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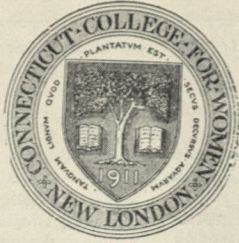
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Miss Wright

ANNUAL ELECTIONS

HIGHEST OFFICE GOES TO JEANNETTE SPERRY.

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 that office. Miss Sperry has been one of C. C.'s most popular girls and has taken a prominent part in all of its activities. Her fields of interest are many and varied. She has been active in social work as well as athletics and has been one of our dramatic stars. Her fame 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.



JEANNETTE SPERRY

The election of the second highest office in the college—that of President of the Service League—went to Mildred Duncan. Miss Duncan was president of her class Sophomore year and has also taken a very active part in athletics. During this past year she has held the office of vice-president of the Service League and has thus become familiar with the work she is to undertake. The college has implicit faith in her ability to guide the League through a most profitable year.

The third big election of the week was that of Editor-in-chief of the *News*. Miriam Taylor was elected editor-in-chief and in accordance with the constitution Miss Finesilver becomes news editor. Both girls have been on the staff since Freshman year and have a thorough knowledge of the work. Therefore they are well qualified to hold the positions to which they were elected. Miss Taylor has been vice president and cheer leader of her class this year, and has also been popular in the field of dramatics.

Miss Elizabeth Hall has been chosen as Senior Associate Editor, and Miss Helen Clarke has the office of Senior Reporter.

"THE WILL O' THE WISP" PRESENTED BY DRAMATIC CLUB.

Meeting Open to the College.

On the evening of April 14th, Miss Dorothy Henkle'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 would be more frequent.

The play, coached by Miss Beulah Dimmick, was of such a nature and was so excellently acted that it affected the audience far more than amateur dramatics usually do. The story told of a poet's wife who came to the little house at Land's End to see what fascination had held her husband there. She ridicules the old superstitious tale 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 waif cared for by the old woman of the house, and who is, as the wife finally realizes, the attraction which held her husband.

Miss Lola Marin, 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. Michaelina Namovich came very near to perfection in her portrayal of the part of a lonesome old woman with a canny understanding of people and life. The end of the act found the tension audience at a high pitch which only this "all-star" cast could have effected.

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, lately Director of Residence, has left Connecticut College to take up a position as Professor of Household Economics at Antioch College, Ohio.

On Sunday, April twenty-fourth, 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 '23 colored jazz orchestra, attired in gayly colored suits, started the show off with a pep and dash that could be achieved only by this foot-stirring orchestra. Emily Slaymaker frisked merrily on her "frisko" whistle to the syncopated rhythm which Miriam Cohen alone can produce.

Marge Backus, becomingly attired in a green mandarin coat and black satin trousers, was the announcer. Negligees were shown first. Mugs McCarthy in a pink jacket and white satin trousers, and Ethel Ayers in a rose negligee were the first entree.

Mary-Lambeth Ragsdale, Betty Coladay and Gertrude Busch looked summery in becoming gingham.

Judy Warner, stunning 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 Barkerding, 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 o' gold?

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 Snevely visited Wellesley recently, and held a most enlightening and encouraging interview with Coach Brown, as to 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.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

DEAN BROWN OF YALE TO SPEAK.

DRAMATIC CLUB WILL PRESENT BARRIE'S QUALITY STREET.

To date, plans for Senior commencement week include a variety of interesting events. These plans consist of the following.

Thursday, June 9.

Senior class supper.

Saturday, June 11.

D. A. R. tea and reception to the Senior class, faculty, and guests of the college.

Evening—Dramatic Club play, "Quality Street."

Sunday, June 12.

Afternoon—Baccalaureate sermon with President Marshall presiding.

Evening—Musical at St. James Church under the supervision of Mr. Weld.

Monday, June 13.

Morning—Mass meeting of the classes of 1919, 1920 and 1921.

Afternoon—2:00, Class Day exercises.

4:00, President Marshall's reception in the gymnasium.

Tuesday, June 14.

Morning—10:00. Commencement exercises with Dean Charles R. Brown of Yale Divinity School as speaker.

