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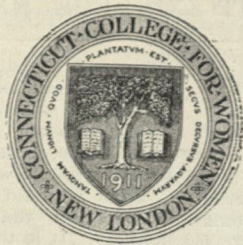
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Miss Wright

VOL. 6, No. 25

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MAY 6, 1921

PRICE 5 CENTS

PROFESSOR MYERS SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION.

"SOME CURRENT PROBLEMS OF HISTORY."

For Convocation Speaker on April twenty-sixth we were very fortunate in having Professor William Starr Myers of Princeton University who spoke on "Some Current Problems of History." Mr. Myers dealt particularly with problems of reconstruction in foreign countries and their ultimate influence on the United States. Speaking in a most forceful and earnest manner, he drove home the fact that out of the chaos of today, there will emerge the policies best adapted to the successful development of each country. In this connection he mentioned that it was possible and perhaps desirable that Germany might have a constitutional monarchy with a responsible ministry since her people are not yet trained in self-government, that she be forced to pay the war debt which otherwise the allies must assume.

Concerning a possible rupture between the United States and Japan, he said, it would be to the interest of Great Britain, through her alliance with Japan to make such a break a remote possibility—this effort she would further by supporting the Australian opposition to Japanese immigration, thereby robbing Australia of any reason to make a commercial alliance with the United States as a means of a retaliation.

Summing up the Russian situation, he commended Secretary Hughes for his note of refusal to open trade negotiations until as a nation they were able to guarantee production, which under the present form of government, they are not as yet able to do. He hopes ardently and believes that Bolshevism will be overthrown after which it will be the duty and desire of America to render all assistance possible to Russia in building up a government which would represent the Russian people.

Professor Myers is one of the best known lecturers on present day problems, and is yearly in demand at Columbia University, Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and various clubs.

MAY DAY SERVICES HELD.

Seniors Sing in Spite of Rain.

Instead of the Senior lament "Will it rain, rain, rain, all our four college years," we would substitute "will it rain, rain, rain on every college occasion!" Everyone awoke Sunday A. M. to the clang of the fire-bell, dashed out in the rain and then dashed in again to bewail the lack of sympathy on the part of the elements in supplying weather for May-day. Seniors' joy at the little gray flower-pots with ferns,—May baskets from the Sophomores,—helped them to bear the thought of holding May-day exercises beneath dripping umbrellas. However a goodly number gathered in spite of the weather, and the seniors in cap and gown on New London Hall steps sang lustily until, as if in answer, streaks of light appeared in the gray, murky clouds.

The May-day chapel service, so beautiful in its quiet dignity and simplicity, was held in the gymnasium at nine o'clock, instead of in the court between Plant and Blackstone as planned.

GIRLS CHOSEN FOR SOCIAL WORK.

Miriam P. Taylor '22 has been chosen to fill the scholarship offered by the Charity Organization Society of New York for a month's practical training in social work. She is well qualified for this position not only as a student in the department of Sociology, but also because of her experience in this line of work when for two months last summer she was Field Officer at the State Industrial School for Girls at Middletown. Moreover because of her various interests in the fields of writing music, sports, and dramatics she is well adapted to represent the college. Having shown her ability as Junior Cheer Leader and former vice-president of her class she will we are certain bring back much of her experience for the benefit of the college.

Marion Johnson '23, has been elected councillor for the period of eight weeks at the summer camp of the Christadora Settlement House, near Bound Brook, New Jersey. She has had two years' experience at a regular summer camp and is vitally interested in playground and settlement work. Her activities in class affairs, and excellent work in athletics—she holds the college record for high-jumping—have brought her into prominence. These being ideal assets for camp work, we have no doubt that Marion will prove an admirable councillor.

SERVICE LEAGUE ENTERTAINS AT LUNCHEON.

For Cabinet and Advisory Committee.

