Red and white seemed to be the most popular color of Connecticut College campus on Saturday, May 24th.

Now this day had a great deal of significance. It belonged to the Freshman—had been set apart for them. In fact—and they could have burned, robbed, and pillaged to their hearts’ content if they had so desired, and no one would have lifted a finger to stop them. But the Freshmen were agreed; they would consider for a moment the idea of burning, or pillaging, or robbing either, for that matter. Painting is much more fun, and not so har- ring or expensive. No, it was not the boathouse roof, neither was it North Cottage. But if you had chanced to take a stroll out to the field where the Sophomores play cricket and the Freshmen play baseball, you would have seen that four Freshmen were up to something with paint pot and brushes so early in the morning.

The place presented the appearance of a gory battlefield. Rocks, posts and boxes blushed with warm red color, and even the bases were covered for the occasion, while big. White, 23's peeped out here and there. This was the opening cannon, so to speak, of the day.

The Sophomore sister class was not slow in getting into action. Early in the morning, oh very early indeed, every loyal Freshman gritted her teeth, rose from her comfortable cot, clothed herself in red and white, and sallied forth into the cool dawn.

Quietly, stealthily, subduing all giggles, the crowd of red and white figures visited each dormitory in turn, bursting into songs and cheers when the girls were wide awake and each ready enough to wake even the soundest sleeping Senior.

And when the rounds had been duly made, and everyone was hoarse and very hungry, there was breakfast, and tables reserved for the Freshmen, and the dining room resounded in red, also in honor of the Freshmen. Then followed more songs and cheers, while the upperclassmen looked on, and smiled dreamily at the recollections of their youthful college days.

But the most impressive feature of the day was the exercises at chapel, which was held out of doors. The faculty lent an aspect of solemnity to the occasion by appearing in cap and gown.

The Freshmen defeated the Sophomores by a score of 5-0 on Saturday afternoon, May 24, in the first class baseball game of the season. The game began splendidly, neither side scoring for the first five innings, but with the beginning of the sixth the class of 23 with the vim and spirit that had marked them all day rallied and scored three times. Before the game was over they managed to slip two more runs past the plate, and kept the upperclassmen from scoring.

Helen Coops '23 pitched a fine game for her team, passing only one man. Laura Batchelder '21 also did good work during the five innings that she pitched.

The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

**Last Student Recital of Year Held Thursday**

Especially significant was the Student Recital held Thursday, May 22nd, as it was the last time some of the performers will be heard at a Student Recital.

The first number on the program was a Minuet by Paderewski, which showed the very excellent technique, with which Ruby Tracy plays.

Mario Antoinette Taylor was charming in Saint-Saens’ Aria from Samson and Delilah. She has a pleasing contralto voice, at its best in its higher range.

With her usual delicacy and expression on touch, Florence Carre rendered Monkiewicz’s Ex. Autumn.

Perhaps the most finished technique was Edith Huggard’s rendition of Godard’s Ex. Route, where she displayed perfect control and mastery of the keyboard.

Marion Williams sang two exquisite little songs, Après mon Rêve, by Faure, and A Song of India by Himsky-Korsaenko.

The opportunity for women who wish to handle manuscript is very limited. In the field of the magazine there are a few openings for girls who have ideas that will sell. The newspaper offers more opportunities, but requires long hours and hard work. Advertising, declared Miss Hirth, offers the most promising openings.

The call for language students who have nothing else to offer is very limited, according to the speaker. But the girl who has, along with knowledge of languages, knowledge of shorthand and gryppwriting, will find work in publishing houses, in government positions, and in social and civic organizations.

In the field of economics there is no limit to the demand for workers. Here, said Miss Hirth, girls with training can find work as personnel manager, as supervisor, and in many other branches of work.

The student of library science will not need to confine herself to the public, private, or school library, said Miss Hirth. Insurance companies, and many business firms employ librarians not only to file and care for documents and records, but also to do research work for members of the firm.
The old order changed. Nowhere is this more true than in the rural districts. Scattered through Connecticut are small villages, once prosperous and, for that early time, populous. Old houses, filled with large families, the stuff from which the finest men and women in New England, and, indeed, in the United States have originated. Little villages, surrounded by outlying farms supplied with old oaken buckets and wistaria vines. Where the busy men of today grew up, and where they often wish they could grow old. Where the children fall out of bed very early in the morning, and worked hard all day in the fields or around the house, and attended the little red schoolhouse on the hill.

