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Connecticut College News Vol. 4 No. 12

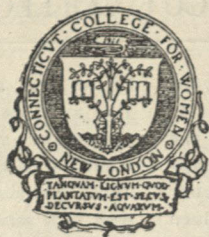
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Sophomores Shine

The Lyceum in all its glory could never have produced a more clever performance before a more appreciative audience than the vaudeville show given by the Sophomore class, in the gymnasium Saturday evening, January 18th.

No details of a true vaudeville were forgotten—current events, choruses, a movie, solos, duets, dancing and jokes—all were produced with a cleverness to challenge the most original playwright of America. Nor was the "gentleman of color" who announced the acts, and who acted as general stage director, one of the least of the entertainers.

The scenes of history in the making contained such interesting views as Infantry on Parade (a baby carriage pushed by a dashing young man and his fair spouse), a view of China (dishes), and the pride of the American army (Dorothy Pryde of C. C., in uniform).

The Farmerette Chorus displayed in a most clever manner the knowledge they gained last summer, of weeds, bugs, and crops. Songs and very telling gestures gave the audience a strikingly clear impression of the Farmerette's viewpoint.

The melodramatic element of the evening was featured in a most thrilling movie—entitled "Sweet Sixteen and Never Been Kissed." The heroine (Edith Williams) eloping with her charming hero (Marion Keene) arrives at the home of the justice of the peace in the night, and are just about to be married in the presence of the yawning family, when the villain (Dorothy Gregson) accompanied by the jealous rival (Betty Eddy) and a policeman, intercept the ceremony, accuse the hero of theft, and take him to prison. But he is rescued, and escapes with the heroine on shipboard. The Villian, still pursuing, attempts murder on the ship, but is himself shot down, and his body thrown overboard—not, however, on the mattress put there for the purpose, but on an officer's coat and hat inadvertently left on top!

The bird courtship, the dual personality dance, the bonnie Scotch lassies with their songs and jokes and Highland Fling, all displayed the remarkable skill and ingenuity possessed by the class of '21. The Perkins family, who had come all the way from Quaker Hill to display their talents, were not disappointed by the recep-

Eligibility Rules Suspended

Attention of Connecticut College students is being focused on an experiment recently adopted by the Student Government Association. During this year, students will be permitted to hold offices and participate in athletics with no academic restrictions.

Formerly no student carrying over five points of "D" work, could undertake executive office in student organizations or have any large participation in dramatics or athletics.

Under the present plan, the good judgment and honor of every student is tested. As soon as she finds that her academic work is being neglected for some non-academic activity, she is expected to resign her office. Students are also supposed to use discrimination in accepting offices, and to show a reasonable attitude in their zeal to enter into dramatics or athletics.

Students are manifesting much interest in this experiment, as many colleges have severe academic restrictions imposed by the administration. Connecticut has never had any Faculty rulings, and to have the student regulations suspended for a year seems a serious step. The Faculty have agreed not to impose any restrictions as a substitute for those temporarily dropped by the students, so the experiment will have a fair trial.

Statistics pertaining to the academic standing of every student, and the number of offices she holds, will be carefully compiled by the Vice-President of the Association, in order to determine whether this policy may be safely maintained as a permanent measure.

Nothing but the confidence of the officers in the loyalty and judgment of the students could have led them to depart from custom and the risk such an experiment. It involves one of the most fundamental principles of the student body, and its results will interest many college groups not yet daring the risk.

tion which they received from the audience.

Two very attractive pieces of chorus work were the Oriental scene from Chu Chin Chow, and the Knitting Bag Chorus. The quaint dance of the incense burners, and the dainty solo dance by the leader, Margaret Pease, mingled with the soft odor of the burning incense added a very charm-

Student Composition Honored

Music lovers on campus did not find the weather a hindrance to their enjoyment of the first Student Recital of the year, Thursday, January 23rd. The talent revealed afforded excellent opportunity for enjoyment and appreciation. All those taking part acquitted themselves most creditably, and the students were proud to count them among their number. But they were particularly proud of Edith Smith's execution of her own composition, *Sea Moods*. The piece is very highly commended by Dr. Coerne, who pronounces it original and very promising. The piano solos were excellent, Edith Huggard showing particularly fine technique and finish, and all the vocal solos were beautifully done. An excellent control in bowing and a richness and depth of tone was exhibited in the violin solo of Clementina Jordan.

PASSED AND FLOORED!

"Did you ever see such a fiendish exam? Honestly I didn't know a sing'e thing on it; I don't know what that woman was thinking of. I had to leave out the third and fifth questions, why I never even heard of those things."

