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JUNIOR WEEK-END PROVES SUCCESSFUL.

MISS SPERRY LEADS PROMENADE

The gym was a veritable woodland bower Saturday when the Juniors gave their Prom. The ceiling was a mass of laurel with many colored butterflies suspended from it, and three quaintly shaped gloes of light decorated with butterflies hung from the center. The room was entirely encircled with evergreen trees, while the stage bore the appearance of a woody glen. The entire effect was cool and inviting. The dark green setting served as an excellent background for the light colored dresses of the dancers who circled gracefully to the luring strains of Danz orchestra. Prom supper at Thames Hall glorified by evergreens proved a joyous affair at which the girls received painted vanity boxes for favors, and the men, bunches of cigarettes.

Miss Jeannette Sperry, president of the class, and Mr. Allan Draper, of Amherst, led the promenade.

The patrons and patronesses were as follows: President and Mrs. Benjamin T. Marshall, Dean Irene Nye, Dr. and Mr. John E. Wells, Dr. and Mrs. Frank E. Morris, Miss Orrie Sherer, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Watrous, Mr. and Mrs. Squire Gregson, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick T. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur L. Peale.

Committee for Prom were as follows: Jeannette Sperry, President of Class, Helen Peale, Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Ann Slade, M. P. Taylor, Mildred Duncan, Constance A. Hill, Grace Fisher, Chairman of Week-end, Winifred Powell, Chairman of Decorations.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PAYS A VISIT.

On Friday, May thirteenth, the statue of Benjamin Franklin arrived on campus in a large truck decorated with wreaths of flowers. Classes were dismissed at 1:45 (that is, most of them), but the gathering around the truck was small.

Mr. Smythe, in charge of the Committee for moving the statue from Philadelphia to Waterbury, gave a short speech on Franklin's life and the purpose of taking the statue around the state.

JULINE WARNER.

Extract from a letter from Juline Warner, '19, who is teaching Latin in Butler, N. J.,

"Sunday, May 1. My thoughts have been turning C. C.-ward all day, for it's the first time since there was a C. C. that I haven't shivered in a damp May drizzle, to the strains of the Magdalen College hymn. I am enclosing an extra program of the Classical Association meeting which I attended on Saturday a week ago. I had the delightful experience of being sheltered under Mrs. Charles Knapp's umbrella, and later of dining next her!"

The meeting referred to was the fifteenth annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Atlantic States, held at Hunter College, New York City, April 22 and 23, 1921.

"PIERROT THE PIRATE" GIVEN AT PROM.

Scores Big Hit.

On May 13, the yearly Musical Comedy was given at the College Gym with huge success. It is no secret that this year's Musical Comedy far surpasses those of the last two years in finish, plot and music.

The yachting scene in the first act proved a colorful one of youth and beauty, the most prominent person being Evelyn Ryan as Georgianna De Quincy, the leading lady. Georgie is being strenuously wooed by Peter Schuyler (none other than the gallant Judy), but scorns him because of his unromantic nature. The act ends with a thrilling scene where pirates kidnap Georgianna and her little sister, Yvonne. This is done on the advice of Tu-long, the half-witted Chinaman, who proves to be really a genius. Grace Fisher gave her usual clever character sketch as the Chinaman.

The second act takes place in the pirates' den, and the bold, dashing pirates delight the eye as well as the ear with their songs of the sea. The two girls are ransomed by their father, but not before Georgie has fallen in love with Captain Kidder, chief of the pirates.

Act three discloses a masquerade ball and also brings about the happy ending for Georgie and Peter, who as Pierrette and Pierrot, announce their engagement to the party.

The Pierrot and Pierrette chorus in the first act was very beautifully and gracefully done to the theme song of the play. An Irish chorus introduced by Ann Flaherty, proved a tremendous hit. "Treat 'Em Rough", the pirate's chorus, was applauded again and again, while "Shades of My Family Tree" was a charming picture of the old-time minuet. The three parrots were delightful in "Polly Want a Cracker", and the "Sparklers" made a lovely sight with their silver dresses and glowing sparklers.

