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 reveals the experience and life of man-kind since it is the outward and the inner world as understood through many races and many periods. The statement of the fact and literature is obtained from the accepted channels. In every age certain groups have tried in vain to overthrow this established standard.

But the fact that the beauty and style of science can never be separated. As style is the 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 self-called history itself. Great literature will always point the life beyond the stars.

PROFESSOR JEPSON OF YALE TO GIVE ORGAN RECITAL.

Dr. Harry B. Jenson, Professor of Applied Music at Yale University will play at an organ recital on March 23rd, at 3 o'clock in the chapel.

Professor Jepson has just returned from a very successful recital tour, which terminated in Philadelphia. This will be the second opportunity offered in New London for hearing Yale's noted organist. Last spring, his audience was so large that the concert had to be postponed.

This recital is an annual event given for the benefit of the Choir Fund.

THE NEWS-STAFF GROWS PRIVOLOUS.

The News-Staff had a party! Editors, Reporters and Business Managers forget their dignity on Monday night, March 6, and had a rollicking good time in the basement of Brandywine House. They played games—the kind you used to play when you were young and catches were caught in the school. The crowning feature was the animal contest, when each girl brought here by newspaper the likeness of an animal. There was a prize—price is half the battle in giving the creator of any recognizable creature a start.

The "News-liter" had refreshments, too, nicely give hot fudge sundaes and small cakes. Helen Paats arranged the party and everybody agreed that, by Jove, she knew just how to do it!

The Wire wishes to correct an error made in the issue of March 3. Ethel Adams was the 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, joined enthusiastically to the girls who had come back to talk about their work. Miss Holmes introduced the speakers.

Miss Jessie Hoppeitt's '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 courses.

Miss Josephine Emerson '19, also of Yale Medical School, spoke of being the beginning places of first year medical work. The chief work that year is anatomy or dissecting a cadaver.

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

Miss Deborah Jackson '21 of the Physiology Department, under Professor Huntington, spoke of her work in connection with the study of great literature. Miss Jackson said her courses in quantitatively, chemist and physiological chemistry helped her in her great deal in her work.

Elizaabeth Negy '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.

Mary Louise Canon '21 gave a report of experimental work under Professor Osbourne, who would be present as she had planned. Also Miss Charlotte Hall '21, who is a senior in the Draper House of the Department of Geology and Geography. She could not come but wrote a very interesting letter regarding her work. The "infirm" was made delightfully informal by the coffee, cakes and the piano music furnished by Mes Miss Caroline Frainge. This trip was also very profitable.

The whole three plays were successful and well presented.

OPEN MEETING OF DRAMATIC CLUB.

The plays were presented at the Dramatic Club. Three scenes from the play "Lulu" by Frank Wedekind, were presented. The scenes were played by Miss Alice Barrett Miss Evelyn Ryan and Miss Caroline Frainge.

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

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW.

EXHIBITED HERE LAST JUNE.

Mrs. Lilian Westcott Hale is now giving an exhibition of her pictures at the Arlington Galleries, in New York, and at the New York Times. Her exhibition is a whole has character, a fresh and per- susceptible, and distinguished. Mrs. Hale knows her craft, and has a point of view. "The North Wind Does Blow," a picture exhibited here at Connecticut College last Commencement, is one of the most praised pictures at the exhibition. It represents a figure in white, a winged figure, against a cold, outdoor light.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5, COLUMN 1.

JUNIOR AND SOPHOMORE TEAMS WIN BASKETBALL GAMES.

On Friday evening a big enthusiastically lawrence was given in the gym opening of the basketball season. The first games was between the team of the Juniors and Seniors. Striking red bloomers with white striped stockings, greasy and gray.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 5, COLUMN 3.
Connecticut College News

Established 1916
Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year, except during mid-year and vacations.

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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 were mistaken because there weren't. As it happens, drawings of Vinal Cottage appear somewhere every week, everywhere newspapers have a wide circulation. Think of the publicity that Vinal implies. And what is more--Boston, Brooklyn, Washington, Philadelphia and New Haven newspapers are printing every week, accounts of happenings here which are of interest to the alums and to the public.

And yet--with all this--people ask what Press Board is, anyway, and why it exists. It is the gate thru which Press Board is, anyway, to the public. It is the gate thru which Press Board is, anyway, to the public.

...to the rear, march!

To the rear, march! There are no more romantic days in college than those high, black, vibrantly colored stories that our loyal student journalists make. Nor are there any more romantic days in college than those high, black, vibrantly colored stories that our loyal student journalists make.

The first Senior-Junior game was exciting, but the rear was more like it. The rear was more like it. The rear was more like it. The rear was more like it. The rear was more like it.

TO THE REAR, MARCH!

For the rear, march! The rear is where the student journalists appear, the rear is where the student journalists appear, the rear is where the student journalists appear, the rear is where the student journalists appear, the rear is where the student journalists appear.

SAYS ON MARRIAGE I HAVE ALWAYS KEPT MY MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY, AND IT IS FULLY SATISFACTORY.

