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FACULTY-CONTRIBUTED ISSUE

The British Strike Explained By Viscount Bryce

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

This is part of the explanation offered by the late James Bryce for just the sort of thing that is happening in England to-day. Though he wrote half a dozen years ago, he seems to have foreseen the present situation. In his "Modern Democracies," the wisest study of democracy that the twentieth century has produced, he portrays vividly the causes of the General Strike and the deadly peril it presents to all democratic government.

After discussing this potent weapon of economic and political revolution, he remarks that its appearance has "startled the wealthier and middle sections of the most advanced, and especially of the English-speaking nations."

"They did not understand," he continues, "why class sentiment should become so suddenly bitter, nor why, where constitutional means for redressing grievances exist, that sentiment should take a form which threatens the welfare of the whole people. Yet a little reflection suffices to show that the phenomena are not unprecedented. The resentment of the wage-earners at the appropriation by employers of what seems an inordinately large part of the product of labour, and the vehemence of this resentment against the present generation of the wealthier class, which has shown far more sympathy with the aspirations of the worker than the two preceding generations had done, is an instance to verify the old saying, 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.' Injustice always brings punishment in its train, but the spirit of revenge often grows with time, and is stronger in the descendants of those who have suffered than it was in the sufferers themselves; while the penalties fall not on those who did the wrong, but on their more innocent successors who are trying to atone for the past. The wretchedness of the toiling masses in some industrial countries from 1780 till far down in the nineteenth century left a legacy of bitterness which became actively conscious in their grandchildren, even as the oppressions borne by the peasantry and workers of France before 1789 gave birth to the passions that found vent in the ferocities of 1792.

"Men are shocked to-day at the selfishness that threatens to paralyze all the industries of a country, and bring famine into the homes of the poor by a strike on railroads or in coal-mines. But is not this only an extreme instance of the selfishness which springs up in every class accustomed to think first and to think always of its own special interest? The feudal nobles of the Middle Ages oppressed the peasantry all over Europe. The manufacturing employers in some industrial countries recked little of the sufferings of their work-

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Skirted Men Defeat Girls

Well, Junior Prom is over, and so is the baseball game. Although the victory went to the Prom Men with a score of nine to three, the game lacked neither interest nor enthusiasm from start to finish. The men were obliged to follow certain rules which made the game an hilarious one for both players and spectators. First of all, they had to wear skirts, they had to bat the ball with one hand—and that hand had to be the left one—and they had to run to first base backwards. Professor Jensen was a most amusing umpire, and if there threatened a moment of dullness he banished it immediately with, "Well, I guess that was a ball," or "Change sides now."

It was quite evident that the men were much better in their field work than were the girls, but the girls made up for this in their batting and pitching. The gaily colored skirts of the men added greatly to the scene. The sight of a tall, lanky man, in the outfield smoking a pipe and searching vainly in his skirt for the pockets to which he was accustomed, was one of the numerous incidents which kept the spectators laughing. The girls had great difficulty in making runs for it seemed that in order to do so they must first trample on—if not knock down—numberless males who blocked the bases. All in all it was a great game, and we truthfully believe that the people watching had not half the fun and enjoyment that the members of both teams did. The baseball game between the girls and the men is an annual affair, and we join many others in hoping that in years to come it may become one of the time-honored institutions of Prom Week.

THE FIRST BOBBED HEAD

Her name was Berenice. She was the daughter of one king and the queen of another. She was the lovely Queen of Ptolemy Evergetes of Egypt, and lived in the third century B. C. Queen Berenice had a wonderful crop of hair. At one time her husband went to war against the Assyrians. The Queen, anxious over her husband's victorious and safe return, went to the temple of Venus, the goddess of love, and vowed that she would cut her hair and present it to the gods if her husband returned victorious.

The gods gave Ptolemy victory and safe return, and so Queen Berenice cut her hair and laid the locks on the altar in the temple at Lephyrium. We do not know much about the shock of the king at the sight of his bobbed-hair queen. But history tells us this that both were deeply concerned to learn that the locks of hair had disappeared from the altar in the temple. It took all the ingeniousness and the authority of Conon of Samos the divine, mathematician and astronomer to persuade the royal couple that the mysterious disappearance of the hair was due to the fact that the gods had carried it to the heavens and transformed it into a group of stars as a new constellation.

Ever since Coma Berenice—

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Male Companions Vanish

Junior Prom is over! Men and automobiles have left the campus; dancing, parties, and picnics are gone except for the memories. It was a great week-end. So many activities were planned that no one had time to think, except perhaps—when girls were waiting for their escorts. What man is ever less than half an hour late!

On Friday night, "Quality Street," was again presented by the Dramatic Club. The men guests seemed to be most interested in seeing girls play male roles and enjoyed the wail of Miss Phoebe when she feared she had not been ladylike. The play was followed by dancing in Knowlton House, which lasted until one-thirty.

On Saturday morning came the annual baseball game, when the men succeeded in defeating the girls in spite of their newly acquired skirts. In the afternoon, there was tea dancing in Knowlton House. The floor was not crowded, and the dancers enjoyed the extra dancing space.