The Executive Committee of the Service League formally closed activities for the year on Saturday, April 30th, with a very delightful luncheon given at Thames Hall for the Cabinet and the Faculty Advisory Committee. President and Mrs. Marshall, Dean Nye, Dr. and Mrs. Kip, Dr. Holmes and Mrs. Wessel were present and Miss Evelene Taylor, the out-going president of the League, presided.

Dean Nye, the first speaker, said that in true service there was not only the desire to give, but also the possession of something really worth the giving. Mrs. Wessel emphasized the great possibilities of the League because of its ability to expand and to meet the ever-growing demands upon it. Dr. Holmes recalled some of the bright spots in the history of the League. Briefly she spoke of her trip to Silver Bay with the first delegation from the college, of its value to her, and her wish that other members of the Faculty could do likewise. In closing, she read a poem by Nann Clark Barr, a former English instructor here, which expressed in a beautiful way the "classic purpose" of the League. Dr. Kip, in his delightfully humorous talk, brought out the idea that life is an adventure; it offers opportunities on every hand, if they are but seen at the right moment. Miss Brader gave a short summary of the activities of the past year, and Miss Duncan, the incoming president, sketched plans for 1921-1922. President Marshall firmly asserted his faith in the League, his belief in a great future for it, and his appreciation of the work already accomplished.

The faculty dining-room was attractively decorated with bowls of apple-blossoms and dog-wood.

C. C. GRADUATE FAVORED.

Miss Loretta Higgins to Study in Paris.

Connecticut College will "have its fame spread abroad," as told in our songs, when Miss Loretta P. Higgins '19, of Norwich, goes to study at the Paris Conservatory. Miss Higgins will be one of four Connecticut representatives to enjoy the advantages of a summer course at this celebrated conservatory under the terms of an offer by the French Government of 250 scholarships in the U. S. for a course from June 25th to September 25th. The students will be housed in the historical palace of Fontainebleau and will study under the most noted vocal instructors in the world.

Miss Higgins has a dramatic soprano voice which has been pronounced by competent teachers in New York to be one of wonderful possibilities for opera, for which she began her studies last fall. She has been studying for the role of Puccini's Madame Butterfly under Vera Curtiss of the Metropolitan Opera Company and has received much praise for her progress.

GIFTS TO COLLEGE LIBRARY.

The Library has received a number of interesting gifts during the week. Among them a Hebrew Bible, with the name of Robert C. Learned on the fly-leaf, and the date, September 28 1838, Theological Seminary, New Haven. The title page is in Latin, at the end of the book, with the imprint: "Lipsiae, sumptibus et typis Caroli Tauchnitz, 1832." The book reads backwards with Genesis at the end while at the beginning are notes and references. With this Bible came A Critical Grammar of the Hebrew Language, by Isaac Nordheimer, published in New York in 1838. These books were given by Miss Annie Learned.

From Miss Trumbull, of Norwich, Conn., eleven valuable books have been received, including the poems of Scott, Burns, Shenstone and N. P. Willis. All of these are in handsome leather bindings, elaborately tooled, and sewed on bands. The illustrations are steel engravings. These books will be valued for their association as well as for their worth. Miss Trumbull is the great-granddaughter of Governor Jonathan Trumbull, the friend of Washington.

JUNIORS GO A-PICNICING.

Everyone admitted that the Junior Picnic was a howling success (Jeanette doing most of the howling), and what contributed especially to its success was the smiling and diminutive Miss Patten, heroine of the occasion.

So great was the hunger of the jolly assembly that two fires were built around which numerous dogs, eggs, and marshmallows were done to a turn. Grace lured Mrs. Wessel from her homeward way and inveigled her into the party, but was promptly relieved of her responsibilities by M. P., who plied Mrs. Wessel with all the eatables possible. We discovered that "Hot dogs" are her favorite feed. ("Soc"-ers take notice!)

A wild game of baseball ended the picnic, and the Juniors returned singing the praises of Miss Patten, and feeling that never before had there been such a jolly picnic.

COLLEGE CELEBRATES SILVER BAY NIGHT.

