On the evening of Easter Monday President and Mrs. Marshall entertained both student and faculty with a very delightful concert in the Gymnasium. Members of the Music Department furnished a varied and interesting program of vocal and instrumental music.


Mr. Marshall introduced Paderewski's "Cra- covienne Fantasque" very effectively, as also "Chant' Amour," by Mote.

Grinnell's violin solo gave great pleasure. His selections were "June Barcarolle," by Tchaikovsky, "By the Brook," by Rev. de Baudot, "The Pale Moon," by Lopuz and "Chanson de L'Estacade," by Kreisler. His encore, "Nuettette," by Schelzer, received the greatest applause.

The concert was especially enjoyed because of the rare opportunity afforded the college to hear the musical talent of its faculty, and all appreciate the kindness of President and Mrs. Marshall in making this possible.

**ECONOMICS CLASS DEBATES.**

All regular members of Room 216, New London Hall, on Thursday afternoon, April 20th, at five o'clock, the room was packed with the classes in Economics and Sociology.—All there for the debate to be given by members of Economics 11-12.

The question was: whether or not the coal mines have caused to strike. Julia Hitter and Louis Holland, of the "Chasm," and Ethel Wightall, presented the case of the miners, and Ava Hult and Barbara Clay, of the "Kernan Vastles," illuminated the case. The subject was so well chosen and enthusiastically received, that all other Student Government plans were promptly dismissed by Miss Hult and Ava.

The debate went well until time for the commercial, when the operators (Miss Clay's arguments were undoubtedly carried the day. The room was up, and the operators demanded the presence of a small boy or girl as a victim for their marvelous work. Grace Ward, in an appropriate and artistic costume, presented herself with usual willingness. She was soon under the iron control of Emily Warner who commanded her to recite a poem with imitation, time to the occasion and the correctness thereof,—which she did in an entirely unconscious manner.

The third number was presented by Alice Hult and Luce in a delightful manner. Her encore was especially well chosen and enthusiastically received.

On "Ontonagon Campbell and Janet Aldrich,—the "Kernan Vastles,"—illu-

sorated "The modern dance and we gazed fascinated, at the lightsome agility of our Alma Mater.

**STUDENTS VOTE FOR KNICKERS.**

The Class of 1925 voted remarkably originality of idea and taste, in the production of an entertainment given in the Gymnasium on Saturday, April 29, for the benefit of the Freshman Silver Bay Fund. The performers were loudly applauded and were a large audience of students and faculty. Much of the work was done by Alice Barrett and Genevieve Deasup.

The orchestra, consisting of Olive Hubert, Evelyn Randall and Betsy Allen, played a very necessary part in the evening's entertainment and furnished music for dancing afterward.

The first number was announced as "Vuldo Tutttonito," the greatest favorite being represented by Emily Warren who swept Ann Doody from the arms of "Jackie" and whirled her off into a new and two goats were made before the most ardent of Valentine's admirers. An Act of Hypnotism followed, roku-

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**SENIORS AND SOPHOMORES ENJOY TEA AT MOHICAN HOTEI.**

A perfect day, a fine orchestra, and splendid weather, contributed to the atmosphere, made the tea given by the Seniors to the Sophomores at the Mohican Hotel on Saturday afternoon, April 29, a most delightful affair.

The dancing began early and was continued late into the night. The first number was—announced as "Rae-Take Off"—Peg Ewing made the hit of the evening in "R-School Days." We loved her as a little girl but still more as a little boy.

The Pushins Show, the climax of the evening, followed, which left us glowing wonder-eyed at the marvelous creations displayed.

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**THE RING OF SIVA.**

(Continued.)

The next morning at eight the bell rang and two gentlemen came to the door. "We have a warrant out for your arrest," said one, with direction. "For murder of Proctor, Rackar who died last night." The next morning at eight the bell rang and two gentlemen came to the door. "We have a warrant out for your arrest," said one, with direction. "For murder of Proctor, Rackar who died last night." The next morning at eight the bell rang and two gentlemen came to the door. "We have a warrant out for your arrest," said one, with direction. "For murder of Proctor, Rackar who died last night."
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

College Benefits Health of Students.

