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Connecticut College News Vol. 7 No. 26

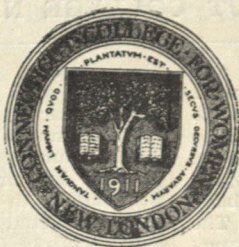
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FRESHMEN PRESENT PAGEANT ON MAY DAY.

COSTUMES EFFECTIVE.

"Ye Olde Elizabethan Pageant," a May Day festival, was presented by the Freshman Class Saturday afternoon, before a large audience of townspeople, faculty, students and their families.

The court between Blackstone and Plant, facing the terrace and the stone steps of Branford, afforded a romantic setting for the story of Kit Marlowe and his encounters with Love and Fame. Kit is the pride of the village, and tries his verses in a contest, that he may thus win the lovely Lady Cecelia. As a lover, however, he is unsuccessful, for the Duke of Kent, "with his girlish ways and pretty manners," becomes the victor in the contest and takes the lady. But Kit hears the call of Fame and goes off to London town to become a great poet.

When the pageant opens Kit is talking to the old village school master of his love for Lady Cecelia and of his poetry. Later he falls asleep under his lady's window and dreams of Love and Fame, who dance softly before him. Still later a crowd of villagers and nobility gather for the fête in honor of the Lady Cecelia and her contest. It was here that the gorgeous display of costumes alone justified the production. The pompous assurance of the Duke, the wistful longing of the village poet, the amusing antics of the jesters, the gallant grace of the lords and ladies, the suitable music, all succeeded in producing the romantic atmosphere of the times.

Alice Barrett is the authoress of the pageant. Adelaide Morgan, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, in acting as coach, gave to the pageant its fineness of execution.

Cast of characters:
Prologue and Epilogue,

Adelaide Morgan
Kit Marlowe Ysobel Loney
Lady Cecelia Elizabeth Edwards
Duke of Kent Pricilla Drury
Love Constance Campbell
Fame Constance Parker
Schoolmaster Olga Gennert
Two Old Men,

Ann Doody and Winifred Smith
Fencers,

Alice Barrett and Frances Beck
Youth Ann Albree
Girl Charlotte Frisch

Clowns, Maypole Dancers, Morris Dancers, Hobby-Horse Dancers, Villagers, Lords and Ladies, Singers, Fiddlers, Judges, Pages.

Charlotte Lang was in charge of costumes and Constance Campbell of the dancing.

ALL OUT FOR FIELD DAY.

The great day for Spring sports, Field Day, comes on this Saturday. Games begin at one o'clock in the afternoon and the program promises to be interesting—quoits, croquet, Senior-Sophomore cricket game and the finals in volley ball, baseball, and tennis. All be out and support with your cheers.

ALUMNAE, EX-MEMBERS OF '22, AND STUDENTS!

We must sell at least 100 more copies of Koine. Reconsider your budgets and send in your money now to Amy Peck. \$4.00 PER COPY.

ELECTIONS CONTINUE.

The college continues to choose wisely in electing its officers for next year.

Christine Pickett, Secretary of the Service League in her Sophomore year, and Treasurer of Student Government in her Junior year, was elected Vice-President of Student Government for the coming year.

Mary Birch, who has shown much executive ability, received the honor of being elected Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Amy Hilker, prominent in athletics, received the office of Treasurer and Margaret Ewing, President of the Freshman class during the first of the year, was voted Secretary of the Association.

Caroline Francke, always an active member of the Dramatic Club, is to be next year's President of that organization.

HISTORY CLUB TO GIVE BOOK TO LIBRARY.

The History Club held its last meeting for this year on May 17th, in Branford Lounge. At this meeting it was voted to give a certain sum of money toward the payment of the permanent scenery units and also for the purchase of a book for the new Library. The study of the text-book, "The Young Woman's Citizen," was completed.

The main business of the evening was the election of officers for the next year. Adelaide Satterly was elected Vice-President, Margaret Wells, Secretary, Gladys Barnes, Treasurer, Jean Mundie, Chairman of the Program Committee and Amy Hilker, Chairman of the Social Committee. The President will be elected later.

SENIORS LOSE TO JUNIORS IN BASEBALL.