"Oh, did you think it was bad; I liked it a lot; I wrote a first edition book on it, gee, I think it was great."

"My goodness, you make me tired; you always know everything; here comes Billie, I wonder how she liked it."

"How'd you like it Billie?"

"Oh, I thought it was pretty fair; it was stiff enough; but I think it was pretty good. She didn't leave anything out; it was miles long."

"I crammed till three o'clock on it and I looked up that last question just before I went to bed. Whew! I'm glad it's over."

"Got any more today?"

"Nope; but I'm philosophizing it for the rest of the day and night; immortalizing my soul and giving much personal confidences in explanation. Believe me, it's some paper. I think

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

ing touch to the otherwise burlesque programme.

The Knitting Bag Chorus, which concluded the entertainment, presented a very attractive grouping of artistic costumes, coupled with a pleasing song and gestures.

"Emergency, Miss Weye"

September 14, 19—. 10 P. M. Unusually quiet day. Advance on front reported but no new cases.

"Yes," replied Miss Weye in answer to the short rap on the door, as she laid her pen on the rough table at which she was writing.

"Emergency, Miss Weye. Dr. Deek says he's sorry but will you come quickly."

Jane Weye nodded; dipped her hands in a disinfectant; replaced the cap which she had taken off when she came off duty two hours before; turned off the reading light and stepped out of the room almost before the young orderly had finished speaking. Briskly and noiselessly she crossed the wide, dimly lighted corridor. The odor of anesthetics and disinfectants was nauseating. A murmur of moans rose and fell as she passed one open door and disappeared through the next.

A tall, grey-haired man was standing beside a desk giving orders in a gruff, hurried voice. He looked up as Jane Weye entered the room and for a second the troubled look slipped from his face as she smiled at him.

"Sorry, Jane," he said, "but there are half a dozen poor devils here. Just brought in from A—, where they didn't have floor room. They're all taken care of but one—shrapnel in stomach—no chance, but I'd like him to be as comfortable as possible for

(Continued on page 3, column 4.)

SILVER LINING TO MIDYEARS

Nice hot tea and cookies galore, everybody enjoying them together in the big room decorated with laurel. Wasn't it great? Didn't it just feel like a different world entirely from the class-room downstairs where you had just spent three hours struggling with a refractory memory and a leaky fountain pen? Didn't those blue books just fade from the center of consciousness when one of the hostesses fixed your tea exactly as you wanted it? Didn't you just hope that the faculty would be as generous in marking your paper as they were in urging chocolate cookies upon you?

All in all, wasn't it the nicest idea? And wasn't Miss Turner lucky in having faculty who were willing and so very able to carry out her nice idea successfully? Midyears will never again be thought of as an unmitigated evil.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Published Weekly

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YOUR COLLEGE CONSCIOUSNESS

When we were in school, our parents thought for us. When we were in high school, we thought for ourselves. Now that we are in college, we think for other people. Why?

For the same reason that in the beginning when you saw a piece of paper lying on your front lawn, you looked at it, and went your way. Your father came out after you had gone, and picked it up. You would just as soon have picked it up, but it didn't occur to you.

A few years later you saw the paper lying on the grass, and you picked it up and put it into the ash barrel. You saw the paper, and you saw the grass, just as you had before, but this time you realized that there was a connection between the two. And after you had done the aforementioned virtuous deed, you walked along the street and saw many papers on other people's lawns, but they were none of your business.

A few years later you saw the papers lying in other people's yards, and joined the movement for a clean city. The grass and the papers were just the same, but you were different. You saw the connection between all the blades of grass and all the pieces of paper.

So you developed a civic consciousness.

And in the same way your college consciousness came to be one of the chief components of your splendid

Connecticut College spirit. In your freshman year you bought a ticket for the Dramatic Club play. When the performance came, you saw it and applauded it with enthusiasm. In your sophomore and junior years you joined the Dramatic Club, and helped set a date and find stage properties and sell tickets. And you were just as enthusiastic over the play, but you realized how much preparation was involved and how important the Dramatic Club was. In your senior year, you were just as enthusiastic over the play, and you helped in the production just as much, but you perceived that the Dramatic Club was not the only thing in college. You saw that the Dramatic Club was one of a great many organizations that were contributing to the joys of college life. So you initiated a Social Schedule Committee so that all organizations might be able to find dates. You discovered that every play that the Dramatic Club gave was of significance and interest to the whole college. And although you were not a sophomore, you bought a ticket to the sophomore vaudeville show, and lent all your presentable costumes to the cast, because at last it dawned on you that the success or failure of the sophomore vaudeville show, though it might not affect you personally, would affect the college. And so you wanted it to be a great success.

