THE BLANKET TAX.

In view of the recent discussion of the working of the experimental Blanket Tax, one would like to express in particular point. The question has been raised in one of the clubs—"How shall we determine the active membership of this club?" Theoretically every student who has paid his Blanket Tax is entitled to membership in this and every other organization. How can we refuse to admit her to full membership, particularly if she is interested?

Under the present system, if the entire body desired membership in each of the organizations, the present sum of ten dollars per capita would not be sufficient to defray the expense of her membership. Obviously the present Blanket Tax was never meant to meet any such condition. It is assumed that a girl interested in various pursuits would take active part in particular clubs and organizations, and that, in effect, her interest would cover the expense involved. Theoretically she would be entitled to membership in any number of organizations, and that was the idea when the Blanket Tax was established.

Now, let us suppose that she is interested in a group of early English literature. This group is considered to be of great importance.

As a result of the work of the experimental Blanket Tax, I would like to explain one of the experiments. In my private opinion, such a club, with a high degree of interest in a group of early English literature, would be of great importance because it would give an opportunity to use it.

Therefore England took possession of Constantinople, but Bonaparte did not want it, and Bonaparte wanted it, and Bonaparte wanted it. Russia to have it. Moreover, England did not want Russia to have it. Moreover, England did not want Russia to have it. Moreover, England did not want Russia to have it.

...
Connecticut College News

Established 1916
Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year, except during mid-years and vacations.

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Your "Pep"?

Sewed in need, humans need fuel—to keep them going. College humans need "pep"—to keep them up. Humans need enthusiasm, the lust for life. But today we call it Thames. Some pronounce the "Th," others do not. Given to give them free tuition, and the act of liberating their enthusiasm spills over into class recitations? To them, the name, Thames, is the name of a river. The larger Thames, called Humber, into which this stream flows makes it the river of a nation. The larger Thames, called Connecticut, is an expansion of becoming scholastic Jacks-of-all-trades into being a great nation, and doing none of them well? 

The Editors of the Vera do not hold themselves responsible for the opinions expressed in this column.

Dear Editor: A college is very much like a nation in its faults and ways. In the United States we have certain groups of active individuals, deciding on candidates for leaders and selecting those who will make them leaders. There is another group,—the sometimes called silent followers and these are the majority. In college, too, we have our leaders, our standbys, and our silent majority.

But why the taciturn inactivity? We attend a meeting and Miss Smith is nominated for Decoration Committee. Miss Smith is a very fine girl, but with due respect to her merit, I think that of the noble charge of thinking through, of waiting for someone else to answer, or than when, because no response is forthcoming, you, the editor, are compelled to resort to that conscientious effort which is usually some one who "save the day." These, happily, have this much-to-be-coveted enthusiasm. They like to talk, to express their opinions, or to argue, because they are really interested.

But there are always certain well-meaning individuals who comfortably sit back and let the others have the floor. They are not ignored, nor are they apathetic. They simply are not enthusiastic. They are perfectly content to hear others talk, and they listen with interest, but they are not sufficiently aroused to raise their own voices either in assent or in opposition. Some of these begin well, but they contribute less and less, until finally they are scarcely heard at all, except when directly questioned.

College humans enthuse mightily over Yale, which is all right, but it should be. But why not let a bit of this enthusiasm spill over into class recitations?

Vassar—Vassar will harbor three girls, students from the ruined college at Bryn Mawr. The three are planning to give them free tuition, and the Christian Association will raise the monies to pay their board and expenses.

Are we?

There is a widespread movement among the colleges to decrease the number of students. This is partly to increase the quality. Here at Connecticut we are faced with the same six sub- jects, and in our endeavor to keep them alive, and at the same time adhere to the necessary non-academic affairs, we find that at the end of the day we are almost physically incapable of summoning the energy to prepare for the following Sunday, Sunday, and then the weekly editors remark, instead of being a day in which we can rest and do what we choose, has become the time when we frantically try to catch up with our back work. Perhaps an extremely varied pro- gram offers a greater opportunity for broadening one's horizon, enlarging one's interest. This would be of utmost benefit in our personal development. A thorough knowledge of anything, however, is seldom valuable, because only by real study does one discover the truth of a thing. It is this truth which finally enables us to relate our lives to the world around us.

