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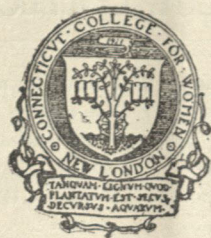
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DO'S FOR MEN ATTENDING THE JUNIOR PROM.

Be sure to wear a uniform.
Ride in a parlor car.
Since New London is such a hilly town, you might do well to bring a cane.
Forget your umbrella; it couldn't rain. (Better bring a rubber in case it should.)
When you are with your hostess, keep your eyes glued to the floor. No "Right dress" business allowed. All rights reserved.
But in case you have occasion to make up quarrels, come prepared with nine or ten boxes of candy.
Remember that the reception room is never limited to two persons, even though it may seem innocently empty.
Count the gymnasium stairs when you ascend so that you will not overlook a few when you come down again.
Rave about the orchestra and the decorations.
Eat all that is set before you, and anything else within reach.
Remember to bring your cigarettes and diary.
Remember to forget this advice.
Come again when ———.
ANN F. HASTINGS, '22.

THREE TIMES AND OUT

Scene I. Time, January 1
"Hello, Marge," said Dot, as she flopped down on Marge's dainty cushions. "Gee, isn't it great that we are to have a Junior Prom—the first C. C. Junior Prom? Well, I hate preambles—as Polonius says: Therefore I will be brief. Have you asked your man to the Prom yet?"
"Why, of course not," said Dot, "it's only January first. You don't mean to tell me that you've asked a knight so early?"
"Yes, I have," replied Marge, "promptness, that's me, Mabel. My lieutenant friend Ben was home during the holidays, and I just asked him if he wouldn't like to come. And he just slapped his hand on his knee, and said, 'By Jove, I certainly would—I'll be there with bells on.' Well, Dotty dear, I do abhor these people who are uncertain up to the eleventh hour. Better hurry and ask your man—you know the early bird catches the worm. Well, goodbye. I have a class with Dr.
(Continued on page 3, column 3.)



Oh it's hard to dance
Since we've been in France,
For the A. E. F. didn't teach us.
But we'll dance all night,
In our suits so tight,
'Cause we know that no one beats us!

E. C. WILLIAMS '21.

THIS IS THE LIFE!

Scene—Supper time, exactly one second after dance cards were supposed to be started.
Junior—"How about a dance at the Prom.?"
Senior—"Nothing doing!"
Junior—"Well, one for Friday afternoon will do."
Senior—"Sorry, just gave away the last one!"
Junior—"Well, surely Friday night."
Senior—"Full up."
Junior—"Well, for heaven's sake, give me a five-minute period of conversation at the tournament."
Senior—"Now you're talking. I have one left!"
MILDRED PROVOST '19.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Telegram received several days ago:
"Delighted to come to Prom—but when is it?"

KEEP IT UP!

Dr. Coerne, coaching song practice for the Prom:
"Hold onto the last whether it's a hymn (him) or a song!"

TEARFUL TELEGRAMS

Tune: "When it's telegram time in Prom. week."
May 8. 10 A. M.
Terra firma at last. Home Tuesday. Is it too late for Prom.?
Oswald.
May 8. 1 P. M.
Glad heaps you're home! Sorry but have asked Cousin George for Prom. Will try to fix it up.
Susie.
May 9. 5 A. M.
Beastly I'm too late. Must see you soon. Try to fix up Prom. Give Cousin George to room-mate.
Oswald.
May 10. 2 P. M.
O. K. George with room-mate. Come to Prom.
Susie.
May 10. 4 P. M.
Tears and codfish. Quarantine on for tonsillitis. Prom. cancelled.
Susie.
May 11. 10 A. M.
Must see you soon. Can't you come home? Never mind Prom.
Oswald.
May 12. 4 P. M.
Quarantine off. False bug. Prom. holds.
Susie.
May 14. 2 A. M.
Omar and Kant! We are quaran-
(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

DON'TS FOR MEN ATTENDING THE JUNIOR PROM.

