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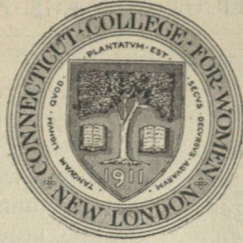
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PROF. CARLTON J. HAYES

Tells Important Effects of Great War

Classes were suspended during the 3 o'clock period, Friday, Apr. 30th, in order that the student body should have the advantage of hearing Professor Carlton Hayes speak on "The History of the Great War." Professor Hayes is at present acting head of the department of history at Columbia University and the well-known author of the two large volumes of Modern European History. It was through the efforts of the History Club that Prof. Hayes' visit to the college was planned.

In taking up his subject, Prof. Hayes brought out the fact that there was now a new idea in the study of history. Years ago, history was viewed merely as an "antiquarian delight"—then followed the theory that students principally of the type largely endowed with curiosity took up this study. History next came to be looked upon as a purely disciplinary subject, like mathematics. But the present-day conception is the most important, and that is that historical research has utilitarian use. Light can be obtained upon present problems from the nature and solution of those in the past.

For years to come, we shall be dealing with problems that grow out of the Great War. Some may have a tendency to overestimate changes in boundaries, but they are the people who have "map-itis." The historian sees the meanings of the war as the culmination of five great developments. The first of these is nationalism; the kind we find in our country goes under the term of "Americanism" Opposite to this is the extreme nationalism of the Germans. Then there is the growth of capitalistic imperialism, which is the competition to obtain large financial gain from undeveloped territories. The rivalry of the various countries and the tendency toward monopolies, leads quickly to discontent, as for example, France's handling of the Moroccan question, which caused foreign jealousy and interference. Finally, the development of intolerable social conditions, especially those existing in

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WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS

The Reverend Dr. Calkins of Cambridge, Mass., spoke in convocation on Tuesday, May 4, on "The Kind of Person the Present Age Needs." Dr. Calkins has spoken many times at Silver Bay and is a popular speaker at several colleges. He remarked in the beginning of his talk that he had visited Connecticut College once before the present occasion when the college was closed but had been interested in it, and some of the girls whom he met later at Silver Bay, to an extent that an invitation to talk here was most welcome to him.

Dr. Calkins named five characteristics which in his opinion the right kind of a person for this age needs. The first characteristic was the possession of fundamentally unselfish instincts by such a person; we must have people who go around seeing what they can do for the world and not what they can get out of it, is Dr. Calkins' belief. In his opinion, extravagant people in these times are mere nobodies and the remarks of Philip Brooks that "People come to true greatness when they realize that their lives belong to their race and not to themselves, is very significant. He emphasized the fact that colleges are made to turn out unselfish people with an overwhelming civic interest, and poise; the graduate who lives a selfish life after he leaves college is a traitor to the principles upon which his college was founded.

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SILVER BAY AT C. C.

On Monday evening, May 3, Miss Mary E. Weisel, student secretary of the Northeastern Field for the Y. W. C. A. addressed the students on the subject of Silver Bay. Miss Weisel explained the purpose and plan of Silver Bay, illustrating with a description of a typical day at the conference. As she talked she made the spirit of the conference strongly felt in her audience, for she brought Silver Bay right to C. C.

The conference will be in June the 15th-the 25th. In a very short time the list will be posted in New London Hall for all those who wish to attend the conference to sign up.

'22 GOES A-MAYING

At exactly five-thirty on the rainy morning, Saturday, May the 1st, every Sophomore opened sleepy eyes, yawned, remembered that there was important business on hand, and forthwith arose with alacrity.

Approximately one half hour later, the door of every Senior on campus became mysteriously adorned with a May basket. Such adorable and charming May baskets as they were—long stemmed roses of crimson, their hearts all golden with kisses, and, tied to each stem was a little verse. This is what it said:

"To '20"

Deep in the heart of a red, red rose
Golden our wishes lie,
Golden wishes for happiness
And thoughts of days gone by.
Take this rose with its heart of gold
May it ever be to you,
A symbol of loving friendship
To you from Twenty-two.