Gertrude Reaske '29 entertained with an exhibition of the Charleston. It was a most intricate and amazing dance. Afterwards most of the dancers enjoyed a hilarious dinner together at Thames Hall.

At seven-thirty, Saturday night, the real "Prom" began. By eight-thirty, most of the couples arrived,—a little late but "it's being done these days." The music was the finest—Worthy Hill's orchestra. The waitresses were attractive little maids in light blue gowns. The black-coated men enjoyed themselves, gliding over the floor with their attractively gowned partners, doing the Charleston occasionally with a waitress, or marching down the hall to the tune of "Eli Yale." During the evening, Katherine Ranney and Mary Slayter '29, gave a clever "maid and bell-hop" specialty dance. The chap-erones for the evening were Dean Nye, Dr. Setchanove, Dr. Erb, and President Marshall.

PHILOSOPHY

What one adjective, not perfectly or completely but much better than any other one, expresses the essence of Greek life at its best? ARTISTIC. What adjective expresses most adequately the civilization of the Middle Ages? RELIGIOUS. What word do we use to characterize the dominant spirit of the modern period, from the sixteenth century to the present day? SCIENTIFIC.

It is an over-bold attempt, no doubt, so to sum up long periods of time, so to "label" peoples and civilizations, bolder even than Professor Lawrence's "Short History of the American People," in three breaths. But it is such generalizations, if you will make them concrete for yourself by hunting up the necessary lesser principles and facts to verify or refute them, that give you real insight into truth and start in your soul the development of the seed that flowers into enlightenment.

But what more? Besides the arts, religion, and the sciences, what other branch of human endeavour, what

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A Musical Aim For C. C.

Connecticut College is such a favored spot that at first blush it might seem as though there were little or no room for improvement. Undoubtedly, considering its youth, one would have to be extremely critical to find much to condemn or to question seriously. Nevertheless, even the most favored must grow older and mature. To do so most successfully, a look ahead and a definite objective are likely to be of assistance.

Personally, I should like to see in Connecticut College a development of musical interest and resources to such an extent that every student and Faculty or member of the College family in any other capacity should take part in some activity or activities. Just as now with athletics,—only on a voluntary basis,—I should like to provide facilities (and have them employed) so that every form of musical activity may be available, home-made in the main, for everybody who can take advantage of them. Like the intramural athletics of many of our colleges and universities, I should like to see "teams" for everybody, with competitions and prizes and all the various paraphernalia which go to make universal interest and participation a success.

I do not mean to eclipse or supersede the academic and artistic work of the Music Department. That is too valuable to be slighted in any manner,—nor do I think that a wider interest in music could possibly work against the development of the department in any particular. What I am thinking of is group-work,—and play,—aside from the regular academic courses, supplementing them or anticipating them.

To illustrate, I should begin by organizing a glee-club and an instrumental group of some sort in every class, every dormitory, and in the off-campus houses. Occasion should be made when these organizations could appear formally, as well as informally. Every group of girls who have any sort of musical interest should get together and exploit it. Nothing but inhibitions and inertia stand in the way of the development of musical ability among us, and these can be removed.

The song-competition, now peacefully slumbering, should be awakened from its Rip-Van-Winkle sleep, but it should be broadened to include in its scope other college-songs. We already have more than enough college-songs, and such new ones as will be worth perpetuating cannot come made-to-order nor in any frequent succession. Room could be made, too, for instrumental compositions and performance competitions might be inaugurated, both for groups and for individuals. Something in the nature of the Welsh Eisteddfodd could be made an annual event, coming sometime during the shut-in months, before the out-of-doors makes its claims too apparent. Such an event would inevitably develop musical interest along every line.

I still have hopes for a home-made musical comedy, preferably for home-consumption, to be done perhaps on a slightly less ambitious scale, but all the

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Connecticut College News

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ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!

"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." This plea is addressed to all seniors, juniors, sophomores and freshmen who can write, or who think they can write, or who have a mental bubble waiting to burst into print. It is a plea for bigger and better Quarterlies.

The next issue of Quarterly will make its appearance about the first of June, in an azure cover, and it is the devout hope of the editors that something besides the advertisements will be contained therein. Quarterly should be a magazine reflecting the impressions, fancies, convictions and intellectual capers of the undergraduate body as a whole, and not solely those of the few faithful members of Dr. Jensen's writing classes.

Quarterly solicits short stories, book reviews, prose sketches, short one-act plays, essays and verse. The only tests imposed are—has your contribution interest or charm, and is it well written?

Help make the June Quarterly an all-college issue by dropping your material into the box in the basement of New London Hall by Tuesday, May 19th, at the latest.

YALE LIBRARY GIVEN THE MELK GUTENBURG BIBLE

The Melk Gutenberg Bible was donated to the Yale Library by Mrs. Edward S. Harkness in memory of Mrs. Stephen V. Harkness. The book was bought at a recent auction sale for \$120,000. President Angell said that the possession of this priceless gift would put the prestige of the Yale Library once and for all beyond challenge. It is in a two-folio volume, bound in brown calf-skin. The binding has been placed as 1700 work. The pages, printed in double column, are fifteen inches high and ten and three-eighths inches wide. The book is excellently preserved. It is the Vulgate text of St. Jerome. The Apocrypha is interspersed with canonical books. The arrangement differs

THE LOITERER.

