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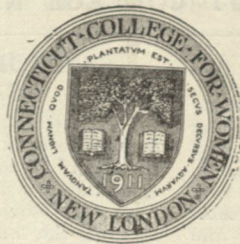
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PROM PERFORMANCE OF "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

Given By Dramatic Club.

May 4th the Dramatic Club presented for the first time in the College Gymnasium, Bernard Shaw's farcical comedy: "You Never Can Tell."

The play does not rank among the author's best, but, written at the age of forty, it reveals, nevertheless, in natural, easy sparkling dialogue, the amazing versatility, the mordant sagacity of one of the most penetrating critics of our time, one who "says irrefutable things that hurt."

For a group of college students to attempt the presentation of one of Shaw's works was daring. But the Dramatic Club was wise in its choice; perhaps the "pleasant play" selected occupies exactly the line beyond which amateur possibilities cannot reach.

It was necessary to shorten the text, for, as the coach—praise to her; she did remarkably well—said to me: "You cannot expect our guests to listen to us longer than two hours and a half." The "cuts" occurred in the second and third (III-IV) acts, and, unfortunately, deprived the audience of some of Shaw's most trenchant strokes, blurring at the same time the background, where two generations of efforts, social illusions, "conventional" traditions and "progressive" novelties slowly pass before the stage-reflector.

The staging was as effective as could be desired under well-known handicaps. The dentist's operating room was convincing, and the terrace of the Marine Hotel, with its parapet and the suggestion of cliffs and sea, lovely. For this achievement, the designer deserves high praise.

Throughout the performance it was plain that due attention had been given even to small details. No jarring notes on the stage; the music off stage added warmth and life to the action. In general, the costumes harmonized in color and in taste, so that the "ensemble" pleased the eye and delighted the mind. The one adverse criticism to present in this connection relates to the mistakes committed by at least two "men" in the cast, who quietly talked to the ladies, their hands in their pockets or their legs crossed in a carelessness manner, which English circles of the year of grace 1896—old-fashioned and despicable to-day, I will admit, but then we must keep to the time portrayed—would have been deemed insufferable. There was also a pair of soles, lady's shoes fortunately, which exposed their full dark gray, nervous surface under a table which failed to protect them. But that is nothing.

Now to the characters: If it is fair to begin with the one in the cast who, in the judgment of a professional, would probably stand out as being the happy possessor of a natural bent toward interpretative art,—an inkling only, but is that not enough to deserve our attention?—the first place must be given to Miss Eugenia Walsh. This, let me say at once, is no reflexion on the others. We are not artists. We are pupils who want to learn, to approach human figures, the real and the

Continued on page 3, column 3.

College Elections For 1923-1924.



Kathryn Moss 1924, has been elected Editor-in-Chief of the *Connecticut College News*. Her interests throughout her college career have been literary. In her Sophomore year she served as Secretary of the Press Board and as a reporter for the *News*. This year she has continued her activities with the *News Staff* as an Associate Editor. We look to her to meet her new responsibilities with leadership worthy of the trust committed to her.

Olivia Johnson 1924, will be *News* Editor. She has been both a reporter and an Associate Editor of the *News*, and is a member of the *Quarterly Staff*. Miss Johnson is very well qualified for the position.

CLASS PRESIDENTS CHOSEN.

At regular class meetings held this week presidents of the Senior, Junior and Sophomore classes were elected for next year. Catherine Holmes will be president of 1924, Margaret Ewing of 1925, and Helen Farnsworth of 1926.

Guests and Girls Stage Battle at Baseball.

It was a battle of giants when the Juniors played baseball with the Prom men. "Two strikes and you're out; run backwards half-way to the bases," were the handicaps placed upon the men; but even so the score was 19 to 10 in their favor at the end of the game. Long hits which the outfielders almost caught, galloping bases, easily caught flies, and line-line-line characterized the men's playing. Against this the girls put up a spirit of earnest determination, threw carefully, pitched and ran well, but it was a losing fight.

The spectators crowded around in wonder and delight, laughed at everything, cheered for everybody, and enjoyed and sunburned themselves thoroughly. The National game, as always, gave joy to all concerned.



