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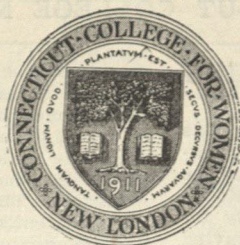
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Connecticut



College News

VOL. 7, No. 10

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, DECEMBER 16, 1921

PRICE 5 CENTS

SENIORS BREAK TRADITION BEAT FACULTY IN SOCCER.

The College went to the game—its feet were frozen, its teeth chattered and yet it loved it. It stood on its aching toes to see the gorgeous red-and-white Band of the Freshmen and Seniors. It rocked with laughter at M. P. Taylor and demanded to know "where under heavens she got that hat!" When Peggy Call fled up and down the fields, helping M. P. lead the cheers, it held its aching sides and groaned, for it could laugh no more. It expected Dr. Leib's little red hat and his streak-of-lightning run; it had been waiting to see Alice Hagar and President Marshall run down the field together; it knew Miss Patten would look as "cute as the dickens" and that Dot Wulf would play "like a whizz;" it depended upon Jeanette Sperry to "stop that ball" but what it did not know—half of it any way—was that the Faculty could lose! Ever since there has been a Senior-Faculty Game the Faculty has always won and so the Junior-Freshmen part imagined that as it had been so it would be forever. And the Senior-Sophomore part hoped—perhaps almost against hope—that they might be the ones to change the slogan "The Faculty Always Wins."

So the College ate its hot-dogs (for the Student Friendship Fund) cheered itself hoarse, watched Alice Hagar make the goal that won the game for the Seniors and went to the Banquet, half gaily hilarious, half buried in the deepest of gloom—all friendly enemies as it were!

"READ WITH PRECISION!" SAYS DR. EDWARD B. REED.

Marcus Aurelius, who lived about 170 A. D., was one of the select few who knew how to read. To read with precision, and not to rest satisfied with vague, general ideas, was his motto. Dr. Edward Bliss Reed of Yale University illustrated this principle in his lecture on "Books and Reading," Tuesday, December 6. College students are rarely numbered among the few who really "live in" everything they read. When asked to define Apocalypse, one scholarly mind achieved this masterpiece: "It is the book of Revelation first seen by St. Patrick in the Isle of Pathos."

By "living over" what is read, is meant research and study in a particular field, not for information alone but rather knowledge to satisfy a spontaneous interest. Every man should have a hobby, one thing that he follows down to rock bottom.

Reading with precision, is becoming increasingly difficult of accomplishment in these days of decreased leisure, when more books are being published than ever before. Americans read superficially. Even in the rushing turmoil of the present one need not be satisfied with vague, general ideas, as is shown by Dr. Reed in three instances. The first was the way in which he came to appreciate the Bible, to read it intelligently with imagination. The second was the discovery of

Continued on page 4, column 2.

THE LIGHTS OF BEAU PRÉ

LE PETIT PIERRE FINDS HAPPINESS ON
CHRISTMAS EVE.

The great cathedral was suffused with the soft light of a myriad candles shining luminously before the shrine of the Virgin and casting on the smiling, compassionate face of the waxen figure an illumination almost unearthly. In the flickering light, the Virgin seemed to move and stretch out her pitying hand toward the world beyond the darkened church doors.

It was Christmas Eve and each candle meant the devotion of some worshipper at the shrine of the great cathedral; and, indeed, without seeing those who had placed the lights there, one could almost read in the fluctuating candles themselves the stories of the crowd which had passed and gone. Tall, stately candles with embossing of silver and gold bespoke wealth and luxury, while the delicate coloring of some of the finest ones with exquisite painting upon them showed plainly the hand of genius. But they were not all tall and stately as they offered up their gifts of radiance. Many were small and looked weary as though reflecting the worn faces and plodding feet of the peasants who had lighted them there. Truly, they were a goodly sight as they twinkled there on Christmas Eve,—those shining candles of Beau Pré.