It's funny, but sometimes when one thinks that spring has come, spring really hasn't at all. Thus it becomes necessary for the one in question to think again. This is exactly what has happened to the Loiterer time and time again, until now it is no trouble at all for her to make up her mind to one thing, and then change rapidly to another. The only thing is that it is apt to make one mentally cross-eyed—that is, of course, if one is forced to look from left to right too often and too quickly. However, it is perhaps the curse of an agile mind.

Yet in spite of Mrs. M. Nature's inability to decide what type of weather she likes, the tree leaves and other vernal pieces of florescence are slowly forging ahead until, well, perhaps—something will happen. Probably, to the average college person Mrs. Nature seems to be sort of a vascillating type; but the funny part is that she is almost collegiately human. She doesn't seem fully aware as yet that she has a life to live. And that is exactly what that majority of college people haven't yet realized. And the funny part is that neither the good Mrs. Nature, nor her collegiate contemporaries can very well help themselves, because once-upon-a-time it was written on a star that lives simply had to be lived, so there really isn't any alternative. Sometime, either sooner or later, the same thing will happen to the collegian as is happening to the above mentioned Mrs. Nature. To wit: a great many; no one will ever know how many, seed ideas have been planted in the supposed fertility of the brain section of the "collegium compis mentis." And to wit on for a minute more; every seed has to grow, just as every life has to live. So just as the Nature woman will soon be embarrassed by the florescence, into making up her mind as to the status of the present season, so will the germinating of the seed ideas force the college person into being something more than painfully normal and collegiate. Oh—maybe not, but then who wants to be a dead seed?

Several years ago a person, probably a sage, advised people, or at least spoke about people profiting by others mistakes. In this present case there are those who might profit by a careful observation of Mrs. Nature's foibles. Perhaps all the little leaf things that are coming out on all the bushes of the universe, aren't exactly the sort of things Mrs. Nature wants to come out. If she had only made up her mind about her life a little sooner, that is if she had gotten organized a bit earlier, it might not have been so distressing. It is really an awfully good idea to decide what seeds it would be best to have bloom in the greatest profusion, and all that sort of thing.

As a sort of post-scriptive thought the Loiterer mentions, ever so casually, that Mother Nature can err where others can not because she has even more lives than all the cats in creation put together.

radically from that of the English version. The Melk Bible is of the first two editions printed. It contains 1200 odd pages.

The gift will be placed in the rare book room in the new Sterling Memorial Library which is to be started at Yale, on July 1, 1926. It will be placed in a special exhibition case of unbreakable glass.

THE BOOK-SHELF

"ORPHAN ISLAND" BY ROSE MACAULEY

On the face of it, Rose Macauley's "Orphan Island" is a satire—a satire of government, liberty, and aristocracy. But underneath, there is some sound sense to it. It is rather odious to point out a moral in a book, particularly when it proves to be such a bromide as "Human nature's the same everywhere," but the idea recurs so persistently and is presented in so many brilliantly clever ways in "Orphan Island" that it cannot possibly be overlooked. Such a moral might be dwelled upon, or given definite phraseology, but Rose Macauley is clever enough to make it the background of the story without bringing it forward and centering our gaze directly upon it.

Maroon forty orphans, a spinster, a doctor, and a nurse on a deserted island for seventy years, and what would you expect to find at the end of the time? What you are shown at the end of the time is rather surprising but wholly understandable. The doctor and Miss Smith had married, and their progeny all bore the name of Smith, since the doctor, whom a shark had considerably eaten, proved to be too disreputable to pass his name down to his descendants. After seventy years, a high form of civilization still existed on the island, and the island was divided into two hostile classes, those who were Smith—the elite, and those who were Orphan—the proletariat. Every problem, that had arisen elsewhere in the world, had arisen here, and been summarily dealt with by Miss Smith, then ninety-eight, who fancied herself Queen Victoria. Of course she was no more capable of dealing with the Orphans permanently than Queen Victoria would have been capable of restraining the proletariat in England if it had had no political, economic, or social power.

Rose Macauley is always clever in a brilliant way, and her humor is satiric and rather cutting. She holds a picture of yourself before you, and makes you smile while you squirm. She is not so subtly clever here as in "Told by an Idiot," but her satire is no less evident. Rose Macauley has a habit of laughing up her sleeve rather derisively, but always cleverly. The joke may be on you, but she makes you join in the laugh.

"OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY"

"Of the making of books there is no end," especially if one is dealing with books on religious and biblical subjects. Never was this biblical proverb so true as at the present time; it is a well-nigh hopeless task for any biblical scholar to attempt to read even all the best books now appearing from the press. All he can hope to do is to select, with as much wisdom as he may possess, and leave to the literary reviewers the task of digesting, more or less satisfactorily, the information and suggestion contained in all the rest.