MAY DAY

In accordance with the Connecticut College traditions of celebrating May Day at seven o'clock in the morning, the Seniors, in caps and gowns marched from Blackstone to the steps of New London Hall where they sang the Latin May Day hymn "Hymnus Eucharistus," the College hymn and the College Alma Mater.

In spite of the early hour and the rain a number of guests of the students came to hear the singing.

At chapel hour, the usual May Day Service was held in the Gymnasium instead of out-of-doors according to the established custom. After the singing of a hymn, the responsive Service of Thanksgiving and Praise was read. The choir then sang "Send Out Thy Light" after which Edith Lindholm read the "Invocation" written by Dr. Sykes for the formal opening of the college. Following a prayer by President Marshall, the chapel services closed with the singing of a hymn.

Because of the rain, the program of the Freshmen for the afternoon was indefinitely postponed.

MUSICAL COMEDY GIVEN

Norwich the First to See College Production

The Musical comedy given for the first time at Slater Hall, Norwich was undoubtedly a huge success. The hall was packed to its full capacity and enthusiastic applause greeted the different numbers on the program.

Julia Warner, '23, in the title role captivated the feminine audience as well as the heart of Peggy, herself a charming leading lady in the person of Marie Antoinette Taylor, '22. Agnes Leahy, '21, as Toby, created many laughs and did some splendid acting. Grace Fisher, '22 as Rats McCarthy and the Genie received much applause.

The chorus of artists in orange smocks and black tams, carrying palettes was quite stunning. The Bobbed Hair chorus looked very jaunty in jockey costumes of red, green and white. The Gem chorus especially attracted attention in their pretty engagement ring dress. Other choruses were the Prohibition chorus, the Wedding Bell chorus, the Heart chorus, the Candle chorus and the Balloon chorus.

The comedy had many features in it worthy of a larger production. Henrietta Costigan, '20, in a Greek Bacchanale was graceful and altogether worthy of the hearty applause. She was also a very pretty figure in the Balloon Dance. The Slave Girls provided much of the atmosphere in the Oriental scene of the second act. Ruth MacDonald sang a very appealing love song. "Beautiful String Beans, By Gum," sung by Jenkins, the Butler (Lydia Marvin, '21) Rats McCarthy and Aladdin contained a knock on Norwich trolley cars.

The songs written by Bobby Newton, '21, were all that musical comedy music should be. "I've a Spot in My Heart for an Artist," "I'm a Roaming Romeo," and "Now It's Wedding Bells for Me," and "Wonderful One," were especially good. "O, O, Aladdin, You Stole My Heart," the feature song of the play will be on everyone's lips for some time.

The Book and Lyrics were written by Rachel Smith, '21. The

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

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Owing to the fact that the News competitions are not yet completed, the new staff is not yet announced although it is effectually in office.

THE WILL

We, that portion of the new staff which as yet "is", sit in the chair which is capable of turning in all directions and consider. And our shoulders sag under the responsibility of the valuable papers kept in an unlocked desk, of a quarter share in a popular typewriter, and the prospect of ever-growing bills. We call to mind the helpful counsel of our former chief and pray for an inspiration with which to launch our first responsible effort.

Then with a surge of relief we recall the "will" and realize that we are not left to drift alone but will receive help from the guiding hands of others. So, thankfully we adopt, C. C. always dif-

ferent," the campus, the sky, the river, and the weather.

C. C. Always Different

We admit that in many ways Connecticut College has won this distinction and we are flattered. But our hope is that she may not become indifferent to the News but will continue, even enlarge, her loyal support.

The Campus, the Sky and River

Of course we all admit that these are three of the points which contribute to the particular individuality of C. C. And not to be selfish with our bequest we give these subjects to you willing spirits to whom pencil and paper are an invitation to write. Here you have unlimited scope for effort fruitful in contributions to the News.

And the Weather

But that, we frankly admit, is beyond our ability to analyze. We can but hope for the best which, when it materializes, is indeed an inspiration. And as an inspiration we hope it will appeal to you whose thoughts on the campus, sky and river, are not expressible on paper. From you we hopefully look for your best.

