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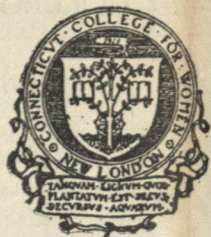
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FIRST COMMENCEMENT: CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

While the orchestra played the opening bars of Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests," the audience rose and turned expectant eyes toward the door. Slowly and impressively the faculty, dressed in their academic robes, entered two by two, and were followed by the Junior class all in white. Then came a pause; the music ceased for a moment, and only the measured tread of approaching feet and the soft swish of black gowns broke the silence. The Senior class entered the hall, and somehow the interval of silence before the music again burst into welcome intensified the solemnity of the occasion. This feeling was only deepened by Dr. Chapman's short prayer of invocation.

And the singing—never before had the voices of the choir been more clear, more resonant, more harmonious.

The address on "Morale in Time of Peace," delivered by Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard University served to relax the tension from the emotional to the practical. He closed by an appeal to the out-going class to devote their ability and energy to applying war time theories to peace-time practice. He would organize the community, instil into it an "esprit," and institute for its watch word, "co-operation."

At last the long anticipated moment arrived. President Marshall, in addressing the Senior class, told them how much they had been to the college, how much the college believed they would be in the world outside, and how much the college loved them. For, he said, the college would be with each one always, even should she wander into the uttermost parts of the earth.

Then, amidst an awesome silence tinged with reverence, he conferred upon the first class to graduate from Connecticut College their bachelor degrees. Each girl, as she received her sheepskin from the hand of the President, swung the tassel of her cap from the right to the left side, signifying that she had entered into the great army of college graduates.

After the ceremony the President announced honors and prizes as follows:

High Honors: Esther Lord Batchelder.

Honors: Katharine Quincy Holway, Nellie Juline Warner, Rosa Salome Wilcox.

(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

RECEPTION GIVEN TO SENIOR CLASS BY D. A. R.

A most auspicious opening of Commencement week festivities was afforded by the reception given to the Faculty and the Senior Class in the Shaw Mansion by the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the D. A. R. The old-fashioned house was charmingly pervaded by an atmosphere of long ago by the really lovely Revolutionary costumes worn by the cordial and entertaining hostesses, and by the quaint and unusual furniture of the rooms, the bed where Washington slept, and the sword which Benedict Arnold carried when he led the conflagration of New London.

Punch was served on the smooth green lawn behind the mansion, and the orchestra from the Nathan Hale School added very much to the joy of the occasion. Many of the visitors went up to inspect the historic summer house where lovers have met since the days of powdered hair and courtly manners. Perhaps not since those days has the hospitality of the old house been more enjoyed than on Saturday, June 14th, when, surrounded by colonial flags and mementoes of the graceful and patriotic Revolutionary days, the Seniors and the Faculty had the pleasure of being the guests of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the D. A. R.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK PROGRAM

Saturday, June 14th—Reception to Senior Class given by the Lucretia Shaw Chapter of the D. A. R. at the Shaw Mansion.

Sunday, June 15th—Baccalaureate address, Second Congregational Church.

Monday, June 16th—President's Reception, Gymnasium. Promenade of the Senior Class, Mohican Hotel.

Tuesday, June 17th—Class Day Exercises on the College Campus, preceded by the planting of the Class Tree. "Green Stockings" given by the Senior Class in the Gymnasium.

Wednesday, June 18th—Commencement Exercises, the Gymnasium. Luncheon of the Alumnae, Thames Hall.

UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT FOR GUESTS

Many Seniors through the kindness of the crew of the U-111 were able to show their commencement guests through this large German "sub." The novelty of the experience compensated

BACCALAUREATE SERMON TO FIRST CLASS

On Sunday, the 15th of June, in the Second Congregational Church, President Marshall gave the first baccalaureate sermon to the first graduates of Connecticut College. Socialism as he sees it was the topic of his talk. Socialism is turning the world upside down and providing no way to set it right once more. President Marshall is a very ardent speaker and it is to be hoped that no Senior guest with Socialistic feelings was present in the congregation.

At the close of the sermon Dr. Marshall addressed a few personal words to the graduates. He reminded them of the spirit of democracy which they have created and imbibed on this campus; of the spirit of good-will and generosity which has become a part of themselves; and last he spoke of their strong personality and character which he knows will endure with them through life. To-day the first graduates of Connecticut College are going out into a new world, into a new era, and into trying and glorious times, and it is this spirit of democracy and of good will, and this strength of character which will carry them through to victory.

PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION

June sunshine carpeted the bare floor of the gym, Mr. Selden's art exhibit adorned its bare walls, while laurel overhead and around the edges completed the disguise of the "house of exercise," while faculty, students, and guests chatted at the president's reception on the afternoon of June 16.

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, mingled with faculty, trustees and college guests, while hospitable Juniors served the delicious cream, cakes, candy, and punch.

No other function of the Commencement exercises gave the visitors such an opportunity to meet the personnel of Connecticut College, nor the students, to meet fellow-students' families.

Little wonder that guests lingered long after they had passed the receiving line, and partaken the inviting refreshments—lingered to talk with other guests, and to look once more at the long array of etchings, oil paintings, and water colors, the work of our own artist, Mr. Selden.

quite fully for its greasiness, if we may judge by the large groups who took advantage of the opportunity.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES HELD IN OPEN AIR

A pale blue sky and a cool green lawn bright with people. In one corner a dark mass of black where sat the Seniors in their dignified robes. It was Class Day, the sole property of the class of 1919. First the president, Marenda Prentiss, delivered a greeting. Then the entire class sang *There's a College on the Hill by the Sea*. The audience could glimpse the sea in the distance and the undulating hills above the river. Juline Warner read the Class History, which she had stolen from a little gray mouse, sole proprietor of the Senior submarine. Then more songs drifted on the breeze, and the class poem, a truly impressive piece of work by Miriam Pomeroy, was added to the cosmic harmony. For a moment there was a pause. Then, lightly tripping, soft in floating blue, vague in outline as the mist, danced six girls across the grass. They were the "Mist of the Doubt of the World" entwining, alluring, and beckoning the figure of youth who stood irresolute before them. But in the midst of their triumph when she was swayed to and fro by their gentle eloquence came bursting among them in flashes of rose and orange the rays of the sun. And the mists were dispersed, and Youth awakened and danced joyously with paean gladness. Youth was impersonated by Marion Wells; the dancers were Esther Batchelder, Mary Chipman, Alison Hastings, Madeline Rowe, Mildred Provost, Juline Warner, Helen Cannon, Ethel Bradley, Marion Williams, Dorothy Peck, Virginia Rose, and Winona Young.

After this interval of graceful and delightful dancing, a Junior quartette, consisting of Margaret Davies, Loretta Higgins, Helen Perry, and Betty Rumney, sang "Alma Mater," the words of which were written by Kathryn Hulbert '20.

Then followed the Class Prophecy, a most successful piece of work—unified, poetic, humorous, and entertaining in one. Its author, Alison Hastings, also wrote the melodious words of the final song, of which the music was composed by Florence Carns.

"Dearest of Mothers,
We, thy first children,
Born of the springtime,
Living and loving,
Go from thy nurture
Into world turmoil,
Proving thy soul."

(Continued on page 2, column 2.)