"Pep, more pep, and then some," characterized the Junior-Senior baseball game on Friday night. M. P. Taylor started things off in the good old way, but the score was bound to pile up for 1923 with the combined efforts of Emily Slaymaker, Christine Pickett and Lucy Whitford. There was a good showing on the side-lines, including innumerable small boys and canine visitors. "In the Meantime," "In Between-time," and Buster Marshall. "Slayter slang" had a close second in some of the remarks brought out for the occasion; one heard shrieks of "That's bringing in the thieves," "All's fair in love and baseball," etc. But the climax came when Fisher slammed a ball over on the tennis courts, while the Juniors held their breath watching four runs pile up for the Seniors. Four and one-half innings were played, the score at the end standing 15 to 13, in favor of the Juniors.

Continued on page 4, column 3.

MENTAL TESTS GIVEN AT CONNECTICUT COLLEGE.

CLASS OF 1925 SCORES HIGH.

Following the custom of several years past, our present Freshman class took the Army Alpha examination during the fall of 1921. The results are given below, including a comparison of the mark of the class of 1925 with other classes.

Freshman Class—1925.

Number of students tested..... 85
Median score144.5
Mean score151.3
Highest score182
Lowest score77

Percentages: A's=56 or .658% of the class; B's=26, or .305+%; C+'s=3, or .035%.

Sophomore Class—1924.

Number of students tested.....104
Median score144.5
Mean score146
Highest score187
Lowest score91

Percentages: A's=74, or 71% of the class; B's=28, or 27%; C+'s=s, or .02%.

Junior Class—1923.

Number of students tested..... 88
Median score141
Mean score133.4
Highest score185
Lowest score52

Percentages: A's=52, or 58%; B's=31, or 35%; C+'s=4, or 4.5%; C's=1, or 1.1%.

The median score of 1925 is 144.5, the same as that of 1924, and 3.5 points higher than that of 1923. The mean score of 1925 is 151.3, the highest yet made at C. C., is 5.3 higher than the mean score of 1924, and 17.9 points higher than that of 1923. Partially offsetting this superiority of 1925 in mean score, 1924 shows 71% of A students as compared with .658% A's for 1925. 1925 has 6.8% more A students than 1923.

Since the records of 1923 and 1924 on the Army Alpha compare favorably with the records of classes in other institutions, our conclusion must be, not that 1923 and 1924 does not bring excellent ability to its tasks, but that from 1925 we may expect even higher achievement. It is a source of satisfaction, too, to know that, as measured by Alpha, our Freshman classes improve steadily, year by year.

FRANK E. MORRIS.

FRESHMEN PLANT TREE.

At noon on Freshman Day, Saturday, May 20th, the class of 1925 planted a tree on the lawn near New London Hall. A tree-song and the singing of the "Alma Mater" added to the dignity of the ceremony. Mary Snodgrass, President of the Sophomore class, presented the shovel, used by the class of '24, when they planted their tree, and to be used every year by the succeeding Freshmen classes at the ceremonial plantings of the class trees.

VINAL HOUSE OPENED.

RECEPTION HELD ON MAY DAY.

This year one of the most important events of May Day was the opening of Vinal House, the new cottage on Mogan Avenue. Patiently but eagerly the college has waited to see the building completed, and the announcement that it would be ready for occupation on May Day was greeted with satisfaction. Preparations for the event began some time ago, when charming little invitations in the form of tiny snapshots of the cottage were sent to about two hundred and fifty friends of the college.

Upon their arrival the guests were received by President and Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Vinal and Miss Bache. As is very well known, Vinal House is the gift of Mrs. Vinal, but perhaps it is not so generally known that Mrs. Vinal's sister, Miss Hotchkiss, gave the furnishings for the first floor.

During the afternoon, Helen Barker sang in her usual delightful manner, and Elizabeth Moyle read most pleasingly. When the guests visited the dining room, they were served with dainty strawberry ices, little cakes with green and white icing, and green and white mints. Miss Crawford and Miss Robinson served and the girls of the Home Economics Department acted as waitresses. The same girls prepared all the refreshments in the Home Economics laboratory.

Vinal House is, of course, to be occupied by the girls majoring in Home Economics in order to give them opportunity for practical application of theory. Certainly, their first efforts proved unusually successful.

MISS MILDRED SEELEY TO ENJOY JUNIOR MONTH.

Mildred Seeley '23, has just been chosen by a student-faculty committee to represent Connecticut College at Junior Month in New York City this summer.

Junior Month is run by the New York Charity Organization Society, 105 East 22nd Street, and is conducted by Miss Clare Tousley who spoke to the students this spring on the profession of social work.

