ANNUAL ELECTIONS

HIGHEST OFFICE GOES TO JEANNETTE SPEPPRY.

MILDRED DUNCAN CHosen FOR SERVICE LEAGUE AND MIRIAM P. TAYLOR FOR THE NEWS.

On Monday night, April 11th, the result of the voting for Student Government President was announced. Miss Jeannette Sperry being elected to the position. Campus has been one of C. C.'s most popular girls and has taken a prominent part in all of the activities. Her fields of interest are music and the arts. She has been active in social work as well as athletics and has been one of our dramatic stars. Her fault as a speaker and Junior President has brought her to the attention of the entire college. Miss Sperry has the best wishes of C. C. for her success during the coming year.

THE WILL O' THE WISP PRESENTED BY DRAMATIC CLUB.

Meeting Open to the College.

On the evening of April 11th, Miss Dorothy Hinkle's group presented "The Will o' the Wisp" at an open meeting of the Dramatic Club. Those who saw the play wished most sincerely that open meetings of this sort would be held more frequently. The play, coached by Miss Ida Heilman, was of such a nature and was so excellently acted that it affected the audience far more than anyone else dramatists usually do. The story told of a poet's wife who came to the little home at Land's End to see what fashion had held her husband there. She ridicules the old superstitions of people following the "Will o' the Wisp" to destruction, but is herself led to her death by this same evil force, who is a dumb willed person for the old woman of the house, and who is, as the wife finally realizes, the attraction which held her husband.

Miss Martin, as the poet's wife, a beautiful society woman, did extremely well, especially in the scene with the Will o' the Wisp. The part of the Irish maid was convincingly taken by Miss Melvina Mason. As the Will o' the Wisp or the Pale Faced Girl, Miss Caroline Francke gave an excellent incarnation of the part, bringing out her dramatic possibilities with great force. Her graceful dance of the Flame added tremendously to the sense of mystery, of the unnatural. Miss Lavinia Namovich came very near to perfection in her portrayal of the part of a lonesome old woman with a curious understanding of people and life. The end of the act found the illusion audience at a high pitch which only this "all-star" cast could have affected.

CONVOCATION—APRIL 26th

Professor Wm. Starr Myers, of the Department of History and Politics at Princeton University, will speak on the subject, "Some Current Problems of History."

Professor Myers is well known and very popular in Art Institute Work at Columbia University and Brooklyn, where he has lectured yearly to large audiences, on some phase of the work in his particular field.

Miss Julia E. Turner, later Director of Residence, has left Connecticut College to take up a position as Professor of Home Economics at Antioch College, Ohio.

On Sunday, April twenty-four, President Marshall will speak at Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire.

THE SOPHOMORES GIVE A FASHION SHOW.

Present Pretty Models.

April 15th was the date of the first Fashion Show given at C. C. and the "21 colored jazz orchestras, attired in gayly colored suits, started the show off with a pop and dash that could be achieved only by this foot-stomping orchestra. Emily Shlymaker frisked merrily on her "friskie" whistles to the cymbalated rhythm which Miriam Cobean alone can produce. Marge Backus, becomingly attired in a green mantil and black satin trousers, was the announcer. Niggles were shown first. Mugs McCarthy in a plaid jacket and white satin trousers, and Ethel Ayres in a rose negligee were the first entries. Mary-Lambeth Budroge, Betty Coolady and Gertrude Buech looked sumptuous in becoming gingham's. Judy Warner, starring in a tuxedo, gave "Wedding Bells" from the comedy. Anita Greenbaum gave an amusing recitation.

We were then treated to a display of sport clothes which would be a joy to the heart of any college girl.

Miss Borkerding, attired in a black satin gown with jade sash, sang several solos and Michaelina Namovich gave an Italian impersonation with her usual dramatic ability. We were not treated to afternoon dresses, but as for evening dresses, who could resist the creations of black and gold lace, green chiffon and cloth?

Nothing is more dear to a girl's heart than clothes and we all enjoyed immensely the privilege of viewing some of the best looking garments on campus. We can only express the ardent wish that fashion shows might come more often and supply us with ideas in which most of us are sadly lacking.

DREAMS OF A CREW NOT IN VAIN.

Do not think that simply because for the moment other activities seem to have crowded the idea of a crew into the background, that nothing is being done to further the project. Miss Ingraham visited Wadsworth recently and held a most enlightening and encouraging interview with Coach Brew. She is of the variety and kind of boat available. With this knowledge as a basis upon which to work, the Committee, backed by President Marshall, has on foot a definite plan by which, in the very near future, our dream of a crew will be realized.

ALUMNAE—KOINE

YOUR LAST CHANCE.

A limited number of extra copies have been ordered. You may get one if you send to Jeannette Sperry, Subscription Manager, immediately.
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class room of the "Invertebrates" is long and wide with desks ranged before the many large windows. As the center runs an aquarium with two tunnels, jelly fish rise with tentacles floating in their wake; hagfish over the tank floor dragging their shells, while other fascinating creatures hide in the shadows of bubbles and sea moss.

