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Connecticut College

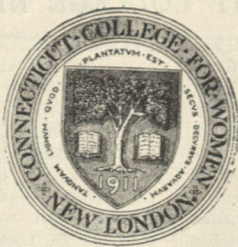
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Connecticut



College News

VOL. 7, No. 18

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, MARCH 17, 1922

PRICE 5 CENTS

LIFE INFLUENCES LITERATURE.

Dr. John E. Wells at Convocation.

That literature and life are closely connected is clearly shown by the essential laws of great literature. No one period, no one race, has made literature what it is. Great literature voices the experience and life of mankind since it is the outgrowth of the efforts and experiences in life of men of the greatest intellect and feeling in many races and many periods. The standard of present and future literature is obtained from the accepted classics. In every age certain groups have tried in vain to overthrow this established standard.

Beauty of thought and beauty of style can never be separated. As style alone is shallow and unsatisfying, beauty of thought must be supreme. Every piece of great literature is the manifestation of the powerful character of its author, who expresses his individuality without making a conscious effort to create an impression.

It is not through facts, but through suggestion, through emotion, through imagination, that great literature makes its appeal. Yet it is more true to the history of humanity than is so-called history itself. Great literature will always point the life beyond the stars.

PROFESSOR JEPSON OF YALE TO GIVE ORGAN RECITAL.

Dr. Harry B. Jepson, Professor of Applied Music at Yale University will play at an organ recital on March 23rd, at St. James Church.

Professor Jepson has just returned from a very successful recital tour, which terminated in Washington, D. C.

This will be the second opportunity offered New London of hearing Yale's noted organist. Last spring, his audience was both large and enthusiastic. This recital is an annual event given for the benefit of the Choir Fund.

THE NEWS-STAFF GROWS FRIVOLOUS.

The News-Staff had a party! Editors, Reporters and Business Managers forgot their dignity on Monday night, March 6, and had a rollicking good time in the basement of Branford House. They played games—the kind you used to play when you wore socks and sashes and went to dancing school. The crowning feature was the animal contest, when each girl tore from a newspaper the likeness of an animal. There was a prize—prizes are half the joy of life—given to the creator of the only recognizable creature.

The "News-ites" had refreshments, too, nice gooey hot fudge sundaes and small cakes.

Helen Peale arranged the party and—everybody agreed that, by Jove, she knew just how to do it!

The News wishes to correct an error made in the issue of March 3. Ethel Adams '23 acted as temporary editor-in-chief that week.

ALUMNAE AT SCIENCE CONFERENCE.

A Conference of New Haven Alumnae in Science Work was held in Winthrop House at 7 o'clock on March 11. A small but interested audience listened enthusiastically to the girls who had come back to talk about their work. Miss Holmes introduced the speakers.

Miss Jennie Hippolitus '21 of the Yale Medical School spoke of her work as a Freshman in Medical School. She emphasized the fact that her physiological chemistry and bacteriological courses at Connecticut College had proven a great help to her. Yale had given her credit for the chemistry course. Miss Josephine Emerson '19, also of Yale Medical School, spoke of the interesting phases of first year medical work. The chief work that year is anatomy or dissecting a cadaver.

Miss Harriet Rogers '19, of the Deficiency Diseases Research Department, under Professor Mendel, advised those who wish to take graduate work in science to take histology, bacteriology, and physiological chemistry at college. She spoke of the interesting people in the profession that it is her privilege to meet. She is working for a doctor's degree.

Miss Deborah Jackson '21 of the Pediatric Department of Yale Medical is doing research work in the disease of rickets, experimenting on rats. Miss Jackson said her courses in quantitative chemistry and physiological chemistry helped her a great deal in her work.

Elizabeth Nagy '20, who is also working for her doctor's degree, is doing routine research diagnostic work in Bacteriology. She gave the events of a typical day in the work.

Miss Helen Cannon '20, who is doing experimental work under Professors Mendel and Osbourne, was unable to be present as she had planned. Also Miss Charlotte Hall '21, who is a secretary of Professor Huntington of the department of Geology and Geography, could not come but wrote a very interesting letter regarding her work.

The conference was made delightfully informal by the coffee, cakes and candy, all made by the Home Economics Department, which were served to the guests.

"THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW."

EXHIBITED HERE LAST JUNE.

Mrs. Lillian Westcott Hale is now giving an exhibition of her pictures at the Arlington Galleries, in New York City. To quote from the New York Tribune, "Her exhibition as a whole has character, a fresh and persuasive quality. It suggests taste, sensitiveness, and a distinguished way of looking at the painter's subjects. Mrs. Hale knows her craft, and has a point of view." "The North Wind Doth Blow," a picture which was exhibited here at Connecticut College last Commencement, is one of the most praised pictures at the exhibition. It represents a figure in white, at a window, painted against a cold, outdoor light.

THE TYPEWRITING FACULTY.

The funniest thing that has happened this year was the spectacle presented Saturday night in the gym by the various and sundry ways that the various and sundry faculty adapted themselves to the typewriter.

Miss Lovell and Miss Ferris, with the double purpose of amusing the student body and swelling the Endowment Fund, are responsible for the contest that drew them there to try their skill at a new game. To the on-looking assembly of curious students what a study in the character of each "Prof." was presented! It must be true that there is more than one way to skin a cat, else all fifteen of this learned body would never have proceeded to attack their common task in as many different fashions.