The other colleges are to be represented by the following Juniors:

Barnard—Hanna Mann.
Bryn Mawr—Grace Carson.
Mount Holyoke—Jennie Cravens.
Radcliffe—Dorothy Baker.
Smith—Alice Decker.
Swarthmore—Margaret Byrd.
Vassar—Mildred Taylor.
Wellesley—Margaret Hoogs.
Wells—Mary Lloyd.

From July 4-August 2 these ten girls will live together at Junior House in New York and through field work, lectures and trips will be given a panoramic view of the broad field of social work. Their expenses are paid by the Society, and the Juniors are chosen for the opportunity by a student-faculty committee at each college. This committee carefully considers the qualifications of all the Juniors who apply, before deciding which one shall represent the college in New York.

Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916

Issued by the students of Connecticut College every Friday throughout the college year from October to June, except during mid-years and vacations.

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BUY A KOINE TODAY.

It seems hardly necessary to urge our college community to buy the Koiné! But we are told that one hundred and fifty copies are waiting to be sold. That means that there are one hundred and fifty persons who are waiting to buy the Koiné,—at least, who *should* be waiting to buy it! Perhaps you have long intended to get one, but have delayed and almost forgotten; perhaps you have thought that your chance to buy one had gone (it hasn't); perhaps you didn't have the money once, but now you have it or can save it; or perhaps you haven't realized the value of such an offer. At any rate, do not hesitate a moment longer. Buy a Koiné today!

For the Koiné has untold possibilities. It gives the whole history of your college year in a nutshell. It has pictures, not only of your best friend, but of all your friends. It has addresses,—very necessary in case you wish to announce your engagement in the years to come; it has club pictures and those of some of your favorite faculty. Oh, it has many other interesting things beside, all of which will comfort you in your old age, for, when you are gray and old, you will turn the pages of your Koiné and all the memories of your college days and college friendships will come flooding back, and you will grow young again.

No, you simply cannot afford to be without a Koiné. It is a part of your college course—just as necessary as a text book or a fountain pen. Don't miss your opportunity!

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE.

Early in the season new hats of a style came out. We liked them and bought them in profusion. Then we discovered that they were "Collegiate" hats, and speedily we discarded them. It is somewhat of an art to be able to wear sport clothes and not to seem Collegiate; to give vent to our sometimes natural exuberance and yet to maintain an air of mature dignity; to have a genuine interest in certain activities and to conceal it absolutely. Above all things, it seems that we do not wish to be Collegiate. We hear, however, that the college girl sets the standards for dress, and that her athletic inclinations are widely imitated. Naturally, we become rather confused

as to what being Collegiate is, and why a stigma is attached to the word.

We believe that the aversion to things Collegiate is justifiable. The difference between possessing College Spirit and being Collegiate is appreciable, but unfortunately, they have become inextricably confused. The term Collegiate is applied to the tangible and very material side of College Spirit. The "rah-rah-isn't-our-college-grand" girl certainly does, in a remarkably short time, dull our fervor for College Spirit too much in evidence, and she deserves to be thought of in an unpleasant connection. She represents to most of us the type of girl whose ideals must of necessity take this ostentatious form because they are too superficial to result in anything else. What she stands for—vociferous outward enthusiasm for all activities and projects—means to many the dwarfing of Individuality.

In our earnest endeavor to flee from this, we have, however, as the natural result, gone too far the other way. Too many of us have come to seem biased, cynical, and selfish in our attempt to shun superficiality. Real College Spirit is the panacea. If one gives time and interest, without thought of reward, to those things which are vital to her in College, a respect for the special interest of others must ensue, and with it College Spirit. The work done on the costumes and scenery for Comedy is one example of College Spirit which is inexpressibly far removed from things Collegiate.

The lending of Individuality to vital interests in College makes it the cosmopolitan institution which college should be. Surely this is not what can be brought about by being "Collegiate."

FREE SPEECH.

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

Former Editor Expresses Opinion.

To the Editor of the *College News*:

The complaint voiced in the Free Speech columns of the May 12th issue is a common one. 'Way back in '20 I can remember having heard the same comment. The writer is quite evidently not familiar with the rights—and procedure of the Editor—any editor.

If the college body elects its *News* Staff in the manner it used to, why haven't the students confidence in this group of girls?

If the meaning of an article is so obscure that after reading it the editor cuts it in a manner which seems to the author to be indiscriminate, the fault then must be the author's, rather than the editor's. However, if the literary minds resent so keenly the friendly criticism of the editor of their own choice, then how can they risk having their "brain children" come before the possibly unsympathetic eyes of the world?