Don't wait to be invited. There is always someone's man who gets croup at the last minute, and can't come.
Don't bring your little brothers and sisters with you. The Junior Prom. is no place for children.
Don't flirt with the Freshman waitresses. It isn't nice, and besides you're here for a purpose.
Don't try to be pleasant to every girl you meet. There's a limit to human endurance, and smiles have to end somewhere. We advise cutting out the brunettes.
Don't use Mary Garden perfume on your hair, especially if you are short. Remember someone has to dance 35 dances with you.
Don't wear yellow flowers in your buttonhole. The college must protect the eyesight of its students.
Don't be the first one to start the chimee. Let someone else be the goat.
Don't send a pillow of roses to your lady, and if you do, don't have R. I. P. on it.
Don't ask an upper classman for information. They're after it, too.
Don't forget to smile serenely upon all members of the faculty at all times. It's worth it.
Don't admire any girls in the presence of any other girls. It's the surest way to queer yourself.
Don't forget that the college is dry, and that there is no smoking allowed on Connecticut College campus.
Don't forget to go home when it's over, if you can.
Any further information may be obtained from the janitor by enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope.
MARIE ANTOINETTE TAYLOR '22.

"GIMME" A DANCE?

Yes, we believe in democracy every time—even to the point of Death! Such was the case on the evening of May 7 at the Senior-Junior Rendezvous, which seemed a very timely occasion for both classes to make out the much-talked of prom. program—and make it out we did.
Here and there in the gym. were groups of girls yelling, grabbing each other, and writing madly on anything
(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

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EDITORIALS

AND SO IT GOES.

Yes, it is true that this is the first Junior Prom, and that the first Senior Class has been invited to join in the celebration. Yes, and that this is the first time any class has invited its "gentleman friends" to spend a whole week-end in New London.

New sensations are always fun, and this is more than fun; it is entirely blissful.

So much so that we are trying in this sheet to tell our friends how much we are enjoying their company, and how glad we are that the war is over. Otherwise we wouldn't be having a Prom. this year any more than we did last. This is a real Victory Prom. In more ways than one.

Oh, yes, we have been dancing right through the war. That is one of the advantages of building a college opposite a Submarine Base, and near a pier where all good sailors eventually land. And all along we have been glad to see the navy invading the gym. for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund. We certainly do appreciate our friends in the navy.

But all the while we were missing our friends in the A. E. F. and in other branches of the service overseas.

Now they have come back to us too.

You know how exciting it is when there's a double bill at the movies—combination of Douglas Fairbanks in "Make Me a Boy Again Just For Tonight" and Bill Hart in "The Last Shot of the Shooting Cayuse," or something nice like that. Well, so the Prom. is a big double header for us—Army and Navy 'n everything.

And we hope you are having the best kind of a time too, and that you'll want to come back to Connecticut College again and again and over again.

TO OUR PROM. GUESTS:

A cordial greeting from the class of '20!

To you, who come to our campus perhaps for the first time, who perhaps know of C. C. only through its friends, we extend a hearty welcome. May you enjoy your short stay with us, the events of the first Junior Prom. at C. C.—the thé dansant, the dramatic club play, the tennis tournament, the Prom. itself, the house teas, and Sunday vespers. We hope, too, that you will, even in this very short time, come to feel the happy spirit of our home here—to love our hilltop, our river, and our Bolleswood, which are the symbols of our carefree life and the foundation of the true spirit of our college.

And to our Seniors—the first, the best Seniors, who know with what eagerness we have looked forward to the coming of May 16th—to you, too, we extend a most hearty welcome! hoping that it may be one of the happy "get togethers" that we may always cherish with thoughts of Loyalty '19 and Loyalty '20.

EDITH LINDHOLM,
President of the Class of '20.

ALL THE PROM. POEMS

THE JUNIOR PROM:
A SEQUEL TO SPRING.

Ah me, ah me! The song begins
In deeper strains and quiet thought,
Drinking in (as if Pete's punch)
The things of nature that spring
hath brought!

But now the muse's spirits rise
To e'en a lighter mood than spring
as such.

You ask, "What can there be more
gay?"
But ah, alas, you have missed much.

Ah me, ah me! How sweet to see
The gambolling youth and gam-
bolling lass,
They give no scintilla of care
To anything except the jazz!

The way they glide and the way they
jig,
Is one over on the whirligig;
Nor can "Melissa" ever prance
And imitate their sprightly dance.

And now the moon is rising higher,
And nature is all hushed and dumb,
And yet—whence are the sounds of
music?

Methinks it's from the gym. they
come.