It is very easy, when the college is composed of one class or two, and everybody has a hand in everything, to be interested in everything. But when your personal responsibility to the organization ceases to be, with the growth of the college into many classes and many organizations, you lose active interest. You are too apt to let things go, as long as you aren't actually forced to do something about them.

What are we driving at?

Just this. You have supported the News with the best kind of spirit. You have subscribed to it, and quite occasionally you have read it. You leave the rest to the staff. It is perfectly natural that you should. You have something else to think about, something that someone is expecting you to do. No one is going to rake you over the coals if you don't write for the News. Of course not. Why should they? No, the News isn't your business any more than the papers in your neighbors' yards used to be. Why, then, is anybody kicking? Because the News is one of the organizations of the college. You have showed your college consciousness of the News as one of the integral parts of the college. But when a person once develops a college consciousness, other people's papers become a much more vital part of her thought. If we were counting on your obligations toward the News, we could rest assured that you had fulfilled them to the utmost, and we would ask no more. But we are counting on your college spirit, on your college consciousness today. We are asking you to contribute to the News because we

know you are standing behind us. You want us to make a success of this year as we have in other years. You want us to keep up the standard that the News has always tried to maintain. And now when we need you more than ever, you are going to help us. It isn't a matter of filling columns, you see. It's not so hard to find "space-fillers." But it is hard to make the paper as fine as you want it to be, as we want it to be, to represent Connecticut College. That is the ideal we have always before us, whatever we do. But whatever we do may be forgotten in the days to come. And whatever we print is of a more or less permanent nature. Are you with us in our endeavor to make the News adequately represent Connecticut College? You have never failed any organization that has appealed to you? Will you do it now?

No. Because you are Connecticut College, you will take your pens in hand and write something for us.

MUST GAIN INVOLVE LOSS?

With the installation of an appropriately gowned choir organized on an academic basis, we realize that Connecticut College has added a notable achievement to the roll of organizations. All of the college is conscious of the gain, but a small few appreciate at what cost the choir has been organized.

Attention may very properly be turned to the Glee Club, the oldest and best organized departmental group in the college. During the past three years, under the splendid leadership of Dr. Coerne, the club has repeatedly represented the college publicly. By so doing, it has not only aided materially the support of a college scholarship, but has well expressed the college ideals of loyalty and love for the truly beautiful.

Quite naturally, when the two points of academic credit awarded to members of the Glee Club during their second and third years, were shifted to members of the choir upon initial membership, it was necessary for several members to make a change. They could not carry more non-academic activities and yet felt the desire to continue musical work.

Undaunted by its loss of members, the club did its best to maintain high standards, but was again disrupted by the establishment of a permanent social schedule in the college. With a fine sense of civic responsibility, the Glee Club relinquished its usual rehearsals on Monday afternoons to make way for Student Government and class meetings. These larger groups, to be sure, had been granted the Thursday hour, but it seemed necessary to hold the choir rehearsals at that time, so the Glee Club became the ultimate sufferer.

Finally, having conceded the "greatest good to the greatest number," and having adopted an evening meeting, the club found that a series of lectures would be given on Monday evenings.

The result was one rehearsal weekly on Wednesdays. Class conflicts prevented the attendance of several regular members at these.

Faithful to their aims, however, a few members supported the club constantly, and the schedule committee hopes to maintain an open Monday evening rehearsal in the future.

Is it not now the wish of the students to recognize the work of the Glee Club and make a definite effort to support it? Many of the charter members have returned. Our student president has said that we want them to rejoin and assist in the February concert. We do—and something more. We want them to stay in the club until the end of their last year in college. We want other than charter members, too—every girl who has the qualifications, loves the work, and will carry it on in future years.

New concert music is now being rehearsed. Dr. Coerne has splendid plans for permanent organization. If you come to the rehearsals every Monday at six forty-five, perhaps he will reveal them.

Let us prove that it is not necessary to lose a Glee Club to gain a choir. Let us show that Connecticut College students can achieve both, and "do it beautifully." W. F. Y. '19.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

There are really more vital things in the world than midyears. In the alternate cramming and hectic recreation of the midyear period have we somehow forgotten the tremendous significance of the meeting of the greatest leaders of the greatest nations, whose decisions are to bring about the ideals for which so many lives were laid down, whose actions will be of tremendous significance when mid-years have long become humorously remembered incidents of our youth (like being "kept after" in our grammar school days)? The most careful reading is necessary to follow the trend of this conference. You won't be well informed about it if you wait to hear the big things talked about by someone else, or glance at the black type in The Day some evenings. Everything is important! Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando aren't spending their time in chatting trivialities with just every day or so touching upon something worth your while reading about.

