Charming Pageant
Given on Class Day.

In planning their class day program the seniors took advantage of the setting of the square and the buildings surrounding the quadrangle and told a story of the century from which the buildings took their inspiration. The opening number, "The University," became the court yard of the minor house, and here the story took place. Black-bags leaning on the doorways, dramatic costumes, and theTRY-WRONG boy and girl above was a lovely vantage point from which the entire crowd could see. The voice of Miss Deane is heard to invoke the aid of the arts in the university. The story, retold in the words of the poet Conrad, is an appeal to the nobility and worth of the arts: "Education not alone of the head, but also of the heart; not of the eye alone, but of the hand as well; humanity and the artist, whether his service on Sunday, June 10, in the Second Congregational Church, was given by Professor J. C. C. Deane. He spoke on "The Higher Impulse of Education," and used as his text Phil. 1:4, "Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you shall perfect same in the day of Jesus Christ." A crimson draped banner under a tree was the fitting backdrop for setting. The all interest and color and variety and picturesque grace of the act. The figures in the midst of theScholars, artists and thinkers of the world are potent agents for mutual understanding and universal friendship, for the scholar is the servant of all, the philosopher is the mentor of mankind! and certainly not merely of what is fundamental, and indispensable in principle, law, and manifest purpose."

President Marshall then considered the Higher Impulse of Education, defining it as that "Higher Impulse of the holy purpose, that benignant, that paternal urge toward development, and higher attainment and larger capacity and for in all goodness. In the course of his address Dr. Marshall also said, "The college wants to be content as St. Paul was of the children of his care; that what has been begun in you will be perfected, matured, carried out to their relative completion into all the future. College commencement, a degree, a diploma, are only accessories of the season, and can for none of us mark a finality, or even in any real sense, a goal."

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Mr. Weld Gives
Charming Concert.

One of the most delightful features of the Commencement programme at College was the Charming Concert given by the University String Orchestra. This orchestra has been much admired, almost disregardful of the pond-
PROPHECY OF 23.
You have little idea of the amaze- ment that was felt among the students at this; it was in- formed that my husband had actually left me sole inheritor of his Rock-a-bye-boys. The request was that I should occasionally see the advice of Katherine Calver and Ruth Stanton and to remain as possible in the bounds of decency and the law.

Of course, for thirteen years, I had been preparing for the stage and was about to get a part in a play staged by Caroline Francke and of a most intriguing title "Deep Well of Divine Power." I am sure that it was a splendid play but the chance of attempting to nurse a lady in the field of Rock-a-bye-boys was not to be sneered at.

But to come back. Do not remember that Minnie Kreykenhoem had become such a general interest in coffee to such an extent that she permitted her teeth to be photographed for all the leading newspapers and to any rate there she was, teeth and face, in the last and on this she came to years back advertising the Berg Beauty Brand, "Safest for Heart, Body, Mind." Mind was emphasized so I could understand Minnie's devotion to commercial art.

I disliked to admit it after all these years but I have always hated to read newspapers and most of my husband's. I began to realize what I had become when I finished reading the sensational divorce case that named Marion Page as corespondent. After that I couldn't help spending the first day or so in my Rock-a-bye office just glancing over the files. There the thing that surprised me most was that Minnie Kreykenhoem had met such a formidable opposition in coffee to such an extent that she permitted her teeth to be photographed for all the leading newspapers and to any rate there she was, teeth and face, in the last and on this she came to years back advertising the Berg Beauty Brand, "Safest for Heart, Body, Mind." Mind was emphasized so I could understand Minnie's devotion to commercial art.

HELEN AVERY.
C. C. has few more devoutly loyal characters than Helen Avery. For four years she has given her college the tribute of excellent work conscientiously done. As Editor-in-Chief of the News her devotedness has always been to have the paper express the College at its best. During her editorship the Free Speech Column for the publication of Open Letters has come to be more than the mere opportunity of bringing to public notice such questions, criticisms, and problems as are of importance and general interest, but it has been in keeping with Helen's desire that even the most trivial should feel that the News is theirs, not the property of the Staff. We who are left to "pass the purse" and "arrest" admittance with admiration, and feel confident of her continued interest in the News and the College which it represents.