Connecticut College News

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Irene Wholey '20

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Marion Hendrie '20

Alice Gardner '20

Ann Arkin '21

Abby Gallup '21

Evalene Taylor '21

Ann Hastings '22

Cecilia Washburn '22

Proof Readers—

Helen Rich '21

Barbara Ashenden '21

Faculty Adviser—

Dr. Nye

EDITORIAL

HAPPY RETURNS OF THE SUMMER

Like the little tin soldier of Eugene Field's poem, the editorial sanctum is covered with dust. Old issues of the News are floating about the premises; Class Day programs are heaped in one corner; the waste basket is bursting with old copy. Such a mess! But by the time you read this the office will be neat, the old issues will have taken their flight to parts unknown, and the waste basket will relax its swelling sides with a squeak of relief.

And so I lay down the pen with a wee feeling of regret. Commencement is over, and everyone is going, going, or gone. The dormitories are empty, and bare, and deserted. The last issue of the News is going to print, and all that is left to do is to express the very best regards of the News to all its subscribers for their loyal support of the paper, and its hopes that they were not disappointed in their investment, but will subscribe again another year when the pages of the first issue begin to flutter in the breeze. And to its contributors the News wishes to convey its thanks for all that they have done to enrich the paper and inspire it to higher flights of fancy. And to all its readers the News sends its most sincere wishes for a very happy and prosperous summer.

AMONG OUR POETS

COUNTRY LIFE

Oh, silence of country life,
Oh, stillness, oh, immobility,
Oh, constant mood,
Oh, silence of trees, and river, and mountain,
Oh, stillness of the earth,
And, oh, ye dead rocks and stones,
Ye river-valleys, smooth and soft,
Ye green hill-tops, spreading wide to the heavens,
Ye skies of blue, and placid waters,—
How calm, how still thou art
Oh, country life at eventide!

TO THE BIRDS

What yearning, what calling
Ye awake in me!
How ye stir me with your beauty,
Your freshness, your sweetness,
Your soft dream-moods, and pensiveness,—
Ye glory of the earth and sky,
Ye beauty that will never, never die!

THE RIVER

How calm, how placid, how smooth,
Only in ripples, moving forwards, forwards,
Countless in number
Myriads, soft, and small, and tender
Flowing onwards, onwards, onwards
Onwards, in stately, majestic splendor.

Calm, calm repose,
Slow, soft-eddying murmur,
Monotone of the water's leisure,
Glow of summer pleasure
Moving slowly, softly passing,
Gently, tenderly caressing the bosom of the sea.

Flow onwards, myriad wonders,
Flow onwards lazily,
And pass before me like a dream,—
So soft, so calm, so peaceful—free,
Moving silent like a summer revery,
Flow onwards, onwards, lazily!

LANTERNS

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light—
We saw them coming,
Gently swaying
In the darkness—
And we wondered.

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light
Borne aloft
Beneath our windows,
And we heard
The Juniors singing.

Great, gleaming, orange globes of light,
Swaying sadly, all a quiver,
Seemed to perfectly embody
All the beauty and the sorrow
Of departure.

'19.

ALUMNAE LUNCHEON.

When '19 was graduated,
Moved they then to Hall of London,
Moved in solemn, grave procession;
There disbanding, '19 hastened,
After bidding their guests farewell,
To Thames Hall, the room of dining.
There, in shining white assembled,
First alumnae of the college,
Feasted they as guests of trustees,
Feasted they, with song and laughter,
Though their hearts were sad within them.
Cheered they, too, their honored leader,
Cheered Dean Nye and cheered the Palmers,
Givers of a hundred thousand,
Heard they then the famous speaking—
Heard Columbia voice her greeting,
From the lips of wise Professor Carpenter, who urged clear thinking—
Thinking straight, that leads one onward
To a definite conclusion.
This, he said, the world needs sadly—
This, the duty of alumnae.
Next spoke President MacCracken,
President of Vassar College,
C. C.'s fifty-year-old sister—
He, like us, had made traditions,
When he was a college student.
Then the speaker of the morning,
Representing Harvard, spoke then
Of the suffrage won for woman,
Since the war which they have helped win.
Then arose an honorary
Member of '19, who always
From her first acquaintance with us
Has endeared herself to every student.
Spoke Dean Nye of early memories,
Of the present, new alumnae;
Voiced she then their highest vision,
Quoting our own "Cloud-Capped Towers."
Bible prizes, to be given
To the student of the Bible
Next announced Suffragan Bishop Acheson, who then continued—
"This is not a new world, coming
From the ashes of the ancient—
It is but a changed, and better—
Built, however, on the old one."
Then arose, amid much clapping,
Generous giver to the college,
Mr. Palmer, honored trustee.
Woman, declared Mr. Palmer,
In his vision, not inferior,
But the source of inspiration,
Source of management and order,
Source of help to men at all times.
Last of all spoke '19's leader,
Prent, beloved by all her classmates—
Spoke of years of tears and gladness,
Spoke of '19's creed and vision.
Then, at word of President Marshall,
Sang they all the college song then,
"Dear C. C." rang clear about them.
Then dissembled they, and crowded
Near to faculty and trustees,
Begging sentiments and names signed
In their Koines, to remember
Friends of theirs in college days past—
Friends, and the Alumnae Luncheon.

FIRST COMMENCEMENT:
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

Departmental Honors—Chemistry: Esther Lord Batchelder. Classical Philology: Nellie Juline Warner, Rosa Salome Wilcox. Economics: Irma Hutzler. Fine Arts: Margaret Ives. Mathematics: Ruth Freeman Avery. Music: Grace Alice Cockings. Dietetics: Katharine Quincy Holway. Philosophy: Gertrude K. Espenschied. Romance Languages: Mariesther Dougherty, Marion T. Kofsky, Susan R. Wilcox.

Annual Honors.

Class of 1919: Esther Lord Batchelder, Gladys Stanton, Nellie Juline Warner, Rosa Salome Wilcox.

Class of 1920: Florence M. Edwards, Elizabeth V. Nagy, Edith C. Smith.

Class of 1921: Jennie Hippolitus, Loretta Roche.

PRIZES.

Bodenwein Prize of \$25 for excellence in English composition in the field of the Newspaper article: Loretta Princely Higgins '20.

Hislop Prize of \$25 for proficiency in English, divided equally between Edith Lindholm '20, Cecelia Washburn '22.

Mahan Prize for proficiency in Botany: Ethel Mason '21.

Peterson Prize for excellence in Greek: Marjorie Doyle '20.

Jane Bill Prizes for excellence in Fine Arts: \$15 to Margaret B. Ives '19, \$10 to Dorothy Gregson '21.

A Special Prize of \$15 for excellence in Fine Arts to Louise H. Fish, Sp.

The President then announced the joyful news that Mr. and Mrs. George Palmer had donated one hundred thousand dollars to the college with the suggestion that it be used to build either a chapel or a library. In a second memorandum, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer gave an additional sum of \$5,000, to be used by the trustees as they saw fit, for running expenses. The house went wild with applause, for the students and friends of the college could not restrain their delight.

After a prayer and benediction by the President, the academic procession moved slowly from the hall. The Commencement of the First Class was over.

