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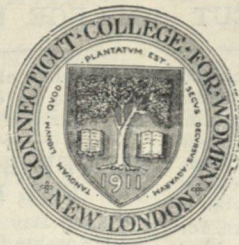
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SILVER BAY ISSUE

"THAT MILLIONS SHALL NOT DIE."

Will You Help the Greatest Woman in the World?

Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, is the greatest woman in the world today. She is coming to America soon and needs your support to help further her service to humanity for she has no radium with which to carry on her experiments. France is poor and all the radium there is being used in the hospitals.

When asked what she would choose if the whole world were at her feet, Marie Curie replied, "A little more radium." And this is what we women of America propose to give her. In the United States alone there are more than three hundred thousand cases of cancer and the majority of these can be cured through scientific treatment with radium. A small committee of women and notable scientists has been formed in New York City and they have pledged themselves to raise one hundred and thirty thousand dollars to pay for a gram of the magic metal which will be presented to Madame Curie upon her arrival in America. No one will be asked to contribute, and only those who feel it is a privilege will be permitted to give.

Madame Curie is great not only because of her gift to science, but because of the spirit with which she has given it. She says, "It is for all people." Willingly she has given her life and her money to the cause, and she is now too poor to buy any more radium to further her experiments.

At C. C. we have set aside a week in which to raise money for the fund. On April seventeenth, Dr. Daghlian of the Physics Department gave an interesting illustrated lecture on "Radium." It is hoped that Connecticut will make this a one hundred per cent. contribution, and show that every girl has an interest in aiding suffering humanity. Marie Curie has given everything and now it is up to woman-kind to help further her work.

CLASS PRESIDENTS ELECTED.

Constance Hill is the Senior Class President. Miss Hill has always been a popular member of '22, having been on its executive committee for three years. For the past year she has been the Treasurer of Student Government.

Julia Warner has been chosen Junior President. Miss Warner was the Freshman President of '23, and has been Secretary of Student Government during the past year.

Twenty-four has a capable President in Mary Snodgrass. We feel confident that Miss Snodgrass will prove a most able leader in the year that is to come.

NEWS OFFICERS APPOINTED.

Helen Avery and Caroline Francke have been appointed Junior Associate Editors while Leslie Alderman is Assistant Art and Publicity Editor. The Freshman Competition for the three Sophomore Reporters resulted in the election of Mildred Donnelly, Marion Vibert and Louise Hall.

THE CHALLENGE AND THE PROMISE.

How many times do the lights across the river and down in the harbor beckon to you and prophesy great deeds for the future? To Freshmen they promise four splendid years, filled with college loyalty and love and great achievements. To the Seniors they promise opportunities for lives of service and accomplishment, of records to be made for the glory of their Alma Mater. To every one living here on this hilltop the lights are an inspiration, a stimulation for their dreams and plans, and a challenge for the future. Whether here at C. C. or far away in distant parts of the world we carry always with us a picture of these beckoning lights. At moments, when we are tired and discouraged, when it seems that after all life is not quite what it was before we encountered any of its real problems, we picture again the vision of these lights, shining as brightly through darkness and storm as when the mists and fog have rolled away and all is calm and clear. We have a vision of their beams lighting the dark waters for the sailors on the sea and life becomes bright and promising again. Like the light, it beckons us to struggle to make our lives shine for others, traveling on a darker sea.

As the lights are always to C. C. girls a challenge and a promise of the future, so Silver Bay will always be a challenge to the hundreds of students who visit its shores every year.

Do you remember, how in the days preceding your entrance to college, you were fired with such splendid ideals of friendship and service and an eagerness to follow great leaders, who were to open to you vast fields where you might explore, until you finally found where you could reap the most and give the most for your fellowmen? We all know only too well how all these ideals were founded on little sense of the practical and we know how on various occasions our lives have seemed empty and void, when we have suddenly discovered that these ideals were to be attained only after years of struggle and then perhaps occasionally the struggle has seemed almost too great.

But then at the end of a year when all your ideals and hopes seem to be broken and your life almost worthless, you go to Silver Bay. You go, perhaps, not because you know what Silver Bay really is, but because everyone says you ought to go.

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

GLIMPSES OF GLORIOUS DAYS.