Miss Holmes (called Honey) had probably, in her scientific custom, analyzed the situation and decided that to be early on hand and winningly dressed would be the best way to win. Dr. Lawrence (Leify), thought a shade would help his eyes to keep on the matter in hand. No doubt from studying history he had learned the difficulties of concentration! And Mrs. Noel (Nonny), very appropriately sat next to him because like minds work well near each other. Dr. Kip (Zip Zip) seemed to prefer his hat and coat and used a one finger method. Dr. Lieb (Lazy) mathematically enough was very careful and accurate even though it was slow work. No doubt he figured out how many letters were in the average word and how many words to an average line, etc.! Miss Susie Sherer, with her artistic sense of proportion, was dressed to blend in with the background and to let her typewriter rightly be the dominant to which she gave a marked touch of accent by her use of the right notes (keys). Betty Bauer, Samantha Sneverly and Connie Conklin proved their evident belief that when in Rome (that is, in the world of stenogs.) you should do as the Romans do (that is, put on their clothes and manners). The gum, independent airs, and the vanity case with equipment were all worked very hard in the roles of these three. Miss McKee, Miss Black and Peter Pinol assumed nothing and went at their work in earnest, demonstrating their notion of "typeing for its own sake." Eonie Ernst and Nancy Nye sat in the center and found the greatest possible help in merely wearing each other's fur hats, giving warm smiles and inspiration to the circle around them. Miss Ernst, however, became so excited that she often failed to obey the stop signal, thus necessitating reprimands from Miss Lovell.

Dr. Lawrence got the prize of a box of candy, but all the competitors enjoyed it.

JUNIOR AND SOPHOMORE TEAMS WIN BASKETBALL GAMES.

On Friday evening a big, enthusiastic crowd gathered in the gym for the opening of the basketball season. The first game was between the second team of the Juniors and Seniors. Striking red bloomers with white stripes—red stockings; green and gray

Continued on page 2, column 4.

DRAMATIC CLUB PLAYS ON TOUR.

SUCCESSFULLY PRESENTED.

During the last week the Dramatic Club has given a series of plays for the Endowment Fund—Milk's "Wurzel Flummery," a clever comedy of English life, the more popular and charming "Will-o'-the-Wisp," of Doris Holman and Booth Tarkington's "Beauty and the Jacobin," perhaps the best of the three.

On Tuesday, the 14th, "Wurzel Flummery" was presented at the New London Y. M. C. A. before a small but enthusiastic audience. On the same evening "Beauty and the Jacobin" was given before the Men's Club of the Baptist Church. It was preceded by some songs by Miss Helen Barkerding and some selections on the piano played by Miss Grace Balsley.

On Thursday night the three plays were given at Wallingford under the auspices of the Woman's College Club. There was a large audience and fairly large proceeds from this performance are anticipated.

"Wurzel Flummery" and "Beauty and the Jacobin" played before an appreciative gathering of the students and faculty of Miss Marot's and Miss Howe's School in Thompson on Saturday night. Between the plays there were recitations by Miss Alice Barrett, Miss Evelyn Ryan and dancing by Miss Caroline Francke. This trip was also very profitable.

On the whole the three plays were successful and well presented.

OPEN MEETING OF DRAMATIC CLUB.

Three plays were presented at the Dramatic Club open meeting, for March, before a large audience. In the first, "A Very Naked Boy," by Stuart Walker, the younger brother, minus part of his clothes, peers from behind the curtain at his sister and her ardent but inexperienced lover. Adelaide Morgan, in her action and emphatic manner of talking, portrayed all the naive, breathless excitement and awkwardness of a young lover declaring his first love. Grace Bennett in her part as the "very naked boy" possessed all the taunting, inconsiderate perverseness of the younger brother. Janet Freston took the part of the sister. Melvina Mason was the coach.

"A Question of Morality," by Percival Wilde, was amateurish in its presentation. Elinor Hunkin, the coach, took the role of Billy Shelton, who confides his matrimonial trials to Jerry, his bachelor friend, enacted by Priscilla Drury. Jerry looked the part of the English gentleman but had considerable difficulty in holding his pipe. Ruth Kronthal, as Dorothy Shelton, was the very sweet, and penitent wife who returns to her husband because the "other man" didn't keep his part of the contract.

The last play, coached by Jessie Bigelow, was the best of the three, and worthy of professional players. "Beauty and the Jacobin," by Booth Tarkington, takes place during the

Continued on page 2, column 3

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

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PUBLICITY AND THE COLLEGE.

When your family writes you that they saw a picture of a new "dorm" at Connecticut College on the front page of the *Bingville Gazette*, your home paper, do you wonder how it got there? Or do you write back that they must be dreaming? But they weren't. As it happens, drawings of Vinal Cottage appeared in some thirty-three or more newspapers a short time ago,—newspapers that have a wide circulation. Think of the publicity! And what is more,—Boston, Brooklyn, Worcester, Springfield and New Haven papers are printing every week, accounts of happenings here which are of interest either because local girls are directly concerned or because they boost the college.

And yet,—with all this,—people ask what Press Board is, anyway, and why it exists. It is the gate thru which passes to your home papers all the college publicity that you hear about or see. There is no particular glory attached to it. It functions quietly, with weekly meetings held under Mr. Loomis' direction. Its seven or eight members dispatch news items to their papers regularly and in most cases receive remuneration. They are doing the college a real service.

Membership at present is limited and all failing to maintain the required standard of efficiency are dropped. There's rumour of a campaign for membership in the near future.

CONFESSIONS OF THE ABSENT-MINDED.

It was one of those sultry, drizzly days that are so rare in March, made all the more unpleasant by contrast to the previously cold, brisk weather. For this reason I was very reluctant

to go shopping, especially in the drab atmosphere of New London. Since, however, my roommate was of a very persistent nature, I found myself a few hours later plodding up State Street, holding my umbrella at various levels above me in attempts to avoid the dripping corners of the umbrellas held by the rest of mankind jostling past us. Taking everything into consideration I was in a most uncomgenial frame of mind and frightfully bored by my roommate's flippant vivacity. It was with infinite relief that I meekly acquiesced to her suggestion that I purchase some sugar while she went to the post office. Still considering myself a most pathetic figure, I slid across the slime of the cartracks and precipitated myself into the Mohican Grocery. I purchased the sugar and immediately found myself fascinated by the delicious appearance of the pastries on a nearby counter. For a moment the pathos of my situation was forgotten, the very clerks seemed to be more cheerful since my purchase. I lingered and paused long at each counter, bowing and beaming to the various employees, who were very responsive and jovial.