SENIOR PROMENADE
ON MOHICAN ROOF

The Senior Prom was held on Monday night, June 16. Instead of using the famous old gym, it was held on the Mohican roof. The ball room was decorated with large baskets of laurel. Dancing started at nine o'clock, and was made very peppy by Wittstein's orchestra. Shortly after twelve several of the underclassmen came in and danced and sang in most attractive organdie dresses, ruffled pantalettes, and maline picture hats. Supper was served on the roof. Dancing lasted until four o'clock. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves greatly; there was no rain, and no one mentioned a quarantine.

E. WILLIAMS '20.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '19

Like an Elm Tree planted
By the streams of water,
A Tree of Knowledge,
Connecticut College.

Four years have we learned from a
number of books,
Absorbing the thought of the ages,
The depths of the past and the dreams
of the past,
The infinite toil of the sages.

Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
Open our eyes,
And make us wise.

Four years have we eaten the fruit of
the Tree,
The knowledge of good and of evil,
And now we go forth to rebuild the
staid world,
With limitless faith in upheaval.

Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
May we not lose aims that we choose.

The Sea is like a crystal ball.
I gaze into its depths.
It is still and clear, and very deep.
I cannot see the circumference of it.
The depth is illusive.
Sunlight is reflected in it,
And blue clouds that "cross" the sky,
And all that is
And is to be
Is mirrored in it.
I see the people of the world,
Like waves,
Moving across its silence.
They break and are gone.
Even as our future,
The hopes that urge us on
To be strong, and wise, and loyal,
Suddenly vanish, and become as
ripples,
Only to drift back again,
Revealing the infathomable depths
Of their being.
And so I gaze into the Sea,
And I ask of the cool, calm depths
Where we shall be
In days to come.
And lo, beneath the crystal surface of
the sea,
I dimly perceive
Misty forms and misty visions
Swaying to and fro with the tide.
This is the answer of the Sea.

A leader of women,
Leader in some worthy cause,
In some worthy way—
We shall hear of Marendra Prentis,
Our president,
We shall always be proud of her.

Dorcas Gallup's cooking clinic
Will warm the heart of e'en a cynic.
Soon we read upon the door:
"Office room to rent" once more.
Dorcas' place is in the home,
Romance comes, no more to roam.

She's fond of books and knows them
well,
In every sort of way.
Marion Kofsky will surely be
Head of the A. L. A.

A depth of calm serenity,
A self-effacing sympathy,
A soul to dream, a heart to dare,
A strength and courage everywhere,
Professor of Domestic Arts,
Enshrined in all her students' hearts,
A boundless love for truth and good,
The loyal soul of womanhood—
Ruth Trail.

Louise Ansley is an athlete,
Calm and cool and sane.
She will give the frenzied public,
Common sense again.

Miriam Pomeroy's a poet and artist as
well,
'Twould take all the day her achieve-
ments to tell,
In an artistic mansion by the White
House she'll stay,
The first Poet Laureate in the whole
U. S. A.

Mid White could photograph the moon.
Her pictures will be famous soon.
She'll be the lady camera star
Wherever moving pictures are.

Frances Saunders' our youngest, but
then,
French flows from the tip of her pen.
She writes fashion ads for Djer Kiss
with such flair—
Her Vogue will be great and her
Vanity Fair.

There is something of Spain
About Clementine Jordan,
Something romantic, elusive, intangi-
ble,
Like the poignant melody
Of a violin.
I think she will build
Castles in Spain,
And that they all will come true.

Now Lucy Elizabeth Marsh is
The American Beauty rose.
The world will turn to stare at
Her wherever she goes.

Gladys Stanton will enrich
The modern literature.
Through her essays and her books
Her memory will endure.

Virginia Rose will teach the truth
Through free thought and discus-
sion,
And then the world of false ideas
Will fall with great concussion.

Polly Christie sure is a wonder
At the finest arts.
Soon she'll bring American culture
Into foreign parts.

Lill Shadd will reach the Argentine.
To every one she meets
She'll prob'ly teach the shimmy step
And other newest feats.

Susan Wilcox
Will conquer the world
Through French business correspond-
ence.

A young French customer
Of the firm
Will fall in love with her.
They will be married.

Mary Chipman is our bluebird.
Listen, and she'll sing
Her way into the hearts of you,
Of him, 'n everything.

Esther Barnes, zoologist,
Knows fish, and bird, and beast.
'Till Darwin, waking, cried with joy,
That wonders never ceased.

At the end of the shining rainbow
Lies happiness, they say,
But Margaret Mitchell will find its
gold
At every step of the way.

Oh Evelyn, oh Evelyn,
You've got to quit your develin'
Every girl has her day,
Yours has dawned to last away.
You'll win the champion tennis cup,
And with the Navy you will sup.

A tisket, a tasket,
Anna Cherkasky.
She'll do just what she wants to do.
You'll do just what she wants you to.
She'll run the playgrounds of the
earth,
And fill the players' hearts with mirth.

Frances Otten, you will be
The leading actress on the stage,
You'll draw the crowds from far and
near,
The great attraction of the age.

Mary Robinson,
You have a nice disposition.
You can do anything you like with
people
You will do everything you can for
people.
In every walk of life,
Because you like people,
And people like you.
You will inaugurate the new social
service.

Marion Rogers, the crystal ball
Suddenly shone with light,
White as a diamond it seemed to
flash—
Your future will be bright.

Edith Baker will invent
Some new kind of pie.
For reunions we will sigh.
There's something to look forward to.
At the banquet we will see
When we're alumnae;
The latest pie we will review,
That Edith Baker did invent.

Dorothy Upton, you'll pursue
The academic honors too.
Your high ambitions will come true—
Professor of English, here's to you!

K. Holway's cooking is so good,
Her menus taste like angel food.
Her brains and biscuit will be seen,
At Child's she'll be the reigning queen.

Julie Hatch loves all the children,
Whether good or bad.
Her book on *Songs and Tales for Chil-
dren*

Great sale will have had.
Her volume (between you and me)
She'll dedicate to Dear C. C.

Madeline Rowe,
With your sweet forbearance
And vigorous young body,
You will bring good tidings
Of health and strength
To a world that is very weary and
worn.

Charlotte Keefe will go to Belgium
In a hydroplane
And teach the Germans on the border
To be sane again.
They'll bury German in the trench,
And one and all they will speak
French.

Helen Gough at dentistry
The crown and shining light will be.
Teeth extracted without pain,
And painlessly filled in again.

Amy Kugler, you will run
A social center in a slum.
And if the masses make much din
You'll calm them with your mandolin.

Harriet Rogers, time will tell
The chemistry you do so well.
All rivals will be underneath,
To you they'll give the laurel wreath.

Gertrude Espencheid will find
All the secrets of the mind.
Through a new psychology
Where mind and soul from self is
free.

Ann Vargas is inscrutable.
She says that she
Is planning to teach French.
But she laughs when she says it.
Something very nice is in store for
Ann,

But evening draws near,
The crystal ball is shadowed,
We cannot see what it is.

Marjester Dougherty
Your curls are very fair to see.
You'll wind them round an aeroplane
And never come to earth again.

Mid Provost
Has joy in her fingers
And grace in her toes.
She'll bring sunshine to Texas
Whenever she goes.

Madeline Dray will write a book
On bones. Anatomy she took.
She'll name the bones innominata,
And add much scientific data.

