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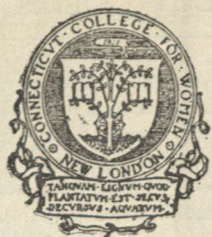
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Service League Outlines Its Plans For Year

Plans for the work to be done this year were outlined at the opening Service League meeting, held on Tuesday, November 19. There are to be four committees: War Relief, Social Service, Social, and Program. Jessie Wells, president of the league, introduced the four committee chairmen, who gave in detail their particular plans. Alice Horrax set forth the work of the War Relief Committee, which will include canteen duty in New London, weekly service in the Hostess House, in the base hospital, and in the Yeowomen's club house. Betty Rumney gave an account of the opportunities for Social Service to be offered by the league.

The Keebac Club and the Y. W. C. A. still offer interesting opportunities, and for upper classmen, there will be a chance to help in the Civilian Relief and Child Welfare work of the Associated Charities. Ruth Wilson, chairman of the Social Committee, drew up some very promising plans for entertainments. A Dansante will be given, but the particular feature will be a musical comedy, "very peppy"—with music and words contributed by the students. Leah Pick promised a board of employment to be run by her committee in addition to securing the five lecturers provided by the league this year. The speakers who have already been arranged for are Otto Steiner, of Grinnell College, who has certainly won for himself a welcome on the campus; Horace Bridges, head of the Chicago Ethical Society, who will address the students for the third time; Eleanor Bertine, of the Y. W. C. A., who will speak on Social Morality, and Professor C. T. Winchester, head of the English Department, at Wesleyan College.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN FUTURE

The Dramatic Club's announcement that on December 9 they will present "The Lost Silk Hat," by Dunsany, "A Marriage Has Been Arranged" and "The Man on the Kerb," by Sutro, comes as welcome news to lovers of the drama. The great success which these one-act plays have made elsewhere and the splendid cast chosen for the occasion make the event something to be anticipated eagerly. The principal roles are taken by Helen Gage, Frances Otten, Helen Perry,

Miss Fraser Again To Be Speaker At College

Miss Helen Fraser, who last year made such a profound impression on the faculty and students, will speak again to the College on Friday, December sixth, at five o'clock. In the evening she will hold an informal conference with the students. Miss Fraser is recognized as one of the most brilliant women speakers of Great Britain. She has been working for various departments of the English government, particularly those pertaining to war economy. Miss Fraser was received formally at the White House. Last year she gave 232 lectures, thus holding the record of women speakers in the United States. To hear Miss Fraser speak a second time is a privilege which will be highly appreciated.

ANN F. HASTINGS '22.

WHEN THE M-MOON SHINES

The old, grey stone wall west of New London Hall became a sacred spot on the college campus on the evening of November eighteenth, when it became the setting for the first "Senior Sing,"—'19's permanent contribution to college traditions.

At the rising of the full moon, a long line of black-robed seniors gathered on the wall, faced by a long line of white-robed juniors, together with faculty and other students. Song after song arose, in praise of "Goddess Moon," "Mr. Moon-Man," and of the important new tradition. Popular songs, old class songs, and cheers for faculty and the other classes rang out over the hilltop, until "Good-Night, Ladies," indicated that the "wall-sing" was over.

MATHEMATICS CLUB MEETS

The Mathematics Club elected Louise Avery '21, as their treasurer at the first regular meeting of the year. Dr. Leib read an interesting paper entitled "Arithmetic." Motions were passed to invite Miss Rosanoff to become an honorary member of the club; to ask dues of fifty cents a year of each member, and to meet on the first Friday night of each month.

Doris Patterson, Marion Hendrie, Lydia Marvin and Jeannette Sperry. Mr. George Curry is the director.

RUTH R. LEVINE '22.

Juniors Guests At First Man Dance Of Season

"And we are jolly good fellows"—that was the spirit in which seniors met juniors Saturday, November 23, in the Gym. The seniors certainly presented a most astonishing variety of types of masculinity and would-be masculinity. The program of the evening was conventional, but various novel features were introduced. The juniors chose partners for the grand march by the inviting appearance of their feet projecting from beneath the curtain. During the intermission the seniors supplied their partners with novel but very acceptable refreshments. There were flash-light and lucky number dances and Mad Rowe, as a very rakish young sport, did several very entertaining song and dance numbers.

SARGENT CHALLENGES C. C.

Of the six seniors nominated by the Sports Committee, for manager of the 'varsity team, Mildred Provost was elected by the Athletic Association. Challenges have been received from Sargent and from the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics. Connecticut College will probably play both of these teams during February or March.

