chairs, too, but not many. All around the room, in between the windows, were book—books in sets and by themselves, old books and new books, books in tattered binding and books with their pages yet uncut—old friends and those waiting to be tried and either found wanting or else cherished. Then there was the table—long and polished—so that it reflected the brass candleholders, the table where they sat on their straight-backed chairs at either end, and wrote.

Whether the sun shone in and made little pools of gold on the dusky rugs, or whether the candles flickered softly and the fire crumpled down to ashes, or whether the rain poured down the window panes in dull, leaden streaks, always there was peace and understanding there.

The Dream-Woman and she sat in the deep chairs and talked. They took down the books and read—sometimes aloud and sometimes to themselves and condemned or praised as they pleased. They sat at the long table and wrote—sometimes, they read what they had written to each other and sometimes they burned it. They sat on the low davenport in front of the fire and thought and thought.

They came there—perhaps every week, perhaps every day—just when they needed their house. And always they stopped outside and looked down at the deep, blue lake and promised each other to be true to the best in them—always. Then they looked over their big oak door and read, "Inside

is Peace and Understanding; leave here your gloomy mood."

Their Dream-House—the girl on the straight, narrow bed, wanted it, wanted it terribly. She wanted her Dream-Woman terribly, too. But she—and she tried to toss her bobbed hair—had been the fool. She had thought she was not seeing life; she thought she'd try being of the modern generation; she'd see what petting parties were; she'd see—! And then she found the Dream-House was closed to her; for could she stand and look down at their sapphire lake and promise to be true to the best in her when she constantly was stifling that best?

She had thought she was having a good time. She was doing what others were doing. She was deceiving herself so well that she didn't realize—realize—. Then it was too late—. The Dream Woman—Where was she?—And their house—their house—.

The girl got better—she was paler and more serious. Her hair grew long. She threw the jade-green cigarette holder into her waste basket. She walked alone and thought. Men no longer wanted to play with her—and kiss her.

Then she went back, slowly and painfully, back to their house. She climbed the hill and looked down at the blue, blue lake and breathed the prayer to herself. She stood on the porch and read the words. She opened the heavy oak door and stepped inside—waiting—hoping—.

The slowly, sinking sun streamed in through the windows in long, slant, dust-laden paths. The girl shuddered. She looked at the great fireplace—the blackened, charred remains of a long ago fire were still scattered on the unswept hearth. The davenport was covered with rough, heavy grey cloth. The books—she touched them gently—caressingly—were dusty, were torn here and there by mice. She sat in her chair by the table—thick with white dust, and stared at the brass inkholders with their dried, caked ink. The rugs—she looked down—there were only the wide boards dulled by dirt. The curtains hung limp and faded and streaked by the sun. The candles had been burned out and the wax still clung to the sides of the candleholders and lay in ugly blotches on the stone-shelf. The girl sighed, deeply, and then went out—out to look at the lake and read again the words—.

She walked back slowly but with a courageous little smile and started to work patiently, quietly—cleaning up the ashes and the dust and polishing the floor and the dulled brasses. For some day her Dream-Woman would come back and then she should find the pools of gold on the dusky rugs, find the fire burning low, find the tapering wax candles flickering, find the long rows of books—and find her—waiting patiently, always true to the best in her.

THE EMPEROR JONES PRESENTED AT LYCEUM.

To make a stage success of a one-act, eight-scene play which depends for its interest on a psychological study of one man, demands a remarkable playwright and a remarkable actor, and these are combined in "The Emperor Jones." Only O'Neil could write such a play. It is preposterous to imagine any man but Gilpin acting the Emperor. A negro himself, he interprets the character of his race in the role of Brutus Jones as no white man could possibly do. His acting has the perfection of true art.

With the rise of the curtain we see the corner of a room, with a plain, wooden arm chair, painted scarlet, placed on a scarlet dais and this is the throne of "The Emperor Jones." Through one door we see a bright

blue tropical sky and desolate drab hills.