Emetta Weed, in the years to come,
Will be dressed in silks and satin.
She'll start such a crush on Caesar
and Virgil
That all of us here will speak Latin.

For Middle English, Margary Rowe,
You soon will famous be.
From scholar's perch, with deep re-
search,
You'll win your Ph. D.

Dorothy Peck,
Your mathematics,
Your calculus,
Your physics,
Are only material representations
Of the sunny, active mind
That will insure your success
In the business world.

Urena Broderick will take
A prize for every frosted cake.
When angels taste, and blissful sigh,
Mere mortals taste, and blissful die.

She shot an arrow into the air.
It fell to earth, she knew not where.
But soon she found her dart again,
Safely kept in the heart of her
friend.—
Dorothy Dart.

Mid Wells knows French from A to Z,
And Mid's as happy as can be.
So soon she sails for sunny France,
To teach the Frenchmen how to dance.

Art and music both do meet
And kneel to kiss Grace Cockings' feet.
She'll have a dainty studio,
With sketches from the piano.
And signs without shall all relate—
"Naval portraits painted here,
Music while you wait."

America first, says Irma Hutzler,
Be it South or North,
To Buenos Aires then she goes,
And travels back and forth.
As buyer for big business there
She makes all other buyers stare.

Winona Young, your eloquence
As a lawyer you'll display
Until as Chief Executive,
You'll guide the U. S. A.

May Buckley
Will have charge
Of the interior decorating
Of the next building on the campus,
And the next,
And the next,
And the next,
And she will be famous!

Mildred Keefe will be a nurse,
Pills and First Aid she'll disburse,
She'll drive around from town to town,
Nor lay her knitting basket down.

Priscilla Ford, she runs a car
But it is not a flivver,
She'll meet with fame as a chaufferess,
In racing by the river.

Ruth Anderson the osteopath,
Will cure the world of all its pain,
She knows its history, and she'll heal
Its mind by reasoning most sane.

Margaret Maher is a mathematician.
Fate says that she will undertake
Big contracts for Government Housing,
And build each house perfectly
From the last brick in the chimney
To the clothes pole in the back yard.

Joy of life has Jessie Wells
Wherever she may roam
To help the poor and soothe the sick—
Happy will be her home.

Through all the world will Margaret Ives
Portray the souls of people's lives—
A smile, a fleeting fragrantcy,
Artistic immortality.

In olden days they moulded pots
And tiles and vases rare.
Jean Sawin will restore the art
To other days where people care.
To soldiers, blind, and deaf, and lame,
To mould some things of beauty there.

What does fate say
To Dorothy Gray?
She'll have more suitors
Every day.

Esther Batchelder, you'll see,
Something new in chemistry,
Some nice substance you will find,
Bringing joy to all mankind.

Florence Lennon,
Is one of the reasons why
"All the world loves an Irishman."
She will go to Ireland
And straighten out the tangles
In the Home Rule proposition.

Juline Warner as a scholar
Will win great repute,
She'll win A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s,
And write five books to boot.

Helen Cannon,
Your dark fringed blue eyes
Like mountain pools
Are so deep
I cannot fathom your future.

There is one woman actuary
In these United States,
Soon there will be a second one—
One of our own class mates
Ruth Avery.

Florence Carns, as acrobat,
And athlete you will be ideal.
But yet—through music to the world
You will your soul reveal.

Ethel Bradley we shall see
Dancing dietetically.
When she's danced on toe and heel,
She'll serve applauding friends a meal.

Rosa Wilcox, you will seek
Other interests than Greek.
Circled in your lovely ring
Shines happiness and everything.

Marion Williams,
Professor of Dietetics
In a western University
Will edit the recipe page
Of the Delineator
And the Ladies' Home Journal,
And the Woman's Home Companion.

Jo Emerson will win great fame,
As Doctor Jo, M. D.,
Her grateful patients will be found
Among us here, you see.

Beatrice Boyd will Latin teach
To rows of pupils side by each.
And in the evening she will hold
A men's class for her suitors bold.

For myself
I cannot fathom
The crystal globe.
I have gazed into its depths
For hours.
I think I shall have to revolutionize the world
From a typewriter.

In us lies the hope of the feminine future,
The doctors, the singers, the nurses,
Professors, and lawyers, musicians and bards,
Inventors, and wriers of verses.

Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
Give us success,
In what we profess.

And we, merely women whose place
was the home,
Claiming equal reward for our labor,
Economically freed, together will join,
To demand equal rights for our neighbor.

Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
We strive for good
Through sisterhood.

Careers and professions are wonderful things,
But rather as sweethearts and wives,
We ever shall work as the comrades of men,
To help, and to share in their lives.

Leaves of the Tree,
Waves of the Sea,
Teach us to share
Our joy and our care.

Whatever we do, and whatever shall prosper,
We owe to that wisdom of thine
O Tree, who hast sheltered the doubts of our youth—
They mature into faith's firm design.

Like an Elm Tree planted
By the streams of water,
A Tree of Knowledge,
Connecticut College.

ALISON HASTINGS.

CLASS POEM

To 1919

Four years we've striven beneath a clouded sky,
With steadfast strength, and faith that could not die,
Thru years of joy and grief, of peace and strife,
And we have learned at last to smile at life,
To take what comes with little of regret,
Remember all the joys—the rest forget!

We've learned to hide beneath a sunny smile
The torments of a heart that wept the while.
And every effort that we spent to aid
Has brought its sure reward—fourfold repaid.
And on the heights to which we've won, secure,
We face our future, strengthened to endure.

True pioneers, we found no easy trail,
But fearlessly began the heights to scale,
And steadfast marched through sloughs of deep despair,
Willing and unafraid, nay, glad, to dare.
We blazed our trail, and ours the right to say
The flower of liberty is ours today.

Democracy—our shield—we raised on high,
Flaunting it bravely, tho the o'ercast sky

Seemed naught but ill and sorrow to presage,
The while, with woe unending, war did wage—
Nor were we spared our necessary share
In all its havoc and its mad despair.

Four years of life that brought so much of ill,
Within our sheltered lives, so calm and still;
Four years—and now at last a world reborn,
Unshackled, faces eagerly the morn
Of Peace, and we, with ready, willing hearts,
Go gladly forth to play our varied parts.

With singing hearts we go our fate to greet,
Happy and brave, whatever we may meet.

The best that life could offer we have had,
Sharing alike in all things, good and bad;

Learning to love, and best of all, to give—
Only thru constant giving may we live.

Upon life's threshold now at last we stand,

With Right triumphant reigning o'er our land;

Our hands with many gifts as richly filled

As are our souls with splendid hopes instilled.

Our prentice-ship is o'er—we served it well,

But of the future, who can aught foretell?

Life now is ours, and all to gain or lose—

Ours to meet the test—stand forth and choose!

MIRIAM POMEROY.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS 1919

ITS SENIOR YEAR—AND A BRIEF REVIEW OF ITS ENTIRE HISTORY

There it lay—smooth, and gray and shining—with its pretty green name embossed on its side—the mascot of the Senior class—the good submarine C-19.