At the Silver Bay Conference last year Jonathan Day remarked "a prayer meeting is a small body of men surrounded by women." This witticism had a tremendous appeal, because of its obvious humor. Strangely enough, the Student Y. W. C. A. Conference is the exact opposite of the prayer meeting—a large body of girls surrounded by a very few men. The fellowship of several hundred girls is one of the big things at Silver Bay. To eat together, work together, play together, gives rise to a wonderful spirit of comradeship. Because girls are free and natural in hours of recreation, this spirit of kinship, this sense of the oneness of all girlhood, has a splendid opportunity to develop then, in several different lines of activity.

In the first place, there is a beautiful, sandy bathing beach. What could give you a better start for the day, than an invigorating swim in the clear, cold water, when the sun is just peeping over the top of Sugarloaf? Did you ever share such sport with a smiling little Japanese girl, who flits through the water like a sunbeam? A day of water-sports gives you a chance to vie with girls from other colleges in various sorts of boating, diving and swimming.

Hiking is one of the chief delights of Silver Bay. There are several mountains of imposing height that challenge the enthusiastic. Perhaps the most popular trip, is the climb up Sunrise Mountain at three a. m. What could be more fun than to arrive at the topmost pinnacle and be greeted by rain.

Then there are excursions up the lake on the big launch, and a short drive across country to Fort Ticonderoga in a rickety stage. Will any of us ever forget the ride on the backboard of the one auto bus?

The baseball game between the Faculty and the Students is a momentous occasion. Last year, the Faculty paraded the field in the most ludicrous feminine attire, preceded by a brass band of their own concoction. The Students, not to be outdone, hove in sight as a pirate crew. The playing was fast and furious. The burly policeman, and the Red Cross workers were rushed with their duties of caring for the wounded. It would have brought despair to the heart of Babe Ruth to see the dignified Jonathan Day alias "Daisy" Day slide for bases.

We cannot begin to describe the

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

THE INTANGIBLE.

What "It", the Spirit, Has Meant to Us.

You may think—and rightly to a certain extent—that college has done much to broaden your interests in both the world and in its people. You have adapted yourself to new surroundings; you have made warm friendships with girls whom a few months ago you never knew existed; you have come to love your college dearly, to think it "the" college. But have you stopped here?

Possibly no, but probably yes—that is, unless you have been fortunate enough to go to Silver Bay. The girl who has been there, has gone much farther than this, for she has experienced the joys of working, playing, singing, and worshipping with hundreds of other girls who represent many colleges and all nations. She has not become narrowed to her own particular type of college woman, for she has seen and known the ways of many splendid college people. She has seen her own college contrasted—favorably and otherwise—with these others. Not until this time has she been sure of its biggest points, not thought of remedies for its weaknesses.

Most of all has this Silver Bay student been inspired by the vastness of everything concerning the Conference. What a real thrill one gets in finding many hundreds of young people coming together in a common interest in and hope for mankind! What vast ideals and hopes the leaders give to everyone there! Yes, even the atmosphere lends itself to the inspiration of the place; those great hills whose tops are usually hidden in the clouds; that glorious, sparkling lake, dotted with the most unexpected and surprising little islands; the feeling of nearness to reality;—all of these bring out the finest side of every student who goes to Silver Bay.

Can one deny that college does, after these experiences, mean more to her? Have not her eyes and heart been opened to newer and greater things? Indeed she comes back to find better things in her own college, to bring more to it, and thus to get more out of it. If she was satisfied with herself and her surroundings before going, Silver Bay showed her much beyond her present reach, and something toward which she might climb. She learned to submerge herself and be one of many. If she was dissatisfied with herself before going, Silver Bay brought out in her the things she thought she had lost. She caught new enthusiasm from everyone, and she learned the joy of doing for others.

We take it for granted that college students want to appreciate the meaning of their education, but we who have been to Silver Bay know that it is a hard thing to do alone, we are too human and we need help in finding ourselves. The most human, yet spiritual and actual help a college student can get during her four years can be gotten from the inspiration of Silver Bay. College means more to the girls who have learned to "follow the gleam" that Silver Bay holds before them. This spirit may be intangible in that it cannot be described, but is certainly definite in its results.

'21.

MOVIES OF SILVER BAY

Talk by Miss MARY WEISEL

Singing by our Silver Bay Girls

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 7 P. M.

IN THE GYM

Come and learn about a REAL CHANCE to go to a REAL PLACE

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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OUR MAIDEN BOW.