Still sits the schoolhouse on the hill. But the children are gone. The energetic talent of the farm moved away to the city. The old families ran out, one by one. The big, rambling farmhouses slowly yielded to the pressure of circumstance and disintegrated steadily. Off fell the shingles one by one, and down slipped the ridgepole inch by inch. For the children never came back to them again.

Some of the villages prolonged their lives by erecting factories, whip factories, or foundries. But the whip trade disappeared, and with the population the neo-American population that had been imported to work in the factories remained and multiplied. They settled on the outskirts or villages, and built new farmhouses of their own. But in the center of the villages the old houses stood, staunchly loyal to the old New England tradition. And there they stand now, ranged along the old stage road between Philadelphia and Boston, and along the most traces of the old canal routes. And often the village has no living nucleus. Its citizens are grouped around the village, but not in it. They are scattered in little hand fulls. New England has ceased to be an agricultural community.

Yet the villages still stand. And there are still people living in them. Most of the boys are drawn to the city as soon as opportunity presents itself. The girls, perforce, must stay, and grow up and tired and ambitious. There is scarcely any social life in the village today. The people work too hard. It is a hard life, long hours, and hard grinding labor, unremitting labor, for years and years and years. Help is scarce, and farms are far between. No one has ambition enough after the long day's work is over, to play. And transportation, like the crops that they raise, is very precarious. The horses are tired, too, when the day is done, and only on Sundays can they be spared to make the trip to town.

Some villages have moving picture shows once a week. Some villages have Strawberry Festivals in the Baptist Church once a year. Some people live so far away that they can't get to either.

And so we have a "rural problem." The faster the population shifts to the city, the harder it is for the population that remains.

The plans have not been completed yet, by a long shot. They are getting more attractive every day. You will be hearing a lot more about them, as possible developments. This is the idea that Mr. Beard suggested. College men do it very often. And we have a greater possibility of doing things, to enter into the life of one's community. It unifies the neighborhood by inspiring it with a common bond. For the village is a business, and the village has the out-of-doors to work in, if nothing else, while his wife has to work inside all the time. She will enjoy our good times even more than her husband would, for she has less chance to get out and do things.

Every kind of talent is needed for this social center of ours—home economists, vaudeville actors, dramatic talent, recreation leaders, and people that just want to give other people a good time. The only requirement that you must have before you join this party is an interest and a real liking for people. And if you have that, come right along, for it will be the best fun you've ever had, even better than the farm was last summer. We'll have a chance to see the farm from a different angle than just endless rows of corn.

Among our Poets

To—

Sometimes
A cold wind breaks
Across my face.
Inviting,
Calm from the north.

And I leap,
And swing into a dance
Across the rough road
Scarred with stones.
But the wind
Wends its way onward,
Impassioned.

You do not know,
How could you care?
But it means all the world to me.

Faith and Fishing-Shacks

"Dear little Aunt Jane,
I know you're not going to be one bit surprised at my writing to you so unexpectedly. You always loved surprises and I have one for you now. I'm coming to live with you for two long weeks. It will be very exciting because we never have seen each other you know, not even for one moment—"

The girl looked at the white wall in front of her as if she were a mariner on the fourth watch looking for a distant sail.

"—no, not even for one moment. But I have talked with you so many times, you can never guess, and asked you questions. And I'm tired of not having you answer them. Aunt Jane, so I'm coming to you. I'm
through with talking, through with questioning, through with—"

"Yes, through with everything. I am leaving the old world behind, I am coming to find my new world, up there at Simapa with you: up there in the apple orchards and happy old brooks and the fresh winds blowing off the lake. We'll run and leap and let the wind take our hair for kites. We'll picnic by the old fishing shacks up the river, and I shall throw Kant and Pichte in the maddest pool and dangle Berkeley on my hook for agonizing hours. We'll love everything and never find a bit of bad in even an angle-worm, and we'll be wild, wild—Oh, little Aunt Jane, I'm coming to you tomorrow—tomorrow.""