CATHARINE DODD WRITES WINNING ESSAY.

Here, there, everywhere girls are talking of conferences, Silver Bay, Miss Weisel, Dr. Hume, Dr. Moody, Sunrise Mountain, Sugarloaf. What has caused this sudden burst of spirit and enthusiasm? For the most part it can be attributed to Silver Bay Night held April thirtieth in the gymnasium, where singing by our Silver Bay girls and the delightful speech by Miss Weisel, Student Secretary at Silver Bay, was the source of enthusiastic applause.

The Bryn Mawr prize contest song, "Follow the Gleam," took instantly with the audience, who rewarded an encore and now when you hear the song is sung on campus, you may know you have met a Silver Bay enthusiast, one who is craving to feel that intangible spirit of the conference, only experienced by going to Silver Bay itself.

Miss Weisel spoke of a few of the main wonders of Silver Bay. This year, she said, the theme of the whole conference would deal solely with, "The whole Gospel, for the whole individual, for the whole world." The conference is for college students interested in making the world a better home to live in. Silver Bay is only one of the foremost units which is succeeding in this supreme humanitarian work. Miss Weisel urged C. C. to send its largest possible quota of delegates to learn of the great world outside home and campus and to come in touch with girls from all parts of the world who have to deal with the same Christian principles, religious questions and college problems.

After Miss Weisel's speech came the movie, depicting the daily joys and major activities at Silver Bay. More singing by our Silver Bay choir and the meeting adjourned after which most of the audience hurried to Branford lounge where the Silver Bay girls discussed matters of the conference informally.

The prize for the best written essay on what Service League should mean to every girl, goes to Catherine Dodd '23, of Norwich. The reward is a trip to Silver Bay this summer.

PROFESSOR MENDEL OF YALE TO LECTURE.

On Tuesday, May 10th, Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale University, will lecture in the College Gymnasium, upon the subject, "Food Values."

Professor Mendel is professor of Physiological Chemistry and head of the department. He has done much research work in this field, for which he became distinguished. As a talker, he is very interesting, at the same time accurate and practical in the presentation of his subject, lecturing at the various colleges in the East to audiences of general and cosmopolitan interest.

Professor Mendel is the author of numerous publications, resulting from his research work, and, as a teacher, has successfully trained scholars who

(Continued on page 2, column 1.)

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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ONE MORE HOUR.

An unmistakable change has been wrought on Campus—we find ourselves enriched by one whole additional hour of daylight. And what untold possibilities lie in this hour which comes at the most enchanting part of the day, when classes are over and we crave relaxation! It is the time when the sun casts long dark shadows and the green of the grass becomes deeper, seeming almost artificial in coloring; when the soft evening breezes begin to stir and the birds are flying home to their nests or twittering softly to each other; when the sky becomes ablaze with the setting sun and the dew begins to fall; it is the time to be out of doors to forget cares and worries, to be at peace with ourselves and the world. Here is our chance to walk and talk with our friends, to gather wild flowers, or to sit on a soft green bank and think, or, if we are more actively inclined, to play tennis or other games.

Some people seem to begrudge this hour, because, as they say, they lose an hour of study and must needs burn the midnight oil. But why can we not study harder during the day, when we are prone to waste time? If we put our evening hour of study at another part of the day, we surely shall lose neither study nor sleep by leaving our books and yielding to the call of the great out-of-doors at the twilight hour.
H. A. '23.

PROFESSOR MENDEL OF YALE TO LECTURE.

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

are becoming famous in this line of study.

A reception will be held in the living room of Blackstone directly after the lecture, giving us an opportunity to meet Professor Mendel personally.

FREE SPEECH.

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

To the Editor:—

I wonder how many C. C. students find the habit of saving seats at meals delightfully profitable and amusing? I once thought that group far from numerous, but now I find, to my sorrow, that it is steadily growing.