Raw Text End
"Will you dance this?"
"Yes, I'd love to."
"You know you won't rove Il at nH."
"You know we loathe each other."
"bet-your sixteenth birth day."
"You hate Ben. haven't you?"
"I'm sorry-"
"Moonlight and a waltz, and the dreariness and the [
"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?"
"I knew each other when we made muddles or was it when we plowed 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 beers 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 pre-wedding again?"
"Again?"
"Yes, again; you told me—"
"Oh, yes. I do pretend always. I'm not quite sure now which is the 'me'."
"Well, perhaps this once, just this one."
"The 'me' who pretends intellectual. If I had enough brains, I'd be that 'me'. Then the organdy and other-wise.
"The 'me' who says 'perhaps this once, just this once'. And you?
"I'm not clever—I am so."
"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 forever after?"
"No, I want you to take back—just this once."

"You know we have been abducted and was even my lying gagged in some dive of cinematographic repute."
"I can't—really."
"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."

"Keep everlastingly at it brings success."
"I don't, because the organdy one would probably meet on a rainy day."

"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 effects of the next thirty years may be.

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

"A NEW EXPERIENCE."

In the spring, they were looking for spring in New York long enough to turn all the millinery out into the Oriental gardens of singing color. They smoldered in tangerine, and flamed into orange, with startling contrasts of peacock blue and gold jade. They seemed an artificial shrubbery; grown to full fruitions 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 prices should satisfactorily combine in one of these exciting articles. I narrowed my choice to one of the mirrored tables, removing my Winter hat, somewhat cramped and shapeless in the presence of these new beauties. An ample, marceled sabahly graciously give me her attention, pointing on her finger-tips for my inspection wonder after wonder of wide, sweeping-grinned hats, haughty helmets and coy bonnets. With my consent she decided them on my head, and stood behind me commenting favorably, with the greatest of feminine pride. Side and back, craning my neck and tipping my head in an endeavor to see all angles.

My bonnet really attracted me. It had a soft, curled tangerine alone which crept over one shoulder, and the cut of the brim made a rather attractive rim of the chin line. I sat and stared self-consciously into the mirror, too, but I'm hanged if I was able to make grimmaces at myself, rather in awe of the clerk. Where was Gay? Why didn't she come and tell me what she thought of the hat?"
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**LYNCH's PHARMACY and STUDIO**

"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 dashing nestled cozily under the lapel. I dare not change. The suit may crumble in ruins, become dedicated with age, actually dictato-crate, but as long as the lapel remains as a garze for my dinner pass- port 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 boarded door.

However, the business has its charms. As I file past Ramey's con- centrated awe, turning down the fa- mous lapel, and barely restraining a knowing glance, I feel like some de- bonair sport on the trail of illicit liquor. Try wearing your button mysteriously concealed, and revealing it suddenly like a high-slam, 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.

**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 feebie glow is soon drowned in liqueur!

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

Week-end parties—when Anthony and Gloria forget how—and when they came home—parties that lasted long and longer until their reputa- tion rescues the Cost—Anthony drinking something constantly—an insatiable woman—Gloria growing older—a little war—more liquor—and so the book rambles on until its 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 factory speed contest would have brought forth such unexpected re- sults? An innovation occurred Fri- day night. The game commenced di- rectly after the type contest, before most of the faculty had time to leave. Perhaps it was the brightness of the sunshine, perhaps the novelty of the quick passing or per- haps the little 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 subside 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 an- ticipation. Come on, faculty, don't disappoint us!

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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**COMPLIMENTS OF**

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It was nearly 5 o'clock—closing time. I expressed a part of my anxiety by running a fast course 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 dear feet! Come, knock a little sense into yourself. Where were we to go, if not to the Santa Bureu for dinner?"

Gay mentioned in it, just as we were coming down. Wait—"the Santa Bureu, the room of the Central! That was it! What does Hilda look like? All I've ever heard Gay say is that she has large brown eyes. Well, I'll go to the Grand Central and look thru the waiting room for a little 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 led me out a side door, I was so excited I thought I must have completed the block before I could find the Avenue.

I never knew a time when I was less hungry than in the lobby of the Great Central. "A girl with bright eyes, in the waiting room. Well, then these two little girls on the little bench, or is it a crowd,—but I wonder, is that one looking at me?"

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

"Yes, are you Doris?"

"Yes, here you see Gay?"

"Yes, this is Gay."

"You made me lose my appetite."

"She lost me! The poor fool! She means she slipped up! Why, I had all my money saved for the trip, searching an hour for her! I bought about the right time.

"Then and thru the door burst a medium-sized figure, with bald hair, wearing a blue coat, a blue hat!

"What happened to you?"

"What happened to me?"

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

"I swear I looked for you."

"Well, I was right there trying on hats when you said you would see me sit down?"

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

"I was afraid I'd never find you!"

"You didn't call me? But I tell you, old dear, it'll be a long day before I ever hear from you!"

"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 INNFARY.

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

"I have classes," you protest nobly.

"Go home and get your tooth-brush!"