Janet Crawford 1924, is next year's Service League President. She has done active work in the League ever since she has been in college, and last year served as Treasurer. At present she is a member of the committee of undergraduates of women's colleges which is preparing the program for the Silver Bay Conference. Her deep interest in the work and her ability are certain to enable her to make next year a very successful one for the Service League.

A. A. PRESIDENT.

Amy Hilker has always been a leader in athletics in 1924, and is well fitted to be President of A. A. She has served on A. A. Council, and is familiar with the inside work. Her leadership and executive ability have been demonstrated in her work with the Freshmen this year.

DRAMATIC CLUB PRESIDENT.

The Dramatic Club has chosen Virginia Eggleston, 1924, for its next President. Possessed of unusual dramatic talent, ability to coach plays, and the valuable experience gained as President during the first half of this year, she is sure to direct the affairs of the Club with even greater success than before.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY OBSERVED AT COLLEGE.

By proclamation of Governor Templeton:

"To the end that nature's beauty and nature's bounty may be preserved to us, I request that this day be observed in the schools and elsewhere in such manner as will accomplish the purpose of this proclamation."

The day was observed at college particularly by the Botanical and Zoological departments. Two field trips were taken at nine A. M. and three P. M. and bird walks at six-thirty in the morning and six-thirty at night.

NEW LIBRARY DEDICATED AT MAY DAY CHAPEL EXERCISES.

Mr. Palmer Makes Dedication
Speech.

Bright sunshine, singing birds, gladness in the hearts of everybody. Thus dawned May Day.

On this first day of May Chapel Exercises were held out of doors, and the Palmer Library was formally dedicated. At nine o'clock the college assembled in front of the new grey stone building. The Faculty in full academic regalia mounted the steps, the choir grouping at the foot and the rest of the student body gathered near them in semi-circle.

After hymns of joy and praise, and psalms, and prayer full of the gladness of god in Nature, Mr. George S. Palmer, the donor of the building, made the speech of presentation. In closing, Mr. Palmer said that if the Library became a source of inspiration to noble thoughts and deeds it would have accomplished its purpose. He then presented the keys of the building to President Marshall.

President Marshall in behalf of the faculty and students gracefully accepted the magnificent gift. Miss Crawford, the Librarian, then told how adequately this new Library is satisfying the needs of the college.

And now on the highest point of land on campus towers a Library—our Library. It is a shrine devoted to the master minds of all ages, and it mutely calls us to worship.

Juniors Enjoy Their Prom.

There was a stir of excitement on campus and an abstraction of thought in the class room when that long-dreamed-for, planned-for day at last arrived—to speak more correctly, Friday, May 4th, or the first day of Junior Prom.

Motors filled with laughing gay girls and men flashed upon campus. As the night slowly dropped over the hill-top happy couples all turned in the direction of the gym. The Dramatic Club's first presentation of Shaw's "You never can Tell" opened the activities of the week end. After the play dancing was enjoyed till one-thirty.

The next morning the sun still favored us with his smiling face and '24 felt that he was showing honor to them after his behavior in previous years. At 10.30 girls and men in gay sport togs made brilliant the athletic field. All were eager to see the girls beat the men in baseball. But even under heavy handicaps we must admit that the men outplayed the girls and deserved the higher score.

That afternoon the tea dance was held in Bulkeley Auditorium. It had been opened to both Sophomores and Freshmen so that the proceeds might be divided between the Relief Fund for Greek children and C. C. Endowment Fund. The music was furnished by Witstein's orchestra.

Continued on page 4, column 2.

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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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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Kathryn Moss '24

Marion Vibert '24

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Dean Nye

Temporary Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Kathryn Moss '24

NEWS EDITOR

Olivia Johnson '24

THE RIGOROUS GAME.

"A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game." This was the celebrated wish of old Sarah Battle (now with God) who, next to her devotions loved a good game at whist. Thus Lamb introduces his famous old eccentric who detested those "who do not play cards, but only play at playing them."

Our hearth is clean. Those who preceded us have seen to that by leaving to us the management of the *News*, a paper, which by means of much thought and work, is sound from a journalistic and a business standpoint. It remains for us to see that the fire is clear, that is, that we endeavor to fulfill the purpose of the paper by clear thinking and skillful reflection of our college life and thought. In the endeavor to do that is the rigour of the game.