This gay band have strange ideas of amusement. They have invented a new game. The only requirements are jaded spirits, weary feet, and an infinite amount of patience. The rules for playing are simple. A mere infant can understand them. All that is necessary is to come to a meal just before the bell rings, and to wander from table to table in a playful search for a seat. The point of the game is to continue this as long as possible. The winner of this gay little farce, is the one exhibiting the happiest, jolliest expression at the end. Of course the situation can be easily reversed, so that the player may take his turn at saving seats. Both games are equally entertaining, and, so far as I have observed, both are equally popular.

I find the dining-hall is not the only field in which this principle of saving seats for late-comers or for those who never arrive is practised. Turned up chairs are prevalent, especially at functions in the gym; nor do they even succumb to timid professors. Many a faithful book jealously guards a seat for the best friend of its possessor. Even in the library, places are frequently reserved. The armored oil-cloth straps in the Norwich street-cars are the cause of bitter antagonism. Of course this is all perfectly proper. I am just remarking on the wide-spread growth of this generally accepted principle. I am just trying to understand it, by studying it thoroughly, because it is so manifestly popular. One must not be narrow-minded in these days of liberality. But even so, I cannot persuade myself to become a convert to the habit of the preservation of seats. Can anyone help me to overcome this prejudice?
E. H. '22

ON BEING INTELLECTUALLY HONEST.

You know, it was years before I took my intellect seriously. And when I think of what my intellect means to me now! I like to think of my mind as having once been just a tiny, inconsequential bud which, with the sunshine of awakened interest and experiences, has suddenly burst into bloom.

Lovely thought, isn't it? You know, I say to myself every night: "Have I added fresh bloom, or little adolescent leaves to the flower of my intellect?" And really, you cannot imagine what satisfaction I gain from the knowledge of my constant intellectual development.

It is a wonderful thing to have an active, vibrating mind, but my dear friends, it is quite another thing to be able to see with beautiful freshness, its actual, fundamental conceptions. Ah, the joys of being honest! I gain new inspiration with merely the thought of genuine honesty of mind. Every morning I say to myself: "Was I intellectually honest yesterday? Did I look my mind unblinkingly in the face?" Ah yes, it is a wonderful habit of mind. It keeps one in tune with oneself,—don't you know, and consequently in tune with the universe. This being in tune with the universe—it's wonderful, too. But let me keep to my subject. Yes, today, a young friend of mine, a sweet child, a free and happy, unspoiled creature, came to me and asked me eagerly: "Don't you just love music?" And, do you know, I said: "Yes." Last night you have no idea what agony of mind I ex-

perienced, because (confidentially) I am tone-deaf and frightfully bored at the opera. Ah, why did I not have the courage to say with beautiful frankness: "No, I don't love music. I am horribly bored with it!"

Then I would have felt the joy and satisfaction that comes with brutal honesty. It is the brutal things in life, which are beautiful. Yes, indeed, give me brutal honesty!

WE READ THE SUNDAY PAPER.

Sunday, after dinner, our family reads the Sunday paper. We always read it then; I don't know why, but we do. All morning it stays, neatly folded, on the living room table. Father, after dinner, opens it. No one would dare touch it until then. We have the "New York Herald" always. We used to have the "Times" long ago. Then something terrible happened to the policy of the "Times." We don't read that any more. Then we had the "Sun" in the morning, in the evening, on Sundays, father liked to read the editorials. They were excellent. One day, the name changed. Now it is the "Herald." The editorials, it seems, are the same. So we read the "Herald."

Father always reads the section with the headlines and the editorials and financial news, first. Sister has the fashion section. It tells how to wear your hat and what kind of shoes to wear when. I don't know why she reads this. She hasn't so many pairs of shoes that she could wear the wrong kind. But she does read it.

Brother has the "funny paper." He enjoys it. Sometimes, he laughs immoderately. Sometimes, he sniffs a disdainful sniff—why, I don't know.

I look at the picture section. I like it. It is interesting; it is not long. Mother reads—well, what does mother read? I have never noticed; no one has ever noticed.