All classes are eligible for the squad, which will consist of twelve members. Eight points will be given for membership on this team, and members will be ineligible for class teams. Each 'varsity player will be awarded a ten-inch C. at the end of the season.

CITIZENSHIP AT COLLEGE

That the voters of tomorrow may be intelligent as well as enthusiastic, a lecture course on Citizenship is being given at college under the auspices of the Woman's Equal Franchise League by Mrs. Nancy Schoonmacher.

In a most entertaining way, Mrs. Schoonmacher described town and county government in her first lecture, on November eighteenth. All the "dry" details of routine became humorous, but real, in her vivid description of town meeting, voter-making, and of the officials from first selectman to the grand juror. Many of the regulations of this our simplest form of government became clear and related to the audience through Mrs. Schoonmacher's lecture.

Hereafter, the course is, to include

Seniors Hold Four Years' Hockey Title

During the four years that the Seniors have played hockey, they have never lost a game. According to the Seniors, this is due to the four years' leadership of their captain, Louise Ansley.

The fall matches of November 9 and 17 leave them champions of the hockey field.

Junior-Senior.

Junior Squad.	Senior Squad.
Gage	Batchelder, E.
Williams, E. W.	Anderson
Davies	Ansley, Capt.
Warner, M.	Rowe
Munro	Trail
Gammons	Peck
Allen	Emerson
Doyle	Hatch
Smith, California	Hastings, A.
Hulbert	Cockings
Costigan	White
Horrax	Lennon
McGowan, Capt.	Carns
Hester	Kugler

Score: 1-4.

Freshman-Sophomore.

Freshman Squad.	Sophomore Squad.
Coops	Rich
Bellows	Littlehales
Bursley	Newton
Fisher	Batchelder, L.
Gordon	Hippolitus
Hastings, Ann	Wulf
Levine	Smith, R.
Taylor	Eddy
Smith, G.	Arkin
Sperry	Brazos
Tuthill	Patterson
Williams, J.	Watrous
Wilson	Marvin
Warner, W., Capt.	Williams, E., Capt.

Score: 6-1.

Freshman-Senior.

Freshman Squad.	Senior Squad.
Coops	Ansley, Capt.
Taylor	Hastings, A.
Smith, G.	Anderson
Fisher	Batchelder, E.
Gordon	Rowe
Hastings, Ann	Cockings
Warner, W., Capt.	Hatch
Williams, J.	Emerson
Tuthill	White
Levine	Prentis
Wilson	Lennon
Bursley	Carns
Sperry	
Bellows	

Score: 1-4.

questions on the preceding lecture, in order to make the instruction more worth while.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

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EMPLOYMENT FOR CONNECTICUT COLLEGE GRADUATES.

When we hear that the Service League has established an employment bureau for girls in the college who desire outside work, we wonder whether any steps are being taken toward a college employment bureau. It is true that the year has only begun, but already many a senior is wondering what will be in store for her after the dignity and ceremony of commencement days are over. It is not too early to get an idea of the fields about to be opened to the present senior group, equipped as they will be with a college education in related major and minors. Many of the present seniors became pioneers in Connecticut College in place of attending the larger and older women's colleges, because Connecticut College offered vocational as well as academic training. Were the seniors after all justified in looking to Connecticut College for this opportunity?

It is very well to enjoy wholeheartedly a senior year diversified and multiplied in worthy activity as this is proving to be, without any definite expectation of employment at the end. It is also very well to defer the evil day with vague visions of bright possibilities. But June is not so far off. The day of reckoning is approaching.

Women have been able to "claim a labor for their province" while the men were on the fighting line. College graduates were in great demand for the duration of the war. Experienced or inexperienced, valuable and respon-

sible positions were open to them. Demobilisation, however, is gradually taking place, and men will be available in increasing numbers. Positions which are now open will be closed. The "job" may be a highly elusive will o' the wisp by next June.

It is possible for every senior to put herself in touch with authorized college employment agencies. Educated women will undoubtedly be needed in many lines of work, war or no war. But each senior does not know where to find the position best fitted to her previous training, and she does not know how to secure a position that will prove congenial to her special talents. What positions are there open in Connecticut or elsewhere to college girls?

The administration of the college is the natural source of advice and information. Moreover, since Connecticut College is so new that the present seniors will be not only the first graduates but the first representatives of the college in the business and professional world, it is possible that a graduate from Connecticut College might not be rated on an equal basis with those from Vassar and Smith, either academically or economically. Only through the administration of the college will the credentials of Connecticut College be recognized by the business world.