Our young women of the present day are under fire of a good deal of criticism. The world upheaval has gone through has had its reaction upon society, but prior to the war there was a strong trend toward materialism in this country. To what extent our young people have suffered through this change, how much growth of materialism among them is a matter to take into serious account. No country has had a higher place for womanhood than ours. If with the independence of women there is a trend toward selfishness, and self-indulgence, then freedom would be dearly bought.

Physical health and moral health are usually closely associated. Some recent studies, show a marked improvement in the physical and general health of Yasser students of the present day, as compared to those of thirty years ago. One of the greatest obstacles to health improvement is the chronic attitude of mind which denies the efficacy of health measures—a reactionary and self-indulgent philosophy, reasoning any established custom and questioning the possibility of materially altering existing conditions.

The highly-selected groups, mostly college students, at the veterinary training camps, were notably better physically, than college students in general, and to some extent, the rural girls as a whole. Physical health and moral health are usually closely associated. Some recent studies, show a marked improvement in the physical and general health of Yasser students of the present day, as compared to those of thirty years ago. One of the greatest obstacles to health improvement is the chronic attitude of mind which denies the efficacy of health measures—a reactionary and self-indulgent philosophy, reasoning any established custom and questioning the possibility of materially altering existing conditions.

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time. And somehow, most of all she thought of the "House of Dreams." It had been long ago—perhaps three years—when her hair was long, and she didn't believe in smoking and drinking and all the other terrible things. But the Dream House had grown into being. She was sitting in a white hospital bed—smiled a tender, wistful little smile—then climbed the hill and looked at the Dream House was covered to her; for could she stand and condemn or praise as they ought to write to do? They had loved to "write" over everything—they had been so fine then. She thought she'd try being of the modern generation, just away—to a house— to remember—remember. So she went back and lived it all again.

Houses of Dreams don't suddenly spring up on you; they grow slowly, first in your mind and then in brick and mortar. And it takes much more than just you alone to dream—there must be somebody else. She remembered long ago—she, the Dream-Woman—talked philosophy and wistful little smile—she remembered how they had grown into being. She was so fine then—her hair was long, and religion and then, finally, their admiration. The Dream-Woman—Where was she?—and religion and then, finally, their admiration. The Dream Woman—Where was she?—And their house—their house—there was the table—long and polished—there was the table—long and polished—there was the table—long and polished. She walked back slowly but with a heavy and slow step, making her way out through the columns. What was my surprise to see that al-

**CONNECtICUt COLLEGE NEWS**

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though the temple was deserted, a crowd of Hindoos outside the door talking strange gibberish and waving their arms about. My guide turned to my guide, "Mulak," I said, "go and see what the trouble is." For I feared that they might take exception to my investigation. I watched him until the crowd into the temple, and return shortly. He was a superb specimen of the Indigo, with a wonderful physique, a dark, shining skin and intelligent black eyes. Although he stood respectfully enough, I could see that he was excited.

"It is a woman, Mulak," he said finally, "a white woman. She is dead."

"A white woman," I thought. In this strange country where it had been three days since I had seen a white skin.

"Why is she dead, Mulak—who is she?" I asked, trying not to let him see my interest at the mention of a country-woman. He had staid, Mulak—Brahma has done well to save her.

Respectfully but with a mixture of fear and anxiety, he strolled back to my abode. So thinking I handed it to the detective. "This is the ring that we were telling about. The circumstances surrounding the death of this man are very peculiar. Please investigate, I--"

"Certainly," Mr. Wood returned, "the Ring of Siva.

"Certainly," Mr. Wood returned, "the Ring of Siva."

Mr. Wood's crisp and matter-of-fact tone startled me. He turned to the detective. "The doctors cannot seem to find out what he died of," I said sulkily.

"Since I have killed Rackar, I suppose it would be to my interest to find out what he died of," I said sadly.

"That's just it," said the first detective. "The doctors cannot seem to find any clue as to how he met his death, but are under the impression that there has been foul play."

"This is a curious ring," interrupted the second. "I have an idea. You two can drop around to the funeral and I will meet you here afterwards.

"Rackar was buried that afternoon and we congregated together. There was another man with the first detective whom I did not know. This is Mr. Wood, one of the best known jewelers in England. Mr. Wood, this is the ring that we were telling about, "Could you give me name of the age of this ring?"