While the Emperor lounges on this throne, gay in his gold-trimmed blue coat, scarlet breeches and patent-leather boots, while he boasts of his crimes in the States and his dominance here, we see his shadow beside him on the wall, primitive, ape-like. It is the figure of what we feel in his character—the essential primitive.

When he learns that his natives have turned against him he leaves his palace by the front door. "No sneakin' out de back do'." His plans have long been made for this moment of abdication. He swaggers away whistling. He has heard the tom-tom sounding from the hills, he knows it is the natives doing charms and incantations in their preparations for revolt, but he calls it the drum of the brass band which accompanies his departure. He knows every turn of the jungle. He has but to cross the island to where a French ship is lying off shore ready to take him to safety. He has his revolver, loaded with five lead bullets and a sixth of silver. This last is his charm. For he has told his people that he is such a superior being that only a silver bullet can kill him. He will play the Emperor to the last. No power can take him but his own. He will use the silver bullet if the time comes.

But a long, long night in the jungle follows. His nerves betray him. The ceaseless beat of the tom-tom without a moment's relief wears him down. He becomes less and less the Emperor and more and more the primitive black. His outward glory is abandoned. The coat and boots are thrown away. One by one his five lead bullets go to ward off his "ha'nts; at last he has only the silver bullet left as he is lying by the edge of a great river. He has relapsed so far that he feels himself controlled by a Witch Doctor and a Crocodile god such as his ancestors feared and worshipped. His Christian prayers do not bring him strength. He wastes his silver bullet to banish this vision. Meanwhile his pursuers have reached the edge of the jungle. They have found where he entered. An English Cockney, the one white man on the island, is with them, scorning them, abusing them, yet hoping for their success. The native chief never wavers in his self-confidence. He has made silver bullets. His men will bring in the Emperor—a loud volley of shots in unison—"They've got him!"

The limp figure is thrown down like a sack from the man's shoulder. The Cockney stands over him.

"Silver bullets! Well, yer majesty, ye went out in the height of fashion!" O. J. '24.

THE RING OF SIVA.

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thing behind this that even I do not yet understand.

As you probably know, I am an architect and have been very much interested in using some Indian motives in modern architecture. Now a foreigner might travel around in India for years without ever really coming in contact with it. Perhaps it is because I have had so much to do with their temples, that I have really come to an understanding of the subtle, intangible meaning of India. The Hindoo people call this meaning Brahma. I don't know much about it, except that if you once come in contact with it, you never escape. I have been in England for two years now, yet I can't get free of the hold this has upon me.

As for the Ring of Siva, the story would probably sound simple enough to you. Brahma is, as you probably know, a trinity—oh, not a Father, Son, and Holy Ghost but a God of Preservation, a God of Creation and a God

of Destruction. Strangely enough it is the God of Destruction, called by the Hindoos, Siva, or Our Dancing Lord,—that they fear most and worship. My guide having told me of a certain temple in which there was a very wonderfully carved image of this God,—I took a two-day journey to see it. I will not bother you with the details of the temple which was of the usual type of heavily ornamented architecture, so well known in India.

Inside, high on a shrine could be seen a figure of Siva, with the round arms and curiously angular pose of these figures so familiar in Hindoo art. It was easy to see that the image was very old, the wood was dulled and cracked in places, but decorated with dull, gold bands set in the wood. Around the neck of the god were strings of gold beads curiously wrought. The figure was naturally enough in a dancing pose. But the most interesting thing about it was the strange mocking face, and the twisted wood smile, and the one eye (of some precious stone) set high in the forehead which flashed and glittered in the surrounding gloom. I cannot tell you what an effect that image produced on me,—I thought if I did not get without the temple, that I should suddenly go mad and leap upon the shrine, and dance and mock with Siva.