Oh, muse, have you not love for human
nature?

Is it you've forgotten the Junior
Dance?

Forsooth! But come, you must
awaken,

The campus thrills with fond ro-
mance!

Ah me, ah me!

E. V. N. '20.

GREETINGS, THEN
FAIR GENTLEMEN!

Pray what are these arriving

On horseback or on foot?

These uniforms, these "civie" clothes,
These spruce young chaps, just look!

They're coming from New York State,
They're drifting down from Maine,
They're each one looking forward
To dancing with his Jane.

Why are they here? I ask you.

Come here and whistle long.

They're here because they're here, I
s'pose.

To jazz it at the Prom.

The man from home, the lieut. from
France,

Our heartiest welcome then.

We never have nor never will

Gaze on such comely men.

Our campus is your own—all yours

To stroll on 'neath the stars,

But do not stumble o'er the rocks

When you to her show Mars.

We have an Island and a Gym.,

A shipyard and a view—

That shows you nearly half the Sound,

And every day it's new.

And so again it's, welcome,

We hope you'll like us here

Full well enough to stop again

Some time when you are near!

M. P. TAYLOR '22.

JOLLY JUNIOR JINGLES.

J is for the Juniors,

U for you and me.

N for new friends one and all,

I for invites to the ball.

O is for our exclamations,

R is for cut recitations.

P is for the pretty girls, powder puffs
and sashes,

R is for a gay romance, and here I
leave some dashes— — — —

O is in cOmmemoration,

M for men and cOy flirtation!

'20.

WAY BACK IN THOSE
COLLEGE DAYS

(With apologies to?)

Oh don't you remember those college
days?

C. C. girls and their jolly ways,

All those bills you sent to your Dad,

Um-um-um but he was mad!

Gee, but it took a lot of dough

To bring to the Prom your very best
beau,

To Jazz a bit

And make a hit

Way back in those college days.

Oh don't you remember the night of
the Prom.

You were so proud on his right arm.

Gee, but he looked good to you!

Um-um-um but his eyes were blue!

Thirty-four dances out of thirty-five,

Gee, but you were glad you're alive.

Time went so fast

Why couldn't it last?

Way back in those college days?

HELEN RICH '22.

MARION ADAMS '22.

SHAKESPEARE'S ADVICE
TO THE JUNIOR

Costly thy raiment as thy purse can
buy,

Thy roommate's closet furnish, thy
yielding friends let go;

For their apparel, on another girl, doth
often shine more bright,

And when thou dancest, ah! the glass
of fashion and the mold of form,

The observed of all observers, on the
arm

Of courtier, soldier, scholar, of thy man
in brief,

Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar;

Give every man thine ear, but none
thy cheek;

Take each man's compliments, but
keep thy judgment.

Farewell, my blessing season thee in
this!

DEAN NYE.

CAMPUS CHAT

"Oh my dear, do tell me how to make
out my program. Thirty-five dances?
Why it makes me tired to look at them.
How many must I save for my man?
Fifteen? Why, I don't want as many
as that with him. I'll save ten.
You're saving eighteen? Well, I'll save
twelve then. Oh, you're going to have
a couple with your man at the end so
when you get tired you can sit them
out with him? Well, I'm not. Why,
I'll be dead before the evening is over.
Thirty-five dances! Edythe is resting
up now so she won't get too tired. Of
course the Prom. isn't until next
week-end, but you never can get too
much rest. Oh dear, I don't see why
they're having thirty-five dances. If I
liked a man well enough to dance
thirty-five dances with him, you bet I
wouldn't bring him here. I'd stay
home with him!"

'21.

SOME LETTERS FLOATING TO AND FROM CAMPUS IN PROM. TIME

To a friend of the family:

"... But to the point of this long preamble. The Juniors are giving a so-called Prom., and Mother thought you might like to be coaxed to come.

Of course the entire affair may not be worth your taking the long trip up from Saybrook, for our doings up here are rather uncertain up to the last moment, and 'subject to change without notice.'

However, do as you like, and wire directly, as I have somebody else in view."

Dear Brother:

No doubt the time has come for me to reiterate my promise that if you took me to your prom., I would take you to mine. You were a peach about it, and I hope you will have an equally good time up here. It won't be bad, as the girls have been corking about signing up for dances, and I only have the few with you I couldn't get rid of. Hope you will like the array!