Her brown hair may be soft and wave, Her eyes may be of lovely green but their capacity to express determination is not dimmed. Take this and return with your bathrobe, slippers, nall-tie, "If Winter Comes," and find the seat of your tooth-brush. You send messages to your roommates to suspend their shaving and ensnare yourself in their beds. Your tooth-brush is interesting. You read on an occasional and peculiar place of your classes missed. This is to be a perfect day. You await lunch with anticipation.

Twelve o'clock and the brown-haired, brown-eyed girl is somewhats wickedly, comes in with a huge tray. She places it on your lap. You observe a most astounding phenomenon in a cup of bouillon; two milks lend a suffusion of color to your milk, buttled, by the sight of the hot-water bottle. She screams. You shrink and hurt and scream and seek sleep after whispering, "Frailty, thy name is Woman."

On the morrow you go to your advanced composition class. The talk of your professors is with you with, to your still fevered ears, seems to be, "Turtle Eggs & Latin."

You have not thought of your classes. You are normal once again.

STUDENT TOURS TO EUROPE.

Seventy-five American college students with 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 capitals. The entertainments of the American visitors will be supervised by Dr. Boeke, an assistant of the Nobel Institute and Sweden's most distinguished scientist. Featured on the program will be a visit to the University of Copenhagen, a lecture on Viking antiquity by Professor A. W. Brogger of the University of Copenhagen, and a visit to the Swedish-American Foundation, an organization that does not function as an Honor Association, but which the very obviousness of their ability, why always contribute 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. Herefore, all Wharton men have automatically, by virtue of their presence in the school, marched in the line with an Association that does not function as an Honor Association. This feeling is the solution offered by a Wharton student. 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. Under the circumstances, I have no reason to request at all a letter for you. Autoclys, 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 tour is arranged for students of the University of Paris, Study of various phases of Scandinavian life and history will be given, and the voyage will take place during the summer. The trip is arranged with the University of Copenhagen, the University of Copenhagen, and the University of Copenhagen, New York on July 1 on a liner chartered for them.

OPEN LETTER.

Dear Editor,

In speaking of the letter which appeared in the "Vera" for June 1, 1924, 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 the "Vera" for June 1 for the letter of Autoclys, 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.

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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 and American Indians. A young Indian girl, Ruth Maturik, was chosen recently from San Francisco to represent her race and interests in 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. and the Indian Council of Children's Workers, and is being made with the help of the American Indian Student Association. Her trip will be a very grueling one, and it is to be expected that there will be some difficulty in getting her to the meeting, which will be held in connection with the World's Fair in New York.

Pope Pius XI was crowned in St. Peter's, Rome, on February 12th, the first pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church.
CONNNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

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ENGAGEMENT AN-
OUNCED.
A week ago announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Margaret
L. F. Miner, of New London, Conn., to Robert
Meeks, of Ridgefield, New Jersey, at a
Bridge and Tea given at the home of Mrs. W. M. H. Haddan of Ridgefield.
Miss Carlson, daughter of Mr. and
Mrs. Charles L. Carlson of Torrington, Connecticut, has been instructor in
French and Spanish in the Ridgefield
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 old cloc
crude.-(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 ou!" and translated "The bad
boys are shabby."

"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 here."
"Ah, you're sitting next to closed
windows; Don't any of the windows open!"

"Ah, scenic!" breathed the empa
raged tourist as he gazed into the
grand espy.
"Ah, yes, the happy man tinted
the confirmed woman-hater.
"Amende!" wailed the Carriage One,
as he read the label on the bottle.

"Fresh: When is a lady not a
lady??"
Senior, yawning: "Usually!"

WAS IT SARCASM?
Dr. J. - "Do you think that Long-
father is as dry as the average col-
egage professor?"
Chris, with much enthusiasm:
"No!"

A QUESTION OF GRAVITY.
Tell junior, crylly fasising 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!"

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CAMELS AND THEIR HUMPS.
Iola, in Hartford drug store, "Have
You any—oh—carnels?"
Saleswoman, in horror: "Any
other?"
Iola: "Why, you know, that—
hump hair pin!"

THE TRAGEDY OF A FOOL.
A Shakespeare's Life
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:
Long for bed
I can't remember
What I've read.
My room-mate's notes:
How much has she
With care write 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.
Ah! that I
Was ever born!

AND NOW IT'S BROWNING.
Adam, Judah and Eve—Adams,
Sickle and Mari.
Apprentice Pulifer—An F.
The Bean-Fest—Saturday Lunche-
non.
Gold Hair—Caroline.
A Pretty Woman—Evelyn Gray.
Oh Love!—Elaine Thelen.
Before and After—Eibs and Ru.
Respectability—Comedy Costume
Committee.
Popularly—Poy Ewing.
Youths and Art—Idith Kirkl.
The guardian Angel—Chair.
Humility—The Freshmen (16).
One Word More—Jeanette Sperry,
A Pearl, A Girl—Lucy McDannel.
A Face—Evelyn Ryan.
The Family—Section.

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A house class entertained the
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and green and white place cards in the
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graced the festal board. The honor-
ary members acknowledged the entertain-
ment, with their witty speeches.
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