Ours is a big opportunity—to live at the moment when the political and social ideals of centuries are at stake, when the whole world is tense, waiting to see whether the old order is indeed passing, whether a new era of a wider Democracy and Internationalism is dawning, or whether the old is to be adroitly patched up and made to do for another century or so. Don't miss your opportunity! Don't be obliged in future years surreptitiously to look up in histories the things that happened when you were alive and thinking!

OPEN LETTERS

To the Editor:

In these times of new opportunity for the reconstruction of our social life, the desire is called forth in everyone to contribute strength and talent to the future of the country. It is safe to say that no young woman is following her college work this year without considering for what service she is preparing herself, and for this reason I am venturing to lay before you the demand in reconstruction programs for many more public health nurses in the hope that you will feel you can present the situation to the students in your college.

Much has been said to you in the last two years concerning the profession of nursing. It is because the emphasis in that profession has been so greatly altered by the war that I take it up again with you.

Several things have combined to bring about the change of which I speak. The democratic ideals for which the war was fought have made it imperative that the opportunity for health, as the basis of other opportunities, be made equal to all people; the dependence of the armies upon the civilian population has emphasized the importance to the nation of the health which means the productive efficiency of every citizen. The work of the nurse in devastated countries and in the cantonment zones here at home has illustrated with new meaning the possibilities of public health nursing care, while the army nurse has shown how greatly service can be multiplied when it is organized on a community plan.

It is natural that the outgrowth of this war for democracy should be the public health nurse, for she stands for the socialization and equal distribution, according to need, of nursing care, and for the maintenance of health by the education of the people rather than merely for the cure of disease.

As a result of these changes, there

is a demand for public health nurses which can be met only by the same ready response of women for this national service that they gave to the call to war.

The United States Public Health Service is planning a development of its work which, according to Surgeon General Rupert Blue, will call for at least one nurse in every county.

The Children's Year Campaign of the Children's Bureau has shown the need of many more visiting nurses. Miss Lathrop herself declares that if the lives of the mothers and babies are to be saved, there must be more specially trained public health nurses to care for them. The Children's Bureau has, in fact, a bill in Congress which, if passed, will demand large numbers of public health nurses for maternity and infant work in every state.

Secretary of Labor Wilson stated recently "Labor's reconstruction program must include a carefully formulated plan for repairing the physical waste and destruction of war by the conservation and renewal of national health. Public health nurses enter into such a program in many ways, in industrial, visiting and infant welfare service. To bring to every worker in our country this skilled care many more public health nurses must be put to work in the community."

To meet these demands there were at the beginning of the war six thousand and public health nurses in this country, a number that has been decreased by war service. Yet, because the demand expresses a need of the people, a part of the effort toward a more perfect democracy, it must be met. The National Organization for Public Health Nursing is doing two things to meet it.

To supply the immediate need as rapidly as possible, the Organization has voted to raise a considerable fund of money for scholarships to be given to nurses leaving military service and to members of senior classes in hos-

pital training schools, many of whom had pledged themselves to enter war service, to enable them to take post-graduate courses in public health work and enter at once this new field of national service.

To ensure a supply of nurses for the future, the National Organization, in co-operation with the National League for Nursing Education, is urging the revision of training courses in hospitals, in order to make room for public health work and to give credit for preparatory courses taken in colleges and universities.

Public health nursing is a calling limited in service and influence only by the wisdom that is brought to it. Those who seek to bring health within the reach of all men and women must be prepared to eliminate along the way all the social and industrial evils that threaten life.

But the profession offers as much as it demands. It holds high adventure for those who follow it, often the lure of pioneering. It offers a position of influence in the community, and the opportunity for advancement. So quickly is the recognition of her importance growing in the public mind that the public health nurse promises soon to become a public official of the state.

It is, in short, a profession for the college trained woman, and therefore we appeal to college students.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA PHILLIPS CRANDALL,
Executive Secretary,
National Organization for
Public Health Nursing.

PASSED AND FLOORED!

(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)

I'll have it published in the Green Book or in the Women's Column of the Saturday Evening Post."

"Well, good luck to you; I'm doing Burns and Cowper this afternoon, best

antidotes I can think of after the blow this morning."