For so many years had the candles shone with this strange brilliance that the so-called "lights of Beau Pré" had come to be very famous and many people made pilgrimages from afar to hear the Christmas Mass sung at midnight and to place a candle, the finest they might bring, among the thousands lifting their glow toward the gentle Virgin. Marvelous tales were told both far and near of the cures which had been effected at the shrine on Christmas Eve. Deaf men heard there for the first time the chanting of the priests; mutes raised their new-found voices in the Christmas hymn; blind men saw the candles glowing and cripples threw away their sticks and fell at the Virgin's feet. The fame of these miraculous cures had spread abroad and many were the souls who waited there for relief from pain.

The great church, with its high vaulted dome and massive pillars about which strange shadows played, on this Christmas Eve was crowded with a palpitating band of devotees, all kneeling with heads bowed. The scene in the candle light was somewhat pathetic, as here and there a face, noticeable because of its weariness, shone out; eyes dull with anxiety and bent shoulders were visible in the half light. The earth seemed to stand still and wait for the culmination of some great event. The stars outside shone clearly, but not more clearly than shone the "lights of Beau Pré" in the great cathedral on Christmas Eve.

Very far from the great cathedral lay the tiny village of Charleroi. Torn by War it drooped like a gray phantom of its former self. The streets were cheerless and great holes gaped

in them,—grim reminders of War's desecrating hand. The houses seemed lifeless, and a general air of desolation hung over this tiny village which had once been like a bright jewel set among the green fields on all sides.

From one of the tiniest houses at the end of the street a light shone out cheerfully, and within a fire crackled merrily on the open hearth. The room was scrupulously neat but signs of poverty were apparent in the loaf of coarse black bread and the jug of milk upon the table. A woman sat by the fire knitting, dressed in the full, blue dress and kerchief of the peasant; her hair was prematurely white and her once charming face showed deep furrows. At the other side of the hearth sat a small child gazing into the fire, his eyes big with some inward emotion. The blue veins showed through the delicate skin of his brow and his hair lay in dark curls on his shoulders. Leaning against his chair were two pitiful small crutches. The soul of the child seemed to shine out of his great, brown eyes, which looked so intently into the fire as though he were unaware of his surroundings.

"What is it, mon petit Pierre?" The woman spoke in a voice which had been sweet but which suffering had made high-pitched. "Why do you sit there all these many days—staring, staring? Is it the pain which is worse?"

"Non, ma mere," replied the little fellow, drawing his eyes from the fire which seemed to fascinate him. "The pain is no worse. I just think. Just now I think of Noel which is so near but which cannot give to me again my father whom the cruel war has taken, and I—I cannot be a soldier like him for I—am useless. And I think also of the tales which the good Curé tells of a wonderful church where many candles burn on Christmas Eve and where the Blessed Virgin gives health to all sufferers who bring a candle to burn on her altar. If only I might go perhaps there I might find relief and then I would be strong and become a soldier for France as did my father."

"Hélas, mon pauvre petit, it is true—those tales that the good Curé tells, but it is not possible that you should go. You could not stand the journey for it is very far to Beau Pré, and we have no money to buy food. We will pray to le bon Dieu—"

"But I must go—I see them beckoning me with their light—those candles of Beau Pré. Le Bon Dieu will not let me fall by the way and I have still this candle. I saved it by going to bed in the dark." The wee boy drew from the bosom of his coarse blouse a dumpy, yellow candle, ugly in outline and distasteful in color, yet to le petit Pierre it was very beautiful.

The woman rose and kneeling by the chair took the tiny figure in her arms.

"Mon cher," she sobbed, "The war has taken your father from me and now you cannot go. It would be the end. Come, bien aimé, you must go to bed for your eyes are weary and very

Continued on page 2, column 2.

MME. ELENA GERHARDT.