Is there a possibility of an employment bureau for Connecticut College girls? The question is a vital one, not only to the present senior class, but also to the classes that will benefit or lose by the reputation gained by the first graduates in years to come.

JOBS.

The words, "I have a job!" coupled with an expression registering great delight on the part of the speaker are frequently heard on the campus of C. C. these days. "How wonderful!" her listener may remark superficially—"doing what?" It may be the gratified parvenu is to do typewriting; or perhaps she has made arrangements to wash the garments of her less energetic classmates; in either case she is gazed upon with envy by her less fortunate friends.

The girls are showing a splendid spirit in the way they are trying to meet their pledges for the Allied drive. They have risen to the occasion, and have indicated their eagerness to do all they can by pledging to their utmost. But how to procure this money was the question that immediately arose. Most of the allowances are not munificent enough to survive the heavy strain that these pledges would occasion. So the girls are solving this problem by earning the money.

The appearance of manicurists, seamstresses, janitresses and waitresses has been the outcome—everyone who has time or talent has rushed to put it to commercial use. The girl who is deft with the buffer bestows a glistening luster on her friends' finger-tips—for a reasonable charge;

the girls clever at plying the needle mends and darns for her less skillful companions—at a price; the more muscular girl cleans and sweeps; the girl with instincts of equilibration, balances trays and waits on table. Some answer telephone and door bells; others have charge of the library; still others disappear afternoons to do mysterious work at the "Draft Board." The task of caring for children has been frequently mentioned, but as yet no such job has materialized.

Not to have, nor to be looking for a job at C. C., makes one feel decidedly "out of the run of things." Everyone is trying to do something and it is to be believed that those who heretofore lived in luxurious idleness and who now are fortunate enough to have procured work are quite enjoying the experience.

HELEN DWELLE '22.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Ever since the peace conference was proposed editorials have appeared concerning the presence of Woodrow Wilson at this meeting. If we lay personal opinions aside and look at the newspapers it is very noticeable that they have lined up according to party doctrine. Republican papers have long columns, full of vague reasons about lowering of prestige and needless sacrifice; the Democrats talk of the closer relationship between Europe and the United States which will be brought about, and so the story runs. Considering this, it would seem that the country is not emphatically against allowing its chief executive, with his ideals, to cross the waters and to bring to Europe his message.

A. M. A. '21.

CHAINED OR UNFETTERED?

Connecticut College is peopled by a liberty-loving group dedicated to a fine feeling of freedom in all things. But like most groups its morale sometimes weakens, and its members forget that such a matter as applying library rules conscientiously has any close relation to the fundamental principles of a college democracy.

Each day reveals new losses from the reserve book shelves. Some of the missing copies are books borrowed from other libraries through the personal effort of the librarian and individual instructors. Others are loaned by instructors from their private libraries.

Simultaneously with these losses comes an increased need for reserve books through the formation of new classes, the approach of examination periods and the assignment of special reports.

What method of correction shall be adopted? It has been suggested that every student pay an annual library fee. By means of the fund thus created all lost books could be replaced. At the end of the year each student would have her proportional share of the original fee refunded.

Another method would be to expose

publicly any college student who showed such irresponsible habits as have been evinced in several cases.

Still another method would be the conventional plan used in large public and institutional libraries. All reference and reserve books are caged behind iron bars and dictionaries and encyclopedias are chained to the desks with iron links.

"But C. C.'s always different" claims our song. May not the best method of all be an intensive training of student sentiment which shall not only keep our books, but keep them unfettered?

W. F. Y. '19.

Glasgow, Scotland,

October 31, 1918.

Hello, Everybody:—

We came over here Monday and said hello to everybody we had met before and some more we hadn't. Then Tuesday A. M. I went all over the house, then about three hours later I went back to the hotel and to bed. Believe me, this "Flu" is anything but slow. Yesterday afternoon they brought me over here (home) as it's much quieter and more comfortable, so I think I ought to be up in a day or so. I was told about ten minutes ago that it takes four weeks these days for mail to go over, so by the time you get this I'll have forgotten I ever was a "fluite." I'm on mother's old favorite milk diet now and, believe me, I like it for it's the first milk I've had since I left home—that is to drink.

Now I must tell you about my work. We have a large building, which after our formal opening tomorrow night, we will call a hostel for American boys or any boys on leave. We have six floors; 200 bedrooms; a half dozen big drawing rooms we will make into game rooms, etc.; a large auditorium, two large dining rooms, etc. Doesn't it sound grand? Well, to shock you still more, may I add that little me is house-keeper, matron and general good-time maker of the hostel. There are 37 men, Miss Frazer (of our party) the stenog. and myself. I have all the charwomen and about 100 volunteer workers, two cooks, etc., to handle—and land only knows how I'll ever do it. But, I'll just have to take a chance and go ahead. Tomorrow night we open officially with an open house and concert and I am so mad to think I'm up here in bed. This whole place must be spotless as you know.