The song hits were "Pierrot and Pierrette," and "Pierrot the Pirate," by Miss Ryan, leading lady, and Miss Warner, leading man. Miss Lydia Marvin, as the "Lady in the Moon", sang excellently.

Much of the comedy was provided by Grace Fisher, as Tu-Long the Chinaman, and as the monkey in the second act. Her facial and "feet-ial" expressions were a joy to behold.

Miss Barkerding as the gay chaperone and Miss M. A. Taylor as the staid chaperone were very good and did excellent solo work, and we cannot say enough about Miss Ryan's remarkably good acting throughout, and especially in the scene at the pirates' cave.

FRESHMAN DAY.

Do not forget Saturday, May twenty-first! It belongs to the Freshmen, Memories of a fascinating evening at the Cabaret still linger. We are looking forward to further evidences of '24's rather remarkable talent.

GLIMPSES OF SYRIA.

Interesting Account By Kathryn Hurlbert.

The following is an extract of a letter from Kathryn Hurlbert '20, who is teaching the Faculty children of the American University at Beirut, Syria:

American University, Beirut, Syria, Feb. 26, '21.

Thursday afternoon, after the last Mid-Year Exam. was over, two of the Staffites, the Smith '19, bacteriologist, and I, started off for an exciting week-end trip to Sidon, riding thirty miles south along the coast, in wind and rain and a Ford! The fields blazed with red anemones, daisies, and yellow oxalis (Feb. 17th); stretching away to the east lay the third largest olive grove in the world, with terrace upon terrace of fig and orange trees topping the low hills rising back of it to meet the foot-hills of the snow-covered Lebanon. Caravans of mules, camels, donkeys carrying loads of grain; flocks of sheep and goats led by scrawny little Arab boys, sometimes by whole families of Bedouins, passed us on their way to market. Mr. Bistani, our Syrian driver, who spoke perfect English (accused of murdering his mother-in-law, during the war, however), took us into a silk-mill near Scheirfait, one of the mountain villages near the Damour River . . . where we watched the village girls unwinding the boiled cocoons, three threads attached to one hook leading to an octagonal wheel run by water-power . . . a steamy, low-roofed, white-washed, silent process.

We had a typical Syrian room, in the American Girls' School in Sidon . . . high-ceilinged, clammy-walled in winter (never heated), with stone-mosaic floor, and high windows pinnacled by a tiny circular pigeon-hole window in the thick wall. On all sides of the school (where over seventy Syrian girls live, and ten or fifteen orphans from the Girls' Orphanage are sometimes fed), rose the white spires of minarets, where the muezzins call the faithful Mohammedans to prayer five times a day. (We heard them twice at midnight and every morning at five.) One old gray-domed mosque around the corner had a mysterious tale connected with it . . . of Lady Hester Stanhope and her wild frenzy when jilted by Sir Thomas Moore . . . how she came to the Orient to drown her sorrow, settled down near Jezzine (near Sidon), and, dressing as an Arab sheik, rode madly about the country on a broken-backed horse claiming that she was waiting for the time for the Christ to come and ride with her to Jerusalem . . . She left her fortune for the building of that mosque.

It was there that we went the last evening of the visit . . . to the mad orgy of Howling Dervishes . . . a frightful, unforgettable, barbaric bedlam of beating drums, and the weird, minor chanting of "Allah," in every tone and rhythm; a circle of thirty or forty Moslem men, in their long baggy trousers, embroidered shirts, wide sashes, and dark red tarbooshes . . . led by a gray-bearded Father Abraham who sat cross-legged in the center of the circle beating time with copper

(Continued on page 2, column 2.)

DR. MENDEL SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION.

LECTURES ON FOOD VALUES.