It would seem that we, the new Staff,—very shy, very modest and most humble and inefficient in the face of things—are not to be allowed the grateful privilege of simply sliding into seats vacated by former members, and sitting there without so much as a peep. We must needs break out into the antithesis of the Swan Song and promise vast enterprises for the coming year. This, however, we refuse to do. We promise nothing, not even another issue, for you never can tell when the Norwich trolleys may take it into their heads to stop running, and there's always a chance that the proof sheets may blow out the window and never reach the printer. No, it is never safe to promise. We simply hold out hopes, and not very feeble ones either.

It is very terrifying, this being plunged at once into office, e'er we have had time to sneeze and draw a long breath, for unlike most servants of the public, our troubles,—or rather yours,—begin at once. We are not entirely in ignorance, however, of what it means to edit a weekly paper—of the pain and joy of scrambling together some six thousand or more elusive words of the English language every week, and presenting them in some kind of a coherent and interesting mass to a critical student body and a watchful faculty. Moreover, tho' we are thoroughly aware that we have fallen heir to one of the snappiest, most un-to-date little papers that ever rejoiced the heart of a printer, we are also as fully aware of its faults and needs.

Its greatest immediate need is for a rejuvenated News Office. Charity, it has been said, begins at home. Therefore we aim first to be charitable. The office in its present barn-like state is about as uninteresting and uninspiring as it is possible for a room to be. In fact an expert on housing,—and an interior decorator could do wonders if

turned loose in it. Don't expect too much all at once, but next fall come and look us over in our new sanctum, and your eye will be greeted with new curtains, rugs, a wicker chair or two, a bulletin board, genuine works of art upon the wall,—and ssh!—maybe a palm or two to lend an atmosphere, for lo,—the gods in general,—and the kind hearted Miss Rector in particular, have decreed it.

Then, in their well-appointed, comfortable abiding place, behold the News staff,—efficient, business-like, observing office hours as a well-behaved staff should,—clicking the typewriter unceasingly, or bustling about energetically on the trail of news.

Behold also, the visions of the former editor come true, frequent cuts, photographic and otherwise peeping forth from front pages. These will certainly materialize if we have anything at all to say about it, and if you support what we say after we have said it. It is this. Cuts are rather expensive and in order to have them, it is absolutely necessary to raise both the advertising rates, which will not affect you,—and the subscription rates, which do. Don't be alarmed, it will only be a few cents, so few that you won't feel it, and neither will father. And besides, there is always the joyful prospect that your visage may sometime smile at the public through our pages.

Another thing,—after all, the News is yours fundamentally,—yours to make or to abolish. We are but tools, to put the reflections of your ideals, your enthusiasm, your spirit, on paper for the world to see and judge and for you to look back upon. We need your just criticism, we need your friendly sympathy and interest, above all we need your cooperation in undertakings that will improve us and benefit the college. Doubtless there will be times when you will wish us far away,—in a sunnier, warmer climate! Undoubtedly there will be issues that to you seem a waste of the paper on which they are printed. Once in a great while maybe, there will be one that will please, that you can point to with pride and say "That's a splendid article. I like it," or "I wrote that," or "That person surely hit the nail on the head." It is then, that the News or any college paper, fulfills its mission—when it means something to the individual,—when you have put something of yourself into it. We are simply the means to this end. Put your shoulder to the pen and push for the News next year.

THE NEW EDITOR.

SPIRIT OF COOPERATION.

We never think of a Silver Bay Conference as so many hundred leaders and students gathered together, but rather do we think of it as a united whole so constituted as to bring about effectual cooperation. Just as soon as we realized that we were members of a group of people who were united in an effort to give and get the best, then we were in a position to enjoy Silver Bay to its fullest extent.

Connecticut College realized with appalling vividness the value of cooperation, for again and again our group of ten was called upon to act as a delegation. I think it first struck us on the boat when five of us made a very pathetic effort to rival in song the large delegations from Vassar, Columbia and Adelphi.

During our ten days at Silver Bay we felt repeatedly that the success of the conference depended upon team work—team work which was evident in the willingness of leaders to give to hundreds of girls who were united in a desire to absorb the best that Silver Bay had to offer.

All of us were impressed anew with the thought that cooperation is a thing to be cultivated on a college campus. Cooperation is one of the few tangible things which together with many in-

expressible elements go to make up what we so often hear spoken of as the "Spirit of Silver Bay." '23.

SILVER BAY: A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

Silver Bay was my first experience with any kind of a conference. I went knowing little or nothing about such things—and I returned home the everlasting champion of Y. W. conferences, and Silver Bay in particular. There is nothing like it, and I want to persuade you to spend ten happy days on Lake George.

