

5-27-1921

Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 28

Connecticut College

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Recommended Citation

Connecticut College, "Connecticut College News Vol. 6 No. 28" (1921). 1920-1921. Paper 5.
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FRESHMEN PRESENT PAGEANT OF INDIAN LORE.

Enthusiastic Audience Sees "Legend of Bolleswood."

This year the feature of Freshman Day was the presentation of the Indian Legend of Bolleswood. It was especially appropriate because '22, its sister class, recently adopted the Indian totem-pole for its mascot. The natural amphitheatre with its steep, rocky precipice for a background made an excellent stage; and the slope directly opposite afforded admirable seating accommodations for the guests.

When the play opens, sprites are dancing upon the green. Above, on the ledge appears an Indian tribe led by Chief Uncas. In single file they descend the tortuous path of the cliff, cross the brook, and make their camp. While the squaws are setting up wigwams and building fires, the braves depart to seek game. Then the giant Maramarka arrives. He has come to seek Wheeta, the beautiful daughter of Chief Uncas, for his bride. Uncas consents to the marriage and the chiefs smoke the peace-pipe, while poor Wheeta pleads in vain. Later, as she grieves, Tacomas, her lover, comes forth from the wood and comforts her. They are discovered by Uncas and Wheeta is bound to a tree, while the lover, exiled from the camp, turns his face sadly to the northward.

The next scene is at night. In the back-ground can be seen the tribe fast asleep around the wigwams. The beautiful Wheeta, still fastened to the plane tree by her bonds, and guarded by a lone sentinel, sees suddenly a spirit dancing before her. The guard is soon asleep, her bonds are miraculously loosened, and like a deer she flies after the spirit. With the morning, and the discovery that Wheeta has fled, the tribe breaks camp, and the braves, after a war dance, start to search for her. Maramarka storms when he arrives and finds that his bride-to-be is gone. He resolves to have revenge upon her returned lover, and pursues him. At the opening of the next scene the chase has ended. Maramarka and Tacomas stand at the top of the cliff. With a hoarse roar the giant seizes Tacomas and throws him over the precipice, but instead of being dashed to pieces on the cruel crags, he falls into the thick, soft branches of a tupelo tree. Here he asks the spirits if Wheeta lives, and through the valley echoes a voice: "Wheeta lives! Wheeta lives!" It is Wheeta herself, who sits beneath the tree, resting in her flight from the giant. The story closes with the happy meeting of the lovers.

The story of the legend, written by Catherine Holmes, Catherine Harding and Gloria Hollister, was told in blank verse by Etta Strathie, class historian for next year, and read very effectively by Evelyn Ryan. The entire production was under the capable management of Iola Marin, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

Of further interest was the unveiling of a sign inscribed with the poem "To Go Rightly Into A Wood." This has been placed by the forked road at the

(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

DR. BLACKFORD SPEAKS AT CONVOCATION

On Character Analysis at Sight.

Dr. Katherine Blackford was the speaker at Convocation on May 17. Her subject was "Character Analysis at Sight." Dr. Blackford's interest as a novice was to discover why people acted as they did. Later she studied medicine and learned to relate certain diseases with certain states of mind. Thru her knowledge of the demands of industry she is now able to read character at sight and tell in just which line of work a person would be most successful.

The blonde, according to Dr. Blackford, is the promoter the organizer, the inventor, always craving something new. The brunette is the slow, careful person who works out the plans conceived by the blonde. The brunette does not continually desire excitement. She is much more patient than the blonde.

The person with a convex face is quick in speech and action. She is also practical. The person with a concave face is slow in observation, thought and action. She is more of the student, more thorough in her work. The person with a plain, flat face, is between these two.

Dr. Blackford's final message was to choose your interest and work in that line, not differentiating between a man's and a woman's work.

FRESHMEN PLANT THEIR TREE.

Freshman Day ended with the ceremony of planting the class tree. The class marched with their banner at the head of the procession, to the south side of New London Hall, where they planted a horse-chestnut tree. Gloria Hollister, class president, explained briefly the purpose of the Freshmen in planting the tree. With fitting ceremony a bronze plate, bearing the class numerals, and attached to a chain made up of one hundred and twenty-six links to represent each member of the class, was then padlocked to the tree.