It was with loathing that I found myself back at the entrance of the shop. My roommate was waiting outside and she seemed (if possible), even more cheerful than the clerks. I reluctantly started, pushed the door open, and then a dreadful realization was forced upon me. No wonder I dragged said roommate home on the next car! No wonder the clerks had been grinning! After acquiring the sugar I had raised my umbrella to go out, and unconsciously had been bobbing it above me while reconnoitering the entire store.—Taken from a diary. For further details, see B. E. '23.

TO THE REAR, MARCH!

When I suddenly look down at those black, highly-varnished skiffs that our optimists call gym shoes I am moved in one of two ways. Either I am seized with paroxysms of ribald laughter, or, I reverently marvel that those objects are the culminating glory of my own stupendous form. In rest they are ravishing, but in action they are devastating! Long past are the dull, safe days of the non-skid sneaks. Now we march with the hot breath of danger on our necks. The highest point in a reckless hour follows the cry not of "squad fire" but "to the rear, march." I elucidate. Marching with gay abandon over the gleaming floor, my feet held high in careless pride, I hear the sharp words. I stiffen my spine. I lean forward in an agony of effort. My legs become rigid. I turn laboriously, my eyes fixed in a stare of stark concentration. Finally a certain physical and spiritual poise returns to me. I am ready to march again. I lift my head and discover that half the gymnasium separates me from my fellows. I leap eagerly forward—abashed beyond bearing. The situation repeats itself. I feel, at last, like the victim of one of those nightmares in which for eons and eons you chase a creature you can't catch. My feet are positively beyond my control, the line perpetually beyond my reach! But still, they're very handsome gunboats. One of them would have made a fine coffin for Max. I could use them lots of ways—but as gym shoes! Allah!

FREE SPEECH.

[The News does not hold itself responsible for opinions expressed in this column.]

In answer to the letter by Autolycus, I, as the writer of the first scurrilous criticism, may meekly suggest that though I cry mercy from es-

says on morals I have myself killed only three men, robbed but half-a-dozen banks, been arrested for inebriate behavior not oftener than once weekly, and that my general manner of life is very orderly. Speaking, then, in deadly earnest—I object not to morals, but to being continually reminded of them. I do not break the laws of New London but I am never found poring eagerly over the statute books. They are not delirious, inspiring, delicate matter for intellectual browsing.

I accept the criticism that my statements are destructive rather than constructive. It was the cry of a burdened spirit and I am willing to do my best to substantiate my first outburst.

To me the little review of "Dangerous Ages" was worth ten editorials on the ills of gossip, or the value of a clear conscience, or, even, the tremendous vice called procrastination. More talk of books, more gentle laughter at ourselves, and, if we do burble of our short-comings, a tone not of exhortation but a certain lightness of touch—speaking in a literary fashion—would make me read the *News* more eagerly.

To the sharp slap about the *Boston American*, I gaily turn the other cheek. The *Boston American* is vivid reading at least. The news items, themselves, it seems to me do not justify the existence of the *News*. They are not of enough moment—they are "old-stuff" when they greet us. It is the little asides, the unique slants we get on our life here, the intimate things that, sometimes do creep into the *News*, that make us struggle with the combination of our mail-boxes.

Is this then, oh Autolycus, constructive, or still the idle ravings of an iconoclast? '23.

Dear Editor:

In a letter which appeared in the *News* on March 10th, some one declared, "The Exchanges are uninteresting—why continue them?" We would gather from this that either the writer reads the college newspapers for herself, or she has no interest in what other college men and women are doing. At any rate, the suggestion seems to me undesirable. For everybody does not have time to peruse the college weeklies. It is much more convenient to have the most important points brought to one's attention in the "*News*."

As for the Exchanges being uninteresting—perhaps they are, at least a few. But at the same time they give us a knowledge of what other colleges are doing in regard to problems similar to our own,—Student Government, Honor System, Cut Systems, Dramatics, etc.

In the last issue, we learned of the agitation in one college for more concert music, and the response to the need by the Department of Music,—a situation very like our own. We learned of new buildings on a college campus. Are we not interested in a growing college? For we belong to the same class. We also heard about questions of Student Government, statistics showing what occupation women like best, and the election of a new President in one of our big Eastern colleges. Surely we find variety here and desirable information.

The "*News*" means news, and along with *Campus News*, *Alumnae Notes*, and *World News*, it seems only right that other colleges should hold a place in our columns. And besides, what is more profitable than an exchange of ideas? H.

OPEN MEETING OF DRAMATIC CLUB.

Concluded from page 1, column 4.

time of the French Revolution. The part of Louis Valny—Charault was enacted by Caroline Francke, with the

unusual finesse that has characterized all her acting. Evelyn Ryan, with her poise and exquisite enunciation filled the role of the captivating Eloise d'Anvilli as none other could. Isabel Loney in the difficult and emotional part of the sister of Louis, showed a remarkable tenseness and depth of feeling. Michaelina Namovitch, as Val-sin, did a most effective and professional bit of acting. Elizabeth Merry carried off the part of the devoted half-wit soldier with great ease.

Listen, while I tell you what I saw last night,
Out upon the high-road, blown by the breeze.

