Coming Events.

March 17th.
At 10 o'clock in the Baptist Church basement the first of a series of three basketball games will be played off between the first and second Sophomore Class teams and the first and second Freshman Class teams.

March 17th.
A “Mad Frolic” is to be held at the Oswegatchie Inn for the benefit of the French Relief Fund. The hall is to be arranged as a cabaret with tables placed promiscuously about the room; refreshments will be sold. Guests are requested to be attired in costume and wear masks. Interspersed throughout the regular program there will be feature dances. A special car will leave campus at 7:15 o’clock.

March 18th.
The Rev. R. C. Denison of New Haven will speak at Vespers at 4:45 o’clock in Thames Hall.

March 19th.
Regular meeting of the Glee Club at 5 o’clock, Room 113 N. L.

March 20th.
Regular meeting of the Mandolin Club at 5 o’clock, Room 4 Blackstone.

March 21st.
Regular Glee Club meeting at 5 o’clock Room 113 N. L.

March 23rd.
Regular meeting of the Dramatic Club at 4 o’clock in Room 206 N. L.

March 24th.
Basketball Game. Sophomore vs. Freshmen, 10 o’clock in Baptist Church basement.

Convocation Reports.

February 27th.
President Sykes gave a very interesting illustrated lecture on “The Architecture of Oxford”. We were taken back over the six and a half centuries of Oxford’s existence, a period filled with the uttermost with beauty and tradition. Dr. Sykes spoke of the effect of the great University upon civilization in general, and even on our own College.

March 13th.
Mr. Thomas Brabazon lectured on the “Decorative units of Indian Art”, a subject most interesting and rather unusual. The talk was illustrated by sketches done in bright colors by Mr. Brabazon. He spoke for a while about the Indians in general, how they were scattered about the territory of the United States, before white men came here; but most of the lecture was about the Sioux family and their picture-words.

The different meanings and uses of feathers in the sign language was explained. The interpretations of some of the signs were quite as interesting as some of the picturesque words of the Homeric Greeks. One thing in particular bore a striking similarity: that was the sign for a coward. It was an

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The Vassar Conference.

The conference held at Vassar College on March 13th at which the Association of News Magazines of Women’s Colleges was organized, proved to be a success. The Vassar Miscellany Weekly was rightly extended a vote of thanks for taking the initiative and calling the convention.

The editor of the Vassar paper, who presided, showed excellent judgment in having the meeting entirely informal, for besides being more enjoyable, much more was accomplished by following this plan than if we had been hampered by formalities.

At the morning session we organized, and voted that the Wellesley College News should provide the association with a president and a secretary and treasurer for this year. Dues were fixed at one dollar and a half a year.

Then we took up the discussion of the various problems of the college newspaper. Among topics discussed were manners of electing the staff and board; division of work among members of the board; faculty supervision; scope of interest of the paper; various editorial policies; methods of paging and spacing material, etc. As the delegates are to give a report at a mass meeting in the near future the details of these discussions will not be given here.

At the afternoon session the delegates criticized each other’s papers, and all the papers received some good constructive criticism and suggestions.

The editor of the News feel that the conference was indeed beneficial, not only from the discussions that were carried on, but also from the increased interest of the several colleges in each other through the common interest in the problems of the news magazines. This new intercollegiate association will be another factor in bringing the activities of our several colleges into closer and more personal relationship.

The Dickens Recital.

On Tuesday evening, March 6th, at Thames Hall, Mr. Frank Speaight of England breathed very much into living the familiar characters of Dickens’ "Pickwick Papers", before an audience of college members and friends, appreciative, and "intelligent". It was a dramatic recital long to be remembered. Mr. Speaight walked across the stage before our eyes; then came the immortal Pickwick himself, puffing away above his great waistcoat; and close behind him slim Sam, the twinkling-eyed, with his finger side of his nose. We felt as if Mr. Winkle and all the rest of the Pickwickians had stepped right out of the book even down to the snoring Pat Boy, who required a pinch in his leg to awaken him. And as for Mr. Speaight being a "very natural horse", we certainly agree with his Western auditors. The climax of the evening came with the "Great Trial of Bordell vs. Pickwick", when poor Mr. Weller was quite overcome because the verdict was not obtained by an "allybi".

