ELECTIONS CONTINUE.

The college continues to choose wisely in electing its officers for next year.

Christine Pickett, Secretary of the Service League in her Sophomore year, and Treasurer of Student Government in her Junior year, was elected President of Student Government for the coming year.

Mary Birch, who has shown much executive ability, received the honor of being elected Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Amy Hilker, prominent in athletics, received the office Treasurer and Margaret Ewing, President of the Freshman class during the first of the year, was voted Secretary of the Association.

Claire Franke, always an active member of the Dramatic Club, is to be next year's President of that organization.

HISTORY CLUB TO GIVE BOOK TO LIBRARY.

The History Club held its last meeting for this year on May 17th, in Brandywine Lounge. At this meeting it was voted to give a certain sum of money toward the permanent scenery units and also for the purchase of a book for the New Library. The study of the text-book, "The Young Woman's Citizen," was completed.

The main business of the evening was the election of officers for the next year. Adelaide Batterly was elected President, Mary Wells, Secretary, Gladys Barnes, Treasurer, June Seaman, Chairperson of Dramatic Club and Amy Hilker, Chairman of the Social Committee. The President will be elected later.

SENIORS LOSE TO JUNIORS IN BASEBALL.

"Pop, more pop, and then some," characterized the Junior-Senior baseball game on Friday night. M. P. Taylor started things off in the good old way, but the score was bound to pile up for 1923 with the combined efforts of Emily Slaymaker, Christine Pickett and Lucy Whitford. There was a good showing on the side lines including innumerable small boys and canine visitors. "In the Mean Time," and "Buster Marsell," "Shyster slang" had a close second in some of the remarks brought out for the occasion; one heard shrills of "That's bringing in the thieves," "All's fair in love and baseball," etc. But the climax came when Flisher slammed a ball over on the tennis court, while the Juniors held their breath watching four runs pile up for the Seniors. Four and one half innings were played, the score at the end standing 15 to 13, in favor of the Juniors.

Continued on page 4, column 4.
BUY A KOIN TODAY.

It seems hardly necessary to urge our college girls to buy a Koine. But we are told that one hundred and fifty copies are waiting to be sold. This means that there are one hundred and fifty persons who are waiting to buy a Koine. It is a pity that those who should be buying it are not.

We have, perhaps, not only one friend, but all of your friends. It has addressed itself to every creature, to every person, in every club picture and those of some of your favorite faculty. Oh, it has many other interesting things in all of which will comfort you in your old age, for, when you are gray and old, you will turn the pages of your Koine and all the memories of your college days and college friendships will come flooding back, and you will grow young again.

No, you simply cannot afford to be without a Koine. It is a part of your college course—just as necessary as a text book or a fountain pen. Don't miss your opportunity!

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

Early in the season new hats of a stylish type appeared, but all were bought in profusion. Then we discovered that they were called "College" hats, and speedily we discarded them. It is somewhat of an art to be able to distinguish between what is "College" and what is not. Everything is "College," however, that the college girl sets the standards for, and that her athletic connections see fit to defend. Naturally, we become rather confused as to what being "College" is, and what is not. That is the chief idea that College is.

We believe that the aversion to our "College" girls in journalism is justified, and that the difference between possessing College Spirit and being College is appreciated. The only unfortunate thing is that the truth has become inextricably confused. The term "College girl" certainly does in a remarkably short time, dull our fervor for College Spirit too much, and perhaps even suggest that the words surrounding are certainly not conducive to study. In the day we have only to look in any direction to see "hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom," and the fantastic beauty of the sight bare before us implies not labor, but not labor. Those previously "romantically included toward labor, but knowing little about it," forsoke the idea utterly, and even our more conscientious friends seem to have no great desire to pursue the knowledge to be found in books.

It is at this time that the Faculty碰撞, material, if they are not overpowered by Spring, and perhaps the student's confidence in this respect, of other and in College, a respect for the special interest of other students, and with it the College Spirit. The work done on the curriculum scene by College Daily is an example of College Spirit which is inexpressibly far removed from things student.