We called Mrs. Battle an eccentric, but if such she were, we can only hope that such eccentricity may speedily overtake us of the *News* Staff, for Mediocrity is that thing from which we wish most constantly to flee. Only the vital force, the fire of constant, intelligent effort can keep us from playing at this task, certainly not an easy one.

It has been said that there is no real need for the *News*. We cannot believe that. Like any organ of the Press, it has an inestimable two-fold opportunity; it may both reflect and guide the opinion of those for whom it exists, and as long as people think, there is need for the reflection of their thought. The skillfully managed journal, by means of the mere recording of opinion, cannot but guide further opinion.

Assuredly the *News* does not exist for the Staff alone, but for the whole college body. We can make of it a journal, consisting of the record of news and opinion, and including material of real literary worth only if all of us understand the opportunity of the rigour of the game.

ONE WORD MORE.

Once more and for the last time we appear in print,—we, the outgoing Board. It is with a measure of regret that we let fall the reins which we have held so long—the holding

of them has become a habit, hard and fast, and not easily broken.

But we are content in the knowledge that these same reins are going into capable hands. It is to the new staff, then, that we now write, to welcome them, to wish them the best of success as they start out on their venture. They are fresh, eager and vigorous—full of ideas and plans for the coming year. We know that with fresh energy and new talent the *News* will be greatly enlivened and improved.

It is not necessary to review what we have done, and what we have left undone. Readers can judge for themselves, for they have witnessed our successes and failures. To the readers we would say, "Support the *News* and cooperate with it. Write for it. Encourage it. In large measure its success depends on you and your contributions. Be a friend to the *News* and it will be a friend to you."

And to the new staff we would add "Have an ideal of what you want the *News* to be, and always strive toward that one goal. Make the *News* a real newspaper in so far as is possible. And, when you criticize, make your criticisms just and fair."

FREE SPEECH.

[The Editors of the *News* do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.]

To the Editor: We have been in possession of our library now for several weeks, it has been formally dedicated and there is not one of us that is not grateful for its existence, but—and here perhaps we should almost be ashamed to say "but" and yet—well, let's out with it—but why is there no ink there? Is not a building whose very reason for existence is to be of service to the students, and what student is there who can work without ink, and whose pen never runs dry?

We should hate to see spots and splatters over the virgin freshness of table and floor, but we do not seem to remember any black floods in the old library. Will we be less careful in our new quarters? After all, they considered us old enough to use ink safely when they let us into college.

When one is taking notes on a long outside reading, engrossed, and working against time, it seems hardly fair that all work must be dropped and the thirsty pen taken a far journey to the oasis in the basement of New London. If such is expected of the students I am afraid that those who expect it will meet disappointment. Human frailty will rather bid us ask oil of the wise virgins about us, and the transfer of ink from one pen to another is much more dangerous than the transfer of ink from a bottle to a pen. An inkwell could be sunk in the basement, we believe, with safety, and would be a material aid to truly profitable use of the library.

As we read the little warning on the door now we feel rather as tho we were about to enter an obsolete parlor, where newspapers are spread to save the carpet, where shades are drawn to save the wall paper, and where all the saving is artificial and absurd. We do not plead for abuse of the library, but we do want free use of it.

'24.

Oxford—Dean Inge of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has declared that out of 2,600 women who have been students at Oxford University only 657 have married. The rest are supposed to have taken vows of perpetual maidenhood. But, he added, "When I walk through the streets of Oxford and observe the very attractive-looking young students. . . I cannot believe that such a large proportion of them can be so hard-hearted as to ignore the other sex."

A SHOE SHINE IN A SALOON.

I glanced at my wrist watch. Fifteen minutes still before our appointed meeting. I knew I needed a shine, and a shame-faced glance at the Jersey mud still clinging to my shoes transformed the knowledge into a determination. I must have a shine. But where was the courtier who served at this throne upon the sidewalk? I was shy to ask any one of the young Italians standing about, for how could I distinguish proprietor, from customer, here on First Avenue?

I addressed a stocky youth who stood by, couching my question with polite ambiguity.

"Can I get a shine here?"

"You want a shine?"

"Yes."

"You wait, I see."

He disappeared through the door behind him, into what had formerly been the corner saloon. A moment, and he came out again, followed by a slim youth in a high-waisted blue suit, with an intended-to-be-white shirt.