Elena Gerhardt who comes Thursday evening, January twelfth, with Coenraad V. Bos as accompanist, is without question one of the greatest living interpreters of songs, perhaps the greatest woman engaged in this particular line of endeavor. Endowed with a splendid voice, she is one of those rare geniuses who is able to create that something called atmosphere at the beginning of any song, making an audience feel, and see the story as she feels and sees it.

Anything that can be said of Mme. Gerhardt as a singer, may, in truth be said of Coenraad V. Bos as an accompanist. Because there was no pianist in the course, the management paid a considerable extra fee to get this combination of artists together.

Sunday evening, November twentieth, these two musicians gave a recital in New York with a program devoted entirely to Schubert. Henry T. Finck, commenting on it the next day in The Evening Post, said: "The program was devoted entirely to the greatest of all song writers, Franz Schubert, and Mme. Gerhardt proved once more that she is his greatest living interpreter. Her singing of that miracle of emotion, 'Death and the Maiden,' with that other great Schubert specialist, Coenraad V. Bos, at the piano, should be perpetuated on the phonograph and multiplied in millions of copies. It would do more for the musical edification and education of the American public than anything I can think of."

At Mr. Weld's request Mme. Gerhardt has sent a program with a group of Schubert songs including the one mentioned, a group of English songs, and a group of Brahms. Every one who sings, ever hopes to sing, or just enjoys singing should hear these exceptional artists.

"EXTEND COLLEGE SPIRIT" SAYS DR. HANNAH MORRIS.

That the Silver Bay Delegation and all C. C. were glad to have Dr. Hannah Morris speak to them in the gymnasium last Friday night was evidenced by the rousing cheers as Dr. Morris took the floor.

The speaker, who is associated with the Medical Unit of the Y. W. C. A., said that the aim of their work in Social Education is to show that the usual way of thinking about health is not the right idea. "Health does not mean hospitals and disease, for disease is a negative expression of life." In connection with good health, Dr. Morris spoke of good carriage. "The person who is more or less successful in life respects her carriage and her body as much as she does her mind and her soul." "The girls who thoroughly develop mind and body are those who are giving fullness of expression of life."

"Before the war" continued Dr. Morris, "the world was faced with hosts of women and girls who started out in life full of hopes and dreams; somehow their hopes were broken, and they missed their opportunities." Because of this situation a delegation was appointed to make a study of the way young people face life. Dr. Morris said they found that a lot of young

Continued on page 4, column 2.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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MORE OR LESS?

Do you ever have the feeling that you are one tiny "atom" in a world of atoms, and that no one, except a few around you, cares whether you live or die; that the world would go on just the same, the sun would shine, the winds would blow, the seasons would come and go, no matter whether you were on this globe to enjoy them or not? Do you ever consider the fact that you are one out of millions, that you are a veritable "pinpoint" in the universe?

Reflections such as these make one feel terribly small and insignificant. In fact, they make some modest individuals feel altogether too small to enjoy life. They retire into the dim background, and watch the world fly around, without lifting a finger to make it go. Such people say they can do nothing,—they have no faith in themselves, or in their ability to do things, and are always rating down their humble attainments. They become clinging vines, obsessed with the idea that they are of no importance, that no one needs or wants their assistance, and they shrink into nothingness before the pompous individuals.

But it is these pompous individuals who need to reflect. They seem to think that they are lords of all they survey, that absolutely nothing can go on without their having something to do with it. These individuals puff out their chests, pat themselves on the back and grin at the insignificant beings about them, with the utmost self-satisfaction and contentment in their own all-important accomplishments. If ever there is anything spectacular to be done they are the ones who put themselves to the front and choose the most conspicuous place on the stage. When praise is due they see that they receive it, whether they deserve it or not. It would do these persons an infinite amount of good if they could only be impressed with the idea that there are others in this world of ours who are also doing big things, or who have the ability to do them if opportunity permits. Surely the world would be better if some people could only feel more like "atoms" and if others could feel less like them.

'23.

TABLE-TALK OR TALKING "SHOP."