Dr. Lafayette B. Mendel, Yale's famous physiological chemist, gave a most interesting lecture last Tuesday on "What Constitutes a Food." After explaining the change in view-point regarding nutrition, and that there have been different "styles" in foods, Professor Mendel went on to say that at one time organic substances served as the main constituent of the human dietary, and that later the value of inorganic substances came to be recognized. We live today, he said, in the age of the balanced ration, the importance of which has been taught us by the agriculturist. Experiments with animals show that one cannot subsist and thrive on an unmixed diet, even though the proper number of calories is represented. We need both the minute quantities of mineral matter which are found in organic substances, and those important unknowns—vitamines, which are found in certain inorganic substances.

Connecticut College should be proud of the fact that it has a Home Economics Department where girls have an opportunity to study nutrition and food values. Moreover, we are not hampered by tradition as are some of the more conservative colleges that refuse to open their doors to the liberal sciences.

SERVICE LEAGUE ELECTIONS.

The following girls have been elected to the staff of the Service League for the year 1921-1922:

President . . . Mildred Duncan
Vice President . . . Alice Holcombe
Secretary . . . Elizabeth Holmes
Treasurer . . . Mary Lambeth Ragsdale
Chairman of On-Campus Work . . . Gertrude Avery

Chairman of International Committee . . . Alice Hagar

PROM CONVERSATIONS

(While Dancing.)

1. Girl (after stepping on partner's feet): "I'm so sorry! You see, I've heard so much about your wonderful dancing, I'm nervous!"

Man (getting out of step): "You're making me nervous now. It was my fault anyway. Even if you couldn't dance, you're pretty enough to make up for it."

Girl (blushing and using wrong foot): "I can't dance if you are going to embarrass me in this way."

Man: "Well, here's an agreement—you stop talking about my proficiency in dancing, and I'll stop complimenting you."

Girl: "Agreed." Results: complete silence and perfect dancing.

2. Man (looking subtle): "Your comedy certainly is a success."

Girl (trying to look innocent): "Did you really like it?"

Man: "Yes, you were charming."

3. A stupid man's idea of brilliant conversation:

1. You certainly have nice decorations here tonight.

(Continued on page 3, column 2.)

Connecticut College News

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NEED FOR MORE TENNIS COURTS.

Tennis is becoming one of the most popular out-of-door sports at Connecticut College. If anyone wishes to take exception to this statement, let him glance out of any window in New London Hall looking south at almost any hour of a pleasant day,—even the unearthly one of six a. m.—and mark the number of active figures darting happily about after elusive balls,—“doubles” on every court. Or, if he is still inclined to doubt, let him stroll out of an afternoon with a friend, during some free hour, joyfully contemplating a spicy little game ending in a “love set” in his favor of course, and let him sit for nearly all of that hour on the grassy sod of the sideline, admiring the “form” of others, and waiting his turn to play doubles with a couple of beginners.

In the evening it is the same. If you are so unfortunate as to be assigned to second dinner, the courts are in possession of “first-shifters” when you arrive on the scene, breathless, with your racket and a bad case of indigestion from a hastily bolted meal.

A system of signing up is to be sure, the only fair method of preventing undue monopoly of the courts,—for the present at least. And yet, it is but an alleviation and not a cure for the original pain. The fact still remains that there are not enough courts to accommodate even comfortably the players who yearn to make use of them at every possible opportunity.

Even the tennis classes are overcrowded. A large per cent. of girls who elected tennis, were obliged to change their spring sport because their numbers could not be accommodated. It isn't as if tennis courts must be housed beneath a roof and enclosed by four walls. It isn't that we are cramped

for room,—out-of-doors. It's quite obvious, on the other hand, that the need for them is great; that we have an admirable place for their location. For instance (the open field in front of Plant).

There is not a more wholesome or fascinating game to play or to watch, than tennis. Cannot the facilities for its furtherance and development here on campus be increased so that devotees of this sport may indulge in it to their hearts' content.

INFORM THYSELF.

Someone has said that the average college-girl knows too much about the past and too little about the present. Does this apply to the girls at Connecticut College? Are we so engrossed by cramming facts about the history of nations, studying the lives of men who lived long ago, learning about the development of art and science, or steeping ourselves in literature, that we absolutely ignore the fact that great things are happening in the world today—vitaly important things that we ought to know? Do our activities here on campus, or the things immediately connected with ourselves blot out the broad vision of a rapidly progressing world with which we must keep pace?