Of course mothers do know what is best for their children and what becomes them. Yet children still die from improper care, and I've seen a number of children about, who have been dressed inartistically, unbecomingly. There are mother's and mothers, and none of us is infallible.

FANCHON HARTMAN '20.

P. S.: Of course I realize the Post Script is extremely bad form, but it does attract, even demand, attention. Will all readers please look up the word *Edit* just to refresh their memories.

F. H.

Chicago, Illinois.

The French Club enjoyed a most entertaining picnic in Bolleswood on Tuesday evening, May 16th.

Dear Editor:

Again wars and rumors of wars! Every year at Comedy time we hear rumors, not always vague, that we have incurred the displeasure of the Faculty by our neglect to pursue the academic with befitting zeal. We admit the partial truth of the accusation, but certainly Comedy practice is not the only factor responsible for this seeming retrogression.

Call it what you will, that common disease, "Spring Fever" is extremely prevalent here, and indeed, it is not surprising that most acute cases develop. At this time of the year our surroundings are certainly not conducive to study. In the day we have only to look in any direction to see "hills, hills of song, Springs of eternal bloom," and the fantastic beauty of the sight laid bare before us inspires awe, but not labor. Those previously "romantically included toward labor, but knowing little about it," forsake the idea utterly, and even our more conscientious friends seem to have no ardent desire to pursue the knowledge to be found in books.

It is at this time that the Faculty could assist materially, if they too are not overpowered by Spring, and perhaps they are. At any rate, it seems that there is a falling off of interest in studies not only among the students, but also among the Faculty. If the courses could only be made more vital, more interesting, and more beautiful in order that we could correlate them more easily with the things which have won our awe and interest, the academic interests would not suffer as much as undoubtedly they do now.

At Barnard each semester the students choose certain girls from every course to interview the students enrolled in the course. They get each girl's opinion of the course, what she likes and dislikes about it, and what changes she would like to see made. A summary is then made of these reports; a copy is sent to each member of the Faculty, and a copy is filed in the library. Some such action would be valuable to both the Faculty and students here, because there seems to be a lack of vital interest of each in the other.

'24.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Nature spoke and there was darkness over all the campus. Deep blackness reigned, but soon man conquered and back came light to every house. No! Winthrop, Thames and North still labored under the pall of night.

Poets have told the tale of night with its stars and frail white moon. They have sung of night oppressed by storm and wind. But has ever poet made his theme "Night Where There Once Was Light?"

When only blackness and the rattle of rain responded to much turning of the button which should have brought forth light, there were heard maidenly shrieks and words of anger. A congregation of wondering students gathered in the halls. Books lay unused, and half-written words waited for their endings. How could even the grind work in pitch blackness? Some of the more wary remembered that in some time of caution they had gathered candles. They rummaged through drawers, brought forth their treasures, and there was a little light. Then the Good Angel of the house came with donations of candles, fat, white, wax candles such as we think of as used by our Puritan ancestors. Once we laughed at the thought of anyone's using candles for light. Now we eagerly lined up to receive a contribution of one fat, white, wax candle. We guarded our light zealously against possible draught, and once safe with it in our own room, we tried to study. No longer were we members of the rising generation of 1922. We were in the eighteenth century of candles and

ghost-like shadows. We did not wonder that in olden days people saw ghosts. We almost saw them ourselves as the ragged, vague shadows flung thin fingers over the dim walls. Psychology and History no longer held interest for our dreaming minds. We gazed at a book and thought of all things.

And there came to our minds the thought that this same thing might happen again. The next day we would probably have light of the good old Edison kind. But some day in the future, when others than ourselves should walk the halls and study far into the night, the lights might again go out. And in view of such a possibility, we would suggest that the catalogue of this college be so changed as to advise all who think of coming to this campus to bring with them candles, large or small, that in time of need there may be light.

'24.

HAVE YOU ENTHUSIASM?

Enthusiasm is the emblem of energy, not an epitaph of ended effort. Enthusiasm tells whether you are in a class, or outclassed. Enthusiasm is energy "on the job".

Enthusiasm predicts your position tomorrow. The man who lacks enthusiasm has mud in his mental make-up. His place is in history. If you lack enthusiasm, get out of the way, and let some fellow run that can show speed.

Salaries bribe men to do. Enthusiasm is the witchery of really wanting to do. Enthusiasm is earnestness of purpose, eagerness to be up in front.

Enthusiasm is the biggest word in business today.

ANONYMOUS.

WHAT WAS HE—AN ANARCHIST?