Noon—12:00. Alumnae luncheon given by the trustees of the college to the late seniors, faculty, and guests of the college.

In their commencement speaker, the seniors have been fortunate, as Dean Brown is not only a very celebrated but a very pleasant speaker.

"THE NATURE AND FUNCTION OF AN ART MUSEUM."

At convocation on April twelfth, Mr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston, gave a very fine and entertaining lecture on the "Nature and Function of an Art Museum." Mr. Cram first stated that to treat his subject well, it is necessary for one to get these three things clearly in mind—An art museum, art and its function, and art itself. He said that people must overcome the idea that art is one highly specialized thing, that it is a thing trained by highly trained specialists and appreciated by highly trained specialists, but that it is a factor in all decent society, that it is that thing which belongs to everybody as a part of the great sacramental system, that it is a creation. Art must have beauty, for beauty is one great test of reality—it is an absolute thing and combined with humor it is a very valuable means of testing the things which surround us today. Mr. Cram illustrated his lecture with views of what an art museum should and should not be. His manner of address and his humor made the lecture a most entertaining one as well as an instructive one.

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.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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OUR SWAN SONG.

Though the Senior Editors have sought to make their retreat as noiseless as possible in the blazon of the Junior debut, we are not to be allowed to fade from the limelight and to ruminate in peace upon our Editorial past. We are requested to break forth into swan song.

First we would sing of our undying faith in the value of a college newspaper. We frankly admit that many of its possibilities, and much of its value in the solution of campus problems are still latent. To us a college newspaper seems the most important organization on a campus except the Student Government Association, and we trust that after a little deeper consideration of its influence you will think even as we and not discard our opinion as hopelessly biased. We are not biased. We merely cherish visions of the development of the News which it is attempting to fulfill.

We see it working up to an eight page sheet whose finances are properly supported by advertising. We observe the receipts for subscriptions materializing into frequent cuts blazoning new officers on our front page, presenting artistic scenes from our dramatic club plays and musical comedies. We read down the columns exclaiming at the true literary merit of the contributors. Flourishing columns proclaim peppy open letters, real jokes, faculty department, and an up-to-date alumnae department. We see our college sheet worthy of the college in every respect from the nature and literary value of the news reports to the accuracy of the proofreader's corrections. We vision our ideal News widely contributed to by the college and faithfully served by the staff. And in connection with this

paper we take pride in the literary monthly and in the humorous sheep whose impulse was derived from the News. We cannot afford to overlook the importance of our news sheet.

So, after a year of service in its toils we sit back expectantly to watch its growth toward our ideal college paper—a growth well promised by the ability which the Junior staff has already proved.

EDITORIAL.

A muddy, cinder drive between ragged, stubby banks, a few choice rocks scattered at random,—and you have the imposing rustic entrance to C. C. How many people, do you suppose, pass the front entrance to the college grounds in total ignorance of the really fine architecture hidden beyond the crest of the hill? Perhaps we might put up a sign for the benefit of passers-by, something like this: "In spite of this unostentatious entrance, you may be surprised to find well-kept buildings and lawns within."

Is it fair to the college to permit this unsightliness? There is certainly a strong element of truth in the statement that first impressions are lasting. Even at the back door of our campus there are a few young trees and bushes to take away that uncivilized look. At any rate, we can blame the trolley for bringing guests to our back door, but we can scarcely explain to front-door visitors that we always use the back way. Perhaps after all, it is because the front gate is so far from the buildings that we do not consider its importance enough. Cannot something be done about this—some little improvement made? H. C. '22.

PARAGONS OF PUNCTUALITY.

A dillar, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon!

This old nursery-rhyme seems to contain a grain of truth in spite of its antiquity. In fact it portrays a state of affairs which is increasingly prevalent on this campus. Once it was the unvarying rule for a professor to be greeted on the stroke of eight with a row of freshly scrubbed, smiling faces. Now, perhaps, half the class are present for the roll-call. The next quarter of an hour is punctuated at regular intervals with the breathless arrival of a student, hastily arranging her middy tie. Is this the proper attitude for upper classmen especially, to take in regard to such a seemingly trivial, yet really vital subject as punctuality?