"All they talked of at my table this morning was the Economics quiz," exclaimed a disgusted Freshman as she passed from the dining-hall. "Heavens, isn't it bad enough to study for tests and to take them without having them with our meals?"

Now as one of our honored professors would say—isn't that so? To be sure, it is an excellent sign that the students at C. C. are so deeply interested in their work. But this interest should not be carried to such extremes that we lose our consideration for everything and everybody about us. When we go to the dining-hall it is a time to cast aside care and worry, to take ourselves out of the world of work, to associate and converse with those who may not happen to be in our classes. Very rarely do all the girls at a table take the same subjects. If this is the case, how can the Freshman at the end enjoy the remarks about a Tennyson quiz which the three Juniors at the side have just finished? And on the other hand, why should the student of mathematics be expected to listen with rapt attention to an animated conversation on the intricacies of a design?

There is no doubt that if all these discussions could be carried on in general terms, they would be enlightening, but the difficulty lies in the fact that they all tend to deal with particular instances. They resolve themselves into "shop talk." There certainly must be enough topics of general interest so that conversation at the table need not be restricted to the subject of one class or to one or two groups, while various isolated individuals remain discreetly silent. Discussion of our work is necessary and vital, but "there's a place for everything, and everything in its place." '23.

COLLEGE PASSES SILVER BAY RESOLUTION.

December 8, 1921.

The second Open Forum meeting of the Student Government Association was held on Wednesday, December 7th.

The meeting was called to order by the President at 7.15 P. M.

The President mentioned the following: Rule concerning a chaperon in each car when motoring; rule concerning Sophomores and Freshmen returning from out-of-town up to the 8.45 trolley unchaperoned; rules passed by the Library Committee; respect due to Faculty and Chaperones; rules concerning the Gymnasium property; and bells ringing 10 minutes before meals.

The following motions were passed:

1. That the Student Government Association donate \$25.00 to the Student Friendship Fund.

2. That everyone present attend Vespers the next Sunday.

Miss Sperry and Miss Warner gave reports of the Student Government Conference at Simmons College.

The floor was then opened for discussion of the following topics:

1. *The Resolution passed at Silver Bay* against the use of intoxicants at College functions.

There was a motion passed that Connecticut College accept this Resolution.

2. *The Harm of Gossiping* and spreading unauthoritative rumors.

3. *Smoking*. How serious is the violation of the smoking rule? How do you think this should be dealt with?

The meeting adjourned at 8.30 P. M.

THE LIGHTS OF BEAU PRÉ.

Continued from page 1, column 3.

soon with the morning light will come Noel."

The boy rose obediently and hobbled away on his crutches. Soon the house

was dark and quiet but le petit Pierre sat long at his window looking up into the clear, cold night. Presently with a look of determination upon his small face, the child arose and noiselessly placed his shabby coat about his thin shoulders. Then, pulling a cap over his dark curls he hobbled out of the dark room; out the door and into the frosty night, the ugly tallow candle still clutched tightly in his hand.

"Oh, Bon Dieu," he cried, "lead me to this great Beau Pré that I may throw away my crutches and be a soldier for La Belle France," and with the prayer still in his heart the little figure hobbled its way out of the sleeping village toward the distant, gleaming "lights of Beau Pré."

All through the freezing night he journeyed, this little soldier of La Belle France, and his hands grew purple on his crutches and his poor misshapen body ached with an intense weariness. The gaunt faces of leaf-stripped trees leered at him as he passed and the road stretched before him like an endless coil of black. His head sank wearily down between his shoulders because he no longer possessed the strength to hold it erect and soon strange, forgotten pictures of his childhood flitted before his half glazed eyes. He saw his home as it had been before the war came, the stately mansion with its spacious rooms and pleasant gardens;—all gone now; his father, tall and handsome, who used to toss him high in the air and call him "Mon petit chou-chou;" his mother, whose was not white then and whose face was very fair;— and not least did the picture of himself come to le petit Pierre as he plodded along the road; le petit Pierre as he had been, straight of limbs and happy until came the war—that Grim Monster who demanded not only the beautiful home but his father's life, his mother's beauty and his own long-cherished ambition to be a soldier. So powerful had these thoughts been that le petit Pierre had nearly forgotten the cold, but he suddenly returned to a realization of his surroundings. The moon had gone down and the night was becoming darker and increasingly cold.