Instead I turned and left, making my way out through the columns. What was my surprise to see that al-

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though the temple was deserted, a crowd of Hindoos outside the door talking strange gibberish and waving their arms about in excitement. I turned to my guide, "Mulak," I said, "go and see what the trouble is," for I feared that they might take exception to my investigation. I watched him wend his way into the crowd, and return shortly. He was a superb specimen of the Indian race, with a wonderful physique, a dark, shining skin and intelligent black eyes. Although he stood respectfully enough, I could see that he was excited.

"It is a woman, Sahib," he said finally, "a white woman. She is dead."

"A white woman," I thought. In this strange country where it had been three days since I had seen a white skin.

"Why is she dead, Mulak,—who is she?" I asked, trying not to let him see my emotion at the mention of a country-woman.

"She has sinned, Sahib—Brahma has done well," replied Mulak with utter complacency.

To my puzzled expression he said respectfully but with almost exultation lighting up his face, "She has stolen the Ring of Siva,—and now she has died. It is indeed too bad."

"Bring her over here," I cried,—but Mulak remained irresolute and then finally whispered, "I dare not. On her finger is the Ring. I should surely die."

"Nonsense," I cried with real anger—"do as I tell you or your back will smart bravely." I was wondering if the girl were really dead. Possibly if she were not dead, there was time to save her. If that fool of a— "Mulak!" I shouted, "Brahma be hanged! Do as I tell you, or you'll see Brahma sooner than you think."

The crowd had heard us shouting, and now parted and waited in respectful silence to see what I should do. I felt that they were depending upon me for a solution of their difficulties.

In the center of them lay a woman of very great beauty, her black hair tumbling loosely about her shoulders, her lips parted like two rose petals about which a half smile lurked.

One hand was half unfolded, her long white tapering fingers like a flower just opening to the blue of the sky. The other hand lay out limply, and upon the index finger, my eye became riveted upon the Ring of Siva.

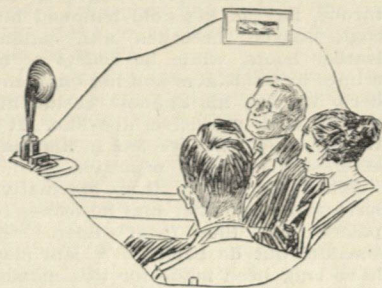
Mulak hesitated, "Go you fool," I said angrily. For an instant he wavered, then striding up to the figure, he pulled out a long knife and cut off the finger with the ring on it. The finger sprang off the hand as though it were imbued with life and the Hindoos sprang back with a cry. Mulak then with extraordinary agility picked up the woman, and brought her rather timidly to me. I saw at once that she was dead and had been so for at least an hour. I immediately understood my danger, and my safety, so I asked Mulak concerning the ring.

"Ah Sahib," he said eagerly, "she wears the Ring of Siva. She has stolen it from the finger of the god in the temple, whose it has been for many years. No one has ever worn that ring and lived."

The Hindoos had now formed a circle in which lay the little white transparent finger with its massive ring, panting and gesticulating but always from a safe distance. In a moment of impulse, I strode into the circle, picked up the finger, and put it in my pocket. The crowd drew back with cries of horror.

That afternoon the body of the girl was burned. "A tourist," I thought as I strolled back to my abode. So thinking I pulled out the finger flaked with stale blood. I kept the ring.

This was probably the reason of the disappearance of Mulak whom I never



Take It From The Air

NOT only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

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Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

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saw again. Nor could I get help in that part of the country.

In the north I annexed a bright little Indian boy of about nine years, to whom I became very much attached. I planned to take him back to England. One morning I awoke to find him dead. On his right forefinger was the Ring of Siva. Then, gentlemen, I admit frankly I became superstitious. Perhaps it was because I was fond of the boy. So I kept the ring, although I never have worn it myself, or told anyone of its presence. I admit frankly

that I am afraid of this Brahma—but I have a certain horror of that ring that repels me but fascinates me too.