BORES

Bores! The world is so infested with them that we are only too ready to offer our complaints. Grandmother in extenuation of these unfortunates says, "We cannot be all perfect, dear, try as we may." And mother adds, "Life is full of disappointments; have patience, child; be brave." But we say, "This unnatural forbearance cannot be; it must not be. Why should I be annoyed by anyone? Why should my patience be tried in this fashion? It is not right. It is not just. The burden is more than I can bear. There must be a solution." We move about in our little group of select friends and rave. "Such tiresome people! Really most annoying! I actually thought I should lose my mind listening to her. If only she would say something of interest, one might forget that voice, but as usual it was all talk about her marvelous man, her thrilling proposals, and all the things she knew 'from experience'. In my agony I could have screamed. Why must one's patience be tried in this manner? Why must there always be these pests with whom we must associate and to whom we must be nice? Is it our fate?"

Usually we speak of bores as people entirely outside our own type, but inasmuch as each and every one of us is a bore to some one else, something can be said from another point of view.

When these tiring people approach and commence the nagging which arouses in us the desire to scream and scream, very loudly too, we are informed with gentle remonstrance that we must have too much consideration for their sensitive natures to show our feelings openly. But this doctrine I maintain to be wrong. Since everyone is himself a bore to some other person and since he likewise suffers from being bored by another there ought to be a mutual understanding among people in regard to this subject. Why not scream when the bore approaches, a signal for her to keep her distance. She need not resent this sign of dislike, she might scream back at you or turn and scream at someone else. The attitude taken at such a time should indicate extreme agony. One should close the eyes, inhale, and contract every muscle of the body, then suddenly by an impulsive movement with head thrown back, arms outstretched, and eyes still closed, scream in anguish. A critic has suggested that at times there would be some confusion. For instance, at the opening of the college year when the college body assembles in the dining hall. In fact some to whom I outlined my scheme were so alarmed that they muttered their disapproval even when I assured them that after a few weeks the new students would naturally fall into their places, and that the screaming would die away and finally cease. For all those skeptical persons, still another suggestion has been offered, namely, the temperamental test. According to this method a group of about eight or ten girls would be chosen to represent the different types of students. The Freshmen would fall in line before them. Each one in turn would encounter the eight types represented by the chosen and scream loudly at all who bore her. Notes would be taken and a record kept of the likes and dislikes of each student. She would in due season receive a card which might read as follows: "Mary Blank—Classed with noise 3; bored by 7 and 2; in sympathy with 4; perfect harmony with 5. Assigned to North Cottage and Table 6.

In this way all those four types would be placed together. They would occupy the same dormitory, the same table. One's nerves would not be wrecked by the presence of a nagging room-mate. One would find soul-mates. One's sweet and charming disposition would remain forever intact. One's life would not be blighted. All would be harmony. All would be bliss.

—M. M., '23

ON BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

You are a Senior, and, much to your disgust, Fate has ordained that you sit for your photograph.

With a fervent prayer that it will take kindly to being tucked under your coat you don your one linen shirtwaist of many summers and winters. On the way over to Plant, you make the acquaintance of several underground springs of wonderful coolness. As one may know, wet feet are not conducive to a sweet temper and it is a decidedly acid countenance that looks at you from the mirror in the dressing-room. In fact, you scarcely recognize those features of thirty-odd year's acquaintance.

Crimps removed at the eleventh hour have effected a marvelous transformation; your ordinary meek wisps have swelled to enormous proportions; they rear themselves at every breath of air; a Medusa-like underbrush is the result. From this frame, your face peers out upon the world with a bewildered expression, as of one hopelessly lost.

You adjust three spears of this material (formerly hair) farther over your left eyebrow, and with the instinct of the true artist attempt to drape over your ears those two objects of your hourly solicitude, without which the present generation is rarely seen. You mould these in order that an exquisite bilateral symmetry may be obtained. In vain! Your outraged locks rebel; before your horrified eyes, they spread out—the left farther than the right by several centimeters, for all the world like huge, misshapen ears.

You are late. You must go. With a final hopeless pat, a final prayer, you enter the chamber of horrors. You find the presiding genius ready and waiting. It is very warm in the room. Furtively you remove a bead-like perspiration from the square inch of forehead exposed.