I saw the silver pointed-firs;
I saw the black lagoon;
I saw a hundred lacy veils
Go floating 'cross the moon,
And the sky was dropping stars among
the branches of the trees.

Listen, while I tell you what I heard last night,
Down along the low-road running to the sea.

I heard the sand-bars moaning;
I heard the water lave;
I heard the phantom mermaids singing.

Far upon the wave,
And the sea-king's bells were tolling,
tolling, deep and low for me.

—Simons College Revue.

JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES WIN BASKETBALL GAMES.

Concluded from page 1, column 3.

bloomers—gray stockings! Good passing between Bigelow, Whitford and Boynton. Miss Pattern acted as referee. The score was 23-9 in favor of the Juniors.

The Freshman-Sophomore game was surprisingly excellent. The perfect team-work of the Sophomore team was expected—Neil's long, clean shots, Hubbell's unostentatious speed, but what was totally unlooked for was the game the Freshmen put up, making the first half a tie—12-12. Sally's guarding, and Warner's good work in the first half of the game were particularly notable. The Sophomores won with a score of 24-16.

The next evening the first Senior and Junior teams with the Juniors leading, 41-27, and the second Freshman and Sophomore teams played. The score was 26-7 favoring the Sophomores. The first game was exciting, but the second resembled a mad scramble.

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YALE UNIVERSITY

—AT—

St. James Church

Thursday, March 23

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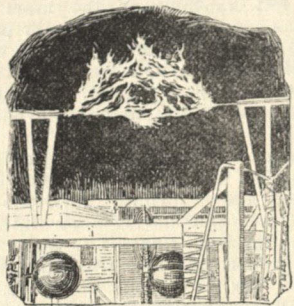
COLLEGE BOOK STORE

ORGANDY AND OTHER- WISE.

"Will you dance this?"
 "Yes, I'd love to."
 "You know you won't love it at all. You know we loathe each other."
 "How did you know it?"
 "I'm not such an idiot as you think I am."
 "You dance marvelously."
 "How many other men have you said that to, this evening?"
 "Four, and I never meant it until now."
 "I abhor your hair bobbed—why did you do it?"
 "It makes me look years younger, and I'm getting old."
 "Eighteen, isn't it? Yes, I remember your sixteenth birthday."
 "Why did you ask me to dance?"
 "Haven't an idea."
 "I know—you couldn't bear to see anyone so interested in Ben—always hated Ben, haven't you?"
 "You know, you do dance well."
 "But it's so unnecessary to hand a line to a person you dislike violently."
 "Not when the line's the truth."
 "But when a line's the truth, it is no longer line."
 "Come on out on the porch—it's moonlight."
 "What shall we do—be proxies for each other?"
 "You are heartless, aren't you?"
 "I merely take my cue from you."
 "Dance here?"
 "I'd love to—and I mean it."
 "I wish you did."
 "What creatures of habit we all are!"
 "Moonlight and a waltz, and the girl—"
 "I'm sorry—"
 "For what?"
 "That she isn't here."
 "I'm not. I can't endure her hair."
 "But it's not bobbed."
 "That's why I can't endure it."
 "Isn't it queer the way we all pretend to ourselves?"
 "What?"
 "Everything."
 "Bobbed hair?"
 "Perhaps."
 "Let's sit here; we can see the moon on the water."
 "Do you take astronomy or something?"
 "No. I'm taking a course in you at present."
 "Awful bore, I'll assure you now."
 "No. I'm intensely interested—why did you hate me?"
 "For the same reason you hated me."
 "And that?"
 "We knew each other when we made mudpies or was it when we played marbles? I've such a poor memory."
 "No, I hated you because you hated me."
 "And I hated you because you hated me."
 "Then why did you say—?"
 "Because one does, you know, if one is a girl with bobbed hair. Go on, it's your turn now."
 "I'm thinking—now, don't say 'impossible'—that I like your mouth."
 "Oh, no, one isn't permitted—"
 "Really? Not even if one begs very hard and likes bobbed hair and promises to hate you ever after?"
 "Well, perhaps this once, just this once."
 "Do you really care or are you pretending again?"
 "Again?"
 "Yes, again; you told me—"
 "Oh, yes, I do pretend always. I'm not quite sure now which is the 'me'."
 "How many are there?"
 "The 'me' who pretends intellectually. If I had enough brains, I'd be that 'me'. Then the organdy 'me' whom other people like, and the athletic 'me' whom Brother likes. There's the 'me' who walks alone and loves

it;—the 'me' who says 'perhaps, this once, just this once'. And you?—"
 "I'm not clever—I am *me*."
 "Yes, you are. I like you."
 "Which 'me' does?"
 "All the 'me's'."
 "Impossible. I'm not intellectual and I don't know what organdy is, and I hate to walk. Now you know the worst."
 "And so—they hated each other for ever after?"
 "No, I want you to take back—just this once."

"I can't—really."
 "Never?"
 "Never."
 "Why?"
 "Because it would be only the organdy 'me' who could agree, and against all the others it could never win."
 "Will you let me know them all? I like the—was it organdy?—'me'."
 "Then you'll hate the rest."
 "I won't, because the organdy one would probably meet on a rainy day. Will you let me?"



Man-Made Lightning

FRANKLIN removed some of the mystery. But only recently has science really explained the electrical phenomena of the thunderstorm.

Dr. C. P. Steinmetz expounds this theory. Raindrops retain on their surfaces electrical charges, given off by the sun and other incandescent bodies. In falling, raindrops combine, but their surfaces do not increase in proportion. Hence, the electrical pressure grows rapidly. Finally it reaches the limit the air can stand and the lightning flash results.

And now we have artificial lightning. One million volts of electricity—approximately one fiftieth of the voltage in a lightning flash—have been sent successfully over a transmission line in the General Engineering Laboratory of the General Electric Company. This is nearly five times the voltage ever before placed on a transmission line.