Among all recent books of a religious kind, none is more significant than a new work rather monumental, now in process of production. We live in the days of the "Outlines," of everything from history, to art, to science, to music. Now, there is appearing the "Outline of Christianity," in five volumes, two of which are ready, and in our college library. These volumes are the product of scores of scholars, churchmen, and teachers, mostly Americans; the editorial list reads like a "Who's Who," in biblical scholarship.

This is more than a mere summary and outline of Christianity; it is a well-

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CAMPUS LOOKS OVER KOINÉ

Koiné is out! The college crowds to Plant living room. There follows hours of reading, and discussion with days of autographing to come. To make a year book different and original each year is a difficult thing. "Did this board succeed? Let us see what the general opinion is.

The cover comes first. Everyone likes it. It is perhaps the most unique one Koiné has ever had. The other drawings are fine too—especially those introducing the classes. The "Gleanings" cut is a very lovely one, yet it seems out of place with the other cuts.

The section for Seniors has met with the most discussion. The students either approve of the new idea of quotations, or they emphatically do not. Most of them prefer the old-fashioned write-ups, however. So many of the lines, even now, scarcely seem to fit, they can only mention one side of the girl's character. Besides, the greatest pleasure of write-ups is in reading them over after the class has graduated and laughing again at incidents which these write-ups recall.

Koiné has tried to have quantities of pictures. It was a good idea, and they succeeded. It is unfortunate that the printing of some of the pictures was so poor, for it is a good collection.

The "Gleanings" section has a large collection of material. The sketches of college life, and bits of rare college humour are very enjoyable—more so than the more literary endeavors which do not touch upon college life. The Koiné need not try to copy the Quarterly.

The Koiné showed some clever new ideas. The College Calendar, the history of the college, and "Symposium to Catalogue" were all fine. Although the student body seems to like the old way of making Koiné a real Senior book, they all agree that this number is new and original in many ways.

A MODERNIST AND HIS CREED

Edward M. Chapman

Mr. Chapman is concerned with the inner spirit of religion rather than with its institutions, its dogmas, its controversies. In this series of semi-autobiographical chapters, he gives candid expression to his convictions and recounts the varied personal experiences which have helped him find a Way through Life. His comments on the literature, ethics, art, and manners of the times are no less revealing than his discussion of the diverse phases of religious belief.

"Mr. Chapman shows his essential genius in the delightful autobiographical chapter with which he opens his volume. This note is sustained throughout and leads to valuable comments on American life, most notable, perhaps, the interpretation of the old-time Puritanism of New England. . . . It is all sane, wholesome, stimulating, reassuring, rich with wisdom, beauty, sound principle, high idealism and fine human feeling. To read this book is to feel a clean wind blowing freshly through the mind."—John Haynes Holmes in the New York Herald Tribune.

Price \$2.50 Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston.

There will be a very important History Club meeting in Branford Lounge, Monday, May 17th, at 7 o'clock. The officers for next year will be elected. There will also be discussion concerning the strike in England and conditions in India.

What Plants Do For Us

How queer the world would look without plants! But worse than looking queer,—in a world without plants we would have nothing to eat and nothing to wear. That may sound like a rash statement. Let us think a minute of what plants do for us every day.

Even our "fire-proof" buildings are made largely of wood which grew in a forest. Our furniture is made of wood. Our books, of paper made from either wood pulp or cotton rags, both of which come from plants. Our very clothes come from plants. The cotton once covered a seed. "But,"—you say,—"Wool has nothing to do with plants. That came from a sheep."

So it did,—but what did the sheep eat to live? Grass or hay,—fresh or dried plants. And our leather shoes came from animals which also ate grass. If our shoes have rubber heels, they were once the milky juice of a plant.

Our silk ribbons and neckties and gowns were made by little insects which fed on the leaves of the mulberry tree. So our clothes came directly from plants, or indirectly from animals which fed on plants.

And then our food,—we eat so many kinds of plants; plant stems, plant leaves, plant buds, plant roots, plant seeds and fruits. Our daily bread is supplied us from the seeds of wheat and corn. "Milk and butter," you say,—are not from plants,—but how long would our cows supply us with milk and butter, if they did not have plants for their food?

Sugar comes from the juice of a plant. Fruit and berries, of course, come from plants. Potatoes are underground stems. A cabbage is nothing but a big bud. Our meats come from herbivorous animals dependent upon plants. Fish feed upon tiny plants in the water, or on other fish which ate plants. Some one has described nature as "a chain of animals eating each other." The first animal in the chain ate plants.

Plants not only supply most of our food and clothing, but they keep the air pure so we can live. People have two nostrils through which they breathe; but plants have hundreds of little breathing holes all over their leaves. When people are shut up in a close unventilated room for a time, we say the air becomes "bad." We breathe off a gas that is called carbon dioxide, which, as it accumulates, is poisonous to us. If it is kept on accumulating it would finally smother us. This gas is colorless so we cannot see it; but we have all seen the holes it makes in bread. It is the same gas that is put into soda water to make it fizz. Now the green plants breathe in this carbon dioxide gas and in sunshine they make this gas into sugar and starch. People have tried for years to make starch, but although they have succeeded in making some sugar from chemicals, they have never yet made starch. Yet all the starch, which forms the basis of all the world's food supply, is made by green plants from the two simple substances, water and carbon dioxide. And each kind of plant makes its own special kind of starch grain, so that with a microscope one can tell what plant made the starch.