When the Freshmen arrive, they are informed that punctuality in keeping college appointments is absolutely essential. They are eager to conform to college regulations, and start off splendidly, regardless of previous habits of tardiness. But do you wonder that after a while they show lapses in their promptness? How can you expect them to do other than copy the illustrious example of their virtuous elders?

Therefore it behooves you, oh upper classmen, to mend your ways. On you depends in great measure the standard of promptness. What we want, is a college, not of ten-o'clock scholars, but of veritable Paragons of Punctuality. E. H., '22

FREE SPEECH.

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

To the Editor:—

Recently I heard a group of girls speak of another in this horrified fashion, "and she reads Russian novels!"

Should it be anything to a girl's discredit in the opinion of a cultured man or woman that she cares to read and

at least tolerate temporarily and life far out of her own cognizance?

It is indeed a pity that in an institution for "higher learning" even professors will make statements that the Anglo-Saxon mind "instinctively despises" the Slav and Slavophilism—his works. Just because the man who empties the ash cans may be a Pole or a Finn doesn't mean that he and his kind comprise even one-two-hundredth of the entire Slavic race. Why shouldn't a background of ceaseless tragedy of the centuries be considered, before ignorant condemnation? Where and when has anything been gained in tolerance when there has been no initial attempt made?

Is morbid, almost too drastic Slavic realism, any worse than the nausea one experiences when reading the "creative work" of D'Annunzio actively read by Anglo-Saxons?

As a Russian and a Slav, I would a hundred times rather be accused of having read all the Russian novels ever printed than have seen in my possession the work of authors approved by many Anglo-Saxons, such authors as D'Annunzio, Harold Bell Wright, Glyn, Abbot and Dell (the incomparable trio) whose 500,000 copies a year insures them the right to write and their trash to exist.

MICHAELINA M. NAMOVICH.

C. C. VISITS STATE FARM FOR WOMEN.

An Interesting Survey of Work Made—
C. C. Girls Entertain C. S. F. Girls.

A visit to the Connecticut State Farm for Women at Niantic is a most interesting experience, and an instructive one, for Connecticut girls in particular. If only all the Connecticut girls could have the opportunity of visiting and inspecting Connecticut's institutions they would undoubtedly be moved to use all their influence with the legislators for funds and equipment.

We rattled along country roads in two Fords and arrived at a white farm homestead situated on a high level of land. The spot is a beautiful one—woody tracts, a fifty-acre lake, and the advantage of seeing the sunsets unstudded by spires and skyscrapers. The atmosphere itself is purifying, elevating, but we felt this influence the more upon meeting Miss Peterson, the superintendent.

Miss Peterson gave us a most interesting talk about the farm and the girls. She is a bitter antagonist of the mechanical regularity of institutional life and allows no bells for rising, etc., and no regular uniforms. To a certain degree they have self government. The girls are taken in from sixteen and on. There are several cottages where the girls are housed, each under an officer, and there is a model dairy run scientifically. All the food is raised and prepared by the girls. Their rooms were neat and the girls themselves in white dresses were very attractive.

Each girl has a particular duty for three months, and offenses are penalized by deprivation of privileges, such as taking away the privilege of wearing the white dress,—which is their party dress,—and non-association with the other girls. Their standards at the farm are much higher than those to which most of them were accustomed before they came there, and for this reason, if for none other, their stay is of great benefit to them.

A building has been ready for occupation since last December, but because of the lack of funds and equipment, it has been of no use. If you had seen how crowded the other houses were, you would realize how deplorable this condition is. Miss Peterson has taken as many girls as she can make room for because she feels that even under crowded conditions, they are better off than in jail. But she has

cause of this lack of funds. It is our duty as future citizens of the state to investigate these conditions, to use our influence toward bettering them, and to sympathize and help in their work. It is vital work, and we feel that since the farm is now under such good management, we should do all in our power to help them continue it.