There are about fifty people in the class, all of whom arrive at nine for a lecture. The lecture is as interesting as a fairy tale; sometimes the whole internal anatomy of the creature under contemplation is modeled in clay while the explanation proceeds. Your particular specimen, however, is a world as yet unexplored; he is all possibility. You have him before you in a dish of salt water, and upon him you try out all your psychological theories. If you think intelligence testing was invented for your personal torture, interview some poor star fish who has been repeatedly placed on land; you may see which arm he moves first in which one he moves over with; or question some defenseless sea anemone who has been cut in two and whose on eating forever just because he can't get full. Fangy the pleasure of being the tester instead of the tried, oh, ye Freshmen!

When you have attempted everything you possibly can think of, and do every thing that Princeton, Smith or Michigan can suggest, you have a picked specimen and make a personality con ducted tour of his internal anatomy. You must give it the most rigid inspection for your specimen may be a heart that works both ways, or any number of other exciting novelties. You lose the feeling of schoolroom atmosphere, and stay in laboratory because you can't stay away. However, when upon looking up from your lens, you see endless clubbed protonos swimming in the walls, it is quite time that you go for a swim, or that you plan to spend the evening with the rest of the crowd at a beach party.

Then there is the 240,000.000 volume of the ship's library, which is as many as from there are in your college, and are as long-armed star fish crabs still try to escape. A "recording angel" writes while she munches sponge cake. You catch a moving shadow in the water and with a rush you seize Lucius by the tail. Just as Princeton is bearing down upon him, the "angel" yells triumphantly, "Your specimen!"

There is friendly rivalry between teams for the largest variety of specimens. Enthusiasm is at fever heat all the afternoon until finally, when the entire shore has been searched, rocks overturned, and the water drained through sieves in order that no sea creatures may escape, you return to find your team victorious in discovering one hundred and five out of a total one hundred and forty-four specimens. And so go the days at Woods Hole, full of color, enthusiasm, refreshing recreation, and the joy of achievement. M. O. M., 22.
TAI-LIGHTS.

Jennie: "Where's Whatcha-Me-Colium?"

Ann: "Oh, you mean Ruth? Or Ella? Speak up, woman!"

"Let's have a bacon ball!" exclaimed Hannah, as she swatted Soo-soomis across the head with a big flock.

Biblical quotations are much in vogue. Have you seen Dr. Coomer's charming invitations to all comers?

The advanced Botany classes are taking their Physical Ed in automobiles. We fear this may prove too strenuous for leaky valves of the heart.

Judy never fails to furnish us with a delicious shiver when her six feet two appears, glorified in all the romance of a "tux."

Another variation of roll call. The proper reply to one's name pronounced enigmatically in a morning would seem to be an emphatic and somewhat impatient "What?"

Let's have a Senior privilege of keeping people off the grass. After all it is a real honor to be allowed to help beautify campus. Then when "fraudulously idiotic" underclassmen reply "Oh, shut up!" to a polite administert request to avoid the award it will be a deliberate insult to Senior dignity, rather than a period unwriting one. And it is more proper and bountiful that Seniors speak justly to the grave-trampling faculty (for some of our preceptors are so depraved) than for underclassmen to take unto themselves the privileges.

We would wish that those who attend the function of first dinner would courteous the second lunch (thus decreasing the distance between meals) that their excessive appetites might be satisfied before supplies run out—especially when there are cheaps.

If the janitor would kindly take the precaution to pad heavily the elde stairways into the gym before Convocation, perhaps the dull thud of departing feet innocent of O'Sullivan's Rubber Heels might be mercifully spared those absorbed in the lecture.

During the piano prelude in chapel it seems to be the practice to indulge in mumbling vocal accompaniment. Would it not be more entertaining to appoint a single monopolist for each morning?

It looks rather bad for a college student to sign out "Penitentiary 38 days." Do you suppose it was just a visit?

The small voice has nothing on the squeak which is located in the most vulnerable board on the stage. Said squeak can be audibly heard at the most serious and unexpected moments during any kind of performance.

It's a terrible strain on one's credibility to be told that there are about 150 in the Freshmen class when their average chapel attendance numbers 30.

State of the Vesper costumes is rather depressing. We ask you what would be the excitement if all the choir wore the dainty blue cap and all of the Editors had their stocks neatly tucked in?

Notice—0 Fat Ones! "Johnnie, " said a teacher in a physiology class, "Can you give a familiar example of the human body as it adapts itself to changed conditions?" "Yon-I'm" replied Johnnie, "My aunt gained fifty pounds in a year, and you know, her skin never creased!"

Barbaric Prof: "Your explanation is as clear as mud!"

Bright Young Thing: "Wool mud covers the ground, doesn't it?"

You can always tell a Senior by her worried looks and such. You can always tell a Sophomore, but you cannot tell her much.

Little parts of lessons done by students hoy.

Melly: the vision of diplomas—very, very hazy.

And the green grass grows all around, except for the contrasting patches of raw brown which identify the site of the gym and the trail across the turf toward New London Hall—surprisingly used by everyone, from the professor on down.

EXCHANGES.

Ours is not the only faculty to delight their college body with dramatic performances. In February, "Neigh-

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