"I didn't like my last proofs, so I came again," you apologize incoherently. "In each of them I showed two teeth."

The green-clad genius laughs jovially. You decide you like him because he has a heart.

"What did you do—leave the rest of them on the piano?" he chuckles.

Then begins the usual fire of directions. Mindful of your former experience, you close your mouth with such firmness that it resembles a steel trap. You twist the various sections of your cranial regions as he bids you; your head and neck assume every conceivable angle in every conceivable direction. You never knew a

human head could turn so many ways. Sometimes it is rotated almost completely. When the last rays of human intelligence have left their headquarters temporarily, so that you turn knees when you should turn your head, the photographer comes to your aid, and screws the aforementioned head to meet requirements. You wonder wearily why he doesn't remove it entirely, so that he can clap it on wherever he wishes. "Would be so much simpler.

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Prof. Hayes Talks on the War

(Continued from Page 1, col 1)
Russia, added to the complexities of the war. Bolshevism would never have gained its foothold in Russia but for the old regime, which did not keep watch over conditions, or see that "its house was in order." The social classes must be brought together in a spirit of co-operation—The world needs a League of Nations.

Looking up the economic situation in which the war has left us we ask: "What has the war secured for political democracy?" First of all, we see that Republics have sprung up, as the more autocratic forms of government have been overthrown. Republics have replaced monarchies in Germany, Russia and many smaller states. Many new constitutions are also going into effect, constitutions guaranteeing personal liberty and Woman's Suffrage.

Prof. Hayes is certain that we are now waning away from extreme individualism, that the old ideas of the survival of the fittest and "devil take the hindmost" are disappearing. It is interesting to note that in the reconstruction programme issued by various parties and societies, that all agree in denouncing the idea of extreme individualism. It is necessary for us to find what we have in common—and what we can get out of society together. We as students must do some studying and thinking outside of college, and aid or help promote, even though it be in a small way, some project that is worth while and universal.

What the World Needs

(Continued from Page 1, col. 2)
In discussing the second characteristic of the kind of person the present age needs, faithfulness to whatever one undertakes, Dr. Calkins quoted the humorous saying that "Good people get tired of being good, faster than bad people get tired of being bad."

Dr. Calkins believes that people who enjoy "roughing it" in morals are the sort of people we need today. We need people who want to live dangerously, who would rather take risks than

keep to dead certainties and who believe that "Obstacles are things to be overcome."

Dr. Calkins says that we also need people with social sympathy, that is, people who feel the sufferings of those around them, and who consequently endeavor to relieve suffering. It is an unusual person who in the midst of beautiful scenery can think and feel about the deeper, more sorrowful aspects of the world.

The world also wants people who have a profound sense of spiritual values. Such a person will naturally be religious. Dr. Calkins believes that without a basic idea of God social science tends toward superficiality, and that the person who feels that he has been chosen by God for a task will not give it up until it is finished.

Dr. Calkins' address appealed to almost everyone in the audience and not a few left the Gymnasium with a sincere desire to make of themselves the kind of persons the present age needs.

Musical Comedy

(Continued from Page 1, col. 4)
story is as follows: Adam Ladd a Greenwich Village artist, through the will of a rich friend, will receive a large sum of money if he marries a certain Peggy Arden, whom he has never seen. Naturally he is rather disturbed over the proposition. The play opens in Ladd's studio with Peggy Arden and her mother expected at any moment. To help Ladd out of his dilemma Toby, his bosom friend suggests that the Princess Badroulbadour of the Follies be called in to dance and shock the ladies away. They arrive when only Toby is present to receive them. Peggy's "Mama," played by Jeanette Sperry, '22, who feels "strangely drawn" to everyone furnishes much of the comedy. Toby receives word that the Princess Bad cannot come and Peggy is induced to take the part. Ladd, without knowing she is Peggy Arden, falls in love with her as she dances for him. Ladd falls asleep and dreams he is "Aladdin" and the second act is placed in the kingdom of the Himuc of Hotfug Isle. Here Al-

addin wins the hand of the Princess Bad by the help of his wonderful lamp. The third act is again in Adam Ladd's studio. Peggy tells him that she not the Princess Bad at all, but Peggy Arden. Whereupon they become engaged and announce it to the studio party which gaily joins in the chorus "And Now It's Wedding Bells for Me."