I had come to consult it; for I was sore perplexed. The history of the class 1919 was this year to be the work of my hand and brain, and I lacked the inspiration. So I had come for helpful guidance to the faithful mascot of our class, and now I stood over it, and softly stroked its smooth grey sides. I felt like an imposter. For I had entered Dorcas's room, quite uninvited. Yes, Juniors, I was in Dorcas Gallup's room, in Plant. And I had opened her bureau drawer, and brought out the submarine, from the place where it has been reposing this long year through. No one was around, to be asked, and besides, it was class property, and I had a per-

fect right to do what I did. I gazed expectantly at the submarine, and waited for the inspiration.

"O, dear!" I exclaimed, "I thought this might give me a suggestion! Why didn't I decline the nomination last year, and spare myself all this?"

"Perhaps I can help you. Won't you come in?" asked a tiny, gentle voice. I jumped. There was no one in the room. I went to Evelyn's door. No one visible. Perhaps Hume was right, after all—perhaps we can't trust our sense organs as the source of accurate knowledge, I thought to myself. I resumed my meditative, expectant gaze at the staid old C-19.

"Won't you, *really*?" the voice repeated, in a pleading tone. This time I thought it came from the submarine. I examined it carefully. Then I discovered two great soft brown eyes peering from one of the port-holes.

"I beg your pardon," I answered, as soon as I could speak, "are you speaking to me?"

"Aren't you the person who was just despairing of the Senior history of '19?" the brown eyes looked gently questioning.

"Why, yes," I replied in astonishment.

"Then, if you'll just step down the hatch-way, I think I can be of assistance to you," the voice remarked politely. "You'll be the only member of your class, or of any class, that has ever been inside," it continued persuasively, as I hesitated.

Now I had been brought up on four years of Student Government rules, and I hesitated, trying to recall whether chaperone rules would hold me responsible for such an adventure as a visit in our submarine, quite alone. But I was a Senior, and, besides if I got seriously sentenced, I might not have to write the history, anyway. With one mad impulse, I made for the hatch-way, and another instant, I had descended the tiny, perpendicular ladder to the main room of the sub.

"O, isn't it dear!" I exclaimed. "What cunning little hammock bunks! And look at the stove, and the wire cage for the dishes. O, I just love it! It's so immaculate, too!" and I clapped my hands in delight.

"Well, I try to keep it as neat as a mouse," came the soft voice from behind me. For a minute, I had forgotten my host. I turned. There he stood, in immaculate, brown suit, whiskers trim and shiny, and the soft brown eyes with a gently proud expression, gazing politely at me—a *mouse*! Now I have always been proud to boast no feminine antipathy for the timid little creatures, but I will confess that the discovery startled me.

"Thank you for inviting me in," I stammered as politely as I could, under the circumstances. "It was very kind of you. I've had a very nice time. Good-bye," By this time I was half way up the ladder.

"Good-bye!" I heard him echo, be-

hind me. "I thought you wanted some suggestions for the history," I could see that he was hurt.

"Well,—we, er—I haven't time, I guess, thank you," I replied.

"O very well, then," and he sighed, deeply, "Only I had been waiting for just such a person as you—one who would appreciate the log book of the C-19."

"Did you say log book?" I exclaimed. He nodded. "Yes," he said, "I've been keeping a sort of ship's diary ever since I first moved in, last fall. You see, when they began—a systematic er—extinction, shall I say—of our—race—last year, I made up my mind to find safer quarters. And I moved to the C-19. So, you see, I felt rather indebted to '19 after taking up my abode here, and I thought I'd write up all the interesting things you did, thinking they might be of some use to you."

"O, how perfectly splendid of you!" I cried. I was at the bottom of the ladder once more. "May I see it?"

"I should be very happy to let you see it, if you have time," he replied politely, *very* politely, but with a slight touch of irony, I thought.

He went to a tiny built-in chest and let down a shelf, which made a desk. Then he swung out a stool, like those in the dietetics lab, and opened a drawer. Motioning me to be seated, he took out a grey book, with green letters across the top: "Log Book of the C-19," I read.

"In grey and green!" I exclaimed. "How did you get it to match?"

"O," he replied easily, "the book is part of the equipment. Didn't you know it was furnished completely?" he asked in amazement.

"Why, of course not!" No one thought so. If you knew how much we paid for it, you would not have expected to find it furnished either."

I opened the book. It was carefully kept, in neat, small handwriting, with entries "after" each date.

"This is wonderful!" I exclaimed in delight. "I can find all the Senior events right here. If it were only as easy to get the histories of the other years."

"O, must you have that information too?" he inquired. "Well, now I haven't had time to write down all the early events, but I've been here since the beginning of the college. Perhaps we could patch up reminiscences, and compose something quite presentable."

"How perfectly fine of you! Where shall we begin? I can remember my first impression of Connecticut College. It was a beautiful, clear September day. The breeze was fresh, and the Thames was its wonderful, deep, blue. All the rooms were hung with new, bright cretonnes, and everything smelled of paint and fresh plaster and new wood. There wasn't any lawn—nothing but a lot of barrels and boards and plaster-mixers in the court between Plant and Blackstone. And they han't finished the

floor in Thames, and the lights weren't in, so that we had to eat by candle-light, and we had grapes every morning for breakfast, and—"

"Pardon me," he interrupted, "but that kind of reminiscence would hardly do for a history, would it? We must stick to *events*."

"Well, then—the meeting of all the students, and the faculty over in New London Hall, when Dr. Sykes explained the 'Blue Bible,' and then we had to register."

"We must hurry on, to the opening, I fear," he suggested. "You remember October ninth, with its long academic procession of famous college presidents and representatives, the raising of the new flag, and the lunch in Thames hall, with speeches afterward."

"Indeed I do!" I replied. "I helped serve. I think I can tell you what the governor said, and President Burton, and Dr. Sykes' words when he gave Morton F. Plant the honorary degree of LL. D."

"Yes, yes, no doubt," he remarked hastily. "But how about the first organization on campus, and all those parties you gave the first year?"

"O yes," I replied. "You mean the Glee Club, and the town girls' party for the campus girls, and the Halloween party, and the wedding in Plant, and the circus in Blackstone?" I asked all in a breath.

"Exactly," he replied. "And how about the first out-of-town concert of the Glee Club at Norwich—"

"In a fumigated car" I finished. "Which reminds me of that pioneer quarantine we had Freshman year. Yes, I suppose all classes will blame us for starting the quarantine tradition at C. C., along with all our *nice* precedents. That was for diphtheria, wasn't it?" I asked.

"I think it must have been. You know Dr. Rondinella kept busy with the throat swab, and the telephones were gargled every time they were used," he answered.

"O, and do you remember the first Washington's birthday party?" I asked. "Speaking of quarantine reminds me of how Dr. Rondinella proposed the dress-up party one day, at the beginning of the hygienic lecture. It was awfully impromptu, but that made it all the more fun," I continued.

"Then you had the Athletic Association banquet, later on," he suggested. "Those dinner parties were awfully interesting, weren't they?"

"O, they were *loads* of fun!" I replied enthusiastically. "But the best one was the Shakespeare dinner, the first week in May. Do you remember how we all came in costume, and ate at the long bare tables? And how all the peasants and menials sat below the salt, and the lords and ladies sat at the upper end? O, it makes me hungry to think of all those quaint dishes that Miss Thompson concocted from the Shakespearean cook books, 'Pyres, of Paris' 'hennes in grave' and all the other funny things. Wasn't that

a wonderful week, though?" I continued rapturously.