Much valuable knowledge of high voltage phenomena—essential for extending long distance transmission—was acquired from these tests. Engineers now see the potential power in remote mountain streams serving in industries hundreds of miles away.

Man-made lightning was the result of ungrudging and patient experimentation by the same engineers who first sent 15,000 volts over a long distance thirty years ago.

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." It is difficult to forecast what the results of the next thirty years may be.

General Electric
 General Office Company Schenectady, N. Y.
 95-485K

"Yes. Dance with me again, now."
 "May we love each other ever after, now? Let Organdy answer, please!"
 "Then lean down—"

"A NEW EXPERIENCE."

We had Spring Fever, and we were looking for hats. Spring had been in New York long enough to turn all the millinery departments into Oriental gardens of singing color. They smoldered in tangerine, and flamed into orange, with staggering contrasts of peacock blue and cold jade. They seemed an artificial shrubbery grown to full fruitage on painted wooden stalks. Our minds were almost dizzy with them as we passed down aisle after aisle of thick, silent carpet.

I had real intentions of buying a hat,—provided beauty and price should satisfactorily combine in one of these exotic creations,—and tho I knew she did not have enough money with her to make a purchase, my sister trailed behind me, stopping now and then for a fascinated study of some detail.

I seated myself at one of the mirrored tables, removing my Winter hat,—emphatically dull and shapeless in the presence of these new beauties. An ample, marcelled saleslady graciously gave me her attention, poisoning on her finger-tips for my inspection wonder after wonder of wide, sweeping-brimmed hats, haughty helmets and coy bonnets. With my consent she deftly placed them on my head, and stood behind me commenting favorably, while I scrutinized front, side and back, craning my neck and tipping my head in an endeavor to see all angles.

One bonnet really attracted me. It had a softly curled tangerine plume which crept coyly over one shoulder, and the cut of the brim made a rather attractive emphasis of the chin line. I sat and stared self-consciously into the mirror, very much tempted to make grimaces at myself, but rather in awe of the clerk. Where was Gay? Why didn't she come and tell me what she thought of the hat?

"I like this hat very much, but I want the approval of my friend on it before I buy it. I thought she was right behind me when I sat down here. She can't be far away."

I don't know why I concealed my true relationship. I am not ashamed of my sister, but at any rate I said "friend", and found myself taking a curiously impersonal attitude toward her.

The clerk was most kind and offered to help me search. She asked for a description of my companion. I have lived with my sister for some twenty years, but I'm hanged if I was able to describe her definitely for a stranger. I wasn't even sure what clothes she had on. Had she worn her suit or her Winter coat? I finally settled on the coat.

"Why she's medium size, and has bobbed hair, and was wearing a blue hat and a brown coat with a fur collar."

Ah, the inadequacy of language! From seven million people pick out one girl on such a description! But I was sure she must be only around a corner.

The clerk and I traveled the aisles repeatedly. We saw bobbed heads, blue hats and brown coats, but none of them belonged to that personality which is Gay. The mirrors, the tables, the show-cases confused me. I felt like Theseus in his famous old labyrinth. I detested the sight of myself always walking toward myself with an anxious face. I thought Gay might have been taken ill. I searched the rest-room. I had a creeping horror that she had been abducted and was even now lying gagged in some dive of cinematographic repute.

Continued on page 5, column 1.

A Store of Individual Shops

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DOUGHNUTS.**

Have you tasted the delicious, round, sugar-doughnuts and the dainty, fresh sandwiches which the Juniors have brought to your door, and to the basketball games? If you haven't, you had better make a wild dash the next time a Junior appears with a basket on her arm.

The Juniors are extremely anxious that you should be hungry—often and ravenously—and that you should have plenty of small change, for Junior Prom is approaching at a mighty speed and Prom means money—lots of it, they claim.

B. Boynton has charge of the doughnut-selling, and groups of girls in each dormitory are providing and selling the sandwiches.

So when you are hungry, you will not need to rush to the teahouse. Just apply to the Juniors and they will supply your needs.

**THE BEAUTIFUL AND
DAMNED.**

Fitzgerald—and more Fitzgerald—four hundred and forty-nine pages of Fitzgerald! The first few chapters arouse a faint spark of amusement, perhaps even of interest, but that feeble glow is soon drowned in liquor!

In the beginning, a cocktail every page or so is sufficient. Then, as Anthony Patch and his beautiful—and damned—wife Gloria—slink down from the Ritz to 57th Street, whiskey oozes from every word—whiskey, vermouth, gin—anything!

Week-end parties—when Anthony and Gloria forget how—and when they came home—parties that last longer and longer until their reputation reaches the Coast—Anthony drinking something constantly—an incidental woman—Gloria growing older—a little war—more liquor—and so the book rambles on until one no longer reads, but merely wades thru to the end so that one may join the silly throng who fatuously asks, "Have you read 'The Beautiful and Damned'?"

WATCH THE FACULTY!

Who would have thought that the faculty speed contest would have brought forth such unexpected results? An innovation occurred Friday night. The game commenced directly after the type contest, before most of the faculty had had time to leave. Perhaps it was the brightly colored bloomers, perhaps the raucous cheering or the quick passing or perhaps the lithe twisting human forms that attracted the faculty. In any case they were quick to catch the spirit and hilarious enthusiasm of the spectators, nor did their interest abate on Saturday night. Who knows but that the faculty will be so carried away with the marvels of the game that they too will form a team of their own and challenge the winner, as they do in soccer? What could be a more charming and altogether delightful

picture than Dr. Leib guarding Helen Hemingway or Grace Fisher guarding President Marshall?