The stage settings were very effective for which Emily Slaymaker, '23 and Jessie Bigelow, '23 deserve much credit. The costumes, under the supervision of Virginia Neimyer, '23, went a long way toward making the Comedy a success. The splendid way in which the Comedy as a whole was produced is due in great measure to Miss Blue who coached.

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ON GETTING BACK TO NATURE

These are the days when nature calls to us and we seek to escape from people and from the routine of our lives to be alone in the wilderness. I use the word "seek" advisedly. College festivities have been coming thick and fast of late, in the words of our Aladdin "things are bunching a bit" and we have had many guests among us. As a result of these circumstances I felt the call of the wild coming upon me and so I turned a weary face to Bolleswood to list to the purling brook, hark to the twittering bird, and generally commune with nature, and bathe my soul in the waters of solitude. I wandered along the road for a very short distance when I came upon a great rock beyond which projected a huge pair of feet. I hesitated for a moment, sighing. Alas! Mortals everywhere, another soul seeking solitude, thought I. Bravely I squared my shoulders and started hopefully on my way. My further approach to the boulder revealed another pair of feet, considerably smaller and wearing French heels. I was pained, and as I continued I averted my eyes, but one fleeting glance proved to me that Spring is, indeed, here. Soon there was unfolded before me a bit of woodland made to ease the aching spirit. With peace gradually stealing into my heart I sat down on a mossy bank and sank into a reverie. Soon, however, there came a sound of voices, one soft and loving, the other deep and romantic. Such a loathing welled up within me that I was not interested enough to sit still and listen. One glance told me that the voices did not belong to the feet. I growled and muttered to myself, "Who worries about the decreasing birth-rate when the world is so full of superfluous people! How can one decently satisfy the call of the wild when there are no wildernesses left—not even Bolleswood?" Beside the purling brook I came suddenly upon a tableau that would have made Theda pale, silhouetted on the cliff were two figures hand in hand. Never before had I appreciated the subtle color effects of red and brown until I came unex-

pectedly upon a red tam against a brown shoulder. Had I been a philosopher I might, instead of tearing my hair, have shrugged my shoulders and sighed, "What can you expect with diamonds so prevalent in our midst?" But instead I suffered and stumbled on still hoping, meeting disappointment in every shady corner and sheltered spot. At last I dropped, near fainting, on a bank of moss. Soon the note of a Pewee attracted my attention. "Dear little bird," I said, "now I am alone with nature at last." I looked eagerly in the direction of the song and then collapsed. For, lo! There were two pewees on the same bough! And so I staggered home and locked my door. The next time I feel the call of the wild I shall go and order rare steak at the Kosy Korner. This getting back to nature isn't all that it's cracked up to be — in Bolleswood, of a Sunday! !

ON BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

(Continued from Page 3, col. 1)

Ever and anon from the funeral folds of the instrument a muffled voice chuckles, "And she only showed two teeth."

Meanwhile the camera and you exchange long unflinching looks. At times you attempt a dreamy look, a pensive smile; then again, mindful of the two teeth, your jaws close and lock with a click. Other times, when you consider the state of your coiffure, which weighs upon your mind, literally as well as figuratively, you feel a look of agony distorting your features.

"All over," comes the voice again. You arise stiffly. You are glad. You rejoice that the ordeal is in truth actually over. Too late you discover, waving like the aigrettes of ladies of fashion, a long feathery creation of hair. But you do not care. Let it show in the picture if it so desires. You have been photographed, and you are happy. —E. N., '20.

Mud everywhere,
And not a chunk that's dry.
Mud black. Mud brown.
Mud of every hue.
Extricate us, or we die!
M. M. N., '23

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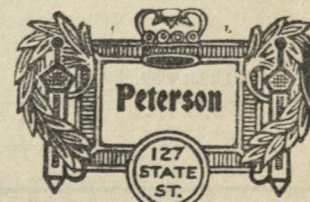
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