The leading of Individuality to vital interest in College makes it the cosmopolitan institution which college should be. Surely this is the stuff that should be brought about by being "College." If the class of "39" can remember having heard the same complaint. The writer is quite evidently not familiar with the rights—letters of the Editor—any editor.

If the college girls elect its President, and the manner in which the students in this group realize this.

If the meaning of an article is so obscure that after reading it the editor cannot even be a person who has been drawn inartificially, the fault must be the author's, rather than the editor's. However, if the literary minds are no more than the friendly criticism of the editor of their own choice, then how can they risk the production of children, who, being interested in the possible unsymptomatic eyes of the many.

Of course mothers do know what is best for their children and what becomes of them.

PANCHON HARTMAN '26.
P. S.: Of course I realize. Script is exceedingly bad form, but it does attract, even demand, attention. If you require pleasure, you may add the word "Edit" just to refresh their memories.

P. II.
Chicago, Illinois.

The French Club enjoyed a most entertaining evening, Tuesday evening, May 16th.

Dear Editor:

THE STORY

"Siren Fever" is extremely catching, and indeed one is quite sagacious surmising that most acute cases de-

She8 back to to her, and indeed, they have been buying, and indeed, if the author is a "Smith," it is evident that he is a "Smith," and the facts that the college is entirely a matter of form. But there is a lack of vital interest of each in the other.

Lett there be light.

Nature spoke and there was darkness over all the campus. Deep blackness and no stars, but once more the sky cleared and back came light to every house.

"The complaint voiced in the Free Spirit has been heard by the writers of the column, and indeed not unfamiliar with the rights..."

If you are a "Smith," it is evident that he is a "Smith," and the facts that the college is entirely a matter of form. But there is a lack of vital interest of each in the other.

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(Continued on page 5, Column 2.)

OCR TEXT:

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Hever Avery '23
ASSISTANT EDITORS
Evelyn Cadden '23
Ethel Adams '22
Eunice Shipley '24
Marion Vibert '24
NEWS EDITOR
Rachel Truax '23
REPORTERS
Ethel Kline
Louise Hall '24
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WHAT WAS HE—AN ANARCHIST?

By HELEN FISH

(A continuation of page 3, column 4.)

and fell to writing before I had even found a place to put my umbrella. His person, which I studied with a new look out of the window with a hard, unseeing stare, showed me a high white forehead, grey eyes as cold as steel, shaded by curling black lashes, and a hoarsely tilled nose. His hair was, rather pathetically boyish for one with such a pinched intensity about his whole being. Surely this was no bond salesman. He lacked the eternal pulse of the well-groomed, high-colored gentleman with the ready tongue.

Just then his right arm went out in a stretch of relaxation. Nervous fingers, long and short-nailed, but after all rather nice, were grasping several sheets of paper covered with an illegible, feverish scrawl. My curious eyes staked upward and rested on the papers. What did I see—"Sweetest girl!" Impossible. Then his arm disappeared and the hurried writing was resumed. What was this youth who, at first glance, looked like a traveling salesman, so far study promised to be one of the literary and yet stooped to write a scratch copy of a letter to "Sweetest girl!"
The rumble of the train covered the distant shout which settled my conclusion that he had danced very late last night and was already making a copy of the letter which was to tell her what a "heavenly time it had been.

The arm shot out again. My eyes crept guiltily to the paper. I felt wicked. He was away to the periphery into the secrets of a perfectly nice boy who was writing to his "best girl!" But I looked just the same. And what I saw was this: "Let us first consider England which made a treaty with Russia." The arm went down.

What a queer thing to put in a love letter or a "thank-you" note. Just then the conductor went through the youth started as from a dream, jumped, and said, as his ticket was being punched, "At what time do we arrive in New Haven?" Perfectly polite. Quite collegiate, Yale, of course, and writing a paper which should have been done days ago, due, no doubt, for his eleven o'clock Saturday class. But what about the girl?