Le petit Pierre looked up. In the distance lights burned and his heart leaped within him. With an exultant spirit but a body almost too weak to move he surged forward and after what seemed ages to him entered the great square over which towered the cathedral of Beau Pré.

The streets were alight and gay crowds surged to and fro heedless of each other and utterly oblivious of the presence of the freezing child. As he struggled to gain the steps of the church a band of street gamins ran from behind the massive fountain. "Voilà," shouted the largest, seeing Pierre, "What have we here? A dirty cripple. We shall teach you how to get in the way of real people. Take that—and that," and he struck at the child savagely. Then seeing the candle, he shouted, "Aha, now we shall have something to light our way." Then with a raucous shout he snatched the candle from the nerveless hands of Pierre, and ran off.

Le petit Pierre stood a moment as though paralyzed, then he murmured, "Ma chandelle, they have taken it and now La Sante Vierge will not receive me." As he stood with bowed head the bells began ringing and the midnight mass rang out in all its glory. The child as though hypnotized, dragged his fainting limbs across the square and up the steps until he could see through the opened door. Again was seen the great church filled with kneeling devotees. The choir sang heavenly music and the candles burned with an unearthly radiance. The Virgin seemed to lift her pitying hand toward the darkened church doors and

Continued on page 2, column 3.

DISCONTENT.

A gold-fish in a low, flat bowl
Darts merrily, aye, merrily.
It knows no care, it has no soul,
Merrily, aye, merrily.

I dart through all my useless life,
I long for peace in this mad strife,
Yet, whate'er I do, whate'er I say,
My soul is always in the way!

P.

GREEK PLAY PRESENTED AT HUNTER.

On November 30, the students of Hunter College, New York, presented Euripides' "Iphigenia in Tauris" in the translations by Witter Bynner. Connecticut College students will remember that it was this same play which Miss Dorothea Spinney read to us so beautifully one evening last winter. The fact that Witter Bynner is well known in Norwich, contributes an additional interest. The Greek play given by Connecticut College four year ago "The Trojan Women," is another of the plays of Euripides.

Barnard—According to the total registration to the date of October 14, thirty-two per cent. of Barnard students come from outside of New York State. Thirty-six states and six foreign countries are represented at this college.



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**WELL KNOWN JOURNAL-
IST TO SPEAK HERE.**

**MR. S. K. RADCLIFFE AS CONVO-
CATION SPEAKER.**

On January 10th of the new year, the College and its friends will have the privilege of hearing as Convocation speaker, Mr. S. K. Radcliffe, who will take for his subject, "The New Labor Outlook."

Mr. Radcliffe is a notable London journalist and lecturer who has achieved popularity in this country. From 1903 to 1906, he was the acting Editor of "The Calcutta Statesman." At the present time he is both the English representative of "The New Republic," and the American representative of "The Manchester Guardian."

Extremely liberal in his point of view, Mr. Radcliffe has interpreted to American audiences vital political and economic problems of the day in a pleasing and satisfactory manner.

GLADYS HARRIS '25.

**SENIOR SOCCER TEAM
AWARDED CUP AT FACUL-
TY-SENIOR BANQUET.**

A hush fell on all as the Seniors followed the faculty team triumphantly into the dining-hall and found their places at the long semi-circular table in the middle of the room. It was the A. A. banquet, attended by all who had played on teams during the fall, and several other fortunate individuals, chosen from each class.