There is another school subject that is often neglected in the college curriculum; there is a history of students to have Saturday matinee full holiday, and have only six subjects, five times a week. This is the plan which Bryan Mawer follows. In the United States college is a part of that glorious history of becoming scholastic Jacks-of-all-trades into being a great nation, and doing none of them well. 

**FREE SPEECH.**

(Edith Dye, "Elegantly."

In America there is agitation among the students to have Saturday matinee full holiday, and have only six subjects, five times a week. This is the plan which Bryan Mawer follows. In the United States college is a part of that glorious history of becoming scholastic Jacks-of-all-trades into being a great nation, and doing none of them well. 

"Babbit." A minute and microscopic examination of H. G. Wells adjacent to the works of George G. Babbitt of Zenith.

-Babbitt, by Sinclair Lewis.

This is the story of one man, his family, and his one great friend. He is Babbitt, the "great man of the great age." For some two hundred and fifty pages Babbitt leads his family, his friends, and his town to believe he is the only truly middle-class and worthwhile man, that he is absolutely moral and upright. Gradually, the way to his family begins to suspect, to watch him to look for something else to do on the surface of this good middle man, this half-fellow-well-mixed individual.

He feels them watching, and continues on his downward path, it takes his wife's life to bring him to the truth of the college. This has been, He, the successful businessman, the famous father, the good dominant father—he admits to his son, "I don't know how I accomplished anything except just get along. I figure out I've made a career of an average man, a tolerable one."

Mr. Lewis' style is, as in "Men's Work," clear and direct, and to the point of degree occasionally he forgets "elegantly" and leaves a little fancy voice in its place. It is this that saves the book from being vastly wordy and material, from becoming too realistic.

**ABILITY.**

Ability is to learn to do what we want to do. It comes without conscious effort to the person who possesses it. It is welcomed by the students, and they are the only ones who will be those who do it. It is a joy to channels of thought that will be of the utmost service to the various sorts of the college organizations. It is a joy to possess, for it establishes the individual in the field he wants to be and in the field in which he can do the most good.

But what of the people who do not possess it? They struggle around, active nowhere, and then slip back into easy living, without contributing directly to the glory of the college. This is not the case beneath us. There must be some ruthless way of getting into the normal part of the great whole, getting nothing, doing nothing, and getting nowhere.

This is that I thought as I gazed upon with pride upon my fellow class-mates, and the distinguished visitors upon the field this afternoon. Oh, the endless rushing of thought around the wind upon the face, the thrill of oppor- tunity and then the wonderful increase of power, victory, which they must have felt as they swept down the field with the ball sweeping beyond the goal, whatever would not I have given to have been a part of that victorious team?

The first quarter of our life is com- ing to a close and soon we shall find beyond the goal into a more intense life, leaving behind us the happy days upon this fair hillside, with its intimate friendships and its noble ideals; carrying with us, I hope, some of its eternal values, its inspiration, its golden bits of knowledge and appreciation of ev- erything that surrounds us. How many still out there when these days are as a dream. I wonder if we can be run unkindly, inactive, but not thought- in a different way. I wonder if we can be able to do something (before it is too late) to express all that our col- lective thought and feeling have meant within me. I wonder if we can grow in strength, size, and width, and then love the world.

"Have faith in us," we cry. 

Wellesley—Wellesley is having a series of Poet Readings by contemporaries of the French poet. Robert Benchley and Miss Alice Brown have spoken.

Alumni Notes.

Miriam Taylor, 1922, is at the Fran- chese, William P. F. Pensonville, 1922, is doing new work as Editor of the Secretary's Office of the Fuller Brush Co., Hartford. Miss Brown is editor in the U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C. She is also assistant editor of the sales publications. Miss Brown is editor of the New York Daily Press, published at Jamaica, L. I., and is also on the editorial staff.

Rachel Smith, 1921, is in the art department of the Leeman Hill Settlement in New York.

Eleanor Soaver, 1923, is taking an art course in Parsons' Art School, in New York.

The Hartford Connecticut College Club has elected its officers for this year.

Miriam Pomeroy, 1919, President; Ruth Walthall, ex-'20, Secretary; Mildred Frew, 1919, Treasurer; Gladys Edmon.

Entertainment Committee

Marieselle Wells, Chair

Program Committee

The club is planning to have a room at the local YWCA, to meet in meetings, which come every third Saturday afternoon.