Of course we must study the past, but, as we have been told so often, much that we study of the past is to help us to understand the present, and we owe it to ourselves to know the present. If we are to make our conversation worth-while, if when we mingle with others, we wish to be the least bit enlightened regarding current subjects, for instance, the present political situation, or international relations, or the national economic condition; if we desire to know what other men are thinking and talking about, or if we want to make our College broad, up-to-date, and really *alive* we should make more frequent and profitable use of the daily newspapers on the table in our library and the numerous weekly and monthly periodicals reposing on its shelves.

H. A. '23.

OUR OPPORTUNITY.

We need not be told that College affords us numberless invaluable opportunities and advantages. However, have we all stopped to consider that Convocation is one of the very big opportunities we have here? Some of us take as a matter of course the four o'clock hour on Tuesdays—as a weekly occurrence that is sometimes interesting, sometimes dull,—occasionally amusing.

Some of us go because we enjoy it, others because we are in the habit of doing so, or feel it our duty, and still others of us because we are told that it will be good and we wish to learn something new.

But do we all realize that Convocation is really worthwhile, that it is an advantage which we probably shall not have after College, that it is a chance to hear some of the biggest men of the country who have done great things, have really accomplished something?

The Committee this year have worked hard to make Convocation a success. They have aimed to secure able and well-known speakers, and surely they have given us a variety of subjects. We have enjoyed musical and dramatic programs; we have heard lectures on science, including Psychology and Biology, discourses on poetry and art, history and lessons in Hygiene; we have learned of opportunities for women in various fields of work and the many responsibilities which will be ours after college; we have heard criticisms from those who know, on books and writers.

We realize that some of the speakers have disappointed us. But this fact should not detract from the value of

Convocation and the keen appreciation and live interest which should be ours as well as the hearty and genuine support which we should give to it.

H. A.

BULLETIN BOARDS AND BELLS.

“An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.” Some people are inclined to elevate their noses and arch their eyebrows at such trite things as maxims and proverbs. They are ancient, antique, yet who will not agree that they contain a great deal of truth? Is there a girl who sees the bulletin board but does not read? Can there be any girl who listens to announcements but yet does not hear? You know her—the one who never makes a personal application of notices. (Perhaps you are one yourself). She can uphold the truth of the proverb by sad experience. Many are they who pay fines for absences; many are they who go without their dinners and pay late fees. And why? Because, they failed to heed announcements.

These people have no right to complain. What is the purpose of bulletin boards, of huge posters, of clanging bells, if not to bring attention in every conceivable way to all important campaigns, meetings, classes, rehearsals? Perhaps those unfortunates whose attentive powers seem dulled by disuse, do not attribute all their trouble to fate. Perhaps some agree with Hazlitt, and prefer “to be merely a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things.” He goes on to say “He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not mingle in the fray.” Individuals of this variety, however, seem to be quite few in number. The great majority consists of “I didn't know it,” “I'm so sorry I forgot-its.” These are the moaners, the wailers, the victims of fate. These are, perforce, the ones to admit the truth of the ancient proverb.

Is there any way by which the ranks of this company may be decreased? Is there any way by which they may be convinced that they alone are accountable for their misery? It is quite evident that bulletin boards, gongs, announcements in chapel and the dining hall are of no avail.

Several remedies have been suggested. The first is the use of motion pictures to depict all notices at a designated hour each day. Another is the plan to equip each person with a telephonic instrument which connects with all advance announcements. Still another is to add a new course to the Physical Education department. An exercise might be introduced for the enlargement and prolongation of the auditory organs to such an extent that they would far surpass those of Titania's enchanted lover. Unfortunately much time and expense would be needed to carry out any such plan. What we must have is a guaranteed-while-you-wait-or-your-money-back idea. What could be easier than to make a personal application of the proverb? Simply prevent trouble by concentrated attention. Of course it takes practice, but that will seem as nothing compared with the tremendous consequences you would otherwise endure. Use an ounce of prevention and escape the necessity for a pound of cure.