"It began May Day morning, I believe" reminisced the mouse, "With the Glee Club singing the, Magdalen College hymn, on the East steps of New London Hall."

"And Tuesday, Miss Wood read a paper on 'Women of Shakespeare's Time,' and Wednesday, there were no classes, nothing but lectures, and Thursday we had student themes on Shakespeare's time, on customs, and his works, and all that. Then at night, there were singing, and playing and dancing. And Friday came the play—'As You Like It,' and Saturday, the dinner. O, it was wonderful! And what fun we had, doing parts of it all over again, in Norwich. Yes," I concluded, "Freshman year was a very eventful year for us."

"And so was the next year," said the mouse.

"But of quite another sort," I returned, dryly.

"Let me see," he continued hurriedly, as if to get through with the matter as quickly as possible. "You started out with Winthrop unfinished, and the Freshmen doubled up in all the larger rooms in Plant and Blackstone. It was a very good way of getting acquainted."

"O, yes, we didn't mind that, much. —Let me think, we started War Relief work Sophomore year, didn't we?" I went on.

"For the Edith Wharton Memorial Hospital," he replied. "Yes, you had the Thé Dansant, the Mad Frolic, and Vanity Fair, and raised your six hundred dollars for the bed in the hospital."

"And when we came back from Easter vacation, war had been declared," I went on. "And Pink—I mean, Mr. Crandall, enlisted, you know, and came into the dining-room to dinner one night, in uniform. And we all sang the Star Spangled Banner. And after that, his classes planted potatoes, and knitted, and rolled bandages, instead of going to recitations."

"You have skipped a most important phase of the second year," he suggested, cautiously.

"I know I did," replied quickly. "I meant to. I don't want to think about it—let's go on to the Junior year," I added, eager to change the subject.

"Yes, yes, let's," he agreed. "You came back with another class to welcome you, your sisters, '21. It was rather hard on '20, don't you think, to have you two against the one class, that year?"

"Well, they seemed to get along all right," I remarked rather indignantly. "It didn't require two classes to remove the submarine, last May."

"True," said the mouse. "But we are getting a little ahead of the story."

"I know it. Right at the beginning of the year, came the news of Dr. Sykes' death. It was an awful shock. But we can never forget him. His memory has stayed with us, and it will still be dear to C. C. even after the

two classes who knew him are graduated. He left us his vision and his ideals, and they are indelibly stamped on our hearts."

"It was a very sad beginning for our Junior year," I continued. "But his memory bound us very closely together, and inspired us to do our work for college and country even more earnestly." I paused.

"We must continue," remarked the mouse, after waiting politely for a moment. "First big event of the year, the inauguration," he suggested.

"Do you remember how we all lined up for the march, that cold, drizzly day in November, and tried to liven up the landscape with light dresses and colored sweaters?" I asked. "And wasn't it thrilling to have all the big colleges represented by their presidents or deans or famous faculty, marching down between us in their gold tassels and robes?" I continued enthusiastically.

"The faculty appeared in quite another light a few days later on the soccer field. Remember?" asked the mouse.

"Yes, weren't they just the best sports ever? And between you and me, '19, were pretty good sports, too, to let them beat us," I remarked confidently.

"O, is that the reason why they won?" the mouse looked dubious.

"You remember May Day last year?"

I hastened on, not caring to press the subject of the Faculty—'19 soccer game further.

"When you practiced camouflage on the boat-house? Yes, indeed, and you didn't do such a bad job, either," he replied.

"And then the Freshmen gave us the party down there at midnight, you know, and presented us with the little convoy."

"Well, chronologically, the big event of the Junior year comes first, you know."

"Yes, but we might leave it until the end. O, that was such a nice party. The girls looked so pretty in their evening dresses, and then the songs and flowers, and the eats, and the christening and launching of the submarine—O, it was all just perfect. But best of all, we had our honoraries there to make speeches, and especially Mrs. Sykes. That was the very best part of the whole thing."

"Yes, your Junior banquet was a fitting ending for the year. You were very wise to have all the celebration wrapped up in the one evening, and save for war purposes, as well as have a distinctly Junior function," remarked the mouse.

"And now for the fourth and last year," I continued, eagerly. "I've just been itching to read this dear little log book. O, I think it was wonderful of you to do this for '19. I'll tell the girls all about it. O, I'm so glad that I came to see you." And I opened the little grey and green log book.

"Sept. 25." I read "Crew of the C-19 mobilized for her fourth and last voyage on the sea of knowledge.

Marenda Prentis, Captain. New black uniforms the order for officers and men. The fourth ship, C. C. '22, long-expected, arrives. Crew a jolly set, though showing marked indications of being raw recruits. Rear-Admiral Marshall and Ensign Wells, U. S. N., address mass meeting of sailors, indicating possibilities of employment after demobilization, and pointing out the best courses to follow in the sea, this voyage. Meeting held in Y. M. C. A. hut."

I paused. "How clever of you!" I exclaimed. "You're trying to keep in the naval spirit properly. But would you mind explaining the Y. M. C. A. hut? If you have reference to our first chapel exercises, last fall, when the Seniors wore cap and gown,—that happened in the gym."

"Exactly," he replied proudly. "Is not a Y. M. C. A. hut a chapel, dance hall, exercise room, lecture and general amusement gathering-place? And what else on this earth is more like it, then, than the aforesaid gym?"

"True," I agreed, and continued.

"Sept. 26. Barracks declared in state of indefinite quarantine for Spanish Influenza. Disease spreading from larger Naval bases has at last reached the encampment. Much unrest among crews. Training continues with little recreation. Several victims succumbing to the Bug."

"Sept. 29. Occupants of Winthrop barracks unceremoniously moved to Y. M. C. A. hut. Third floor Winthrop converted into temporary hospital. Nurses summoned from town. Surviving members of various crews have opportunity to earn hard cash by carrying grub to the invalids."

"I don't think that last sentence is exactly—elegant," I remarked. "Well, I was trying to preserve your naval atmosphere," he replied, "and that is about as far as I should care to imitate it." "Yes, of course," I agreed hurriedly. "The girls had plenty to do, taking care of all those invalids," I added, to change the subject.

"First recreation provided this afternoon," I continued to read. "'C. '19 vies victoriously with '20 on hockey field.'"

"It's hardly fair to refer to the Juniors as if they were a sub, too," I remarked. "That has been bothering me, too," he returned. "You see, I wanted to have some consistent way of referring to all four classes, in nautical terminology.—I have it!" he exclaimed, after a pause. "We'll call the Juniors and Freshmen *S. C. sub-chaser*, don't you see? The Juniors surely earned the title last year, after '19's banquet, when the C-19 disappeared." "Capital!" I cried. "And the Sister '21's are C-21, for the convoy they gave us last year. 'I'll interpolate the changes, as I read.'"

"September 30. The athletic indulge in hare and hound chase; the religious, in a sanitary Vesper service in the Pine Grove behind the barracks."

"Oh, dear, I'm getting tired of all

this quarantine description. Didn't anything interesting happen last fall?" I asked in despair.

"Yes, don't you remember the palm trees donated to the college, that made such splendid dressers for the Winthropites in the gym that one girl cleverly asked, 'Why go South?'" "That's right, and there were the patriotic janitresses of the gym that caused so much discussion, as to woman's sphere," I replied.