A traveling salesman, thought I, as I entered the station. His overcoat was in a heap beside him, a crumpled brown hat on top of it, and he was writing furiously, his brief case serving as a desk. How well he was starting the day, working while he waited for the train. "No doubt it is bonds," murmured I, adding with a mental grin—"baby bonds." Cheap and cheats.

Then I forgot all about the salesman and got into my train. But he hurried into the seat just ahead of me, threw his coat and hat into the rack.

Continued on page 3, column 2.

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WHAT WAS HE—AN ANARCHIST?

Concluded from page 2, column 4.

and fell to writing before I had even found a place to put my umbrella. His profile, which I studied when he looked out of the window with a hard, unseeing stare, showed me a high white forehead, grey eyes as cold as steel, shaded by curling black lashes, and a ridiculously tilted nose. Boyish was he, rather pathetically boyish for one with such a pained intensity about his whole being. Surely this was no bond salesman. He lacked the eternal poise of the well-groomed, high-collared gentleman with the ready tongue.

Just then his right arm went out in a stretch of relaxation. Nervous fingers, long and short-nailed, but after all rather nice, were grasping several sheets of paper covered with an irregular, feverish hand-writing. My curious eyes stole upward and rested on the papers. What did I see—"Sweetest girl?" Impossible. Then his arm disappeared and the hurried writing was resumed. What, who was this youth who, at first glance, looked like a traveling salesman, on further study promised to be one of the literati, and yet stooped to write a scratch copy of a letter to "Sweetest girl?" The rumble of the train covered the disgusted snort which settled my conclusion that he had danced very late last night and was already making a copy of the letter which was to tell Her what a "heavenly time it had been.

The arm shot out again. My eyes crept guiltily to the paper. I felt wicked. It was awful to be probing into the secrets of a perfectly nice boy who was writing to his "best girl." But I looked just the same. And what I saw was this: "Let us first consider England which made a treaty with Russia." The arm went down. What a queer thing to put in a love letter or a "thank-you" note.

Just then the conductor went through, the youth started as from a dream, jumped, and said, as his ticket was being punched, "At what time do we arrive in New Haven?" Perfectly polite. Quite collegiate. Yale, of course, and writing a paper which should have been done days ago, due, no doubt, for his eleven o'clock Saturday class. But what about the girl?

Then the arm shot out again. "Our policy of isolation is utterly—" That was all I could see. The thought that he might be a Socialist flashed through my mind. His head proved it; he needed a hair cut. Suddenly I noticed that he ran his fingers nervously through his hair, which I have always supposed characteristic of radicals. Leaning forward, absorbed completely in his subject, he gesticulated slightly. Growing enthusiastic, his lips moved; he spoke softly but vehemently, though the noise of the train covered up any sound he made. However, he punctuated his speech with movements of his tense arms, and particularly with one stiff, pointed finger. The right arm flung out, my

eyes sought the paper, and I read "Swedish Govt." Ah, after all he had not been dancing with some foolish girl. He was tired, nervous, eager, having thought, thought, thought—not about girls but governments.

"New Haven!"

His wrinkled coat was jerked out of the rack and slung on, the collar carelessly left turned up. With the crushed brown hat precariously tilted on one side of his rumpled head, a far-away look in those grey eyes, now lighted with a new fire which lurked behind their steeliness, he made his unconscious way down the aisle. "Of course," said I, "now I know. It is his speech for the usual Saturday night meeting of the Anarchists' Club."

H. A. S. '24.

GRUMPUS WRITES.

Dear Uncle:

Its' spring—and I've fallen in love! Why is it that one must always fall in love with the most impossible people under the most prosaic circumstances? If it were in moon-lit garden with soft breezes laden with the scent of many flowers—and he was distinguished looking and wore evening clothes to perfection and was President of Something and was dark and tall and silent—then you could understand it easily; but it's Johnny Hays. "By the Lord Harry," you say and chortle pleasantly for the rest of the day. I know Johnny can't dance and shuffles his feet when he walks and will never be more than chief office boy in his father's place, but then I love him. And do you know when I discovered it? Well, mother and the maid and everybody had gone out and I was cooking—now, you're not to laugh—I was, I was baking a cake. And somehow, something happened, and it didn't stay in the pan, it bubbled over and ran out in the oven and I cried—real tears that made my nose red and my eyes red—and my hair was all limp and straight from the heat and I'd spilled chocolate right down the front of my dress—and then Johnny came in the back door—said he was tired of being polite and ringing bells. Somehow he looked so sorry for me and said, "There now, there now," and patted me so I wept on the shoulder of his old office coat. Of course he kissed me—such a sort of timid little kiss—the "I'm afraid you won't like it—but heavens how much it means to me" sort.