Father folds his paper carefully, very carefully. He says that a man can always tell a paper that a woman has read. She reads it, either wide open, or crumpled up, father says. She never folds it. Father smokes while he reads. He looks comfortable.

After I look at the pictures, I give them to brother. He gives me the "funny paper." I am ashamed to read it before sister—ashamed. I pretend I'm not; but I am. Still I enjoy the funny paper. I take it and stealthily creep behind the davenport. I revel in my lack of dignity, in my escape from the scorn of an older sister. When I have read it, I peer forth to see if father has finished his headline, financial news and editorial section yet. Mostly, he has not. If the editorial is especially good, he reads it aloud. I used to really die listening to editorials. I have, in past years, counted all the bricks in the fireplace, all the boards in the floor and all the meshes in the fire screen, during "editorials." I have travelled to South America and Egypt; I have been a princess, a beggar. I have twisted and turned. But the editorials have always outlasted my imagination. Then I watched mother. Now, I listen too. I listen almost better than mother. I sit forward on my chair, I part my lips slightly. I look intently at father; and I go to a dance. I wear a flame colored chiffon, honest-to-goodness evening gown, and the man is handsome. When father stops reading, and says "You agree with him, don't you? You see what he means?" I nod; yes. I see. Father always directs his questions at me. I look so intelligent, so interested.

When he finishes, I gently take it; I look for the financial news. I own one share of stock. Every day, I see for how much it is quoted. It falls—always. The world is a hard place.

I have then read the paper. I watch the others. Mother is reading, watching brother at the same time. He disturbs father; he has a way of asking

involved questions necessitating involved answers. Mother answers them, softly, in the corner. Sister still reads the fashions. Father reads the book reviews.

"Mother, we must have this. Listen —" he reads. I forget it is a review; I imagine father forgets too and thinks he is reading a statistical report. Once my aunt said father was an uninteresting reader. I have never liked that aunt since.

"Yes, we must. I should like to read it after that criticism." She was pointing out the disadvantages of the wearing of ones hair "puffed;" to sister. At the same time, she was looking at the pictures brother was showing her.

Father then collects, carefully, the whole paper, section by section, folds it, lays it in the wood basket. He goes to the bookcase. He takes out the book mother is reading to us.

We have read the paper for that Sunday.

FRESHMAN DAY.

May twenty-first is Freshman Day. As yet, '24's plans for that day remain secret, but something new and novel is sure to happen, carried off in the "peppy" fashions that has marked every Freshman "stunt" this year.

TO A WOOD ANEMONE.

Shy, hidden wood-sprite
Dressed all in pink and white
Shaped like a star,
Whence came the whole of you, spirit
and soul of you—
Whence, and how far?

Are you a glimmering gleam
Caught from a young moon-beam
Fallen asleep?

Are you a crystal tear
Fallen and lodged here
That angels weep?

Are you a thought Divine
Sprung from the Mighty Mind
Passing all speech?

Are you a bit of Love
Pure—pure and far above
All human reach?

Wild wood anemone
Not any men that be
Know what you are.
Whence came the whole of you, spirit
and soul of you,
Whence, and how far?

E. M. S., '24

A SONG OF YOUTH.

Live with me today, lass;
There may be no tomorrow.
Joy is here today, lass;
Dream thou not of sorrow!

Earth is full of April
And Beauty overflowing,
Bird-song and leaf-birth,
Peach-bloom a-blowing!
Color, music, fragrance,

Laughter, light and gladness—
Is there in the whole world
Such a thing as sadness?

Ah—into our lives,
If there be a morrow,
Will come enough of darkness
Of heartbreak and sorrow.

Then—live with me today, dear,
Live it to the last,
There may be no June, dear,
When April is past!

E. M. S., '24.

Mrs. M.—"Don't you stay in the room when your daughter has company any more?"

Mrs. D.—"No, I am trying the honor system."—Mt. Holyoke News.