It did much for me in many ways; principally in that it gave me a sense of relationship to many people. I became one of the thousands of American college women—and I had never truly had that feeling before. It was indeed a wonderful feeling—to find myself a part of a whole. All these girls were interested in the same things, and up against identical problems. It gave me a sensation of kinship in its finest sense—to listen to the discussion of college girls about the things that interested them, relating to college—self—and the world at large. They were things that interested me—they were my problems as well as theirs.

There was such an extraordinary feeling of mutual interests—a sharing of problems and difficulties and victories that was altogether new and wonderful to me.

It makes one have new faith and courage and enthusiasm for "the rising generation" when it can show wholly spontaneous and earnest interest in meeting the real problems of life and college—or perhaps I had better say in learning to meet them.

I have said nothing of the glorious life a girl at Silver Bay enjoys out-of-doors—I have not mentioned half of the many chances that are hers in this rare place of learning and good times. It would take far longer time—what I can say is; go yourself and find out what you have been missing. I only wish I could be perpetually young and go every summer.

JEANETTE SPERRY.

THE SINGING CONFERENCE

"The singing conference"—that is what Silver Bay has come to be called, and justly, too, for whether it be community singing, singing in small groups, or mere individual outbursts, it is welcomed—nay, even encouraged at Silver Bay.

Hours before one has even caught sight of the conference grounds, she realizes that singing must be a specialty there for after the process of transferring herself and baggage from the Albany train to the Lake George steamer has been achieved with more or less success and she sinks into a steamer chair on the deck, she is conscious that somewhere from out the cool shadows of the lower deck comes the sound of singing. Vassar leads; then from the stern Barnard cheers Wellesley with her famous "Evolution Song," then Skidmore and Russell Sage, and Connecticut of course! So it goes, getting more intense as the two short hours pass, and the climax comes when, from the dock swarming with people the songs and cheers are answered, and at last we have reached Silver Bay!

From then on, organized singing has its part in each day's schedule, whether it be in morning chapel, song practice in the afternoon, the community singing in the evening, or at the wonderfully impressive Sunday evening vespers by the edge of the lake.

Every evening after dinner the delegations gather on the big lawn which slopes down to the lake, and each has its turn at singing—college songs, Silver Bay songs, or parodies on popular songs—and one night is set apart for all the Alma Maters. The song contest is held on the last afternoon, and

the silver cup, which is given every year by Dr. Raymond Calkins, of Boston, is presented to the college whose song best expresses the "spirit of Silver Bay." '23.

PROFESSOR WALTER SPEAKS ON "HEREDITY."

Mendel's Laws Explained.

Professor Herbert E. Walter spoke in Convocation, April 19, on the subject "Heredity." By means of charts and of an ingenious pocket arrangement, Prof. Walter showed the meaning and the proof of Mendel's three laws. These three laws he stated as first, Hereditary characters are independent on hereditary units; second, when two different characters meet, one will dominate the other; and third, in a second generation, different characters will be differentiated again. Mr. Walter is professor of zoology at Brown University and has written a book on "Genetics."

A GEM SET IN SILVER BAY.

And in the middle of the night fire broke out in the power house, therefore blackness ensued. And during the rush and the turmoil of laying the fire hose before our door and of toiling up the mountain with the weighty Pyrene, certain of our delegation thought best to pack as though for departure. So, by the aid of a bug-light Evelene finally closed her suit case on all her belongings—and Ethel's (after crawling way under the bed to rescue a truant wash cloth) and was ready for the worst.

In the cold, clear light of day (after the flames were curbed) Evelene discovered what under the stress of emotion, she had saved from the threatening flames. From one sweater pocket she produced an alarm clock and set it jauntily on the breakfast table. From the other appeared a tube of tooth paste, and all of Ethel's hair pins. (Ethel was not at breakfast.) But her pocketbook she had forgotten completely—in fact she didn't even know where it was! Wasn't that just like Evelene?

A. G. '21.

WHO GOES TO SILVER BAY, AND WHY?

Silver Bay—the place where you meet college students from every state in the Union; yes, and more,—from the four corners of the globe.

One of Lake George's few rainy afternoons sees a winding line of bobbing umbrellas, wending its way along the shore road. The signal is given and one sharer of each umbrella steps into the vacant place under the umbrella ahead. The chattering party is quite thoroughly acquainted by the time the engaging home of the Penfield family disentangles itself from among the trees down by the lake.