We optimists wait in breathless anticipation. Come on, faculty, don't disappoint us!

WE, THE IMMIGRANTS.

One used to write odes about the dinner bell, but now it is the dinner button. Really, you know, this dinner button thing is no joke. Ever since it started I have worn one suit with my white darling nestled cosily under the lapel. I dare not change. The suit may crumble in ruins, become desiccated with age, actually disintegrate, but as long as the lapel remains as a garage for my dinner passport I shall be faithful. I will wear it in the cold, I will wear it in the heat. Otherwise I would continually present an empty stomach at a barred door.

However, the business has its charms. As I file past Ramsey's concentrated glare, turning down the famous lapel, and barely restraining a knowing glance, I feel like some debonair sport on the trail of illicit liquor. Try wearing your button mystically concealed, and revealing it suddenly like a high-sign, and then slide by with the wicked leer, and see what a kick you get! Touched by the gentle finger of imagination, even this little game of Ellis Island that we play twice a day is delightful.

I WISH I WERE A PIRATE BOLD.

I wish I were a pirate bold!—
I'd sail the pirate seas!
I'd have my ship with my pirate flag,
And I'd do my pirate deeds!

I'd sleep in the day, but not at night;
For then I'd have my fun—
With my *one* good eye, and my *one* good leg,
And my private keg of rum!

Oh, I'd fix the ships that'd scorn my flag,
I'd have them walk the plank—
Those captains and cooks and gentlemen-crooks
With their high-falutin' rank.

I'd hoist their mates from my mast, I would!—
If they didn't hand over their loot—
And I'd curse 'em right and I'd curse 'em left
And leave 'em to rot, to boot.

I'd hide my treasure like Captain Kidd,
With a skull or two quite near;
And I'd come back to snoop around
Every seventh or 'leventh year.

Oh, I wish I were a pirate bold!—
I'd sail the pirate seas!
I'd have my ship with my pirate flag,
And I'd do my pirate deeds!

'23.

Construction of fourteen capital ships is suspended by Secretary Denby at the direction of President Harding, in anticipation of ratification of the naval limitation treaty.

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We go to school that we may be examined. Why do they examine us? That we may fail, since the upper class-room holds only forty scholars.
—Barrie.

Examine our work. See if we fail to give service.



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"A NEW EXPERIENCE."*Concluded from page 3, column 4.*

It was nearly five o'clock—closing time. I expressed a part of my anxiety to the clerk, and apologized for not taking the hat. I had a vague feeling that I might need all the money I had with me.

"What shall I do? What shall I do? O you poor fool! Come, knock a little sense into yourself. Where were we to meet Hilda Van Buren for dinner? Gay mentioned it vaguely on the bus as we were coming down. Wait—yes! the waiting room of the Grand Central! That was it! What does Hilda look like? All I've ever heard Gay say is that she has remarkably brilliant eyes. Well, I'll go to the Grand Central and look thru the waiting room for a girl with brilliant eyes; and if I find one I'll ask her if she's seen Gay. Divine comedy that will be!"

The store had officially closed. They let me out a side door. I was so stupid I think I must have completed the block before I could find the Avenue.

I never knew a time when I was more pleased with the sight of the Grand Central. "A girl with bright eyes, in the waiting room. Well, they're not a particularly dull-eyed crowd,—but I wonder, is that one looking at me a little oddly?"

"Pardon me, but are you Hilda Van Buren?"

"Yes, are you Doris?"

"Yes, have you seen Gay?"

"Yes, she said she'd lost you."

"She lost me! The poor fool! She means she *skipped* me! Why, I had all McCreery's millinery department searching an hour for her! I thought she was dead or kidnapped."

And then thru the door burst a medium-sized figure, with bobbed hair, wearing a blue hat, but a blue suit!

"What happened to you?"

"What happened to you?"

"You poor nut! I looked all over for you."

"I swear I looked for you."

"Well, I was right there trying on hats. Didn't you see me sit down?"

"Well, I couldn't find you, so I supposed you'd gone ahead, and I thought Hilda would be waiting, so I came to the station,—and then you weren't here,—I've been way back to McCreery's, and it was closed, and I was afraid I'd never find you!"

"Well, we're here now,—but I tell you, old dear, it'll be a long day before I ever shop with you again!"

"O, but you've had a new experience! I live for new experiences!" said Hilda, her brown eyes aglow.

O. J. '24.

YOUR WEEK-END IN THE INFIRMARY.

"Go home and get your tooth-brush," says the nurse, truculently regarding you over the thing that has just betrayed your temperature.

"I have classes," you protest nobly. "Go home."

Her brown hair may be soft and wavy. Her eyes may be a lovely green but their capacity to express determination is infinite. You go home and return with your bath-robe, slippers, nail-file, "If Winter Comes," and find that you have forgotten your tooth-brush. You send messages to your room-mate thru various channels and ensconce yourself in your allotted bed.

"If Winter Comes" is interesting. You read on with an occasional and pleasurable tinge at the thought of classes missed. This is to be a perfect day. You await lunch with anticipation.

Twelve o'clock and the brown-haired, green-eyed little thing, smirking wickedly, comes in with a huge tray. She places it on your lap. You observe your chastened expression in

a cup of bouillon; two saltines lend a substantial air to your meal.

Your day is ruined. Of course, you swallow it—the bouillon. You're hungry. "If Winter Comes" means nothing more to you. When she removes your tray you lift a pained gaze to her green and complacent stare. You even feel pained at this indecent exposé of human coldness. You indulge in a bit of sarcasm, a gem-like epigram. "She retorts swiftly and glides out of the door. You bellow after her retreating form with the quintessence of lady-like rage in your tones. The door closes softly, mockingly. You glare at "If Winter Comes."