E. H., '22.

GLIMPSES OF SYRIA.

(Concluded from page 1, column 3).

cymbals, his eyes closed in delirium, his whole body swaying, his head stretched back with his very palate quivering in the dim lantern light. The monotonous chorus was taken up from one end of the room to the other, echoed in shrill excited voices by the acolytes, young Arab boys, fourteen or fifteen, who watched the ring-leader with awed, frightened faces; in deep,

sepulchral monotonous by the old men who swayed in perfect rhythm with the stronger young men, although their cheek bones were hollow and their hands shook with palsy. Swords, narghiles, old pieces of raw-hide hung from the walls; in one corner smoldered an open-kettle charcoal fire, fanned now and then by attendants on the outer rim of the circle. Followed bending and bowing and louder “Allah's” until our ears ached with the dull thud of the chorus . . . Just before the drum rites began again, we escaped on our hands and knees by a side passage. The stars hung crisp in the sky; over the flat-roofed city the moon shone chaste and serene . . . We were free! We walked along in a dumb trance of relief, listening to the muffled roar of the ocean beating up over the ruins of the old Phoenician harbor . . . stretching out beyond the Crusader castle and the steep heights of the Moslem cemetery.

Then there was a Moslem feast . . . one night . . . at the home of one of the college students who had found out that we were in town . . . a seven-course dinner with the plates piled high in front of us, Italian style; the menu consisting of soup, riced chicken, meat cakes stuffed with pine nuts, more chicken, Syrian style, ocre and rice (!), dessert, huklawee, thin paper-like crust stuffed with nuts and sweets, and fried in syrup . . . Sidon oranges, and Turkish coffee in two-inch cups, supposed to be guzzled until it's heard around the room! After the banquet, we were ushered into the court, where all the relatives and friends of our guests' family had gathered to welcome the American friends, with games and native dances. Of course no women appeared all evening, as the Moslem women are never allowed in the company of men . . . and on the street still wear the famous inch-thick veil (though they say that in Constantinople, the custom is gradually dying out).

Saturday afternoon we got in a vivid ride to Tyre . . . with glimpses of Mt. Hermon rising above the clouds; visits to the damp spacious Tombs of the Kings, where Hiram, King of Tyre, was buried, an aviation camp, French, along the coast road . . . near the spot where last year at just this same time, the Arab insurrection had left fig trees sheltering the bodies of dead men, beaten to death from ambushes attacks along the high-way. Fallen fragments of old Phoenician pillars lying moss-covered and wave-washed on the shores, were the only remains of the ancient harbor of the “Queen of the Seas” . . . At the bazaars we picked up Tyrean-dyed scarfs, mendeels, and painted wedding candles to take away as trophies.

The second semester began last week in the Faculty School and we have another month before Easter vacation which begins March 23rd . . . I wonder when C. C. closes this year!

The News has been coming on an average of only three weeks late, and is an exciting event you can guess, especially when it comes along with other American mail! It's good to feel that Syria isn't on the edge of the globe quite. Teaching thirty periods a week, and performing the social rites of a newcomer in a foreign American community, keeps the hours of the week full and interesting. This mid-year spree was the first time that we'd seen Beirut in perspective, and was our first introduction to real Syrian life—away from European influence. I think of the old hill-top days at C. C. often, and send the very best of success to all the old Sister-class girls of '22, and the Seniors '21!

KATHRYN HULBERT.

Beggar: “Please help me to recover my child.”

Lady: “Is your child lost?”

Beggar: “No, mum, but his clothes are worn out.”

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PROM CONVERSATIONS.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

2. The floor isn't very smooth, is it?
3. Goodness, but it's hot!
4. How many girls go to this college?
5. I thought it would rain all day, didn't you?
6. A good orchestra.
7. Do you like college?