At the close of the program Mr. Speaight read us a few selections from Dickens’ book, which has recently been published in New York. "Mrs. Harris" seemed to be a general favorite with the audience. Then he gave us a unique and interesting interpretation of Edgar Allen Poe’s "Bells", which was very effective despite the acoustic limitations of Thames Hall.

Did you see any one, who came away from Mr. Speaight’s recital, who wasn’t at the mercy of a broad grin with a hearty laugh near the edge? It was the interpreter’s own vivid personality that brought to life these fictitious characters; and as a result of that evening I am sure there are many of us who have taken out our copies of Dickens and refreshed ourselves with their breezy, lovable contents. Is it not indeed true that "we read modern novels twice because we forget them; we read the novels of Dickens twice because we remember them"?

—K. H. ’20
Join now before elections, so that you may choose those who are to direct the interests of your Club.

—N. K. Regan

Pertaining to Religious and Philanthropic Organizations.

To the Editor of the News:

Judging from our last editorial, there seems to be a dearth of expression of opinion concerning the formation of a religious or philanthropic organization in Connecticut College. Let us hope that this lack of public expression does not indicate a lack of interest, for there are many kinds of organizations, worthy of our earnest consideration.

There is the national movement of the Y. W. C. A., with an enrollment of some one hundred and forty thousand college women, or the Christians of Vassar, which is a similar, but non-affiliated association. There are many types of Settlement Guilds whose work is exceedingly worth while, other philanthropic societies doing equally good work, and of course, denominational groups. But does the College want organizations of any of these types? Personally, I say no. By a process of elimination, let us seek that form which will fill the need of the individual, and at the same time be best for the college as a whole.

We have here a small group of about two hundred girls, of whom more than half live in residence. This means that we are deprived of many of the most helpful religious meetings to which we were accustomed at home. A doubly keen realization of the need of spiritual guidance comes to the young girl for the first time leaving the protection of her home. Therefore, I would rule out merely philanthropic societies, and ask for something with a religious element.

Let us now consider the group of individuals which make the college as a whole. Shall we regard them as divided into small bodies of Protestants forming various different purposes? By no means. We do not like to say this kind of organization. Rather, we wish that the college is a religious and philanthropic association. There are many types of religious and philanthropic organizations in the present organizations, would become a distinct benefit in their work.

At the coming mass meeting let us either respond to the question of a religious and philanthropic organization with a thoughtful "yes" or an earnest, enthusiastic “aye”. A motion is in order. What is your pleasure?

—W. F. Young

Faculty Notes

Dr. Sykes addressed the Mothers’ Club of Greenwich, Connecticut, on Monday, March 9th.

On Tuesday evening, March 9th, Mr. Frank Speight of London, England, gave a most entertaining recital in Thames Hall, on “Pickwick Papers”.

Rev. C. Harley Smith of New London spoke at Vespers on Sunday, March 11, his subject being “Two Talent People”.

On Sunday, March 11th, Dr. Sykes addressed the Young Men’s Hebrew Association, on “George Eliot”.

There will be a Faculty-Student Tea, March 21th, at which Dr. Hubert will give a review of his book on Armenia. Mrs. Osburn will be hostess.

Dr. Osburn has accepted a position in the University of Ohio, as chief of the Department of Zoology.

A Winter Night.

When clouds pass over the moon.
A thousand lurking shadows leer,
A thousand black-faced shadows peer.
From behind the trees, and beside the wall, and across the snow
At me.

When clouds pass over the moon,
The spider-like shadows weave
Webs with a grin,
The finger-like shadows are hungry-thin,
Close beside the wall, and behind the trees, and across the snow
Near me.

When clouds pass over the moon.
The wind shakes out her lengthless hair
And shrieks in the night through fingers bare
From behind the trees, and beside the wall, and across the snow
At me.

—K. H. ’20
Music of Night

Again the symphony of Night, is writ,
In saffron chords, upon a darkling sky.
Earth, weared with Day's splendor,
yields a sigh.
And sinks to rest. Dim shadows echo it.
See where the sweep of Heaven, infinite.
Bends low and spreads a velvet robe afar,
As if to cradle there a timid star.
That trembles as the last ray jostles it.
Be still, my heart, your pulses but repeat
The silent rhythm of this hour. The wine.
From berries, crushed, may cool a tortured throat;
And fallen flowers soothe the traveler's feet.
And longing must not be the marring note.
The discord, to this harmony divine.