Isn't it wonderful that plants can take the waste products of animals and build them up into starch and other foods for animals? It is a beautifully arranged system. What mere man could have ever thought out such a wonderfully balanced plan for plants and animals to help each other!

Then there are so many other ways that plants help us. They keep us warm in winter, when we burn wood or coal which contains the stored up sunshine of the past.

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A Laboratory—A Challenge

"A laboratory is to me a sanctuary." Louis Agassiz regarded a laboratory as a sanctum where one should kneel in spirit before the wonders of living things. He considered the material,—a living starfish or sea-anemone, as a key to unlock the closed doors of a few of these wonders. And he believed that the answers to these mysteries would be found by studying the material at first hand, and not by sitting down to speculate and philosophize about them.

This method of direct observation was by no means new to Agassiz. It was the method of Aristotle and of other great teachers among the ancients. But in mediaeval times, the dark ages for all learning, classical or scientific, this method had been relegated to the past, and all teaching took the form of expounding the works of the ancients and relying upon them as the ultimate authority for all knowledge.

In the 15th and 16th centuries a change in the method of teaching was finally achieved, chiefly through the efforts of a certain teacher, Vesalius, a man of keen intellect and impregnable force of character. He began to teach by rote as his teachers had before him, but again and again, his observations from the actual specimen told him a different story than did the manuscript of the ancients. For instance search as he might, Vesalius could not find the "resurrection bone" which, it had been taught, was the indestructible bone forming the nucleus for the resurrection body in the next world. Finally, he discarded the old authorities, and taught the things he could see in the material at hand, and what he could make his students see as well.

It was the contribution of William Harvey, in the early 17th century, to add to Vesalius' method of direct observation, the method of experimentation, by which he discovered the circulation of the blood. It is a combination of these two methods used by a discriminating and interpretive intellect which has given rise to the so-called modern scientific method.

So each new specimen and each new experiment offers a challenge to all who will accept it. And that challenge, which is the spirit shown by all adventurers and investigators, is:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges.

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go."

D. E. WILLIAMS.

A MUSICAL AIM FOR C. C.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

more worth-while on that account. If we will accept our limitations and, within them, do the most artistic things that we can evolve and produce, I can see no grounds for opposition to the comedy idea.

Where students cannot, for one reason or another, enroll for the Music Department courses, they should be encouraged to continue,—or for that matter, to begin,—their musical activities without a teacher, or with the help of student advisors. They might even be encouraged to perform whenever the circumstances warrant. The Music Department has no monopoly upon musical activity in the College. Its business is to further the cause of good music wherever it can. The members of the Music Department do all they can for the students entrusted to their care, but they do not presume to think that they are able to reach nearly all the students who have musical interests or even musical gifts. There are, no doubt, many talents among the students which have not as yet become apparent to the members of the Music Department Faculty.

Incidentally, there are still some

The Chaperon

A chaperon is a wondrous thing
Most strange in all her ways,
And of all things on earth least like
What men agree to praise.

Of course she isn't at all to blame
For what she has to do,
Of course it is always the same,
For you—and you—and you!

You go and come in an automobile,
And into it first goes she—
And out of it last, so made of steel
Does she have to seem to be.

Oh, what a bore, you say, 'twould be
To chaperon girls so much!
It needn't be—now, don't you see?
If you give it the kindly touch.

A chat now and then with your chaperon,
And don't forget her punch,
And sometimes, too, when you "on your own,"
Just let me give you a hunch—

Take her to a play, or send her some flowers;
You know she's human, too;*
So show how much you appreciate the hours
She gives of her time to you.

C. C. C.

CHAPERON CHATS

The pleasantest experience this chaperon ever had, as a chaperon, was that which she enjoyed recently when she was officiating at a monthly dance. And why was it so pleasant? She always takes a book, to be sure, and sometimes her knitting, and this time was no exception. She had both, and a nice light place in which to read or knit, but, oh, joy! she had no chance to do either. For between each dance the girls brought their escorts and introduced them, and when the boys had to sit out a dance, they did not stand it out with their mates, but entertained the chaperon. Sometimes when she had been forgotten entirely, officers had brought her punch, but this time she was so carefully looked after by the men in her own party that she had all the punch that was good for her.

And more than all this, every C. C. Girl (or nearly) came up and chatted with the chaperon, so that the evening will long be remembered, not as a bore, but as a very pleasant one.

C. C. C. at C. G.—A. F. LOVELL.

courses offered in Music which do not attract as many students as they should. This is particularly true of the ensemble courses which might easily provide delightful musical activities, under guidance, for many who have not the leisure for the regular applied work. Moreover, the ensemble literature is very fascinating to the student and make fine listening.