Aha! What have we here—a letter? Your tooth-brush has come to you in a pale lavender envelope. All your little friends have inclosed poems and precious bits of philosophy, condolences and jeers. You start right in composing efficient and equally precious retorts and you retain a copy of the best ones. (A spasm of the "divine afflatus" is all too rare!) As you meditatively chew your pen on the last jewel, She, the Green-Eyed-One, pokes her head in the door and tells you that it might be well for you to attempt forty winks. As a matter of fact she makes no bones about the fact that if you don't want to sleep you might have the courtesy to close your eyes and give the appearance thereof. Whereupon you tell her you are not given to deceit and you never sleep at this ridiculous hour, anyhow. She stares morosely at you.

You seek the forty winks.

At the thirty-seventh, just as the emperor was about to crown you with olives, She comes in again, bearing hard-boiled cocoa. You remonstrate. She coldly informs you that you have been asleep two hours! You are then convinced that all females are inherent liars. You tell her about the crown of olives. She informs you with no particular passion that she will crown you with cocoa if you don't talk like a rational being. As you drink the cocoa you decide that nursing as a profession should be confined to honest, hard-working women who have hearts and some appreciation of classic literature.

The Green-Eyed-One smirks when you ask her what you will get for supper! Milk toast! You . . . milk toast!! . . . Life is indeed bitter. It is enough to give anyone a suspicious temperature. You pray for the morrow.

Along with your milk toast She brings you a note from your crony who writes of the Green-Eyed-One as a "bleary-eyed dragon." You show that phrase to the Green-Eyed-One with great glee. You supplement it with a few choice allusions of your own and detect a glint of battle, poison, murder and sudden death in her eye, whereupon you stop, pleased with your ability to provoke cold hatred.

No books. No magazines except 1913 ones. The last patient ate up the latest copies in a frenzy of something or other. You almost give way to a desire to assimilate the bed-clothes, the furniture and the Green-Eyed One. Naturally, when She pokes the thing under your tongue it registers 103. She puts a hot-water bottle on your head and an ice-bag at your feet and expects you to take it as a joke!

Ages pass . . . Eons . . . Deprived of human companionship, the chattering sounds of the girls parading by your door—once like so many magpies—are like so many angels' voices to you. You could even hail the appearance of the billowy, placid and vacuously grinning creature who wheezes continually beside you in Narrative Prose.

More eons . . . The light of returning reason. . . Milk toast replaced by Food . . . Phenomenal recovery. . . You discover a sneaking affection for the Green-Eyed-One.

On Sunday evening, in trembling

tones, you inform her of your deathless love as she sings your feet with a hot-water bottle. She scorns you. Humiliated, hurt and harassed you seek sleep after whispering, "Frailty, thy name is Woman."

The next morning you go to your advanced composition class. The dulcet accents of your professor calm you with what, to your still fevered ears, seems to be, "Turtle Eggs à la Cassiz." You forget the Green-Eyed-One. You have not thought of her since. You are normal once again.

STUDENT TOURS TO EUROPE.

Seventy-five American college students will spend the months of July and August in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. These students will be officially received by the American Ministers in the Scandinavian capitols. In Sweden, arrangements for the entertainment of the American visitors will be supervised by Dr. Svante Arrhenius, President of the Nobel Institute and Sweden's most distinguished scientist. Features of the visit to Norway will be an audience with King Haakon at his summer palace, a reception at the American legation, and a lecture on Viking antiquity by Professor A. W. Brogger of the University of Christiania.

In each of the Scandinavian countries there is an organization for the promotion of friendly relations with the United States through educational interchange, the Danish-American Society, the Norwegian-American Foundation, and the Swedish-American Foundation. By these organizations, Scandinavian students are selected each year for study at American colleges and universities. These same institutions are acting as hosts of the American students. Mr. James Creese, Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and Professor A. B. Benson of Yale University will accompany the group. Lectures on various phases of Scandinavian life and history will be given during the voyage and after arrival in Europe. The tour is arranged in conjunction with similar student tours to Italy, France, and Great Britain, all four of which are under the general auspices of the Institute of International Education, and members of the different groups will sail from New York on July 1 on a liner chartered for them.

OPEN LETTER.

Dear Editor:

In speaking of the letter which appeared in the "News" for March 3rd, Autolycus, it seems to me, waxes inconsistent in her insistent attempt to represent the "happy medium" and to be just. She says, "It takes brains to construct," but she gives no more real constructive advice herself than the author of the previous letter.

The author of the letter of March 3rd, I take it, credited the editor and readers of the "News" with perspicacity sufficient to understand that she was pleading for a change in material which could be brought about only by the staff requesting articles of a varied nature from potential contributors. Surely this is the obvious inference of the letter, and it was not necessary for its writer to be more "constructive."

Even if the writer of the letter of March 3rd, according to Autolycus, did compliment the "News" when she thought she was condemning it by saying that it might be circulated among the Sunday Schools of the town for general uplift, isn't it undeniably true that the editorials have been written in a very juvenile style? Yes, college girls are interested in the moral side of life, but they prefer well constructed articles which do not antagonize

thru the very obviousness of their morality.

The "News" staff itself possesses ability. Why always have the same members contribute the editorials? Give some of the others an opportunity.

Certainly, Mike's suggestion that the embryonic poets should be encouraged is a good one. This needn't be confined to poetry. If voluntary contributions are rare, it would not be extremely difficult to request material from budding authors.

I am appealing neither for a "Boston American" nor a "Purple Cow," but for the elimination of moral-saturated sermons, and the substitution of a greater variety of material—in brief, a newspaper.

(I do not agree with Mike that all classic names are unserviceable, sonorous, and diaphragmatic, but I can think of none I like as well as Savanarola.)