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EXCHANGES.

The Holyoke Outing Club has rented a camp at the foot of Mt. Holyoke for an Outing Club House, which was officially opened by a house warming, held there recently.

It is of interest to note that Mt. Holyoke urges "singing" and "new songs" by the students. This college has recently held its annual competitive sing, in which the Sophomores won first place and were awarded the baton. One student suggests that a college sing be held twice a week from seven to seven-thirty in the evening. The Mt. Holyoke News states that at Goucher College songs are sung at meals, at Wellesley they sing after their chapel service, at Vassar a sing is held every day during the spring term and at Bryn Mawr they perpetuate their good songs by willing them to certain classes for safe keeping.

We hear through the Mt. Holyoke News that thirty-one per cent of the students at Vassar kept records of their expenditures last spring for statistical purposes. It was found that \$700 is the average expenditure per year of a Vassar girl in addition to what she pays for tuition. Over half of this amount is spent in clothing, 14 per cent for food and recreation, 13 per cent for travelling, 3 per cent for church and charity and 8 per cent for incidentals. There was no indication that many students attempted to keep their expenditures within a definite limit and apparently few students keep any kind of accounts regularly.

Soph.—"Won't your father be completely unstrung when he gets your grades?"
 Fresh.—"O no, I wired him last night."—Goucher College Weekly.

TAKE OUR ADVICE.

First let us ask you: "Are you a shy person?" Well, follow our advice—make an art of your shyness! Don't stand in a corner looking like an uncomfortable poppy with a bad case of fidgets. Blush, if you will (and always remember it's an art to be able to blush) but lower your eyes, play with the flowers in the vase beside you, and murmur coyly "I'm embarrassed!" Then people will mentally register: "How charming of her! Pretty lashes she has, and such a cunning way." Without doubt you are greatly pained, but why let the whole world know about it?

Now you! Are you one of those proud creatures with the poise of Mt. Blanc, and the happy faculty of being always in the right? Well, heed our words. If you have been disagreeable and pompous and dictatorial, and you find that your trusting friend is disconcerted by your sweeping superiority (?), don't solemnly place your majestic form in front of her, throw out your phenomenal chest and roar: "Snap out of it, old dear! Do you want special attention?" Rather, let your pomposity dissolve slowly, calm your tongue to soft, modulated tones, and with the gracefulness and sweetness of a lisping child whisper: "I am in the wrong!"

If you do not correspond to either of these types, drop us a line and we'll analyze you later.

SOCRATES.

PEOPLE WE CAN GET ALONG WITHOUT.

1. The girl who wails about her marks and then comes off with four d's and a B.
2. The girl who comes in for a friendly chat at 1 A. M.
3. The girl who persists in eulogizing the professor you don't agree with.
4. The girl who dashes for a small table and saves all the seats.

"Oh, So Delicious!"

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THE TRUTH ABOUT SPRINGTIME.

"Oh Springtime, sweet springtime," sings the poet when the snows begin to vanish and birds and flowers appear. But let him sing; we may not blame him, for he is original, or rather, according to Mr. Myers, peculiar. We of the common herd know that springtime is not all it is cracked up for by the versemaker. We know that spring brings in its trail sniffly, snuffling colds. We know that spring brings cold, drizzling rains and sharp pelting storms, that it brings mud five inches deep which makes us wear arctics to a dance and spoil our new grey pumps. We know that spring brings increased homework and an even smaller desire to do it. We know many things that the poet overlooked, and so we stand and sneer with feeling when he sings his "Springtime, sweet Springtime."

Miss Dorothy Upton, of Yonkers, N. Y., '19, has received her M. A. from Columbia University, 1920.

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

Wouldn't a periscope help one to watch the tennis matches from the class-room with an air of ease and innocence?

The knitting craze is on! One young lady was found, sitting bolt upright with the expression of an ossified bolshevist, madly knitting on her yellow sweater at 2.00 A. M.