The New York Chapter—The first meeting of the New York Chapter of New York Connecticut College Alumnae was held on October 20th at the home of Margaret Jacobs, 155 Johnson Street, Brooklyn. Watch this column next week for reports of what the New York chapter has done, and will do. Send news of your own chapter for publication in the same issue to:

Provost Manager,
44 Washington Apartments,
Peterson, New Jersey

The Closest.

(After Amy Lowell.)

Some people keep their minds like an orderly closet. With neat rows of wooden pegs Where they have all the garments of their ideas.

When someone gives them a garment For which they can find no peg They say "It won't fit."

And throw it over the head of the mantel The same thing happens when a piece of wood has become a part of the great whole, getting nowhere, doing nothing, and getting nowhere.

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Alma Mater by the River.

When we speak of our Alma Mater we speak of the sea and river, just as the Pequot Indians boasted of theirs long ago. For we call our Thames the "Great River"—the river of a great and unapproachable people. The English settlers first called it the Mississippi, River, or Papo, and the Dutch gave it the name, Friesia, meaning Little Dutch River.

The western branch was called New Hope, meaning Rapid Hurrying Stream, for no man knew it worked its way between high cliffs and tumbles noisy- ly into a great river. I was this little fall which is the distinguishing feature of the river. The larger river into which this stream flows was called the Veilak, or Great River, but this was later changed to the Mississippi, or Great Waterfall.

But today we call it Thames. Some students think that the Thames is "Th," others do

Continued on page 3, column 2.
A PROFESSOR ON WHEELS.

Many years ago I was an enthusiastic bicyclist. Probably that is why I yield to you today when day when my admiring students (female) invited me. I refused to relieve me of the privilege of teaching me—to demonstrate what a skilled wheelman I used to be and what a well-mannered gentleman I still was.

Feeling awkwardness at first, I presently crevied among them along the smooth sidewalk with much grace; but my exhilarating triumph was brief. A stern and unexpected voice from the road interrupted with, "Hey! Don't you know there's a twenty-mile-an-hour limit?"

The owner of the voice, a bicycle pedestrian, then wheeled up to me with the other croakers. You're plunked.

"Ouch!" said I facetiously. This seemed to me rather a witty and mollifying thing to say when pinched, but it did not appear to please the plunger. I tried again, "Officer," I began, pointing toward the buildings of the nearby institution for the higher education of women. "I am the professor of law and unwisness at your service."

"You can't sensibly all that to the magistrate," he replied, "Come along."

"But consider the dignity of my position," I protested, "my exasperating statements to my students; and this little boy and this little girl are my children. I am a deacon in the Congregational Church and," I added, "Infringe upon the most strictly impressive aspect of my utter responsibility, "a contributor to The Atlantic Monthly. To place me under restraint like a common criminal would be outrageously incongruous."

I'll have my day! My Elizabethan captor was staggered a little, but he soon rallied. "Such talk won't stick, you don't scare me by threats!" he exclaimed. "I'm going into Congress over this little business."

I've got five times as many children as you have and the sort of rascals you're associated with!"

"The professor of law and unwisness," answered I, "is a sworn public servant. He claims to be the protector of the laws of the land."

"But how you came to live there, I thought the police were chasing you after the incident with the boy and girl who were asking who is our name and whether we are the same, There is the river, the island, the rocks and trees, falling leaves of red, yellow, and brown, rustling, drifting, piling all about; sounds of falling leaves cracking, breaking, rustling leaves, pine trees, pine-needles—brown, soft, and damp, browns, woody odors, dying golden-red, and milk-wood pote."

"I meant to steer around you, she said instrumentally, "I think it would have been much nicer than steering through me."

Connecticut College News

Word Mongers and Chattering Barbers

"Word mongers" and "chattering barbers," Gilbert called those of his predecessors who asserted that a wound made by a magnetized needle was painless, that a magnet will attract silver, that the diamond will draw heat, and that a magnet will attract iron, that the magnet thwarts and dies in the absence of iron, that a magnet, pulverized and taken with sweetened water, will cure headaches and prevent fatigue. But before Gilbert died in 1663, he had done much to explain magnetism and electricity through experiment. He found that by hammering iron held in a magnetic field what it has become. His fellow men were little concerned with him and his experiments. "Who will Queen Elizabeth marry—and whom?" they were asking.