A College Orchestra ought to be a matter of the near future, one in which Faculty and students might co-operate in performing good music within their powers.

More frequent recitals,—much more frequent,—should provide experience for the performers and musical atmosphere for the listeners. In fact, I see no good reason why, among nearly 600 persons, including the Faculty and Administration, a weekly, or at least a bi-weekly, musical evening should not be a possibility in the very near future.

Of course everybody hopes for the erection of a Chapel with a fine organ and adequate choir facilities, so that our religious services may be held under proper conditions and that the organ, in particular, may add its very valuable contribution to the cultural atmosphere. Until the Chapel-and-Organ situation is met, the music for

THE BRITISH STRIKE EXPLAINED BY VISCOUNT BRYCE

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

people down to our own time. The European conquerors and settlers among uncivilized races have from the time of the Spanish Conquistadores in America ruthlessly exploited the labour of those races and robbed them of their lands, so that even to-day it is hard to secure protection for African natives from the intruding whites. In all these cases there were among the oppressors many men kindly and reasonable in the other relations of life, but constant association with their own class and the sense of personal interest benumbed their natural human sympathy and made them forget that property and power have their duties as well as their rights. Public opinion restrains the selfishness of an individual, but the public opinion of a class possessed by the sense of a common interest confirms the individual in his selfishness and blinds him to his own injustice. Those who preach the Class War are in this respect, except indeed as regards the ferocity of the means they employ, in some countries, no worse than the leaders of other selfish classes have been before, as they are also certainly no better.

"Nevertheless, the doctrine of the Class War, which is to extinguish classes once for all, and the weapon of the General Strike, sound a new note of menace to the progress of mankind. They are not the result of Democracy. It has, indeed, failed to prevent them, but it has not induced them, for they have arisen not in any sense from its principles, but out of historical and economic causes, which would have been invoked more powerfully to produce discontent and insurrection under an autocratic or oligarchic Government, unless such a Government had possessed a military force strong enough to hold down a vast population. They are in reality an attack on Democracy, the heaviest blow ever directed against it, for they destroy the sense that a people is one moral and spiritual whole, bound together by spiritual ties, and their instrument is Revolution. The sort of Revolution contemplated will not be a matter of this year or the next; it opens up a long vista of struggle by armed force, which would subject democratic governments to a strain heavier than they have ever yet had to bear.

"Strange and unexpected evolution! Democracy overthrows the despotism of the one man or the few who ruled by force, in order to transfer power to the People who are to rule by reason and the sense of their common interest in one another's welfare: and after two or three generations there arises from the bosom of the democracy an effort to overthrow it in turn by violence because it has failed to confer the expected benefits. The wheel has gone its full round; and the physical Force which was needed to establish Democracy is now employed to destroy it." H. L. LAWRENCE.

Dr. Lawrence was seen through a key-hole sitting in front of a scales one day. On one side lay the Scriptures and in the other the familiar book, "Modern Democracies." The scales wavered a second and then remained at rest.

"Humph!" he was heard to say, "The Scriptures are still a bit higher."

public occasions will never be worthy of the College.

In a word, then, the next musical objective for C. C. is an early and efficient use of its resources in developing for the benefit of its every member the great cultural and inspirational forces which are inherent in Music.

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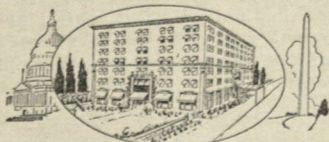
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WHAT PLANTS DO FOR US

Concluded from page 3, column 1.

What a lot of fun and pleasure we get from just looking at plants! Plants so interesting; many of them with such remarkable beauty of color, form, and fragrance. They vary so in size. Probably some of the biggest as well as our oldest plants are the giant red-wood trees of California, which were young trees when Christ was living in Palestine. Other large plants are the giant kelps or sea-weeds which are sometimes hundreds of feet long,—as are some tropical vines. Medium-sized plants are all about us. And there are a great many tiny plants which are so small that we can't even see them with the naked eye; and they make a whole lot of difference to us, even if we can't see them without magnifying them a thousand times. But that leads us into bacteriology which is a tremendously big field in itself and very closely linked up with our health.

There is another way in which plants help us, and that is by their beauty. Almost every one responds to the beauty of plants and especially to that of flowers. Flowers can express so much that we cannot, that we want flowers about us on all the important occasions of our lives. They express joy for us at weddings and sympathy at times of illness and death. One realizes how important flowers are commercially when we think of the acres of green-houses scattered over the country, and the many auto-trucks whizzing around, bearing the phrase, "Say it with flowers."

We want flowers in our homes every day, and the ones we like best are the ones we have picked in the woods, or raised ourselves and watched grow. And we not only want plants in our homes, but we want them growing around our houses. We call that line of plant study—landscape gardening. Up here on our hill-top we have a beautiful natural landscape spread out before us with the hills, river, ocean, and native trees and shrubs. There is beauty all around us if we can only have eyes to see it. But in the crowded cities, people get so hungry for growing plants that they have to have parks to bring them a little of the beauty that is ours every day. The landscape architect must know a great deal about plants; how to raise them, what time they bloom, how tall they grow, etc., etc., and then he tries to make a living picture of them just as the artist blends his colors to make a painting. What would our literature be without plants for a setting? Our poems and prose are filled with descriptions and references to plants. Our college motto recognizes plants,—“Like a tree planted by rivers of water,”—a symbol of life.