"Would you mind stepping inside, madam?"

There was genuine polite solicitation in the manner. I decided I would not mind; so I followed him through the door, amused at myself, and with a pleasant sense of mild adventure.

The air was heavy with bad cigar-smoke. A man in an O. D. service sweater (perhaps one I had knitted) was adding to the foulness with a Lucky Strike, but stopped smoking as I came in. Otherwise he took no cognizance of me, though he passed a few remarks with my boot-black while he worked.

The old bar was as perfect as in Act I of "Anna Christie." On the shelf behind it were scores of turned-down goblets of all sizes and shapes. A few very pre-Volstead looking bottles stood on the small, glass-doored shelves. The "brass" rail was not brass, but appeared to be lead piping. Spittoons stood at convenient intervals on the very dirty floor. The great, greenish plate-glass mirror at the back of the bar reflected stocky Italians bending and rising over dishes of macaroni in the back room. At intervals a quite-too-perfect bar-tender, stout, with bushy gray hair, came in and fetched them bottles.

As I sat enthroned my eyes were delighted by a study of three colored prints hung on the opposite wall. The lower one showed Johnson and Jeffries in the ring. The negro's body faded to a dull green. Above, two bathing beauties ogled stalwart heroes, one with a grand pink stripe worn diagonally across his bathing jersey, like a diplomat's ribbon. The mighty green wave toppling behind them seemed not to concern them at all.

The last explosive snap of the shoe rag told me the job was finished. I slipped the thin silver coin into the grimy hand, stepped through the door held open for me, and bent an approving glance on my toes, which shone, now, in answer to the spring sun.

THE BAKER'S PUNS.

Girl Wanted (in a bakery)—A rising young woman from the (y)east, must be floury in speech, well bre(a)d and not inclined to loaf, not yet mixed up, be pie-us and sober. To such a one her dough will be paid every night. Any suitable young girl able to crack (er) jokes and kneading this job may apply to Miss Lady Finger or Luke Warmwater.

Doughnut apply unless well recommended. One preferred who can roll up and turn over bun-dles so quickly as to take the cake, but not be tart, snappy, crust-y or puff-unctory in her conduct.—Ex.

WHAT WOULD SHE WEAR?

There was a girl whose name was Peg She always wore a wooden leg.

When winter came she would not stir Unless she wore her leg of fir.

In swimming Peg was quite a peach In snappy little leg of beech.

When Peg was dressed up like the deuce She proudly wore a leg of spruce.

Some new legs came for Peg. She looked—

"Gosh, all hemlock!" she cried, "I'm rooked!"

—Vassar.

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ALUMNAE.

Hartford Busy With Endowment Plan.

The Hartford Chapter met at the Y. W. C. A. on Saturday, April 21, 1923. In the absence of Miss Pomeroy who has been ill, Miss Winona Young presided at the business meeting.

Endowment Fund plans were again foremost in all minds and the district chairman was called upon for a report on 10-10-10. Since a report had been sent from college during the week to all alumnae, the chairman merely emphasized some of the figures, showing that a large number from the Hartford District had not been heard from at all. Everyone was urged to send in her choice of method and her list of 10-10-10 donors immediately and we hope by the time this report has reached the *News* every Hartford girl will have accounted for herself—in a way to be proud of.

Chapter activities were then discussed. It was voted to run a "children's movie" some Saturday during May—the affair to be arranged for by the Entertainment Committee. It was voted to give at least one bridge during May and Mrs. Abbie Carley was appointed to take charge of this affair. Organ recitals were discussed since we wished to bring to Hartford the privilege of hearing one of the C. C. concerts. It was voted that the Entertainment Committee see what arrangement could be made for a Sunday afternoon organ recital in some central church. We were all warned that before next meeting we should undoubtedly be called upon to do our bit on one of these propositions and all present were sure that there would be plenty of willing helpers.

Having thus dedicated ourselves to a large order of work next month we turned with pleasure to the delicious ice cream and cakes which Zevely Green, Emma Whippert, and Winona brought forth. We had a chance to chat with "Cash" Cone who was spending the week-end with Zevely, and to admire the pictures of Edith Sykes Gaberman.

A Suggestion.