Don't forget to bring up all those things I enumerated at Easter time because you will need them. By the way, on your way up you might stop off at Tappe's and treat me to a sport hat, as you can't tell but that I may need it at the tennis tournament. Don't bring it in a bag or your wardrobe trunk, as I simply adore Tappe boxes.

Dear Sis:

I think I can come because Mother said in her last letter not to buy any

shoes yet, and when I did, black ones. Also, she was sending me a pair of new black silk socks.

As for the sport hat, you can't have that and a treat at Pete's too.

To the man you wanted to ask:

Ever since I have known you my one ideal has been to take you to my Junior Prom. It is too glorious for words that Pershing realised the importance of the matter, and discharged you in time to attend.

My invitation has been one of long standing. However, the formal engraved ones will be out shortly before or directly after the Prom.

I am keen to show you our campus, as the view is marvelous and the possibilities tremendous.

Don't worry about that full dress suit, but wear your uniform; you know how becoming it is.

I hope you are half as glad to come as I am to have you.

LEAH NORA PICK '20.

"GIMME" A DANCE?

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

they could get hold of from the flyleaf of Wordsworth to a shoe box.

"How many dances did you say you were giving your man? Fifteen?"

Possibly she thought that before the fight began, but they soon began to fade away. The next thing you heard was, "Well, I'm going to have five dances with Jim the whole week-end," or, "I have the first dance with Jack, and maybe the supper dance if I arbitrate a bit."

Such was the combustibility of this maddened throng that the first thing we knew programmes for Friday night were started, in order to get dances with people you had missed out on for Saturday.

But it was soon over,—or so we thought—and Peanut Keefe had started us on a grand march for some ice cream which gave us all a chance to breathe again and enjoy the party. Why, we even began to notice who was next to us, whose names we had on the scrubby piece of paper in our

hands, and wonder if a Cicero trot would give us even a free translation of it—when suddenly the grabbing, yelling, and tearing of hair began. Someone—some never-to-be-forgiven culprit had had nerve enough to mention the word "program" for Thé Dansant on Friday, and all the other imbeciles followed suit.

The idea of a "get-together" party for programs was very worthy. Yes, even democratic, in a broad sense—but underclassmen, take my advice and devise some other method. We're alive, but merely saved that you may profit by our "Rendezvous with Death."

ALICE HORRAX '20.

TEARFUL TELEGRAMS.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

timed for sleeping sickness. Prom. impossible. Oswald.

May 15. 4 P. M.

Am going with Cousin George to Prom. Status quo. Room-mate has sleeping sickness. Susie.

(Editor's Note: This is the beginning of a romance. Oswald is Susie's brother). K. H. '20.

NOTICE

Faculty and students are cordially invited to the House Teas, May 18th from 3 to 5 in Plant, Blackstone, Winthrop, and North Cottage.

THREE TIMES AND OUT

(Continued from page 1, column 1.)

Wells this hour, and as he always begins class ten minutes ahead of time, in spite of bells, I'll have to be running along. Hope you get a man."

Scene II. Time, March 1

"What's the matter, Marge?" asked Dot. "You look terribly dejected."

"Well, Dotty dear, do you honestly want to know the trouble? Well—that was all a dream about my taking Ben to the Prom. We've had sort of a bust up party—one of these affairs

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

JAZZ

As couples side-step in and out,
And then just turn to right about,
You wonder where they got their skill,
And if they're having lots of thrill.

AT THE PROM.

Junior, catching hold of the arm of a Senior who is doing the Jazz for the first time—"You promised this dance to me."

Senior, much excited, fumbles around in hand, produces a paper—"Oh, here it is—my goodness, I've brought my exam. schedule for finals!"

NOT REALLY!

Junior—"Did you know that they were going to fence the campus in before the Prom.?"

Freshman—"No! For goodness sake, why?"

Junior—"Because the trees are leaving."

YOU DON'T SAY!

There are handsome men
And homely men
And men both fat and tall.
But oh, ye gods, deliver us
From the man who is too small!

SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

Senior at lunch, unexpectedly—"Say, did you know that Polonius shimmied?"

Junior, surprised—"N-no. Where?"

Senior—"Oh, Dr. Wells said to-day that he bounced around on the same spot and didn't get anywhere."