Then the arm shot out again. "Our policy of isolation is utterly—"

That was all I could see. The thought that he might be a Socialist flashed through my mind. His head proved it; he needed a hair cut. Suddenly I noticed that he ran his fingers nervously through his hair, which I have always supposed characteristic of radicals. Leaning forward, absorbed completely in his subject, he gesticulated slightly, growing enthusiastic, his lips moved; he spoke softly but vehemently, though the noise of the train covered up any sound he made. However, he punctuated his speech with movements of his tense arms, and particularly with one stiff, pointed finger. The right arm flung out, my eyes sought the paper, and I read "Sweetest Girl!" Ah, after all he had not been dancing with some foolish girl. He was tired, nervous, eager, having thought, thought, thought—not about girls but governments.

"New Haven!"

His wrinkled coat was jerked out of the rack and hung on, the collar pulled down and turned up. With the crushed brown hat precariously tilted on one side of his rumpled head, a faraway look in those grey eyes, now lighted with a new fire which lurked behind their steeliness, he made his unconscious way down the aisle. "Of course," said I, "now I know. It is his speech for the usual Saturday night meeting of the Anarchists' Club."

GRUMPUS WRITES.

Dear Uncle:

Yes, spring—and I've fallen in love.

Why is it that one must always fall in love with the most impossible people under the most prosaic circumstances? If it were in moon-lit garden with soft breezes laden with the scent of many flowers—and he was distinguished looking and wore evening clothes to perfection and was President of Yale. He was tired, nervous, eager, having thought, thought, thought—no, you could understand it easily; but it's Johnny Hayes, "By the Lord Harry," you say and chortle pleasantly for the rest of the day. I know Johnny can't dance and shuffles his feet when he walks and will never be more than chief office boy in his father's place, but then I love him. And do you know when I discovered it? Well, mother and the maid and everybody had gone out and I was cooking—now, you're not to laugh—was, I was baking a cake. And somehow, something happened and it didn't stay in the pan, it bubbled over and ran out in the even and I cried—tears that made my nose red and my eyes red—and my hair was all limp and straight from the heat and I splashed chocolate right down the front of my dress—and then Johnny came in the back door—said he was tired of being polite and ringing bells. Somehow he looked so sorry for me and said, "There, now, there mound!" He patted me so I wept on the shoulder of his old office coat. Of course he kissed me—such a sort of timid little kiss—the "I'm afraid you won't like it when you see how much it means to me" sort.

Dear Uncle:

Here in Socialism:

In the Middle Ages, a man with a roving disposition became a minstrel; in the twentieth century, he becomes an L. W. W.

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**Sophomores Win at Cricket**

The first Cricket match of the season was played between the Sophomores and Juniors, Monday night, the 15th. The Juniors used the clever strategy of calling a close meeting to get support from the side-lines and much enthusiasm was shown on both sides. The outstanding features of each team were the superior bowling of the Sophomores, and the catching and batting of the Juniors. In the three innings played, the first was the most exciting, and the score at the end was 66-26 in favor of the class of '24. The Senior Sophomore Cricket match will be played on Field Day.

The line-up was:

1922: Kent, Snelke, C. (Capt.), Brockett, Averv, Holme, C.

1923: Wilcox, K., Armstrong, M., Page, Grann, W., Wells, C.

1924: Clark, Boynton, W., Hall, L.

1925: Bristol, Clay, Anastasia

**Exchanges**

Wellesley—Wellesley has voted to discard the honor system as impractical. New plans are being discussed. The main controversy seems to be as to whether it is best for students to report their own misdemeanors only, or to report each other.

**Radcliffe**—On May 19th, "Romeo and Juliet," was given at Radcliffe for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

**Barnard**—The students of Barnard have expressed a desire for a new curriculum, which represents a decided departure from the usual sphere of student activities. The curriculum proposed attempts to present in the first two years a view of the fields open to the student and to give an opportunity for intensive work in the later years. An outline of the Freshman course includes History of Mankind; Introduction to Human Biology, General Mathematical Analysis; English Literature; and The Technique of Expression.

Mount Holyoke—Mount Holyoke has become a "College Community." This community is to be governed as a whole by committees on which both students and faculty are represented.

**Seniors Lose to Juniors in Baseball**

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

The line-up was:

1922: M. P. Taylor, P., Whiteford, P., Eustace, K., (Capt.), Cunningham, K., (Capt.), Bristol


**Flatof**

Dr. Wells in Shakespeare: "I'm very sorry that "The Winter's Tale" hasn't turned up yet."

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