"Certainly," Mr. Wood returned, "the ring is between five and six hundred years old."

"Good God, sir," cried, "that is not possible, but a heavy drug!"

By this time I had finished my analysis and my work with a look of horror. "Good God, sir," I cried, "that is not possible, but a heavy drug!"

After that I had to look to comprehend this horrible truth and what its consequences might have been with the others, we drove to the cemetery, all helpless. When we reached the church, Mr. Wood discovered Rackar, in pace resting, his face and collar were off and his white hair was curled. Such was the history of the Ring of Siva.

HEARD IN SOCIOLOGY

"A college cannot make brains; it merely trains them. It usually makes a smart man smarter, and a fool a bigger fool."

University students of Austria and Germany have developed a young movement (Deutscher Jugendvereinigung) which seems to be a revolt against ancient authorities, traditions, and beliefs. Among the ideas and habits attacked are militarism, monomania, religion, science and alcoholism. The movement is idealistic-patriotic for the development of the individual and put it in my mind that Rackar was the end of one of my best friends."

Great accomplishments are not picked out of the air. Generally, as in this case, they grow from one man's insatiable desire to find out the "how" of things.

Scientific research discovers the facts. Practical applications follow in good time.

Take It From The Air

NOT only music, but news, speeches, messages of every sort, are today being picked out of the air.

"How has this come about?" we ask.

The new impetus given to radio development may be definitely associated with the development of the high power vacuum tube, for that made broadcasting possible. And the power tube originated from a piece of purely theoretical research, which had no connection with radio.

When a scientist in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company found that electric current could be made to pass through the highest possible vacuum and could be varied according to fixed laws, he established the principle of the power tube and laid the foundation for the "tron" group of devices.

These devices magnify the tiny telephone currents produced by the voice and supply them to the antenna, which broadcasts the messages. At the receiving end, smaller "trons" in turn, magnify the otherwise imperceptible messages coming to them from the receiving antenna.

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General Electric

Company

Schenectady, N. Y.

General Office

Schenectady, N. Y.

Saw again, nor could I get help in that part of the country.

In the north I annexed a bright little Indian boy of about nine years, to whom I became very much attached. I planned to take him back to England. One morning I woke him up; I think it was the eyes of his great best friend."

But to the idea that I am anything more than the unhappy, indirect cause of the gentleman's death, I deny it at once.

Part 3.

So saying I handed it to the detectives. "My dear Mr. Ludwick," said the second man, I must congratulate you upon your very interesting experiences, but you must admit that repels me but fascinates me too. I have a certain horror of that ring and I am afraid of this Brahman—but most of all I have a certain responsibility for that repels me but fascinates me too."

I was in despair. However much ethically I might be responsible, I had not even considered the possibility of being held legally. And to vindicate myself was going to be a difficult task.

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Connecticut College News

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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Just Like Aunty Con.

If there is one thing I detest, it is being made to talk, at breakfast. Usually, at any other hour of the day or night, I don't mind talking, but at breakfast—never—and unless I do, the family will converse (over my head), on my being "just like Aunty Con," who, it seems, "never opened her mouth at the breakfast table." I am, also, fond to the same degree, of good looking lingerie. I would rather have it than dresses, or hats, or shoes. My Christmas list, and birthday desires were always headed by "silk underwear," until I learned it was just like my Aunty Con," who always spent her allowance on them, and went without candy and everything else for the rest of the month.

One summer I planned a costume of lavender and blue organdie. It was the pride of my heart, and, I thought, the essence of Originality. The first time I wore the costume it appeared that "Con never looked so well as when she wore that lavender and blue dress—at Anna's wedding—do you remember?" I didn't remember—but I never forgot—and the dress became the base of my existence. And so it goes, Con this and Con that, everything I do, every eccentricity I develop—is just like my Aunty Con. It is like having young friends lived for you while you stood by, powerless to help or hinder and see someone else become you.