D. A. R. GIVE TEA TO SENIORS.
According to the custom, the ladies of the Daughters of the American Revolution gave as the Shaw Mansion, on Saturday, June 9th, their annual reception to the graduating class. Un- fortunately the weather was bad, but in the end the affair for the old mansion is a veritable success. Who could ask for better interpreters of the old piece of furniture than the hostesses? This was one of the most' essential development of face and form in this age of Bosc, and was the staff. Miss Louise Lindeman, Mary Langenbach, and Ethel Ayres, made splendid addresses in her favor.

One of the joy to behold a picture of our own viking Jude with a cup directed at a meeting of Nathaniel S. Douglass, in the post of the most eloquent development of face and form in this age of Bosc, and was the staff. Miss Louise Lindeman, Mary Langenbach, and Ethel Ayres, made splendid addresses in her favor.

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HISTORY OF THE CLASS
OF '23

Heigho! Back in the year's of our innocence we gathered one day in New London Hall. Under one arm we clutched a catalogue. In our hand we bore seven thousand cards of registration of various colors and states of completion. Thus equipped we attacked our Advisor, whoever she may have been. Just as we were hearing wearily from the struggle and curiously eyeing each other, there was a noise like balesewing Russia in the hall. That was Dimmie entering, three hours late.

DAYS past. We grew used to accustoming our insides to Fish-eye peddling, and unknown cuts of meat. We learned fish nights and pie nights, and overflowed to that extension of Thames hall—the Cozy Corner, which, now that I think it over, wasn't so very cozy although it was a reformed bar-room. We experimented in some fine little models of vaudeville at the Lyceum and learned where to build our pleasant fires in the woods. We joined everything and tried out for everything, and maimed each other on the hockey field. Came Comedy and Miss Blues informal little talks on feeble minded ness held nightly in the Gym. We took our Hayes in one hand, for formality, and our knowledge gained at the Lyceum in one hand, for formality, and waiting for the prize to be seized, it was seized! And then we found the mascot, having out-Sherlocked Sherlock, and out-watched the watchman, we had a blue. A certain worthy spy overheard the information in that place of common meeting where so many secrets are revealed by innocent conversation slits. We withdrew from our attics, and we stopped digging holes all over campus, and lifting stones off the stone wall, and waited for the prize to be seized. It was seized!

We watched another Comedy develop from a group of worn individuals shrieking at a dusty gym into a performance of considerable finish;—And once again—that was that! Junior year—Mascot year—and because we are silent, a white, a subscript class—we chose a Sphinx—and entrusted it to Puply and Main to hide. Puply caught the bug or pneumonia or something equally effective—we never heard that dire calamity befell Maha—but the sophomores wreaked their bones, their intellects, their reputations and left the mascot in its environment so different from that in which a Sphinx belongs. We gave it a dinner in all the dignity of the Mohigan's main dining room—we listened to Daddy Doyle—and other honorary members—talk about it—and other things. We presented it in Thames dining-room. We had advanced one great step—we had a mascot—!

But Porg—Ah—we shoo—we assured even ourselves in the originality of that week-end—we made the gym look like what it ain't—we sit back now and bow with infinite glee as we remember Peg Heyer in a blue checked smock, clutching a great round blue kettle, rolling her eyes ominously and declaring, "I must have this kettle back—I must—it's my mother's favorite—I must—" And Mary, dashing around, quite inadvertently drooping her willying form with some of the yards of that beautiful material which was in the process of being dyed—working furiously and talking faster. The base ball game—an innovation—what hasn't our class introduced?—was delightful—the men, running gracefully back and forth, one man shrieking with delight even at our most dignified President. The score doesn't matter, that is—to us.