Entertainment for the girls is provided only by voluntary offers. Last Wednesday night a Service League delegation were very enthusiastically received by the girls. Lydia Marvin, Ann Slade, Kathryn Culver, and M. P. Taylor were the soloists, with Blanche Finesilver and Ruth Bacon as accompanists. Several college songs, sung at the close of the program, pleased the girls especially.

A FRESHMAN DIRGE.

I tried, and failed.
I thought I'd be an Actorine, a second Bernhardt.
And torture fellow students with misplaced ravings
A' la Shakespeare, Marlowe or Bernard Shaw.
I tried, and failed.
I thought perhaps a chori I might be, to leap,
And stamp, and howl with others in a line,
And fill a good sized place, costumed the same.
But nay, not so
I was not meant to shine before the footlights.

Why is not Genius placed with Desire?
And sprightly form and figger given
Where one is not, but thought it might have been?

M., '24

FRESHMAN CLASS MEETING.

On Monday afternoon, April 11, 1921, at five o'clock, the Freshman class held its regular meeting in the gymnasium. Class writing paper and fitting seals were discussed and the committee in charge of this are to submit styles at a later meeting. Gloria Hollister announced that the class tree, the red flowering horse-chestnut, had arrived and would be dedicated at a date to be decided later by the Executive Committee. The class also voted that the May Day celebration should be postponed from the seventh of May to the twenty-first.

SERVICE LEAGUE NOTES.

Dates for Comedy Definitely Decided.

The following dates have been set for Musical Comedy:

May 13—Connecticut College Gymnasium.

May 18—Lyceum Theatre, New London.

May 20—Davis Theatre, Norwich.

Girls! Miss Little is coming soon to talk to us about summer camp positions. Do not fail to hear her.

THE LOG OF A BIOLOG.

The town is fascinatingly Cape Cod like. It wanders along the beach, climbs a hill, and looks out to sea in contentment and self-sufficiency.

As you walk up the main street by the sea, you notice a business-like brick building set back a little on a green lawn, the offices of the Marine Biological Laboratories. You swallow your heart three times in your excitement, at least you do if you've waited months in the anticipation of spending a summer at Woods Hole. Others, too, are arriving, and everything is a buzz of excitement and expectation as you enter and hasten through the routine of registration along with people from Michigan, Princeton, Vassar and many other colleges.

Out on the street again the sea just across the way is so alluring that you

linger to enjoy the sails coming in, the silver beneath the low sun, and the gulls circling above the waves. Then you hear a cheery greeting, and looking up, you discover Dr. Dederer smiling you a welcome to Woods Hole. She pilots you to the mess hall, a long, neighborly room with many tables, and many people—students and biologists known throughout the country. There are the enthusiastic greetings of old friends, introductions and the general pleasant confusion of a reunion. You are finally seated beside a girl from China and one from Michigan.

Dinner over, you find your room nearby. You like the cottage near the shore where you wake in the morning ready to go to the laboratories to discover what it's all going to be like.

The laboratories form the sides of a hollow square; they are of wood, and their chief fascination lies within. The

class room of the "Invertebrates" is long and wide with desks ranged before the many large windows. Through the center runs an aquarium with two tiers of glass tanks. These are an un-failing source of interest, for every day some new variety of sea life is added to the general collection of Invertebrata. Graceful, long-armed star fish cling to the glass walls; transparent jelly fish rise with tentacles floating in their wake; hermit crabs scamper over the tank floor dragging their shells, while other fascinating creatures hide in the shadows of hydroids 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 unconquered; 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 his back that you may see which arm he moves first and which ones he turns over with; or question some defenseless sea anemone who has been cut in two and keeps on eating forever just because he can't get full. Fancy the pleasure of being the tester instead of the tested, oh, ye Freshmen!

When you have attempted everything you yourself can think of, and everything that Princeton, Smith or Michigan can suggest, you try a pickled specimen and make a personally conducted tour of his internal anatomy. You must give it the most rigid inspection for your specimen may have 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 ciliated protozoa swimming about on 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 M. B. L. clubhouse with its big fireplace where there are teas, dances, sings and musical creations that are typical of Woods Hole. Sometimes there are violins and "ukes", and always jollity and freedom from care.