"And you surely haven't forgotten the disappearance of the second 'Loyalty' boat in October?" he asked. "Let me see—here it is:" Life-boat of the C-19 mysteriously disappears from the barracks—no traces found. Private vessels owned by crew also gone. Government unable to supply new ones. Life-saving practice discontinued from curriculum of training."

"What is this?" I asked, turning the page, and beholding very large writing across the top of the page.

"November 10. *PEACE!* Training suspended for the day. Crews attempt to gain land-legs on field behind barracks, drilling under military commanders, Lieutenant Selden and Second Lieutenant Sneveley. Quarantine lifted sufficiently to allow companies to partake in general parade of celebration. Men assemble in uniform—black bloomers and white blouses, preceded by U. S. N. officers, in all-black uniforms, a kazoo band and the silk flag, march en masse to town, where they join with other naval and military detachments, Red Cross chapters and Yeomanettes, and meet Rear-Admiral Marshall, just returned to share the celebration."

"What a night that was!" I exclaimed. "Remember how we all came back, and had cocoa and cookies at Thames Hall, and then went over to the flag-pole and burned the Kaiser? And how we sang, and had class stunts, and sat around the bonfire until it went out. November must have been a full month," I mused, "look at all the entries you have made! What's this one in red letters?"

"November 18. Crew of C-19, anticipating naval song-training, decide to make an impression and establish a custom. At full moon, crew assembles on wall behind barracks and fills the air with music, causing the hills to resound with youthful voices."

"Seems to me," I interrupted, "that you were trying to wax poetic, and that you've forgotten to preserve the 'naval atmosphere.'" "Well, it really deserves the attempt—it *was* a big event—the first class, doing something unique in their Senior year." "I beg your pardon?" I remarked dryly. "Do you mean to insinuate that we didn't usually do the unique thing?" "Well, of course, you have always been very busy with Student Government, and organization of the whole college body generally, so you wouldn't naturally have time to establish *all* those traditions that we were expecting. Really, you've done very well, considering—just look at the next item," he added quickly, as if eager to cover up his

faux pas. "November 26. Crew of the C-19 gloriously defeated by the picked team of navy officers, in hard fought battle on soccer field." "'Gloriously defeated?'" I asked. "To be sure, 'gloriously'" he replied. "Don't you see, the game was only a matter of time—no credit to the Faculty that the whistle blew just as the Senior ball passed the goal post, while Miss Sawyer's memorable kick sent the ball through a second before the whistle blew." "To be sure there wasn't!" I heartily agreed. "We'll beat them yet!" I added, "Just wait until that Faculty-Alumnae game comes off!" "I know what's coming next, without looking," I remarked intelligently. "I was one of the victims. That second quarantine, *isn't* it? Yes, here it is!"

"November 28—December 2. Men off on leave of absence for Thanksgiving. A few prefer to remain behind and dine with officers and families in state. Much money accumulated by dint of hard labor, toward Student Friendship War Fund."

"Men returning from leave for Thanksgiving bring the Bug with them. Crews succumbing hourly. Surviving turned out of bunks in order in Thames. Two extra nurses summoned from town. Quarantine once more in vogue. Training continues relentlessly for the few survivors."

"Dec. 11. The Bug spreading so fast that camp is closed. Men released for Christmas holidays a week in advance. Hospital full of Flu patients."

"Yes," I sighed, "a whole week in advance! while the rest of us spent half our vacation, taking naps and nourishments, and fattening up on on 'liquid diet,' in the Infirmary!"

"Well, you had a rest from quarantine for a few weeks after you came back, anyway." "Yes," I replied, "time enough to get our Senior book started, and have Bachrach's men here taking our pictures for the Koine and individual." "Yes, and you squeezed in the Sykes Fund dance, too, before, the final catastrophe, after it had been twice postponed for quarantine." "That's right," I added, "And we had our first Junior-Senior Get-Together February fourth. Let's see how you wrote it up: 'Threatened enmity and open warfare between C-19 and sub-chaser '20 happily averted by new custom—amity party in Y. M. C. A. hut to be held monthly, this being the first gathering.' Why, that's—that's not true—we *never* threatened open warfare. We've always loved '20. All that fuss about the submarine last year was only in fun. We were just trying out 'class spirit.'" "Well, probably I misunderstood—it's apparent enough that there's no more danger of 'enmity' now, anyway. Anyone would think the Juniors and Seniors were one class!"

"Well, we are. And so are the Seniors and the Sophomores, and the Seniors and the Freshmen—in fact, we are all one!" I finished.

"Why, what's this black border around Feb. 28?" I exclaimed, as I

turned the page. "Don't tell me that you don't remember *that!*" he replied, in astonishment. "It's the death notice of the Sophomore Hop." "O, of course," I quickly rejoined. "I might have known. 'Did you see us all line up for throat examination, the night before, and get portioned off, sheep and goat effect?' 'Ye shades of diphtheria germs! I should say I did!' he answered warmly, 'and after I'd taken special pains to get ready for the dance. I was bound I'd see it, for I knew I'd want to write up the biggest event of the season thus far. Then to have it all go to pieces! You know,' he added confidentially, 'When they quarantined Plant, and put all the positive cultures in, I decided that I'd better move to the gym, too. You see, I have a rather delicate throat, myself,' he explained. 'And, further, I felt so much more at home, moving with the rest of Plant over to the gym. You should have seen the fun!' he went on. 'I never saw so much excitement before. Cots all over the gym floor, and books, and coats, magazines and cards scattered promiscuously over the rest.' 'Yes, that part wasn't so bad—and the two days off from classes. But when I think of all those orange flowers blowing disconsolately in the wind, on the white paper trellises, to welcome the poor exiles from Plant, instead of gay dancers—and of all those men from Canada, and Massachusetts and New York and Rhode Island, and goodness knows where, met at the car by a negative culture, and told that it was no use, Mary was in quarantine, sorry, but he'd have to take the next train back—well, that part wasn't so funny. And then to think that it all was a farce! The miserable old dip germ was nothing but an imposter, and there was no diphtheria about it!' I ended indignantly. 'But Pollyanna would suggest that it was a good thing that it *wasn't* real, that you should be glad that you had those days of no classes,—and besides, you

know you had a lovely time, when it finally happened," he suggested hopefully.

"Well, what happened after the quarantine?" I asked, turning the pages. "O, yes, here is that luncheon: 'March 15. Ties of amity drawn closer between C. '19 and S. C. '20.' I read "'Crews dine at Mohican in style. Pep Junior, mascot of the S. C. '20, duly presented with suitable kennel and padlock by crew of the C. '19. Appropriate speeches made by Captains Prentis and Lindholm.

"'An Alma Mater by Ensign Hulbert immortalized by quartet of the S. C. '20. Songs and salt tears the order of the day.'" "I think you are very unsympathetic," I remarked. "Should you expect us to be *glad* that we were going to leave them, and go out into the cold world as pioneers, alone again?" "Well, you've only one year to wait until they come to join you, as they did here at college—just as your president, Prent, said," he replied.

"O, here's the Sophomore Hop!" I exclaimed—I had not been listening very attentively to his sermon, but continued to investigate the grey and green log book. "April 4. Orange poppies again climb the trellises of the Y. M. C. A. hut. Army and navy assemble in gay attire and join in the dance."