4. Man (with serious, psychic look in his eye): "You can write!"
 Girl (interested): "You mean I try to."

Man (looking intense): "And you probably write sense. I'm sure you have that rare thing—an imagination."
 Girl (obviously bored): "Oh, really!"
 Man (who is the eager and earnest sort): "I'm going to test your imagination. Now tell me, what do those butterflies on the lanterns suggest to you?"

Girl (with feigned seriousness and a soulful look): "A golden-haired nymph dancing down a mossy hill!"

Man (thrilled): "Wonderful! Wonderful! But what was her soul like?"

Girl (promptly): "Like weak beer!"

Man (taken aback, but still quite gullible): "How disillusioning! But life is like that, isn't it? I have been greatly disillusioned in many things (registering sadness).

Girl (looking around for help): "Oh yes! Oh yes!" (Spots her partner, looks appealing, and is rescued.)

EXCHANGES.

Smith College:—The Greek Club and the students in the Department of Greek presented "Iphigenia in Aulis" on May 14th. The play was given in the original Greek, with original music in Attic style.

Smith was the first American college honored by a visit from Madame Curie. There was a procession of the faculty and guests of the college, and all classes were suspended at three o'clock for the day.

The college is to send a petition to Congress asking that the three agencies for the rehabilitation of the ex-service men, namely the Bureau of Compensation and Claims, The Bureau of Public Health Service, and The Federal Board for Vocational Training, be consolidated into one agency to prevent the present delay and confusion that have arisen in the adjustment of claims; also, that the present Congress provide a sufficient appropriation for a complete and permanent hospital system adequate to the present and future needs of the disabled ex-service men.

Mount Holyoke:—Mount Holyoke is making an intensive campaign for her Endowment Fund, having adopted the slogan "Three Million by Commencement." Each Alumna is expected to raise three hundred and five dollars.

Wesleyan:—A campaign is being started to raise twenty-seven \$5,000

scholarships, in memory of the twenty-seven men who died in the World War.

Radcliffe News—A Freshman: "Have you been intoxicated for smallpox yet?"

PLANS FOR FUTURE PROMS

Oh! it rains when we sleep; it rains when we eat; it rains when we work; it rains when we play. May is the month of the deluge. It weeps, it moans, it frowns and sighs. A tradition is developing in spite of us. The days set aside for Junior Prom are inevitably accompanied by showers and lowering skies. We may as well recognize this now as later, and make our plans accordingly. Why not prepare at the start for a rainy week-end? It may be more expensive, but think how many worries and futile hopes might be avoided.

In the first place comfortable barracks should be erected for the Prom guests on the Soccer field, or New London Hall might easily be confiscated for the purpose. How charming to arrange these quarters cosily with extra camp cots, tea tables and book shelves for bunks! Thus trips to and from town might be dispensed with. Contracts for running a quick lunch room might be signed with some one of the restaurants in New London. Then the quadrangle between Plant and Blackstone could be roofed over. This space should be divided into comfortable living-rooms, and fitted up with furniture, on the installment plan, so it could be returned directly. A large shed put up in the hockey field, would serve as an admirable place for amusement, namely movies, a roller skating rink, and a merry-go-round with a non-leakable covering. The tennis courts and the reservoir for a swimming pool, would be very popular if properly sheltered while underground passage between Plant, Blackstone and New London Hall would make an excellent Lover's Lane. All that is needed to perfect the scheme is the connection of various buildings by means of covered pathways and the establishment of an efficient taxi service between the college and the railroad station.

Then who cares whether the elements smile or frown—beam or glower threateningly, whether it rains fire or brimstones! We may truly anticipate a blissful week-end, and disregard all prophecies of the vacillating weather-man.

VISITORS ON CAMPUS.

Arvilla Hotchkiss '20 is the guest of Blanche Finesilver.

We are very happy to welcome to our midst, Minnie Pollard of Proctorsville, Vermont, and Ruby Tracey, of Hartford, Connecticut. Both are ex-members of '22.

Marguerite Mills, ex-'19, attended the Junior Promenade on May 14th. She came as the guest of Marguerite Paul.