The head suddenly buried itself in brown arms on the desk, without a sound. Even the Ingersoll lying on her bureau was silent. The Philosopher, had come at eight in the morning. He had studied late and forgotten to wind it. In the corridor and the corridor in the maddest pool and the windows only allowed me to surmise the long, quivering shadow across the unlighted floor. The man's body, bent and thin, cast a strained, yellow face to mine, a stricken face. Deep as fathomless pools were his eyes, and dark were the brown arms on the desk, without a glimmering above. Nothing but a graceless form in its tranquil surface. On the tender grass by the side of the great knoll a nymph and a faun. The brolanose rose to the green of the mystical green, like the green of a slender white birch. "More beautiful than the sunlight, more beautiful than the springtime did you see," said the faun, as he gazed at the reflected beauty of the kneeling nymph.

Laughing, the elfin maidens ruffled the waters and destroyed her image. Then raising her dripping hand from the troubled pool, she stretched her arm far over its expanse and watched the sparkling drops, silvered by the moonlight, slip into the water. Roy was her arm as the creeping arbouts, and reay as the first soft flush of the dawn, and her fingers touched by the living water were as pink as shy, wild roses. The faun, enraptured by her loveliness, seized her moist hand and reasoning, and he felt the loneliness of the solitude. He saw the trees rising straight and filling the starlit heavens, and the clustering ferns growing near the trees did he behold. He listened to the singing of a little bird as it perched over its pebbly course, and the murmur of innumerable trees did he hear. He hailed the balmy air of the summer evening and the fragrance of a thousand blooming flowers did he smell. "Ah," he mused, "I thought I had forgotten how to feel; I thought I could only reason; but my heart is aglow tonight as it was years ago, when I strayed in these woods by my father's side."

At last as the philosopher stood by an ancient tree he saw before him, gleaming in the moonlight, a little pool. Around it fragile columbine swayed in the breathing wind, and countless ferns drooped, mirroring their graceful forms in its tranquil surface. On the tender grass by the side of the great knoll a nymph and a faun. The brolanose rose to the green of the mystical green, like the green of a slender white birch. "More beautiful than the sunlight, more beautiful than the springtime did you see," said the faun, as he gazed at the reflected beauty of the kneeling nymph."

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A FRIEND
kissed it twice and thrice, while he softly murmured, "Let us seek our resting place, our secret dell of fairest green, which the gray cliff overshadows."

Then together the nymph and the faun gilded away into the darkness. Slowly the philosopher drew near to the ferny glade, and knead where the nymph had knelt. He looked in the silent water, and he gaered at his cold face, while he wept for the love he had never known, and the passion he had never felt, and his tears, silvered by the moonlight, fell into the luminous pool. Then the philosopher, too, stole away, and left the translucent water reflecting the face of the moon.

C. WASHBURN '22.

RED AND WHITE:
FRESHMEN'S DELIGHT
(Concluded from page 1, column 1)

gown, and the class, dedicated to Theodore Roosevelt, was planted.
Then, when the bell rang, everyone scattered to classes, while those ladies of leisure made sandwiches for the picnic. At twelve o'clock Seniors and Freshmen met at the gymnasium and departed to the banks of the Thames for the picnic, and most delightful picnic it proved. The most venturesome donned bathing suits, and went for a swim, while the rest looked on enviously from the bank, or took high tea, and left the translucent water reflecting the face of the moon.

But time speeds by on wings of lightening, and picnics—even the best of them—cannot last forever. Seniors and Freshmen picked up cups and spoons and sweaters, and plodded up the hill to our campus, where they vowed their way out to the decorated baseball field, where the Sophomores were already warming up for the game. And when the Sophomores considered themselves warmed up sufficiently, the Freshmen took a turn at it, and succeeded in warming up so well that at the end of the ninth inning the score read 5-0. Every Freshman breathed a sigh of happiness, for the taste of victory is sweet, especially if it is the first of its kind.

But the crowning event of the wonder-ful day was the Garden Tea. The whole college was invited to this delightful function, which was held in the court between Plant and Eleeck-stone. Happy Freshmen served tea, while others just as eagerly platted fancy cookies and delectable cakes. And the whole college agreed that the tea was a great success, so that when the last cup was washed and put away, and the last cookie eaten, every Freshman folded her apron with a sigh of utter satisfaction and sublime contentment, and declared that it had been one of the happiest days she had ever spent.

M. F. TAYLOR '22.

COMMUNITY WORK IN THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT
(Concluded from page 1, column 1)
as a house can be found to shelter the girls who will take possession of it for the summer. Working from this place as a center they will try to bring new life and joy and light to all the surrounding neighborhoods. The plans as yet are not all definite as the problem of financial ways and means has not been solved, but C. C. always finds a way and she will make this a success.

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