This is a great, old town. They think something is wrong if it doesn't rain every day. But just let me tell you—the sun is out today. I bet it's the first in a month or so. The most valuable garment I brought over with me is that little slicker. I wore it nearly every day on ship board and least half the time on land. I guess I was just getting ready for Scotland.

Miss Frazer says Mr. Parce, one of our nice "Y" men, just got a letter from home saying that the States are overrun with "Flu." I certainly hope none of you people got it. If you did I hope you went right to bed. She also tells me Austria is suing for peace. That sounds good, but I suppose when

this letter gets to you the war will be over.

If I can spare enough money I'll send a holiday wire, but, believe me, money is scarce and wires frightfully expensive as is everything else. For example, Mr. Lockwood brought me a bunch of grapes yesterday. I don't mean to be mercenary, but in American money they would be \$2. a pound. That's the first fruit I'd had since I left the boat. Fruit is simply out of sight and it is the one thing all of us crave. Some day I'll get rash I'm afraid—and then you'll be getting S. O. S's. But don't let that worry you.

I suppose you all think I'm wasting myself up here—but don't you fool yourselves. There is far more important and harder work here than across the channel—when I get back I'll tell you why. This is real constructive brain work and will not be monotonous like the other is certain to be the first four months by probation, for this is pioneer and not probation. I wish I were empowered to tell you all about it.

They have the most beautiful chrysanthemums over here. But I'd just as soon have a look at our garden.

Tell some of your friends I want to buy the boys some of those miserably expensive fruits—apples—for Xmas they might suddenly tumble over, and presto. We simply must make Thanksgiving and Xmas gay for these tired youngsters on leave. More I can't say.

Tell the boys down at Camp to look us up if they ever come around here. Of course I don't expect to be here forever. In fact, there is always the possibility of being called somewhere else. Thus, the London address. Anyhow it is the only address permitted, I believe.

I hear some bagpipes down the street and the coal wagon at the shoot with coal. Aren't you jealous? Well, I just must stop or I'll be charged express rates and they are very high.

Now, send anything you want in the Xmas package except personal things,

'cause I don't need anything. A little fruit cake, a little popcorn, some Maillard's Jordan almonds or chocolate, or anything you have around. You know three pounds isn't very much, so send anything.

Thanksgiving Greeting.

Merry Xmas.

Happy New Year.

Happy Easter.

I hope that carries through.

My best love to you all and good luck.
A Y. M. C. A. WORKER.

AMONG OUR POETS

It is with great pleasure that the following poem is printed in this column. Margaret Greenebaum was obliged to leave college in her sophomore year. But the talent which won for her the Sykes Creative Prize in 1917 and the interest which she showed in the college are very highly appreciated.

ON SEEING CHICAGO GO MAD ON NOVEMBER 11, 1918.

You frenzied mob, you rabble riotous,
You surging throng, each vying with the other,

What do you this way celebrate?
That man there,—no, the next one,
with the feathers and confetti—
Is he trainer in some circus?
And the pistol shots? What mean they?

Take your horn down, girl, and tell me
Why the whistles, bells and tumult!
What's that? NO! Ah, no! You're joking!

Peace? Not—no—you can't mean—
Why then,—this? this desecration?

O' great God of all creation,
Take me to some lonely chapel!
There in solitude and quiet
Let my aching soul find haven,
While in awe I do Thee honor,
And in exaltation, thank Thee.

MARGARET C. GREENEBAUM, '20.

Compliments of
A FRIEND

AFTER-MATH

(Submitted by one of the faculty.)

What shall the verdict be, now that at last

The action's ended and the strife has passed?

What shall the verdict be of those who lend

A listening ear for what the times may send?

Too much we hear the challenge forward thrown,

That war is good, that through it man has grown

To noble stature, that no other end Can take its place the flagging soul to mend.

As if again and ever more again Into this furnace we must throw our men,

To chance their spirits and to render whole

The peace-afflicted, half-matured soul.

What? Shall it be said,

When all this history has been writ in red,

When we have paid

The lives of thousands, unafraid,

To render up their cherished breath

In one last sacrifice to Death,

That this whole sacrifice was vain,

A play that life shall reproduce again,

A tragedy of ignorance, thought the last

Before the farce of nation pride was past?