Last night, stimulated by a little liquor, I took the ring out, and so at least consider myself partially responsible for the death of one of my best friends."

But as to the idea that I am anything more than the unhappy, indirect cause of the gentlemen's death, I deny it at once."

Part 3.

So saying I handed it to the de-

tectives. "My dear Mr. Ludwick," said the second man, I must congratulate you upon your very interesting experiences, but you must admit what you have said, although charming, you have but little to do with the case."

I was in despair. However much ethically I might be responsible for that man's death, I had never even considered the possibility of being held legally responsible. And to vindicate myself was going to be a difficult task.

"Since I have killed Rackar, I suppose it would be to my interest to find out what he died of," I said sulkily.

"That's just it," said the first detective. "The doctors cannot seem to find any clue as to how he met his death, but are under the impression that there has been foul play."

"This is a curious ring," interrupted the second. "I have an idea. You two can drop around to the funeral and I will meet you here afterwards."

Rackar was buried that afternoon and we congregated together. There was another man with the first detectives whom I did not know. "This is Mr. Wood, one of the best known jewelers in England. Mr. Wood, this is the ring that we were telling about. Could you give us an estimate on the age of this ring?"

"Certainly," Mr. Wood returned, "the ring is between five and six hundred years old."

"Now," said the first detective, "do as I tell you to do. Look inside of the ring, but be careful not to put your fingers there. Do you notice a series of circles one inside the other? The center one is a dot. That is according to my idea a very small hyperdermic needle which pressure causes to operate. Now if Mr. Wood will lift out the amber stone I think we will find a solution to this problem." This was done, and a yellowish liquid was discovered secreted beneath the stone. "Now, Mr. Ludwick," said the first detective, "my theory is that this is some kind of a deadly poison, you are something of a chemist, could you prove that for us at least temporarily? And while he is doing that I will explain that my theory is that the Hindoo priests have for several hundred years been able to hold the people by superstition and this ring."

By this time I had finished my analysis and sprang up with a look of horror. "Good God, sir," I cried, "that is not poison, but a heavy drug!"

After the few minutes that it took to comprehend this horrible truth and what its connection might have been with the others, we drove to the cemetery, all helping, only when we opened the coffin to discover Rackar, in pace requiescat, but his tie and collar were off and his patent leather hair was rumpled. Such was the history of the Ring of Siva.

HEARD IN SOCIOLOGY,

Mrs. Wessel to doubting student:

"If you question the Lord, you ought to question Devine, too!"

University students of Austria and Germany have developed a Young German movement (Deutschen Jugendgemeinschaften) which seems to be a general revolt against ancient authorities, traditions and customs. Among the ideas and habits attacked are militarism, monarchy, class distinctions and alcoholism. The movement is idealistic-patriotic for the development of a better self and the aid of the nation in the day of trial. It takes different forms in different localities, but the general spirit seems the same.

"A college cannot make brains; it merely trains them. It usually makes a smart man smarter, and a fool a bigger fool."

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JUST LIKE AUNTY CON.

If there is one thing I detest, it is being made to talk, at breakfast. Usually, at any other hour of the day or night, I don't mind talking, but at breakfast—never! and unless I do, the family will converse (over my head), on my being "just like Aunty Con," who, it seems, "never opened her mouth at the breakfast table." I am, also, fond to the same degree, of good looking lingerie. I would rather have it than dresses, or hats, or shoes. My Christmas list, and birthday desires were always headed by "silk undies," until I learned it was just like my Aunty Con, who always spent her allowance on them, and went without candy and everything else for the rest of the month.

One summer I planned a costume of lavender and blue organdie. It was the pride of my heart, and, I thought, the essence of Originality. The first time I wore the creation it appeared that "Con never looked so well as when she wore that lavender and blue dress—at Anne's wedding—do you remember?" I didn't remember—but I never forgot—and the dress became the bane of my existence. And so it goes, Con this and Con that, everything I do, every eccentricity I develop—is just like my Auntie Con. It is like having your life lived for you while you stand by, powerless to help or hinder and see someone else become you.