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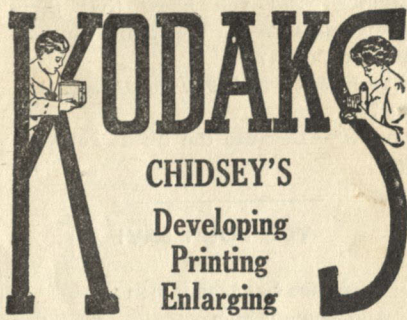
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**HANDBOOK FOR
JUNIOR PROM.**

I. Train service Sunday—

From New London 11.41 a. m.,
12.35, 12.55, 3.57, 5.41, 8.00, 10.33
p. m.

Reach New York 3.10, 3.36, 4.20, 7.10,
8.45, 11.14, 2.20 p. m., Penn Station.

II. Hotels—

Mohican, State Street.

Crocker House, State Street.

III. Taxi service—

Crocker House, telephone 147.

Standard, telephone 1626.

IV. Trolley service—

For College—Cars leave Parade in
front of Crown Theatre at quarter
of the hour until 3.45—7.45 p. m.,
when they run every half hour.

From College—Leave College station
at twenty-five minutes of the hour
until 3.35, when they run every
half hour until 7.25 p. m.

**V. All afternoon and evening festivi-
ties held in gymnasium on Friday
and Saturday, May 16th and 17th.**

**VI. Bureau of Information—Who's
Who on the Prom. Committee—**

Prom. Week-end—Alice G. Horrax,
Chairman, Winthrop House, tele-
phone 1858-5. Helen Gage, Mil-
dred Howard, Loretta Higgins,
Isabel Rumney, Margaret Davies.
Prom. Night—Helen Perry, Chair-
man, Blackstone, telephone 1857.12.
Frances Barlow, Elizabeth Will-
iams, Helen Collins, Eleanor
Seaver.

VII. Prom. Schedule—

May 16th—

4.00 to 7.00, Thé Dansant.

7.00 to 8.00, dinner, Thames Hall.

(Tables may be secured in ad-
vance upon application to
Helen Gage, Winthrop, tele-
phone 1858-5.)

8.15 to 10.30, Dramatic Club Play,

The Truth, by Clyde Fitch.

10.30 to 1.00, dancing.

VIII. Prom. Schedule—

May 17th—

8.55 to 9.10, Chapel.

10.30, tennis tournament.

4.00 to 11.30, Prom.

7.00 to 8.00, dinner.

May 18th—

3.00 to 5.00, House Teas.

Blackstone, Plant, Winthrop,
North Cottage.

5.00 to 6.00, Vespers.

IX. Men's Smoking Rooms—

No. 6, ground floor, New London
Hall.

THREE TIMES AND OUT

(Concluded from page 3, column 3.)

that you just can't explain. Then he
was so darned proud he didn't call up
at Easter, and I wouldn't call him—
so I'm dished on the Prom. proposi-
tion.

Ed. was another possibility. He
made a flying trip to New London yes-
terday, and I popped the question
again. Heavens, it's almost as bad as
proposing to a man. Of course, like
all naval men, he had a boat. Since
this war a boat has been an excuse for
everything. Well, he said that he was
sailing to-morrow for Italy."

"But," broke in Dot, "he'll surely
be back by Prom. time."

"Oh, Dotty, your sense of the third
dimension is way off. Better take an-
other Elementary Psych. course. I
should say he wouldn't be here by
Prom. time—you know Italy is con-
siderably further off than the oppo-
site bank of the Thames. Well, any-
way, I'm writing to Walt to-day. He's
that Yale friend of mine—the one I
told you was a marvellous dancer,
and heaps of fun. I know I shall have
a glorious time."

"But," interrupted Dot, "if he doesn't
accept?"

"Oh well, I suppose in that case I'll
have to powder my hair and be a
chaperone—gee!"

Same Scene, Two Weeks Later

"Dotty, Dotty," called Marge, "I just
got a special. Heavens, open it for
me. I can't open it myself. I'm too
excited."

"Well, Marge, he's accepted! That's
wonderful. I'm so happy for you."

"Jinks, Dotty, three times and out.
Ta, ta. 'I'll see you at the Prom.'"

E. C. '20.

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