Where is the victory? Wherefore is the gain?

When all the countless youths their lives have laid

Upon the earth of struggle-reddened France,

If these lives count the world not some advance?

Is there no goal in life's advance of soul with soul,

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May live in love its fruitful day
And meet death freely in God's chosen way?

Too calmly is it said

That this war's purpose was to lift the race

Up to a loftier height—what of the countless dead?

Those lives they loved—so young—so all unlivid—

And some so filled with love, the whole world sang

In splendor? Then this sudden red Of hate engendered strife

And all this love is dead that was so fully life.

Get well the meaning of this attitude. Be sure your selfishness is understood. Who are they, left to reap the weal of it,

And calmly drink the ghastly benefit? Who are they then but even you and I, For whom 'twas writ that all these lives should die?

Were our souls then more valuable than theirs

That we should thus assume ourselves their heirs?

Shall we then smugly say

That now at last is come the planned for day,

Settle in peace to life's old boisterous way,

Amass again the debt of slothfulness Till we again in lives the debt must pay?

Let us hand down to eras yet to be The gift for which they sought eternity

Let us hand down the gift of peace Let us at last decree that war shall cease.

Let us hand down to eras yet to come Their high achievement. For it was hard to die

With happy life's enthusiastic cry Loud in their ears; hard to succumb

To this stern mandate of the beaten drum;

Hard to be sent

To future life in undevelopment—

Why are we sent to draw life's sweetened breath?

Is it for life to know?—or only death?

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty-ninth year begins September 18, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German).

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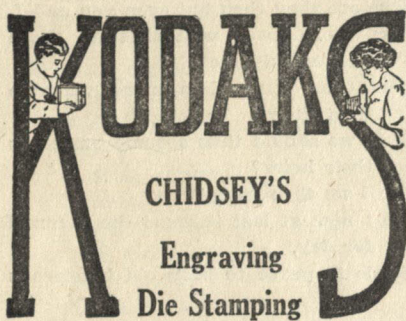
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**STARS OF THANKSGIVING
IN COLLEGE FLAG**

Six blue stars now hang gloriously in the gymnasium, where they were raised on Sunday, November 16, at a special Vesper service of dedication and thanksgiving.

President Marshall, who conducted the service, spoke of the prevalence of service flags throughout the country—in great institutions where the numbers are indicated by figures of stars—to the humble farm-house which displays one, two, or three stars in the remotest corners of the land. Colleges, too, he said, are flying their service flags. Even women's colleges have given members to the service. Connecticut College, he continued, has representatives in very diversified phases of war work. Then, as the flag was raised to its position on the left of the stage, he read the names and the work which the stars represent: Lieutenant Crandall, in service in France; Sergeant F. E. Morris, in the medical corps in this country; Lieutenant Manwaring, who is giving her medical service abroad; Miss Woodhull, who is awaiting her call for canteen work; Professor Frederick Weld, who is in charge of the musical training of the navy in the United States; Olive Stark '21, a yeomanette in New London.

After a prayer and a hymn, President Marshall concluded the service with a Thanksgiving sermon. Three especial reasons for thankfulness this year, he said, are the fact that our cause in the war was righteous, that it has been vindicated, and that there is hope of our healing the wounds and making a better world.

The words, "I have a job!" coupled with an expression registering great delight on the part of the speaker are frequently heard on the campus of C. C. these days. "How wonderful!" her listener may remark superficially—"doing what?" It may be the gratified parvenu is to do typewriting; or per-

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"OH! JOHN, I'M PROUD!"

"My God, 'twill kill me!" on Peace Day, the mother's bitter cry rang out. All the world rejoiced, while she alone was sad. What mattered anything and of what avail was peace, if John was gone? "Killed in action," the message had read, and what anguish there was in those three words. Her sorrow seemed more than she could endure. In her loneliness, she listened to the shouting of the exultant multitude. The celebration succeeded only in emphasizing her grief.

But what were those cries she heard? Not exultant shouts, but wails of anxiety and pain. Across the lawn, a lifeless body was being carried into a neighbor's house. Two words she caught—"Billy," and "Joyriding." The excitement was explained. The community slacker had been drunk again and another mother had lost her son—but the loss was different.

Gradually, John's mother became calm and the bitterness in her soul was replaced by a peace of John's making. Her son was gone, but for the sake of this peace which the country was celebrating. Why shouldn't the crowd rejoice? Why, indeed, shouldn't she rejoice? As she stepped into the streets, and into the throng of people, her cry rang out once more, this time exultantly, "Oh! John, I'm proud!"

D. M. M. '20.

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