I wouldn't mind so much if the resemblance between us did not extend to looks. Only the other day I was accosted on the street by, "Why, I thought you were Con, you look more like her every time I see you." People who are undeniably nearing middle-age, look at me—see Con at my age—and feel rejuvenated. It is, of course, very nice to furnish, a fountain-of-youth, with a look, but it is very unpleasant to jump by the same process, thirty years ahead,—as I do every time I see her—and say to myself, "Look, there you are—aged 47, see, what pleasant people now call dimples; will there be lines; and help make a double chin—" and so on, every feature in tune, without doubt a most disheartening process.

Once, a very pleasant thing happened because of the resemblance. A man, who at the tender age of eleven had fallen in love with my aunt, some ten years older, returned after a long absence, and found me as he had left her, and her, old and married. It made quite a romance for a summer, and partially counteracted the affair of the lavender dress, but he has gone away again now, and she's still here.

I saw her the other day in the theatre, with her husband, and a terrible thought occurred to me. Suppose, since my taste in clothes so resembles hers—my taste in husbands should follow the same line. Her husband is fat and blustering. I loathe fat men, detest blustering men! My inclinations are entirely for the slender and dreamy variety. I haven't dared to make inquiries as to her youthful tastes, but if, when I do,

the verdict is the usual one—I shall give up all hope of living my own life and devote myself entirely to following in her footsteps—for if I can't be what I would like—I will be at least as perfect as possible in the course laid out for me.

It has its charms, for then there will be no need to talk at breakfast, I can indulge in silk lingerie to the limits and wear lavender and blue all the time. Of one thing I am certain, however, if this course is followed, and that is: I will never marry—I will not run the risk of having a fat and blustering husband, and there can be a change in the familiar saying, so that it will be, "She's just like her Aunty Con, EXCEPT—!" A. M. '25.

HOW GRIM IS REALITY!

Very slowly, but just as surely I began to rise straight up into the air—"I certainly must be getting very light," thought I, for on I sailed, without so much as changing my position, or pumping my legs, propeller-fashion, to aid my progress. No, I merely rose, nebulously, just as I lay, flat upon my back. Calm came to me and I was saturated with delightful drowsiness. Up, up, up, I continued, but now instead of going on in a sane, straight forward manner, I began to whirl—cutting circles in large graceful sweeps. That was such joy, that I started to go a little faster. Around and around, now in short, sharp rings. Why I must be calm and remember that I really am not a cat with a tail to chase.

But it didn't do a particle of good to remember that I wasn't a cat. I kept right on in my mad career. Before I knew it, I was pivoting on my head like a crazy red top.

Oh yes, mother had always said that if you felt dizzy to breathe fully and deeply.

I breathed fully and deeply, but it was very difficult. I tried ever so hard, but when I had scarcely caught the air it was out of my mouth, dragging with it a funny twisted moan.

Well, then, I'll just stop breathing. Ah! immediately I began to float again. Now I knew I had been too good! My wings had sprouted and I was on my way to Heaven. But I didn't want to go to Heaven.

Stop me, stop me! Why can't I find something to hold on to, so that I can catch myself before I vanish completely? Oh! oh! there is nothing to put my feet on, nothing no matter how hard I try to put them on the ground again. It is useless. But then I must go there sometime and although I'm sorry not to say good-bye, I guess I'd better follow my wings. Funny—follow my wings and not my nose! But I do not have to bother about my wings now, someone has picked me up and put me in along, low hammock. Gently I swing in mid air, then up, still higher than ever before. Immense waves of dizziness rolled over me, in my undulating swing. Vague murmurs of many voices drifted

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in which direction we are moving.—O. W. Holmes.