The War of the Records

"Why, mother, it's midnight! You're not waiting up for me, are you?" Mrs. Barker found herself enfolded in the strong arms of her son Jack.
"No, dear, I couldn't sleep. But where have you been?"
"I took Elsa Schlobaum to the theatre."
"Oh, Jack! Not one of that horrid Schlobaum family! Why, they have been keeping me awake all night playing that awful phonograph of theirs. It's after twelve now and they're still playing. I wouldn't mind if the phonograph was harmonious and the records varied, but it's one of those pioneer Edisons—hot metal against a cylinder record—you remember the kind—the first ones that came out—and they don't play a thing but 'Deutschland uber alles' and 'Die Wacht am Rhein' and 'Die Lorelei' and a lot of other old German pieces. I certainly shall go crazy!"
"They probably don't realize they are disturbing you, mother. Why not call them up and ask them to stop?"

After a little urging Mrs. Barker stepped to the telephone and registered an apologetic request for silence from the Schlobaum home. An angry sputter and a muttering which gave Mrs. Barker the impression that they would do as they pleased, terminated the conversation, but the noise stopped for the night.

The following Tuesday was the Fourth of July, and Mrs. Barker favoring the "safe and sane" plan, had purchased a dozen patriotic records for the benefit of her small son Bobbie. Bobbie became very much attached to a certain patriotic march and proceeded to use the greater part of a package of needles playing it.

At about four in the afternoon, in answer to a frantic ringing, Mrs. Barker went to the telephone. A masculine voice spoke.
"Stop that d— machine of yours or I'll call the police."

Mrs. Barker gulped and hung up the receiver. War had been declared between the two families.

Within the next few weeks the hostility between them was manifested in various ways. Phonographs were worked overtime. The wheeling of the old Edison, grinding out German airs was answered by a return salvo of American patriotic tunes. It was a war of the records, cylinder against disc.

Between Heinie, the twelve year old German off-spring and Bobbie Barker the feud was carried on with fists. German efficiency scored point one, blacking Bobbie's eye. Bobbie returned the compliment by purchasing a large sized package of catnip and sprinkling it liberally over the Schlobaum's back porch. By midnight every cat within smoking range had cleared the ramparts of the house.

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The War of the Records.
(Concluded from page 3)

Schlobaum's back fence and assembled in a caterwauling concentration that bombarded sleep effectually from all the Schlobaums.

But the resources of the ancient Edison cylinder were not yet exhausted. Maddened by the midnight strains of tango airs from an evening of jollity at the Barkers, Herr Schlobaum sat bolt upright in bed with a happy thought.

"I'll fix 'em," he muttered.

Picking up the machine he carefully set it on the roof of the back porch, aiming the muzzle of the sound-enhancing horn straight at the Barker's parlor windows. With evident zest he turned the winding crank to its farthest limit and picking up a phonographic cylinder he turned it wrong end to and slipped it into place. At the first touch of the needle such sounds issued forth...

Thames Tide-Rips.

Hear the loud telephone bells. Calling bells. What a world of suspense now Their turbulency tells. In the ears of many knights At great distances and heights So surprised and eager—but They have used up every cut Far too soon.

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the dean, In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic dean, Hope rose higher, higher, higher, With a desperate desire, As true as Launcelot's lance To attend the college dance. Oh the bells, bells, bells, What a tale their terror tells Of dismay. How their clanging now appalls When the Western Union calls, And the clerk dictates: "I cannot get away."

Hear the taxi with the belles. College belles. What a world of happiness their merriment foretells. Feel the air with laughter tingle, On St. Patrick's patron night While the men that intermingle Must have left the guard but single At the Navy Yard this night. Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of musing rhyme, Come cadets from Trumbull's elime For the belles, belles, belles, Belles, belles, belles, For the joy and entertainment of the belles.

To Burne-Jones' "Hope".

With hand outstretched to tear apart the veil That hides from mortal eyes the scheme of life, Its joys and fears, eternal peace or strife Thou standest, youthful Hope, though sad and pale, With steadfast confidence that can not fail; With firm belief that earth with passions rife Is but a fitful, passing dream—not life— That true life lies behind the unpierced veil. Thy lovely form, thy gentle charm and grace, Symbolical of youth and early spring. The apple-blossoms pressed against thy heart And scattered at thy feet; thy sweet, sad face— All fill my tired soul with peace and bring To me a flash of sunshine—That is Art.

—Jean Harris '20

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