Though the year is almost over, undoubtedly you are wondering *what* has become of one of your classmates; for you've seen no notice of her whereabouts in the column—and you haven't been corresponding.

Why not send questions to the *News*? Then we could have a question and answer box, if you like. The occupations and addresses are filed at C. C. and we'll try to get full particulars for you.

Aren't there some ex-members of your class who have vanished from your knowledge? Ask us! Are there some with whom you've kept in contact? Then send us news of their doings.

Here stands a high-power motor, in perfect condition. In the driver's seat is one who can take your car wherever you like. You are eager to reach your destination—and quickly, too. Expectantly you take your place, impatiently waiting. But the car will not start. Perseveringly, the driver shifts gears, pushes buttons, struggles and strains in vain. *There is no gasolene.*

You have the car at your disposal. We are only too willing to take you wherever you want to go. Our only stipulation is that *you* furnish the gasolene. We cannot run this column on "hot air!"

May we take the liberty to repeat the request for alumnae contributions to the June issue. We must have about ten thousand words (10,000) at least. Send us

1. Poems.
2. Stories.

3. Jokes.
 4. Photographs and snapshots.
 5. Cartoons.
 6. Excerpts from letters from other alumnae.
 7. Weddings, engagements, names and birthdays of our second generation.
 8. Reminiscences.
 9. Funny experiences you have had.
 10. Anything original that we haven't mentioned. And suggestions for anybody else.
- Pictures must be in not later than the 10th.
Other material the 15th or 20th of May at the latest. Address,
N. JULINE WARNER,
44 Washington Apartments,
Paterson, N. J.

Harvard—Since its earliest foundation Harvard has stood for the principle of no discrimination among students or entrants upon the grounds of race or religion. Recently arguments were presented for a modification of this policy, but when the question was put to vote the Overseers were unanimous in their decision to adhere to the old liberal principle. Arbitrary limitation of the number of students, and a policy of giving preference to the sons of graduates among applicants for entrance were also voted down, so that the one standard for Harvard men remains as it always has been—excellence in scholarship.

PROM PERFORMANCE OF "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

Continued from page 1, column 1.

illusory, through contact with profound observers. If we can count in the whole college three or four students who distinguished themselves by promise in the direction of future creation or talented interpretation, we can justly consider ourselves rich. Dolly Clandon is not without resemblance to Suzanne de Villiers. The two parts were admirably adapted to Miss Walsh's temperament, and Dolly was superior to Suzanne. She was charming, graceful, irresistible. She was the "darling little creature of a later generation" Bernard Shaw intended.

Gloria's part is difficult, almost too difficult. I looked in vain on our campus for a possible interpreter, a girl who would have been able to betray, behind an icy exterior, the conflict of passion and pride which is the key to her haughty character. The love scene was flat. The author's Voltarian smile did not crystallize when the girls "Twentieth Century Education" collapsed before Valentine's simple, threadbare, but up-to-date attempt. And yet, Alma Davis deserves recognition. She is, this is obvious, a serious-minded worker. She felt deeply too, no doubt, and she was genuine, sincere, from beginning to end. But, to say that she is too young for the part does not cover her case. She seems to be unable to "suggest," and her reserve probably forbids her to express that which, on the stage, is indispensable.

For those who did not know the play, Mrs. Clandon was, I am certain, excellent. I, too, I acknowledge it, was impressed. Sometimes, in observing her attitudes or in listening to her words, one forgot the stage to watch life. But, in fairness to the author, we are obliged to say that Helen Barkerding's very personal interpretation was not correct, and upset the balance of the whole. It was difficult to see, in the fashionable, attractive woman represented, one who had "evidently followed the old tribal matronly fashion" and "might almost be suspected of wearing a cap at home." This is important, for there was no contrast between the two generations, no difference between the mother and Gloria,

Continued on page 4, column 1.

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FROM PERFORMANCE OF "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

Concluded from page 3, column 3.

no evolutionary movement from the pioneer to her child, no undertow impressing the mind with a realization of the eternal passing of things. McComas says to Mrs. Clandon: "We're old-fashioned, the world thinks it has left us behind. There is only one place in all England where your opinions would still pass as advanced." Mrs. Clandon: "The Church, perhaps?" McComas: "No, the theatre."