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. anesthes Oh de-ar,
they speak in a foreign language here.
Isn't that a shame? I shall never be
able to talk—for I never—never could
understand Latin—Amo—amas—amat.
But before I could go any further, the
same someone jerked my hammock
string and I sailed directly into the
middle of a foggy, grey cloud, which
was so soft and quiet that I decided
to go to sleep.Cautiously, I opened one eye. Three
forms all in white robes with their
heads bound in white—Angels! Quick-
ly the other eye popped open. Why,
there was my mother. However, did
she get here, too? I waved my hand
and opened my mouth to say, "Hello!"
But I couldn't—there was a great
soreness in the place where my tonsils
should be. Then I remembered and
with a groan rolled toward the wall,
only to hear the voice of my "Uncle
Doctor" say, "Well, she came out of
that pretty quickly." Again I groaned
and closed my eyes. V. E. '24.JULIA WARNER ELECTED
PRESIDENT OF STUDENT
GOVERNMENT.All the thrills of national elections,
all the false rumors, all the excited
watching of the ballots grow insignifi-
cant beside the excitement of the
two day's balloting for next year's
president of Student Government.
And while we debated, the votes
crept up and just after five o'clock
on Thursday afternoon we knew that
"Judy" had won.

INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS.

American undergraduates are going
to raise \$640,000 needed for the recon-
struction of the Louvain Library in
France. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler,
President of Columbia University, is
the chairman in charge of rebuilding
Louvain, and an American architect,
Mr. Whitney Warren, has been desig-
nated as the builder of the Library.Over 400 students and professors
from the universities in and around
Vienna, Austria, met at the University
of Vienna on January 17 for consid-
eration of the problem of alcoholism.
The meeting had been widely adver-
tised and was attended by the Presi-
dent of Austria and many other prom-
inent officials. A popular professor
spoke against alcoholism and was fol-
lowed by two students. Then a reso-
lution was adopted by a vote of 385 to
15, asking the government to prepare
quickly a law prohibiting the use of
alcohol as a beverage.The college town chorus of 500 sing-
ers and 60 orchestra members traveled
from Lindsborg, Kansas (home of
Bethany College) to Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma, for three performances of
Handel's Messiah in two days. Twelvespecial cars were required for the long
journey. The new city auditorium of
Oklahoma City, seating 6,000, was
crowded at each performance. This
chorus has sung the Messiah 140 times
in 40 years. In it are grandchildren
and grandparents, to some of whom
the Messiah has become a sacred
thing, comparable only to the Passion
Play of Europe.Students in India are joining with
other national groups in the passage
of resolutions condemning liquor shops
and the use of liquor. This is one
phase of the Gandhi movement, which
maintains that beverage alcohol is
sapping the vitality of body, mind and
soul of the Indian nation. They have
a system of pickets under which vol-
unteers stand near liquor shops and in
the name of religion and country ask
the ingoing customer not to drink. If
the customer persists, the picket falls
on his knees and begs him not to drink.
Some pickets carry bottles of milk and
offer the thirsty man free milk to drink.The University of Chicago an-
nounces only 600 courses for its sum-
mer session. Seems as though a stu-
dent ought to find something he'd like
to take in that list.Courses in journalism are now
taught in 175 American colleges and
universities.Daily wireless service is given by the
department of physics of the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin for the benefit of
farmers and amateur radio operators.
It includes market reports, weather
forecasts, special lectures, musical
concerts, and reports of athletic
events.

TAIL LIGHTS.

AN UNUSUAL PROPOSAL.

An advanced class in Spanish told
Senor Pinol that the Freshmen
thought he was a very stiff marker.
Appearing surprised, he reassured
them that if anything, he was too easy.
Suddenly a voice from the back of the
room piped up, "Oh, no, you're just
right."

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

Miss Patton to the man working on
the tennis courts:

"Why aren't the courts ready?"

He—"Well, Miss Patton, I could
have had the courts ready a week ago
for I've done my share, but the Lord
ain't done his yet."

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Junior Year—As You Like It.

Senior Year—All's Well that Ends
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