Elizabeth's flirtations mean little to us. Gilbert's method means much. It is the method that has made modern electricity what it has become, the method which enabled the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company to discover new electrical principles now applied in transmitting power for hundreds of miles, in lighting homes electrically, in aiding physicians to use the X-rays, in freeing civilization from drudgery.
IMPRESSIONS.

One empty chair and one in the middle. The timid Freshman approaches and asks, haltingly, if it is being bought. There is no answer. She smiles from the hostess. The Freshman studiously avoids answering and smiles, and she sits down. A junior on her left asks how she is doing, C.

"Oh, I'm all right. I don't care much for living, where she comes from. They find that they live in the midst of acquaintances. A new friendship is formed.

Two vacant seats at another table, and two Freshmen marveling failure to give each other the necessary comfort and support. The upper-classmen at the table are talking with each other and do not notice the Freshmen. They do not mean to be unkind, they are simply indifferent. Two wistful Freshmen leave Thames Hall with a wild desire for home and the sound of moonlight and shadow, a group of upper-classmen "Halloos" to everyone they meet, and the fog and the rain. We'll remember the hill and the sparkling river, the boat rides and O'Leary's, the salty morsel-known to persons of German origin-and others, too, as an edible-a twisted, crusty, golden-brown, and yet another ad infinitum. Now, having ticketed and classified-satisfied case, this product of German efficiency, had shown a despicable lack of willpower, I felt guilty and ashamed. I shut the door firmly, seated myself from the hamfisted neighbor, and nearly, of course, the thought became more digressing thoughts, the fog and the rain. We'll remember, it does not matter. It does not matter. We'll remember the hill and the sparkling river, the boat rides and O'Leary's, the salty morsel-known to persons of German origin-and others, too, as an edible-a twisted, crusty, golden-brown, and yet another ad infinitum. Now, having ticketed and classified-satisfied case, this product of German efficiency, had shown a despicable lack of willpower, I felt guilty and ashamed.

A deep voice, speaking English, but in terms most strange and fascinating, comes from a classroom. A smile from the hostess. The Freshman studiously avoids answering and smiles, and she sits down. A junior on her left asks how she is doing, C.

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A TALK WITH OUR DEAN.

I called on the Dean the other night. She received me in her pleasant sitting-room—with its many books, book-cases, and its atmosphere of quiet. We talked first of—hair—an odd subject, perhaps—nevertheless, we followed it. Apparently, Dean Nye does not disapprove of bobbed hair, although, she laughingly announced that she was not desirous of having her own cut short. She seemed to feel that the conversation had traveled to trivia—the comparatively value of long and short. Dean Nye seemed to hesitate about coming to any decision on this weighty matter, and finally announced that she really did not notice particularly who was or who was not in style in this respect.

After gazing at the books for a second I asked whether it seemed that college women had a real appreciation of art. After a moment of reflection the reply came that there is a large number of them with whom it has something to do with literature, but many others who are far from appreciative of art. In every case there is apt to be a considerable number who have never read Shakespeare, even, yet any Freshman with an equal amount of curiosity might be expected to do so. When we went to college, Dean Nye would "like to see college girls form activities and classes, save perhaps informal debates or discussion groups, with which we hope to encourage them. One of the most important things that college girls can do is to make friends with a fellow student at their homes or elsewhere during vacations or not be concerned to form a part of the college group. Such a college would have no attraction for the so-called "flapper" and only those whose chief interest turned to such work. A good example of this was given by students at the University of Chicago, where students were in the habit of attending classes in English, French, and other subjects. They were not the only ones whose chief interest was in the books they would attend, and if this is the case, it would not be necessary, take away opportunities, altogether. If more of their work has to gain social, moral, and educational values and a knowledge of life through experience. Dean Nye realized immediately that she could learn more from literature than from the boys who come to college, don't you think so?"

As I rose to go Miss Nye smiled with a pleasant twinkle in her eye and my departure was announced."

ALMA MATER BY THE RIVER.

And life in the "One Great River." How closely it is connected with our life here at college! It seems to reflect our moods, or perhaps better to determine them. When the water is grey and dull, reflecting a leaden sky, our hearts are often heavy and subdued, but when the river is blue and sparkling—then we are happy and our hopes and dreams and play. It is then that we have the "strength to remove mountains," the famous saying of Homer, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and others.

"Oh, may the freedom and the beauty of life and river be, at length, Dean Alma Mater by the sea."

What Did He Mean?—A small visitor to our campus recently expressed a wish to take luncheon in "Famous Hall."