"That's a rather brief account," I suggested, "especially for so important a celebration." "Well, it was such an event, one doesn't need to write it up. Besides, it's hard to write up just impressions, and feelings, and the general state of mind," he explained. "Now the vaudeville, one could write on forever—that was a lot of definite acts. There were all the choruses and the cunning Scotch lassies, and the Pathé Weeklies and—" "And the 'Broken Mirror' Movie and Si Perkins's family, and the dancing exam, with Coops and Shadd, and all the rest!" I finished enthusiastically. "Aren't the Sophomores just the best ever, anyway?" I went on quite carried away by reminiscences. "Did you ever hear of anything like the way they made those darling May baskets for us, and filled them with candy kisses, and purple pansies, and hung

them on our doors, with no one suspecting?" "Yes, that was a happy May Day, wasn't it," he agreed. "That was the first time we wore our caps and gowns to chapel, you know," I added. "We've been wearing them ever since to Chapel and Vespers. It gives one such an important feeling to march sedately down the aisle, every Sunday, while the congregation looks over their hymnals and watches us get seated in the front rows." "Speaking of the Sophomores," he interrupted, "here is the account of your tea at the Mohican," and he turned to May 3rd. "'Crew of the Convoy 21 meet crew of the C-19 on the roof garden, from four to six," he read. "Dancing, eats and singing the program. All men presented with a flag, bearing the colors of the two ships.'" "A flag?" I asked. "Oh, yes, those little favors that were stuck in the ice cream."

"May was quite a full month," remarked the mouse, as he watched me turn the pages. "Yes," I replied. "We had to squeeze everything in then—it was our last chance. O, here is the last moonlight sing, May 14th. 'Stone-wall at rear of barracks the scene of a touching farewell party. Men of the C-19, in token of their coming demobilization, yield the wall up to the men of the S. C. '20. Appropriate songs and ceremonies make the event memorable, as well as tearful.'"

"And now comes the Prom.," I said. "The closing great event of the year." He had evidently appreciated the importance of the occasion, for I could see that he had written it with extreme care, and to somewhat greater length than the other entries.

"May 16—18," I read. "First promenade ever held at the barracks being celebrated, with much festivity. Overseas men, military and naval, the academic and the citizens, join in the gaiety. Tea dance in the Y. M. C. A. hut followed by dinner in the mess hall begins the celebration. 'The Truth' presented by the talent of the S. C. '20, assisted by '22, followed by dancing until midnight. Saturday's festivities commence with athletic events interspersed with classes, followed by dancing in the afternoon. Heavy mist from sea covers barracks yard in fog and clouds the hearts of

the hosts. Tables shifted inside and guests eat in relays in barracks. Church, picnics and open-house teas on Sunday, followed by Dr. Nasmyth, of Boston, at Vespers, completes the celebration."

"It was a grand success, it surely was," I remarked, reminiscently. "Now I suppose the last great event you have recorded is the 'Green Stockings' given for the students," I added confidentially. "Well, no—no more than a passing mention. You see, I'm saving the grand write-up to go along with the commencement account." "I—I wish the class might know of your log book—I wish I could come down into the sub again, sometime," I said hopefully as I closed the book. "Well, you may, any time, if you'll only use your imagination," he replied. His great brown eyes began to grow soft and misty, and his whole form began to melt from my sight. "I'm—I'm beginning to believe that you are nothing but a creation of my own imagination," I exclaimed in disappointed astonishment. "Quick," I could hear a faint voice from the shadow, form before me. "I hear someone coming, good-bye!" The last words were very faint. I hurried to the ladder and swung out of the manhole, breathless. What if Dorcas should find me in her room, with the submarine? Quickly I gathered the little C-19 into my arms, and returned it unto its hiding place. I made my escape down the back stairs just as Dorcas swung around the corner. Whether or not she has ever discovered that an intruder had been in her room, I know not. But of one thing I am very certain—all the while that she has been playing careful custodian to the C-19, she never once discovered the secret path down the hatchway.

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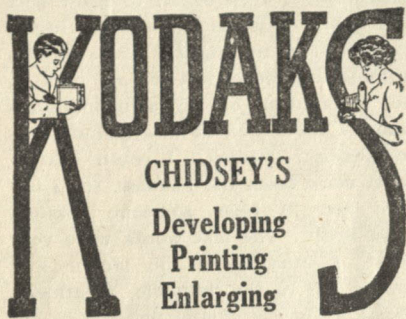
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**'19 LAUNCHES ANOTHER
NEW ORGANIZATION**

Filled with a sense of the importance and potentialities of the organization, the recently-made alumnae stopped thinking joyfully of their newly acquired B. A.'s and B. S.'s, tried to put the multitudinous thrills of the whole shining successful week-end from their minds, even tried to forget that pulling elusive feeling that everything was all over, and concentrated on the business of electing officers for the first Alumnae Association of Connecticut College. And the new organization certainly has every promise of success. Winona, founder of "Stu. G.," whose clear vision, judgment and ability fit her so well to lead '19 again, as president. Prent, twice class president, has proved her ability to act wonderfully as vice-president. And Batch, eminently well-fitted to be the secretary (or in fact anything else); Ruth Trail, who combines so much ability with her efficient handling of money as treasurer. Finally, the Alumnae will have the intimate experience and genius of Alison to keep up its contact with the college through the Connecticut College News. Certainly this group of officers is a testimony to the discrimination of the class and a pledge for the unique success of the organization.

After the elections there was a picnic supper, where delicious food, generously intermixed with Koine's, occupied the Seniors until the final gathering of 1919 for the year, broke up.

**CLASS DAY EXERCISES
HELD IN OPEN AIR**

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

For a moment the brightness of the day seemed saddened, for the class of 1919, so dear to Connecticut College, was saying farewell.

**"GREEN STOCKINGS"
MAKES SECOND SUCCESS**

The second very successful performance of the Senior Play, *Green Stockings* was presented in the gymnasium on Tuesday, June 17th, to the friends of the college and the guests of the Senior Class. Marion Wells made a most vivacious and charming heroine, and her acting was well sustained by Marendra Prentis, as the real Colonel Smith. Charlotte Keefe, Harriett Rogers, and Mariether Dougherty impersonated the roles of the three sisters to perfection. Frances Otten appeared as a most convincing young Mr. Raleigh, and Madeline Rowe never failed to win a laugh from the audience with her English drawl. Ruth Anderson as Admiral Price, and Emetta Weed as Mr. Faraday—God bless his soul—played the parts of the two attractive elderly gentlemen of the comedy. Lillian Shadd made a most matronly Aunt Ida with her bonnet rakishly tied under her chin, and her one fatal whiskey and soda. And Juline Warner fitted into the cast as the conventional English butler, Martin, with becoming dignity.

Green Stockings was very favorably received by its audience, which was most appreciative, in spite of the threatened shortage of seats at the beginning of the performance. And the acting deserved all the applause that it received.

**COLLEGE PICTURES CAN BE
BOUGHT IN NEW LONDON**

The photograph of the first four classes of Connecticut College, taken at the close of the school year, may be obtained from the Kenyon Studio, New London. Postage for mailing is ten cents extra. Those who did not get the pictures they ordered, should send to the Kenyon Studio.

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