"By the way, can I take your notes on those last two chapters in Drama that I missed out on; will you bring them to dinner tonight and I'll get them then. All right, good-bye, comin' my way?"

L. P. H. '20.

"EMERGENCY, MISS WEYE"

(Continued from page 1, column 4.)

the next few hours and the ward's crowded. It's number 38.

Miss Weye nodded and passed quietly down between the rows of white cots and whiter faces. Eight months had hardened her to all suffering—hardened her and made her the most reliable and beloved nurse in the hospital for she was always ready and could always smile.

Number 38 was breathing heavily and a low moan broke from the dry lips as the nurse bent over him.

Outside a warm breeze stirred the leaves, the harvest moon shone in all its beauty and far away the low muttering told that the work of destruction was still going on.

Jane Weye's practiced fingers arranged the instruments of relief on the small table and then lowered the electric bulb to examine her patient. The merciless light fell across a white, pinched face with huge veins outstanding on the forehead, eyes staring yet unseeing, hands that twitched convulsively on the counterpane. The dark, curly hair was matted with blood and the hands were scarred and bleeding.

"Dick!" The nurse's hands trembled and for just a moment she drew back. Then she began her work of relief and as she worked a thousand pictures passed before her eyes. Scenes of joy and happiness; of laughter and true

(Continued on page 4, column 2.)

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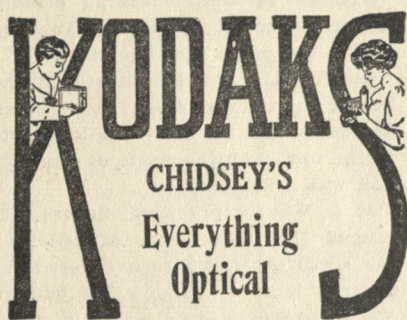
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of me.

To the city I'm returning, with a
message full of love,
To a life where "matter" reigneth sans
alloy,
With a spirit in my breast
Which will not let me rest,
And a steadfast heart that's tingling
all with joy.

'19.

"EMERGENCY, MISS WEYE"

(Concluded from page 3, column 4.)

friends; then the picture of a beautiful girl and a tall, dark, curly haired man at the altar and beside them a plain woman—smiling.

Her hands worked automatically. The moaning ceased. The blood was washed away. The breathing became easier. The eyes closed. But in the woman's heart and brain beat the words, "No chance—comfortable for a few hours."

The moon was descending in the west; the breeze was dying and dawn was streaking the horizon with grey when the man moved uneasily and opened his eyes. The nurse's eyes followed every movement and her hand never left his pulse. His lips moved. She leaned close.

"I can't see."

Jane Weye glanced quickly at the open eyes, they were sightless. She smiled.

"I am here, dear."

"Kay." The voice was growing weaker but there was contentment in it. "Kay, kiss me." The man's hand groped on the counterpane for his wife's.

For just a moment the white robed nurse hesitated. Then she slipped her

arm about the man's shoulders and leaned near to his face. The wind stirred the curtains gently and her hair blew across the man's cheek; the moon shone through the trees and cast strange shadows on the floor. The man sighed. Between the man's lips and the woman's came the face of a beautiful woman. Jane Weye lifted her head and all the sadness was gone from her face. Her hand slipped to the man's pulse. A chill passed over her and she leaned forward again quickly.

"Dick." Her lips were close to the still face. In her eyes was a nameless terror. Then between them came again the beautiful face. The emergency nurse stood straight. Steadily she drew up the sheet and her face was tearless as she turned to Dr. Deek.

"Gone?"

"Yes."

"Much pain?"

"No." Jane Weye's lips twitched and her hands clinched for a moment. Then she went on. "I happen to know who he is," she said, "and if you don't mind I'll see MacPherson about having the body sent on. He has a wife." The doctor looked at her keenly for a moment but her lips were steady and her eyes met his unflinchingly.

"Very well." He didn't quite like to speak of it, but—"You'd better take some whiskey," he added gruffly.

"I'm all right. Tell me if you need me for the morning shift," she answered, but there was no smile on her face and her eyes looked unseeing as she passed down the long corridor.

"Emergency, Miss Weye. Fifty new ones, but Dr. Deek says if you're too tired why—"

"Not at all," answered Miss Weye with a smile as she reached for her cap.

The door closed softly behind her. On the desk lay a letter addressed to Mrs. Richard Cadmon.

The horizon reddened rapidly and suddenly the sun bathed the narrow room in golden sunlight. '20.

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