Spring brings the call of the scissors! Some of our "last-year's-bobbed-ones" are tossing restive locks and hourly contemplating the old family shears.

Some people like smooth green lawns but C. C. is different and prefers hers spattered with condensed sunlight in the form of dandelions!

North Cottage has become, in these late days, not only a resort for the shorn head, but a fashionable dress-making establishment, buzzing with industry, and bristling with pins.

Now that animal life has been extinguished on our campus—with the exception of the higher animals—we shall have to wander the wildwood to find a baby robin or a dying sparrow to waste our affections on.

Why, we want to know, must we have a flag that looks like an animated postage stamp on the top of a telegraph pole? Proportion even in matters pertaining to flags is a thing to be cultivated.

THE CALL OF THE CALORIES.

Come, See, and Put Into Practice!

An exhibit of 100 calorie portions of food and the proper amounts of calcium, iron, and phosphorous for one day's diet will be ready for you to visit Thursday afternoon, evening and Friday morning, May 7th and 8th, in the Botany laboratory.

The exhibit is arranged by the students of nutrition and physiological chemistry in anticipation of Prof. Mendel's lecture of May 10th.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

The girls who had taken Landscape gardening have made several pleasant visits to the large estates at Ocean Beach. Last week they were fortunate in having the opportunity to go to Mr. Plant's place in Groton.

Dean Nye wishes to call our attention to a poem, "The Home-maker," by Nancy Barr Mavity in the April Century. She is the Nann Clark Barr who taught here the first two years of this college. In the first part of the magazine there is a very nice little sketch about the writer.

In the issues of April twenty-third of "School and Society" there is an article, "The Price of a One-Language Policy," written by Dean Nye.

Miss Snevely attended a conference of the Directors of Physical Education of American Colleges held at Vassar, April 21st-23rd. She gave a report on "Our System of Physical Education at

Connecticut College." It is interesting to know that we have the highest Physical Education requirements of any college in the country. Round tables of discussion were held where attempts to standardize Physical Education were considered.

Mt. Holyoke:—At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, one of the students gave a report of the Athletic Conference of American College Women, held at Indiana University, March 18-19.

We at Connecticut College are not the only ones who are raising money for an Endowment Fund. Some of the students of Mt. Holyoke added one hundred dollars to their Fund by a very successful Vaudeville Show which was exceedingly novel and entertaining.

Trinity College has received \$50,000 to be used for the establishment of a Scholarship fund from the estate of the late Edmund C. Converse of New York. Trinity is the only one of the Connecticut colleges to receive a bequest.

Trinity College graduates residing in Hartford and in other parts of Connecticut have launched a drive for a fund of a million and one half dollars, a large part of which will be used to increase professors' salaries; another part will be spent for a gymnasium and the remainder added to the general Endowment Fund.—The Tripod.

Smith:—Three dress reform plays were given here recently which held up to ridicule modern styles. The play had been selected from the one-act skits of a large group of anonymous playwrights, and each was cleverly composed and presented. The plays were called, "Alice Through the Boudoir Glass," "Three inches from the Floor" and "A Million a la Mode."

Smith College Weekly.

ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS ACQUIRED.

Through the kindness of Professor F. B. Loomis of Amherst College our Zoological Department has been greatly enriched by the gift of over one hundred fossils. This includes several shells of mollusks, specimens of coral, animals called sea lilies, and some fine plant fossils. These specimens are all partly embedded in the rocks in which they have lived for from three to twenty million years.

A strange world it was at the time this piece of coral inclosed a living animal. A huge inland sea covered the greater part of North America. The only animal inhabitants of the globe in those dimly remembered ages were the invertebrates. Later, fishes appeared, also amphibians and the higher groups of animals. The ancient Greeks believed fossils to be the bones of Titans who had fallen in battle. Another belief was that they were parts of animals formed in the depths of the earth by spontaneous generation which had died before they could make their way to the surface, or bones of creatures destroyed by the traditional floods of the Scriptures.

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