The buildings of the Fish Commission and the aquarium contain all the weird and wonderful creatures that storms bring in from the Gulf stream—a real Portuguese Man-of-War with its iridescent bubble, cerise and blue, floating above long, streaming violet tentacles; strange goose neck barnacles, and even a blue lobster, the most gorgeous creature, tinted as beautifully as any flower.

But most fascinating of all are Saturdays, for then there is much gathering of impedimenta, everything from a shovel, glass dishes, pails, and sieves, to the "recording angel's" tablet and pencil. When the cayadetta whistle screams, "All aboard," a wild race ensues; you leap over a widening gulf of green water and reach the deck just as the last rope is pulled aboard. A wonderful trip follows over crests of whitecapped foam, around wooded points, through narrow channels, until at last the launch anchors in a harbor. Everyone is in a bathing suit and has collecting kits slung over his or her shoulders. Your team tumbles into the first whale boat alongside and beats everyone else ashore. After following a wooded path dappled with sunlight that trickles through branches overhead, you reach another shore.

Seated on the sand in the sun you eat luncheon. Just in the midst of it a hermit crab scurries past with the

tide. You pounce upon him with a splash. Yea! There is Hydractinia growing on his shell, and a Crepidula clings to the inside of its wide opening. Three things already! The "recording angel" writes while she munches sponge cake. You eye catches a moving shadow in the water and with a rush you seize Lincolus by the tail, just as Princeton is bearing down upon him. The "angel" yells triumphantly, "Four specimens!"

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., '23.

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

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

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

"Let's have a bacon bat!" exclaimed Hannah, as she swatted Snookums over the head with a big fritch.

Biblical quotations are much in vogue. Have you seen Dr. Coerne'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 "tuc."

Another variation of roll call. The proper reply to one's name pronounced enquiringly in a meeting, 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 "irresponsibly idiotic" under classmen reply "Oh, shut up!" to a politely administered request to avoid the sward it will be a deliberate insult to Senior dignity, rather than a perhaps unwitting one. Also it is more proper and befitting that Seniors speak gently to the grass-trampling faculty (for some of our preceptors are so depraved) than for under classmen to take unto themselves the privilege.

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

If the janitor would kindly take the precaution to pad heavily the side 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 monologist for each morning?

It looks rather bad for a college student to sign out "Penitentiary 30 days." Do you suppose it was just a visit?

The still 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 credulity 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 the Seniors had their stocks neatly tucked in?

Notice.—O 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?" "Yes-sum" replied Johnnie, "My aunt gained fifty pounds in a year, and d'you know,—her skin never cracked!"

Sarcastic Prof.: "Your explanation is as clear as mud."

Bright Young Thing: "Well 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 lazy
Make 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 wavering trail across the turf toward New London Hall—surreptitiously used by everyone, even the professors.

EXCHANGES.

Ours is not the only faculty to delight their college body with dramatic performances. In February, "Neighbors," by Zona Gale, was presented by members of the faculty and administration staffs of Simmons College, for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.—The Simmons College Review.

Ann Hastings, Radcliffe '22, formerly C. C. '22, played the part of the Poet in the "Mad o' the Moon," by Dorothy Googins '22, when it was presented on April 15th by the Original Idlers—The Radcliffe News.

"Quality Street," by Barrie, was presented at Mount Holyoke recently. This is the play to be given by the Dramatic Club this year at Commencement.

The Choral Society of Radcliffe sang with the Harvard Glee Club in the grand scene from "Parsifal" at the recent Symphony concerts in Boston. It was a splendid performance of choral and orchestral music—a combination in which there is a growing interest.—The Radcliffe News.

A Liberal Group is being started in Barnard, as an outgrowth of the Inter-collegiate Liberal Conference held recently at Harvard Union. It is hoped that Columbia will cooperate with Barnard, as Harvard and Radcliffe have done.—The Barnard Bulletin.

Sonny Finklestein—Fadder, vas your bieples vell to do?

Fadder Finklestein—Nein, son, dey vas very hard to do.—Goucher College Weekly.

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