During the meal Dorothy Randle, vice-president of the Athletic Association, awarded a silver cup to the winning team—the Seniors. This cup is to be presented every year to the winner, until the faculty have been victorious three times in succession, and it shall then become their proud possession "for keeps." The applause was unbounded. Miss McCarthy, the Senior Captain, on accepting the cup, expressed the joy and pride felt by all the Seniors, in being the temporary owners.

A table of Seniors at the end of the room, assumed charge of the proceedings, and called upon members of both teams for speeches. Dr. Marshall and Dr. Lawrence, always ready with some witticism, vied with each other in claiming to have won the game for the Seniors. Dr. Wells assured them that that honor was solely his, because he was a member of the Senior class and had refused to play on the Faculty side. All of the Faculty and Senior teams responded to the cry of "Speech, speech," with equal readiness.

Whenever the slightest lull occurred, new songs, written for the occasion, sustained the boundless enthusiasm. The meal closed with the singing of the Alma Mater.

Hunter—The spirit of song is penetrating Hunter at the present time. The Student Council has offered a prize of ten dollars for the best college song, and an enthusiastic response is expected.

SPANISH CLUB.

A meeting of the Spanish Club was held Friday, December 9, in Plant living room. Mildred Seeley presided in the absence of Helen Barkerding. In order that the activities of the club and especially that the coming play might be properly advertised, Helen Douglass was appointed *News* reporter. A publicity committee was elected for the coming play with Anna Buell as chairman. Her assistants are Lucy Whitford and Evelyn Cadden. Gloria Hollister was appointed manager of properties and stage with an assisting committee of Virginia Hayes, Diana Bretzfelder, Catherine Shelton and Emily Mehaffey.

Rehearsals for the play, "Zaragueta," will start promptly after vacation and, with two rehearsals a week, it is expected that a finished product will be presented in the early spring.

The revised cast for the play is as follows:

Don Indalecio	Miriam Cohen
Carlos	Helen Barkerding
Don Saturio	Elizabeth Holmes
Zaragueta	Gertrude Traurig
Pio	Olive Perry
Perico	Marion Armstrong
Ambrosio	Mary Snodgrass
Dona Blasa	Catherine Dodd
Dona Dolores	Dorothy Wheeler
Maruja	Eileen Fitzgerald
Gregoria	Carmela Anastasia

**SOPHOMORE CLASS
ELECTS HONORARY
MEMBERS.**

At a special meeting of the class of '24, held Dec. 2, honorary members were elected. The persons chosen by the Sophomores for these positions were President and Mrs. Marshall, Dean Nye, Mr. George Palmer of the Board of Trustees, who is to give C. C. a library, and Miss Orle Sherer, who has often helped the class in many ways.

**BROADWAY ATTRACTIONS
ON CAMPUS.**

Our Mutual Friend—The Mail Man.
The First Year—Freshman Class.
Golden Days—College.
The Green Goddess—Caroline Francke.
Shuffle Along—Michaelina Namovich.
We Girls—Bragaw House.
Marie Antoinette—Taylor.
Main Street—Balcony Rooms.
Everyday—Rain.

THE LIGHTS OF BEAU PRE.

Concluded from page 2, column 3.

as she did so the crutches of le petit Pierre fell away, he stood up very straight and then suddenly dropped in a crumpled heap.

As the crowd came out they exclaimed pityingly over the small figure, "Pauvre enfant?—frozen," they said.

And no one but the Blessed Virgin and the stars knew why le petit Pierre went to be a soldier in a greater land with such a smile of happiness on his pinched face; and only the flickering candles could have told of the miracle performed that night by the "lights of Beau Pré." M. A. TAYLOR '22.

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SENIOR-SOPHOMORE TEAM BRINGS HOCKEY SEASON TO A TRIUMPHANT CLOSE.

A hockey game of unusual interest was played between the sister classes on Saturday, December 10th.

The victorious team, comprised of Seniors and Sophomores, opposed a team made up of Juniors and Freshmen. The game was full of fun and frolic and was a glorious lark for both sides.