I wouldn't mind so much if the resemblance between us did not extend to our looks. Only the other day I was accosted on the street by, "Why, I thought you were Con, you look more like her every time I see you." People who are undoubtedly noticing minor things, look at me—see Con at my age—and feel rejuvenated. It is, of course, lovely to be very nice to furnish, a fountain-of-youth, with a look, but it is very unpleasant to jump by the same deputies, thirty years ahead—at. I do every time I see her—and say to myself, "Look, they are all the same; see, what pleasant people, now cull dimples, will there be lines, and help make a double chin—" and so on, every feature in tune, without doubt a most disheartening process.

Once, a very pleasant thing happened because of the resemblance. A man, who at the tender age of eleven had fallen in love with my aunt, some ten years older, returned a love's absence, and found me as he had left her, her, old and withered. I made quite a romance for a summer, and partially counteracted the affair by starting again, and feeling as if I was on my way to Heaven. But I didn't want to go to Heaven.

All I would do was just stop breathing. At first I immediately set to swing again. Now I know I had been too good. When my wings had sprung and I was on my way to Heaven, but I didn't want to go to Heaven.

I can't find something to hold on to, so I clench my teeth, and start all over again. But then I must make a new start. I am now, having the feather weight, and I want to get away again, and she's still here.

I see her the other day in the theatre, with her husband, and a terrible thought occurred to me. Suppose my taste in eating cloth resembles hers—my taste in husbands should follow the same line. Her husband is fat and blustering, I loathe fat men, detest blustering men! My inclinations are entirely for the slender and dreamy variety—

I haven't dared to make inquiries as to her youthful tastes, but if, when I do,

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INTERCOLLEGIATE NEWS.
American undergraduates are going to raise $40,000 needed for the recon-
struction of the Louvain Library in France. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Presi-
dent of Columbia University, and an American archivist, Mr. Whitney Warren, has been ap-
nointed as the builder of the Library.

The meeting had been widely adver-
tised and was attended by the Presi-
dent of Austria and many other prom-
inent individuals. A popular professor spoke against alcoholism and was fol-
lowed by two students. Then a reso-
dition was adopted by a vote of 355 to
2, followed by another resolution pro-
luding the use of alcohol as a beverage.

The college town chorus of 500 sing-
ers and 60 orchestra members traveled from Yale in Connecticut to Oklahoma City, where they gave three performances of Handel's Messiah in two days. Twelve special cars were required for the long
journey. The new city auditorium of
Oklahoma City, seating 6,000, was
opened at each performance. This
chorus has sung the Messiah 140 times
in 49 years. It is an organization of
students and grandparents, to some of whom the Messiah has become a sacred
thing, comparable only to the Paxton
Play of Europe.

Students in India are joining with
effective national groups in the passage
of resolutions condemning liquor shops
and the use of liquor. This is one pha-
se of the Gandhi movement, which
maintains that beverage alcohol is
sapping the vitality of body, mind, and
soul of the Indian nation. They have
a system of pickets under which vol-
uters stand near liquor shops and in
the name of religion and country ask
the customer not to drink. If the cus-
tomer persists, the picket falls on his knees and begs him not to drink.

Some pickets carry bottles of milk and
offer the thirsty man free milk to
drink.

The University of Chicago an-
ounces only 600 courses for its sum-
mer session. Seems as though a stu-
dent ought to find something he'd like
to take in that list.

Courses in journalism are now
 taught in 122 American colleges and
universities.

Daily wireless service is given by
the department of physics of the Uni-
versity of Wisconsin for the benefit
of farmers and amateur radio operators.

It includes market reports, weather
forecasts, special lectures, musical
concerts, and reports of athletic
events.

TAIL LIGHTS.

AN UNUSUAL PROPOSAL.
An advanced class in Spanish told
Baner Pinel that the Freshmen
thought he was a very stiff mal-
ek. Appearing surprised, he reassu-
ed them that if anything, he was too
too easy. Suddenly a voice from the back of the
room piped up, "Oh, no, you're just
right!"

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?
Miss Patton to the man working on
the tennis courts:
"Why aren't the courts ready?"
He--"Well, Miss Patton, I could
have had the courts ready a week ago
had the courts ready, but for I've done my share, but the Lord
didn't do his part."

DUE TO SHAKEPEARE.
Freshman Year--A Comedy of Er-
rors.
Sophomore Year--Much Ado about
Nothing.
Junior Year--As You Like It.
Senior Year--All's Well that Ends
Well--Exchequer.

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