Editor of The News:

The faculty of the Wharton School of Pennsylvania University has found it necessary to suspend the honor system among its students. This action has created a very critical situation. I am not suggesting that any such measures will be necessary here in the immediate future. On the contrary, our conditions here are largely those which the Wharton faculty desires to see at Pennsylvania. However, a suggestion which has come out of this suspension, may well be considered in connection with our own problem. May not part of our trouble also be that we become members of our Student Government too easily; that we enter on the privileges of the Honor System without due consideration of its attendant responsibilities? The following is the solution offered by a Wharton man. It is at least worth noticing in connection with our own question.

"That if all or a majority of the men who believe in the Honor System form an Honor Association, or some such body, they will automatically constitute themselves an enforcing body. Any man who would join such a body and not live up to its ideals would be a hypocrite and would soon be exposed by his associates. Heretofore, all Wharton men have automatically, by virtue of their presence in the school, been made members of an honor association that does not function as an organization and, on the whole, is rather vague. An Honor System which does not function 100 per cent, is very unfair to the students who live up to it, and if a majority of the students would join some such organization, the membership of which would be voluntary, I think the Honor System could be enforced."

INDIAN GIRL SENT TO WORLD MEETING.

For the first time in history, American Indians will take their place next spring in a world's conference of men and women students from forty countries. A young Indian girl, Ruth Muskraha of the Cherokee tribe, sailed recently from San Francisco to represent her race and interpret the relationship between the United States and the American Indian.

This trip has been made possible by the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. Indian at heart, loyal to her people as well as to the government, this girl has long been familiar with the Indians and their problems in her Y. W. C. A. work on the Oklahoma reservation and in New Mexico. She is a student at the University of Kansas, and is working her way thru.

Pope Pius XI was crowned in St. Peter's, Rome, on February 12th, the 261st Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.

L. M. '22.

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NOUNCED.A week ago announcement was made
of the engagement of Miss Marjorie
Carlsson, class of 1920, to Robert
Muns, of Ridgewood, New Jersey, at a
Bridge and Tea given at the home of
Mrs. W. H. Haddon of Ridgewood.
Miss Carlsson, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Charles L. Carlsson of Ivoryton,
Connecticut, has been instructor of
French and Spanish in the Ridgewood
High School since her graduation.

MORE WORK FOR THE SCHOOL

She said, as she smiled on his suit,
Just as Eve long ago did to Adam:
"When the students are bad,
I'll no longer be mad,
I've decided I'd rather be madam."

TAIL-LIGHTS.

"How would you have played that
hand?" asked the bridge novice.
"Under an assumed name, if I had
been you," replied the club cynic
cruelly.—(Life.)

CHILLY RIDING.

Miss L—: "If I buy a car, I can't
have any clothes."

GOOD UNDERSTANDING.

Mr. S—: "This picture is very
unusual—Notice the man—he is stand-
ing on both feet!"

HEARD IN FRENCH A.

A student looked long at the French
sentence "Les mechant garcons sont
chez qui?" and translated "The bad
boys are shaky.""That ends my tail," said the
monkey as he backed into the lawn
mower.

AMBITION.

Miss L. sitting at the desk, "It is
awfully hot in here."Al, sitting next to closed windows,
"Don't any of the windows open?""Ah, scenic!" breathed the enrapt-
ured tourist as he gazed into the
grand crayon."Ah, cynic," the happy man taunted
the confirmed woman-hater."Arsenic!" wailed the Careless One,
as he re-read the label on the bottle.Frosh: "When is a lady not a
lady?"

Senior, yawning: "Usually!"

WAS IT SARCASTIC?

Dr. J.: "Do you think that Long-
fellow is as dry as the average col-
lege professor?"Chris, with much enthusiasm:
"No!"

A QUESTION OF GRAVITY.

Tall Junior, coyly tossing umbrella
into the air, gust of wind carries it up
State Street—Junior, in dismay, "But
I don't see why it didn't come down
just where it went up!"

CAMELS AND THEIR HUMPS.

Iola, in Hartford drug store: "Have
you any—eh—camels?"Saleswoman, in horror: "Any
what?"Iola: "Why, you know, that is—
hump hair pins!"

THE TRAGEDY OF A FOOL.

Shakespeare's Life

A Sidney Lee

I must at length
Go write of thee.

I wildly read

And write a lot
How much I wrote
Of all that rot!

Page thirty-two!

I long for bed
I can't remember
What I've read.

My room-mate's notes!

How much has she
With care writ down
From Sidney Lee.

Page ten! Oh, no,

It cannot be
That's all she has
Of this same Lee.

I tear my hair

In utter scorn,
Alack that I
Was ever born!

AND NOW IT'S BROWNING.

Adam, Lillith and Eve — Adams,
Stickle and Mari.Apparent Failure—An F.
The Bean-Feast—Saturday Lunch-
cons.

Gold Hair—Caroline.

A Pretty Woman—Evelyn Gray.

Oh Love! Love—Eleanor Thielen.

Before and After—Bibs and Bubs.

Respectability — Comedy Costume

Committee.

Popularity—Peg Ewing.

Youth and Art—Edith Kirkland.

The Guardian Angel—Council.

Humility—The Freshmen (?)

One Word More—Jeanette Sperry.

A Pearl, A Girl—Lucy McDannel.

A Face—Evelyn Ryan.

The Family—Sociology.

SENIOR-JUNIOR
LUNCHEON.The Senior class entertained the
Juniors at a very charming luncheon
given at Pequot Manor on March 11.
The meal was served at one long
table, decorated with red and white
carnations—the Senior class colors—
and grey and green place cards in the
form of a Sphinx. Both class mascots
graced the festal board. The honor-
ary members enlivened the entertain-
ment with their witty speeches.
Dancing followed the singing of the
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