There was very little team work, but considering that neither team had had any practice as a team, one must, indeed, congratulate them on their good playing.

The line-up was as follows:

Senior-Sophomore. Junior-Freshmen.
G. Barnes c. f. J. Bigelow
M. Duncan c. f. Whitford (Capt.)
C. McCarthy r. i. J. Bauer
M. Duncan l. i. L. Whitford
M. Cornelius r. w. N. LeWitt
A. Hilker r. w. M. Johnson
G. Fisher l. w. M. Ewing
V. Eggleston c. h. E. Wrenshall
C. Hill c. h. D. Randle
C. Holmes l. h. C. Pickett
K. Hamblet (Capt.) S. Crawford
G. Hollister r. f. E. Allen
R. Levine l. f. H. Ferguson
M. Thompson l. f. A. Buell
H. Douglass goal C. Parker
Referee—Miss Patten. Scorekeeper
—Janet Crawford. Score — Senior-Sophomores 3, Junior-Freshmen 1.

"READ WITH PRECISION!"

Concluded from page 1, column 1.

many beautiful, old Christmas carols sung by the European peasants in the middle ages. These songs of adoration please the people of today just as they did then. His third example was his search for details of the life and character of that fascinating king, Charles I of England. Books are the source of all this knowledge. To be able to use them intelligently, we must learn to read with precision.

"EXTEND COLLEGE SPIRIT."

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

women have taken life passively, thinking it will be good, bad or indifferent, hoping, of course, that it will be good. Instead of sitting back and hoping—woman must go out and try to be a part of life.

Formerly woman has been called upon to fill in any gap that might happen in family life, but the time has come when women are taking a prominent part in the world's activities. "Each young woman here," said Dr. Morris, "is a leader; the college woman has a special opportunity in life and therefore a special responsibility."

The topics "Friendship" and "College Spirit" were discussed informally.

A few thoughts stand out particularly as a result of this discussion. "College Spirit" which includes consideration for others, is the thing we are living in this minute, and is the type of thing we must extend to the world at large." Relationships in college should make for the larger development of the individual, and also for the larger development of the whole.

Having once heard Dr. Morris, all C. C. is now as enthusiastic and eager to hear her again as was the delegation who had the privilege of knowing Dr. Morris at Silver Bay.

GRACE W. PARKER '23.

TAIL-LIGHTS.

The opposing ranks at the Faculty-Senior Soccer game should have made their plans together. What could be more appropriate than to have the band playing on the deck of the steamer?

Never have we heard such sparking, such effervescent, such saucy, side-splitting wit, as that displayed by our venerable (?) scholars of learning at the Senior-Faculty Dinner after the Big Game. It warmed the very cockles of our hearts. Fervently do we wish that every week the Seniors might have the joy of showing to the world, and one gentleman in particular, how difficult it is to "whip one kind of cream."

For all we can see Dr. Leib's speed was as great as ever, and Prexy's kick fully as vigorous, while the Physical Educators' Department was on the warpath; and yet the smallest midget on the Senior team made the only goal. Kismet! It must have been!

Are we returning to the pastoral stage in civilization? One would think so to judge by the cattle grazing on our lawns and surveying us from Branford steps as we pass by to the dining-hall.

Perhaps we ought to ask our neighbor, the Central Vermont, to lend us a cow-catcher.

History has at last explained everything—The Faculty may be whipped cream, but they'll be dogged if anyone can make sour cream out of them.

During the Christmas Vacation Miss Beulah Dimmock is planning a house party at which Miss Barnacle, a former English Teacher at C. C., Jessie Bigelow, Caroline Francke, Margaret Jacobson and Marguerite Lowenstein are planning to be present.

SERVICE LEAGUE SHAVINGS.

Something to look forward to! The next Children's Movie will be held January 7, the first Saturday after Christmas vacation. The movie is to be "Cinderella and the Glass Slipper." Come and be carried back to the days of your youth.

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