Katherine Wells made a good maid. Inconspicuous, and keeping most fitly to her place, she was noticeable because of her pleasant appearance and the simplicity of her manner.

Having expressed our candid opinion on the feminine characters, let us turn to the stronger sex.

It is awkward, we must admit, to depend upon young ladies to present masculine figures. A Tech-boy who came to the Prom told me it was much better to have men in girl's parts. I doubt it. Well, these preliminaries are intended to soften the statement that, to my mind, Elizabeth Merry was the only one in the cast who, at times, did not betray the lamb under the wolf's clothing. The dentist was too young, not thirty-one but eighteen. We had the same difficulty with Roger de Ceran. Apparently, Miss Merry cannot be made to look the age she is supposed to be. But she plays well and with perfect understanding. In spite of his youthful looks, Mr. Valentine successfully conveyed the idea of an unconcerned dentist, who waits for a clientele still potential, and whose chief interest lies in life's adventures.

The role of Fergus Crampton is perhaps the heaviest the Dramatic Club attempted so far. Olivia Johnson has studied it carefully and gave of it a most praiseworthy presentation. The bad temper, the obstinancy, the dogmatic callousness of the personage on one side; his sensitiveness, the wretchedness and anxiety of his suffering soul on the other; all these complex elements were brought before us in the voice, the attitudes, the drawn face, the incivility and abruptness, the unfashionable attire of the actor. To this end, much thought and much rehearsing must have been necessary.

Philip Clandon and his twin sister formed an exquisite pair. Philip's hands were too small (Miss Bassevitch will not object); his gestures, unmistakably womanly. But Greuze and Watteau would have nodded in approval before these two children well made to pose for an eighteenth century French artist. And now, the groan again: this "handsome man in miniature" had not the "perfect manners and the finished personal style" which were required by the play. Only, in Philip's case, it was comparatively unimportant.

McComas also was satisfactory, but he was not at his best. There was much in him that distinctly reminded one of Kit Barniger. McComas and Kit

are second cousins, it may be argued, but there are sharp differences too, and they were not brought out as well as Eileen Fitzgerald could have done it. McComas is a man whom public opinion would easily put in the upper half, and, in the play, he gave too obvious signs of childish weakness.

Not so with balmy William. Miss Ramsay was magnanimous, prompt and officious, pleased with existence, the other and the self, silly and tactful, happily unconscious when occasion demanded, pompous, incorruptible and sweetly indulgent. But this ineffable waiter had not brought up his son well. Bohun, in fact, was no credit to him. He did not seem to grasp the importance of his part, and I have a suspicion that he did not know his lines to perfection. Had the barrister any definite theory as to what he was meant to be? Did he force his listeners on the stage and the audience in the room to recognize themselves by throwing away the mask of conventional lies? His entry was a failure, his appearance hybrid. He sometimes addressed the wrong person. He did not fit into the picture. He was not impressive and displayed no power of logic. He could not have scared anyone and seemed a harmless jester cracking jokes.

On the whole, last Friday's performance was a very good one; one which makes sincere and constructive criticism a pleasure and a duty. It represented serious and intelligent work. It was in the full sense of the word a success. The lesson yet to be learned is the import of the author's own suggestions on points which may seem trivial; for these suggestions are indispensable to a real understanding of the play. ALCESTE.

JUNIORS ENJOY THEIR PROM.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

All day Juniors—yes, some Sophomores too—(thanks to them) were busy engaged changing the work-a-day gym into a fairyland of softly flowing poppy-strewn draperies. Over the brown canopy were stretched salt sea fish nets in which gay poppies smiled down in all their cheerfulness of Norwegian colors. As the couples arrived their attention was caught by the sight of the Viking Ship proudly anchored upon the table at the back of the stage, distinct against the dark velvet background. The soft lights, the music, perfect in tone and spirit, and the filmy background for the poppied world gave a delightful setting and atmosphere for the brilliant colored gowns and the contrasting conventional black figures that surged around and around the enchanted room. The hours sped by, and the cry for "more" was indulgently answered. But the hands of the clock pointed to half past eleven, to the sorrow of all, came "good night ladies" and the music ceased. The orchestra could not be induced to play even "just one more." Slowly the couples surged out and scattered, and then disappeared before the fateful midnight hour.

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