No one who ever studies plants, sees their wonderful structure, and the beautiful, quiet, orderly way that they carry on their processes could ever doubt the existence of a Creator.

F. L. BARROWS.

“OUTLINE OF CHRISTIANITY”

Concluded from page 2, column 3.

portrayed review of the progress of civilization in the present era.

To all students of human history—and what college person is not?—to all lovers of humanity—and what cultured man or woman is not?—to all who are fascinated by the drama of human progress—these volumes are commended. Their composite authorship insures a varied and Catholic point of view; the scholarship of the writers insures the value of the several chapters. If you love good reading, good literature, and the portrayal of great truths—read these “Outlines.”

W. L. GALLUP.

PHILOSOPHY

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

other phase of spiritual life, remains? PHILOSOPHY. And I suggest that “some time” we shall have a period of civilization properly to be designated, PHILOSOPHICAL. Already, for him that hath eyes, there are signs and writings and portents that the world needs philosophy! Its coming may be soon; it may be long delayed; it may never be.

Meantime, what of individuals, you and I and the other? May we not become philosophical? We all know something of the arts, we all have some kind of religion, we all benefit, at least materially, by the sciences. Do we all know what philosophy is? Does any one know what philosophy is? And is there anything essential in philosophy for you and me?

Yes, we all know what philosophy is. We all have a philosophy. We were destined to have a philosophy, not merely a practical philosophy, but a real, metaphysical one, when we were born human beings. Philosophy is inescapable, like death and taxes. The only question is as to what kind of philosophy we have. There are many kinds available; and unless we think we are fatalists, we are all free to choose the kind that seems to us most reasonable. Our degree of freedom to choose may, indeed, if we wish, become greater as we become wiser.

But while we all have a philosophy, and while we all know what philosophy is, we sometimes have difficulty in recognizing what we know! And the main point of this little “essay” is now at hand.

There has appeared in the “Reading with a Purpose” series, a set of small but important books published by the American Library Association, a volume entitled “Philosophy.” It is written by Alexander Meiklejohn, Professor of Philosophy at the University

of Wisconsin. It is the best brief statement of the nature and significance for us human beings of philosophy that I know of. It is interesting. It is compelling. It is enlightening. It is short! It will help us all to become more conscious of what education, life, and the world we live in mean. It will help us to know what we mean, both in our articulate and in our inarticulate moments. It will help us to appreciate, and help us to find out how better to comprehend, the great men and women of history, the artists, the poets, the mystics, the scientists, no less than the philosophers. It will help us, if we wish, to “get our bearings” in this ceaseless activity we call “life.” It will help us to help ourselves, so performing the supreme service.

I am glad of an opportunity to call “Philosophy,” by Alexander Meiklejohn, to the attention of our Connecticut College community. There is one copy in our library; and it can be purchased from the American Library Association, Chicago, for 50 cents cloth, or 35 cents paper.

FRANK E. MORRIS.

TEA GIVEN FOR MRS. FOSTER

A tea was given in the Faculty room of the Library on May 11, from four until five for Mrs. Katherine Foster. Mrs. Foster is a representative of the General Education Board of the Northern Baptist Convention. She spoke on the many opportunities there are open to women in national church work.

Students were invited to attend this tea and lecture, especially those who were interested in church work. Mrs. Foster has had wide experience and she indicated to those present the nature of the work and conditions in this particular field of work.

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And I’m known among the students
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When my lectures are concluded loud
applause is always heard.
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deserved.
Of the classes on the campus, none’s a
fifth as large as mine
—Which proves that all the virtues of
five teachers I combine
“If a popular professor you have any
wish to be
(The method is quite simple), take
these formulae from me:
Dismiss five minutes early and arrive
five minutes late;
Have your hair made sleek and curly,
and wear clothes right up-to-date
Tell the class about your tennis games
and pastimes energetic,
Or any other appellation to make you
seem athletic;
Be ready to emit a joke at slightest
provocation,
But never to the subject let it have
the least relation.
“All these precepts closely follow, and
I’ll guarantee you’ll be
The most popular professor of the
“College By the Sea.”
—Northwestern University Scrawl.

BASEBALL SQUADS

Senior Squad—E. Sternberg, M. Thompson, E. Damerall, T. Hewlett, E. Whittier, H. Osborn, L. Ferris, E. Alexander, J. Gillette, H. Stone, G. Parker, G. Koetter, I. Peterson, J. Williams, E. Low.

Junior Squad—M. Elliott, M. Lamson, F. Williams, I. Grinnell, M. Woodworth, M. Jerman, M. Watchinsky, I. Fisher, S. Chittenden, E. Richmond, L. Penney, K. Foster.