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

'At Freshman Cabaret.

Harlequin should have sandpapered his soles before attempting a Druid dance, but Columbine had all the natural grace of youth charmingly enhanced by one of "Madam's" latest creations.

Snodgrass could never have perfected those gasps of horror without long practice afforded by the assignment of eight pages of Spanish translation.

Freshman cabaret has only augmented our decision made at previous colleges functions: that some of our queens should take permanently to trous.

Poor Friar Tuck—who seemingly has every instinct of a pointer, but no nose or tail to point with.

Heard at Prom. supper: Masculine guest, "Thoughtful of you to give us as favors the very brand of cigarets that most girls have been found to prefer."

But, what about the powder? Some of them needed it after the afternoon's exercise—and temperature!

We are offering a reward for safety devices for pinning tails. Grace Fisher refuses to again enact the tragedy of losing the tail in her monkey costume. She insists that some gentleman in the second row ruined her characterization of the animal by staring at the lost article.

The taming of fierce natures can always be done by a pretty girl. Did you notice the immediate and perceptible softening of the ferocious pirate when the yachting girls came in.

It has been suggested by a Junior of artistic temperament and a sense of the appropriateness of things—that a moonstone be used in the college ring, to remind us of the stonewall sings.

The following variety of novel excuses for absences from classes at Oberlin, quite breaks the record. They cover the space of a year and emanate from the male element. Who ever thought our college men were visited by such untold suffering!! Seventy-three were absent because of colds and various affections of the eyes and teeth. Some had headaches, twenty-five per cent. had gripe,—one was afflicted with warts and two with toe-trouble. Some refused to localize their ailments and were "just sick." One was bit on the thumb by an ambitious squirrel (who undoubtedly took him for a nut). Ten visited the wrong class, and two were engaged in chasing a thief, while the class was in progress. One had no rubbers; one had no clothes. Some unkind wretch stole the garments of another and yet another student was being subjected to baptism.

The "day of the dog" has come again. No sooner have "Sooner and his co-partners shuffled off this mortal coil

than others of their kith and kin rise in their places. We suggest Thinna, Longa and Leana as appellations for the three gaunt hounds that nightly guard the portals of Thames—lured from their lairs undoubtedly by the savory smell of flesh,—roasted.

Professor Einstein suggests that the fourth dimension is time. An illustration may be found in College life. We find ourselves inclosed in a stuffy three-dimensional recitation room. How to get out?—the fourth dimension. After 50 minutes of time have passed out we go.—A. E. D.

—Hunter College Bulletin.

THE SONG SPARROW.

He looked at me and cocked his head—
And then he swelled his throat and trilled

Till all the scented, warm air thrilled
With lovely music, tremulous.

—I wonder what it was he said?

He looked at me and cocked his head—
And then—there was a flash, of wings!

Ah, did he sing of vital things
That my heart should have understood?

—I wonder what it was he said?
E. M. S. '24.

FOOL QUESTIONS.

Do ships have eyes when they go to sea?

Are there springs in the ocean's bed?
Does the Joly Tar flow from a tree?
Does the river lose its head?

Are fishes crazy when they go in Seine?
Can an old hen sing her lay?
Can you bring relief to a window pane?
Or mend the break of day?

What sort of vegetable is a policeman's beat?

Is a newspaper white when it's read?
Is a baker broke when he's making dough?
Is an undertaker's business dead?

Would a wallpaper store make a good hotel?

(Because of the boarders there?)
Would you paint a rabbit on a bald man's head—
Just to give him a little hair?

If you ate a square meal would the corners hurt?

Can you dig with the ace of spades?
Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon?
Just to give the lemon aid?

Our gardener went to a Labor Pro-test meeting last night. The poor fellow had to find out what his grievances were.

"Alas," muttered the convict, as he entered the prison walls, "My future is all behind me."

Eva: Truman has been filing old love letters.

Mary: Are they as rough as that?

Mrs. Pearson: Jane, has Charles come home yet?

Jane: I think so. I haven't seen him, but the cat's hiding under the stove.

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