You sit back in your gloomy old club room and predict a Ford and a bungalow and quarrels over the coffee and made over spring hats! That's because you've never been in love—and there is no real spring in the city.

Bye, Grampus.

'23.

Heard in Sociology:

In the Middle Ages, a man with a roving disposition became a minstrel; in the twentieth century, he becomes an I. W. W.

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SOPHOMORES WIN AT
CRICKET.

The first Cricket match of the season was played between the Sophomores and Juniors, Monday night, the 15th. The Juniors used the clever strategy of calling a class meeting to get support from the side-lines and much enthusiasm was shown on both sides. The outstanding features of each team were the superior bowling of the Sophomores, and the catching and batting of the Juniors. In the three innings played, the first was the most exciting, and the score at the end was 66-50 in favor of the class of '24. The Senior-Sophomore Cricket match will be played on Field Day.

The line-up was:

1923.	1924.
Buell	Kent
Francke, C. (Capt.)	Brockett
Seeley	Holmes, C.
Avery, H.	Vibert (Capt.)
Wilcox, K.	Armstrong M.
Page	Eggleston
Warner, J.	Wells, C.
Clark	Grann
Boynnton	Westerman
Higgins, H.	Hall, L.
Bristol	Clay
Anastasia	

EXCHANGES.

Wellesley—Wellesley has voted to discard the honor system as impractical. New plans are being discussed. The main controversy seems to be as to whether it is best for students to report their own misdemeanors only, or to report each other.

Radcliffe—On May 19th, "Romeo and Juliet," was given at Radcliffe for the benefit of the Endowment Fund.

Barnard—The students of Barnard have expressed a desire for a new curriculum, which represents a decided departure from the usual sphere of student activities. The curriculum proposed attempts to present in the first two years a view of the fields open to the student and to give an opportunity for intensive work in the later years. An outline of the Freshman course includes History of Man; Introduction to Human Biology; General Mathematical Analysis; English Literature; and The Technique of Expression.

Mount Holyoke—Mount Holyoke has become a "College Community." This community is to be governed as a whole by committees on which both students and faculty are represented.

PASSERS-BY.

In a throng of workers straggling along toward the dirty, brick walls of their daily mill prison, walked a large, portly woman with a mass of white hair above her cheerful face. As she moved calmly on her way, she was nodding and smiling friendly greetings to her co-workers or bowing respectfully when one of her "bosses" passed by. For fifty years this woman had been trudging over the same path to take her place in the same room at the same loom. As a girl, she had tied back golden-brown curls with a bit of pink ribbon, in order to make herself more attractive to the young weavers beside her. But even after her little arts had proved successful and the young weaver had made her his bride, times remained so hard and money so scarce that the young woman continued to work by the side of her lord, on through the years which showed money and romance to be vain dreams. Then dust and bad air had transformed her stalwart, young husband into a bent-over, wizened, wheezing old man and had finally killed him. She was left alone. There were no children. There had never been time enough nor money enough for her to have babies. Always—the mill had stood a barrier between her and the fulfillment of her deepest desires.

Yet this white-haired woman was calm—with the calmness of resignation. The years had taught her the futility of desire. So, as she neared the huge, wooden entrance, she was satisfied in the contemplation of days to come which should be full of the same deadening routine of work.

Suddenly the woman staggered and clutched her side. Companions sprang to her and helped her to a secluded spot in the noisy room. Someone brought water, another chafed her hands. Her "boss" came to speak with the woman, and she looked piteously up into his face and gasped, "Am I dying?" And while friends stood weeping above a still, white head—in the room outside mill workers laughed and machinery hummed and roared. The mill!

'23.

SENIORS LOSE TO JUNIORS IN
BASEBALL.

Concluded from page 1, column 2.

The line-up was:

1922.	1923.
M. P. Taylor, p.	Whitford, p.
Duncan	Slaymaker, c. (Capt.)
McCarthy, K., c.	Bristol
Fisher	Francke, C.
Finesilver	Hemingway
Hall (Capt.)	Holcombe, A.
Hill	Pickett
Levine	Hubbard
Peale	McCarthy, M.

Dr. Wells in Shakespeare: "I'm very sorry that 'The Winter's Tale' hasn't turned up yet."

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