This gay group gathers in the large living-room and above the merry clatter of voices you hear—"Seelver Bay—Amarica—fraidsn".

Who is this group of persons? I couldn't spell the names of half. They are representatives from twenty-eight different countries, all talking together as though they have always been next door neighbors. The Chinese girls and the South American beauties, the Japanese and our little Belgian friend, the two sisters from India and the Russian representative, those from England, France, Italy, Greece, Africa, Siam, and where not. The roll is called and each group answers with a native song, a little talk, a pantomime or a playlet. Whether it is in the cultured voice of our Brazilian friend, in the uproariously funny "English School for Japanese Students", in the "Coming of Christianity" as presented by

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

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TO THE ADVENTURE-SEEKER.

Do you crave excitement? Does soul vibrate to the medieval days, when life was uncertain and death in a bed to be despised? Then, my dear girl, you need not go to Mexico to be knived by brigands, nor yet to Wyoming to be devoured by bob-cats, nor yet to Bolleswood to encounter the tramp peril. Go to Silver Bay, where the spice of danger is doubly aromatic because of its unexpectedness.

For instance, you may at any moment be burned to death like Joan of Arc. I am the first to admit that C. C. fire-drills have not the least suggestion of a thrill. (I feel very strongly on this subject, but I shall suppress my emotions). But it is part of the charm of Silver Bay that anything has a thrill. Midnight—muffled shouts of men—the smell of smoke—and pitch darkness. We all arose, Betty Hall trampling over Judy in her excitement, and trailed out on the porch. The handsome young heart-breaker known as the "Princeton Puppy" was busily unwinding a fire-hose, and between gasps he informed us that the power house was on fire. With visions of all the forest, the cottages, the hotel, and incidentally ourselves returning to ashes, we clung to each other watching the shadowy forms lost in the smoke. Finally, after an hour's watchful waiting, the fire and the excitement died down and we went back to bed. The only sufferer was Ethel Mason, who missed breakfast because she couldn't find her clothes. Evelene, who was evidently planning to find a submarine freight when she jumped into the lake, had carelessly packed all Ethel's clothes instead of her own.

If you live in a tent, there is always a chance that the tent may collapse on your head in the night. This adds a bit of tang to one's sleeping hours. But the greatest adventure of all is

to try to get a meal on the wrong shift. At C. C. this is comparatively tame, like quoits or croquet, but at Silver Bay it is more of a major sport, and requires a great deal of brains. How to make a blue button look like a red—that is the question. Al used to cover up the button entirely, merely sticking her thumb under her collar with a nonchalant, superior air. It worked—sometimes. Betty Hall used to hide behind Judy's skirt; Abby found a patch of bleeding-hearts, which when shown quickly, could pass for a button. But Dottie had the prize method. She smiled her sweet smile, and, like the Lorelei of old, charmed the door-keeper into a trance until she was safely thru the portals!

So if you would start your vacation with a bit of zip, go to Silver Bay.
 RACHEL SMITH.

"FOLLOW THE GLEAM."

The Silver Bay song, "Follow the Gleam," printed elsewhere in this issue, embodies for me much of the meaning of Silver Bay. As it was sung by the Bryn Mawr girls one dusky "blue evening," it fairly hurt with its beauty. Silver Bay does that—not only with its physical beauty, but its spiritual beauty, for there is no denying the "spirit of Silver Bay," much as we may tire of hearing it. The romance of "Follow the Gleam," is part of it, for there is romance in the realization that we are of a world-sorority of students, all with the same experiences and dreams and ideals. And it is at Silver Bay that we actually touch this group.

But the big things at Silver Bay are the vision and the challenge that we find in this song. They are indefinite words, but very definite feelings. At college we often are so lost in work, or in theories, or in having a good time that we are indifferent to any religious feelings. In our passion for realism we become superficial and cannot see

beneath the surface. We sometimes feel as though it were rather a desirable thing to become cynical and unhappy and say that life has no meaning. But secretly we know that we are still looking vainly for something deeper, and at Silver Bay, if not before, we find that life has a meaning. Great men and women—people of intellect and ability and faith—help us to see that our lives have a purpose and a possibility, and that there is a Power outside of ourselves that gives harmony and reason to the things we do.

And from this realization we feel the challenge to make the most of our lives and to fulfill their purpose. We begin to see life in its relation to college and to the world more objectively and more clearly; and the desire to be worthy and useful is strengthened.