BARNARD STUDENTS SUBMIT PLAN FOR FRESHMAN COURSE.

(From the New York Times.)

The Student Curriculum Committee of Barnard College has lately worked over the curriculum of the college in all branches, and it makes it satisfactory from the students' point of view. The Freshman required courses are printed below:

A Course of Mankind: A synthetic survey course designed to bring out the chief aspects of man's relation to his environment by tracing present conditions and tendencies to historical processes. The course would include the following features.

1. The physical nature of the universe. The earth in relation to the universe. The geological epochs.
2. Man as a product of evolution, emphasizing the general outlines of biological evolution, leading to the emergence of man. Types of primitive cultures. Eastern and African cultures.

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FRESHMAN SECTION GAME.

Listen, ye people, both great and small, To the tale concerning a hockey ball, "Twas the month of October in 72, On the twenty-sixth day, if the story be true. You all must surely that date recall.
The hockey ball was placed on the green Above it two figures did eagerly lean, They bullied it off; and the cheers did swell In praise of Weller and B. Dumereel. With excitement the eyes of the watchers did gleam.
The little round ball was knocked around, The force of the blows raised it high off the ground. The team of white and the team of red Were out for business and honor due. And over the field the ball did bound.
The players cast off their sweaters and coats, The spectators anthered their faces round their throats. The wind did howl and the sun did set. The blues did finally victory get.
Good training and teamwork this winning denotes.
The casualties of the game were few. The fall of Whittier did not harm us. Our fours were around for an old black horse.
That "Crawford and Company" with out remorse, Did fall and down the next field purs. The horse survived and so did all Who watched that game of the hockey ball That were attained for four to nothing. It was not a victory easily bought.
Below the names of the players re-call.

White.
P. Line: H. Hood, M. Stone, H. Welling, C. Ables, M. Cogswell, E. Enderle, R. Lindsey
Full Backs: J. Peterson, L. Oakes, B. Bell.
Goal: D. Swan.
Blue.
Goal: B. Bebee.

THE BLANKET TAX.

Concluded from page 1, column 2, be made, but of that I have no right to speak officially.
The purpose, of course, of the Blanket Tax as it has been instituted is to provide at the minimum of cost to each student, the maximum of participation in college activities. Personally, I can see no insuperable difficulties in adjusting the inevitable and minor problems that arise.
If any club feels that it is being badly treated or if any organization feels that it is not receiving its due share of the total income, a complaint in writing to Miss Margaret Baxter will result in a final adjustment of the difficulty; and in the experiment next year, a proper presentation of a budget by each organization will insure a corresponding appropriation for their needs within the limitations of an income determined first, by the College enrollment, and second, by the amount charged per head. It was originally intended that each student should pay twelve dollars, and this with the expectation that four hundred and fifty students would be enrolled this year. It was thought best by the administration that the sum per capita should not exceed ten dollars, and this modification with the inevitable decrease in the number of students has reduced the total sum available to an amount which necessitates a paring down of the sums to be distributed to each organization.

Another year, the student government association should be in a position to properly estimate the net Blanket Tax receipts for that year, and to forewarn the various organizations of the ultimate that they may expect.

And in this way, once the budgets have been presented and the organizations have been notified, the entire group of undergraduate clubs and organizations can proceed with a minimum of friction and the greatest possible amount of efficiency. Speaking for myself, I hope that the Blanket Tax will be given at least two years' fair trial, and that if it is a failure we can immediately put an end to the experiment. The committee of the Faculty shares in a large measure the opinions that I have expressed in this letter, but I must take entire responsibility for putting them into print.

GERARD E. JENSEN.

FRENCH PLAY TO BE PRESENTED

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

Belle le Professeur . . . . Roque de Meynier . . . . . . . . . E. Merry
Le General de Blais . . . . R. B. . . . . . . . . R. de Céran
Monseigneur . . . . E. Merry
Francois . . . . . . . . B. Kent
Le Saint-Boul . . . . E. Merry
Gailac . . . . . . . . M. Viber
Des Milletes . . . . M. Armstrong
Un domestic . . . . . . . . . . E. Merry

TURKISH QUESTION DISCUSSED.

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

The question of "what shall become of Constantinople?" is now answered, for the present at least. The Turks have been put back in possession of it and also of Eastern Thrace.
The Manager of the Bookstore states that the next person to break a show-case will be expelled from college.

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