Piano. Athletically we may have died—but otherwise we were alive—gloriously alive—to the great possibilities that Senior year offered to our class of '23.

About this year I can hardly bear to speak. Cannons to right of them, canons to left of them has nothing on the boring of solicitors that we have suffered this sad winter. Every day some maiden with a modest, sheepish air holds her left hand under the table cloth. It's nerve racking. In spite of our sewing and embroidery, we have had time for a few other details. Some of us have learned the difference, as it were, between, a partipal clause, as such, and a gerund, if you get what I mean! And learned it to our sorrow, and with sorrow. Others have delivered their way through Draymen, and pushed their way through Prose. Also, there are those who have communed with Kant, and suffered in various and sundry educational agencies. But all will soon be over! With our campus, we will reach our palest hand for the good old sheet over which the entire art department has become totally blind. To those well known triumphant strains we will turn on our best new heels and join our proud parents in the ranks of just plain citizens who can live unmolested by Six G and blissfully uncollegiate and unafraid.

JULIA WARNER.

Judy was destined by the gods to be a marked figure, but her aim is not the end of her distinction. Mind and spirit are proportionately generous. Whether we know her for her sincerity, integrity, and generosity in the offices which she has held since Freshman days—with the final honor and responsibility of Student Government Presidency—or whether we know her as the handsome hero of Musical Comedy who gave us a "real kick," or the overwhelming Mr. Bohun in "You Never Can Tell," we always think of her with affectionate admiration, for Judy is "human." It is comforting to think that the campus has not yet lost its landmarks, for Judy is to be with us next year as Graduate Secretary, and we are confident that she will carry out her new duties as successfully as she always has those of the past.

HELEN HEMINGWAY.

We remember Helen first as a lovely Queen of the May in the freshman pageant—a "Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls." We soon came to know that everything she did was characterized by the same charm we felt then, and we found that when she was interested in anything, that thing was sure to "go." Accordingly, when she was elected President of the Service League, we were sure that the League would have an eminently successful year under her guidance, and we have not been disappointed. The Service League has enlarged its horizon, and has increased and enlivened our interest and activity in local, intercollegiate, national, and international affairs. Since Helen's charm and capabilities are lasting, we know that her future endeavors will be as successful as those of her college years.
 CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

FIFTH COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES HELD JUNE 12.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Mr. George S. Palmer sounded the gong at noon, and the Alumnae of Connecticut College when he opened his address of wel- come, "Dear Friends, Fellow Teachers and Fellow Students," for it was a meeting of great fellow- ship and friendliness, relaxation from the strain of the Commencement activ- ities and joy and satisfaction in a goal well reached. Mr. Palmer urged the new Alumnae to develop an aris- totian spirit as a counterbal- ance to the development of the physical.

Under the skillful introduction of Mrs. Mason, President Marshall made those very interesting announcements concerning the progress of the Endowment cam- paign, bringing the sum up to $66,660 secured under the 10-16-16 plan, and on the side of equipment announced a new gift of $189,000 from Mr. and Mrs. George S. Palmer, to be reserved for equipment, for the new classroom building.

The gaiety of the Luncheon was heightened by the music of an orchest- ral group, under the direction of the music department, and the sing- ing of class songs. The dinner- room presented an interesting pie- ce of music the air was vibrant with many reminiscent conversations, and from table to table they were glances, carrying their store of experiences—experiences that have been and are to be.

DOROTHY RANDLE.

An inviolate ball, an almost inviolate regiment, a little, quickly moving body, and a bustling admirer group of spec- tators—by many such a thing is known. Later we saw that she had innumerable cups and trophies in her possession, and the fact that she swag- ged a gloriously "wicked" reputation. Her athletic prowess, however, includes more than tennis. In fact, her mind and body so co-ordinate that an admirable aesthetic nature to her. As President of the Alumnae it is the President's duty to further thought and planning, increased the interest of the college body, both men and women, in athletics, and helped us to realize that there are more things from Dot in the athletic world.