There is no wild emotionalism at Silver Bay. Things are presented sanely and reasonably, but with a fine appeal that is irresistible. And you come away feeling that at last you have found a gleam to follow.

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**"WE LARFED AND
LARFED."**

Us 'n' Spunk, we was takin' a buggy ride up Fort Ticonderoga way. Spunk and Ethel Mason, they was sitting on the front seat with the buggy driver—he was there too—you know the type—a horny-handed, big-hearted son of the soil with a fever and adenoids. "Aain't nature grand!" cooed Spunk, squeezing the hand nearest where her hand was at.....

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

But us in the stern of the buggy, we larfed and larfed—that hand wasn't Ethel's at all! '23.

WHO GOES TO SILVER BAY, AND WHY?

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.)
the Chinese delegation, or the quiet scholarly talk by the Brahman sister (who is not yet willing to accept Christianity and shows us some of the beautiful strong points in the religions of other peoples)—from each and every one we gain that none are "foreigners" at Silver Bay but all are related with common problems and joys, and that each one is filled with the same purpose to go out and spread abroad the message of Silver Bay, the brotherhood of man. '21.

SILVER BAY.

Blurry mountains enclosing a restless, whitecapped lake on whose shores a multitude gather from far and wide for inspiration, instruction and companionship—Silver Bay.

**DIVERSIONS OF C. C-ITES
AT SILVER BAY.**

Dottie Greg—Holding delegation meetings far into the lightless hours of the night and continuing same through partition—with Miss Butler as audience.

Ray—Leading the "Tuneful Ten" when C. C. burst forth into song.

Al—Doing the athletic—from mock baseball games starring "Daisy" who caught everyone's fancy, to rainy hikes up Sunrise Mountain at four of the morn.

Edith Smith—Petitioning conferences with the learned.

Evelene—Shaking her delegation for the zest of friendly communion with others.

Jeanette Sperry—Laughing loudly and long at her latest funny story.

Betty Hall—Making embarrassing remarks, viz:—To the Dean of Bryn Mawr,—“Gee, lady, I wish the kids back home could hear you.”

Judy—Impersonating the man as usual. (Mr. Mitchner) And a “salt and pepper” is almost as becoming as a “tuc.”

Ethel Mason—Locking up her bathing suit so she wouldn't have to “dip.”

but could indulge in her usual afternoon nap and book.

Alby—Eating chocolate procured from the little store. (Blessed little store.)

GLIMPSES OF GLORIOUS DAYS.
(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

thrills of a gallop along the bluffs of Lake George, of tennis, of rowing, of singing together, of Stunt day and the rest. It would take forever and a day. They are things we shall never forget. They are worth more than gold, these days of work, play, and comradeship. We cannot tell you more; we can only point the way. If you would have happiness rare, come with us to Silver Bay. E. H. '22.

**MOUNT HOLYOKE'S PRIZE
SONG.**

As we sing together 'neath old sunrise Mountain
And the dusk comes creeping near
o'er the silvery waters,
We sing songs that cheer us,
We have dear friends near us,
We all know that spirit—
Silver Bay.

Here is love that quiets us when cares
fast surround us,
Here is faith that holds us firm when
we might have faltered,
Here is joy unending—here is hope
eternal,
This all makes that spirit—
Silver Bay.

**THE CHALLENGE AND THE
PROMISE.**

(Concluded from page 1, column 2.)
And then you discover yourself in the midst of a little community, on the shores of a lake whose clear waters glisten with the rays of the sunlight or grow dark and mysterious in the shadows cast by the encircling foothills of the Adirondacks. This community is peopled with eight hundred students fired with the zeal of life and an enthusiasm for work and play. The leaders of the Community are the choicest men and women of the thinking and working world. Coming from the rush of business and struggle of living, they are joyously happy and fairly throbbing with eagerness and enthusiasm to tell you that there is a place for you in the world and that the world wants you, but wants you only on condition that you remain true to your ideals which you suddenly discover are going to bring the greatest happiness to yourself and to all mankind if you can have the strength to make them real and vital. And so there comes to you the challenge and promise of Silver Bay—the challenge of a Christian life of friendship, and love, of loyalty and service, and the promise of the greatest happiness the world can give, a final satisfaction in a life well lived.

When you sail down the waters of Lake George, you do not leave Silver Bay behind you for wherever you may go its challenge and its promise will follow you, as the challenge and the promise of the lights will follow us all our lives! E. T. '21.

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