Sophomore Squad—E. Arthur, I. Barrett, K. Booth, G. Cornelius, P. Drake, M. Dunning, J. Felsenthal, E. Gallup, E. Hart, E. Kelley, A. Kelsey, C. Kilbourne, M. Merriam, M. Opton, H. Owens, D. Pasnik, D. Patterson, E. Pendleton, G. Peterson, E. Ross, M. Webb.

Freshman Squad—M. Bauer, A. Green, N. Leslie, E. Neumiller, R. Petrofsky, F. Reed, E. Reilly, L. Rixey, A. Safford, M. Scattergood, M. Slayter, M. Shaw.

GAME SCHEDULE

May 15—Juniors vs. Seniors.
May 18—Freshmen vs. Sophomores.
May 22—Winners from above.
May 25—Losers from above.

YALE WILL HAVE NEW LIBRARY COMPLETED WITHIN TWO YEARS.

As a memorial to Mr. John W. Sterling, a distinguished Yale graduate of the class of 1864, a new \$6,000,000 library, designed to harbor 5,000,000 books will be erected by the trustees of Mr. Sterling’s estate. The plans for a gothic structure that will harmonize with the Harkness Tower and Memorial Quadrangle, have just been announced, and it is expected that within two years the building can be ready for use.—Wellesley College News.

CORNELL BUYS WORDSWORTH COLLECTION.

Utilizing a gift of \$25,000, Cornell University has purchased the St. John collection of Wordsworth’s works and personal effects. This collection is said to be the most complete set of Wordsworth in the world.

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May 17th

CALENDAR

May 15—Parents' Week-end.
Freshman Day—Saturday.
Baseball game, 1926-1927, 11 A. M.
Tennis finals, 2 P. M.
Pageant, 4 P. M.
Reception in Knowlton in evening.
May 16, Sunday—Chapel Service, 11 A. M.
May 18, Tuesday—Baseball game, 1928-1929, 4 P. M.
May 19—Senior Picnic.
May 21—Music Department Recital.

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THE FIRST BOBBED HEAD

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

Berenice's hair—has been in the heavens as a rather insignificant group of stars. At this time of the year on a clear, moonless night, at about 10 o'clock, you can see this constellation, better with the help of a pair of binoculars, slightly to the south of the zenith. At any time, this group can be seen under favorable conditions at about 30 degrees west of the bright star Arcturus.

In this age of bobbed-hair we often hear of the after-feelings of ladies who have freshly bobbed their hair. But we never hear anything about the feelings of the hair that is cut, because this is not an age of poetry. Callimachus in his celebrated poem on the transformation of Berenice's hair, written in those B. C. ages, and handed down to us through a translation by Catullus, makes the lock of hair express its feelings in its address to the queen as follows:

"But oh, my queen! when lifting up thy gaze

Here to the stars, with torches' festal blaze

Than dost propitiate Venus, let not me Be all forgotten or unseen by thee.

Nay, rather upon me, who once was all Thine own, with bounteous offerings duly call.

Once all thine own? Ay, still thine, only thine!

Why am I doomed among the stars to shine?

Oh, on the forehead of my queen to play

Once more! Grant this, and then Aquarius' way

Next to Orion blaze, and all the world Of starry orbs be into chaos whirled." (The Poems of Catullus—By Theodore Martin.)

G. K. DAGHLIAN.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

"Beautiful but dumb" does not always apply. Witness the following:

Decidedly pretty and daintily attired, she was "pouring" at an afternoon tea. Near the silver teapot stood a plate of honey sandwiches.

Feigning a desire for more tea, an admirer approached the table with the remark:

"The Queen is in her parlour, Serving Bread and Honey."

"Hardly a queen, I fear," replied the fair one, as she refilled his cup. "I never reign but I pour." H. Z. K.

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STUDENTS COMMENT
UPON THE BRITISH
STRIKE

A large number of students have left Oxford University since the great general strike in which 5,000,000 workers are now participating. The Vice-Chancellor issued a notice declaring that undergraduates should communicate immediately with the college authorities in regard to national service. Leave of absence will be granted to all undergraduates taking examinations this term.

Comment by large university dailies on the strike shows much uniformity. Sympathy with the striker's plight is coupled with disapprobation of the use of a general strike to gain their ends. The University of Michigan Daily recognizes the "ills which a bigoted and narrow-minded capitalistic tyranny forced upon Labor," but criticizes the general strike which is to "wreck an innumerable hardship on the millions who depend on the transportation system to bring them their daily bread." "Even from the laborer's point of view," believes the Harvard Crimson, "it is difficult to understand the advantage of a general strike whose full weight must be borne by the workingmen themselves." The Crimson sees a hard task before the conservative government, "to steer between the two perils of repressive Facism and belligerent Communism." Says the Dartmouth, "a general sympathetic strike is a serious menace to the entire nation and should be crushed." The Yale News sees Great Britain faced with an impassé whose most evident solution is civil war. Nationalization of the coal mines was strongly urged by the Cornell Sun several days before the strike occurred.—The New Student.

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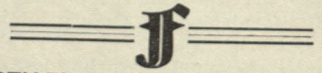
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