MR. GUNNISON TO READ.

On May 28th at three-thirty in Branford Lounge Mr. Gunnison will give several selections from Browning's "Ring and the Book". Anyone interested in becoming better acquainted with Browning is cordially invited to come. This offers a good opportunity for students and faculty to become better acquainted with Mr. Gunnison and his work.

SENIORS GIVE OVER STONE WALL.

Hold Last Sing of the Year.

The moonlight "stone wall" sings are over for the year, and, according to tradition the Seniors with due ceremony have left the stonewall in the hands of the Juniors. It was a very lovely evening, the night of May the 22nd, when the four classes gathered for the last time to listen to college and class songs.

Twenty-one, stately and fair in cap and gown, held possession until the "sing" was half over, when, with a speech of farewell from twenty-one, Esther Watrous, class president, presented the wall to the Juniors. The moon peeping through soft gray clouds, the lights twinkling across the river, and the quiet reverence with which the parting ceremony took place, brought something like a sob into the heart of every girl assembled as she sang the Alma Mater, and watched twenty-one say good-night and good-bye to its wall.

MUSICAL COMEDY GIVEN IN NEW LONDON AND NORWICH.

A second performance of "Pierrot the Pirate" was given at the Lyceum in New London, May 18th, for the benefit of the College Endowment Fund. The audience, composed largely of town-people and out-of-town guests, was delighted and surprised by the professional manner in which the comedy was presented. The song hits were even more enthusiastically received there than at the college performance.

Between the second and third acts of the comedy, President Marshall gave a short talk illustrated by screen pictures of the college. He described its rapid growth, explaining that Connecticut has had a larger number of students enrolled during its first six years than any other college. President Marshall ended his speech with a plea for funds and publicity in order that the Endowment Fund might fully meet its quota of two million dollars.

Equally successful was the third and last presentation of the comedy at the Davis Theatre in Norwich, May 20. A crowded house spoke well for the reputation established by "O Aladdin!" given in Norwich last year, a reputation which will be the more lasting because of this praiseworthy performance of "Pierrot the Pirate".

MADAME CURIE SPEAKS IN CARNEGIE HALL.

Delegates From Connecticut College Attend Lecture.

A delegation of science majors from Connecticut College attended the meeting of American University Women of the International Federation of University Women at Carnegie Hall, New York City, last Thursday to honor Madame Marie Sklodovska Curie, discoverer of radium. Distinguished women of well-known colleges and universities addressed the audience, among whom were Dean Ada Comstock of Smith, Dr. Florence Sabin of Johns Hopkins, Dr. Alice Hamilton of Harvard, President Ellen F. Pendleton of Wellesley and President M. Carey Thomas of Bryn Mawr. Several selections were rendered by the famous Vassar Choir. The undergraduate delegates represented Barnard, Brown, Bryn Mawr, Colby, Connecticut College for Women, Elmira, Goucher, New Jersey College for Women, Radcliffe, Smith, Sweet Briar, Teachers' College, University of Pennsylvania, Vassar, Wellesley, and Wells. The greatest woman scientist was presented with the Ellen Richards Memorial Prize of \$2,000 by President Ellen F. Pendleton of Wellesley College.

The three students representing C. C. in the undergraduate line were Deborah Jackson, Ruth McCollum, and Mary Louise Bristol. The rest of the delegation included Dr. Holmes and Miss Barrows, who sat on the platform with the faculty members, and Ella McCollum, Amy Peck, Helen Tryon, Mary Thompson, Mollie Kenig, Vivienne Mader, Barbara Ashenden, Frances Schwartz, and Alice Boehringer.

Those who had the wonderful opportunity of seeing Madame Curie, plain, modest in manner, yet very charming withal, will never forget the saintly face of the greatest woman scientist in the world, and will ever hold dear the honor of having listened to her voice.

Many of those who went to New York to hear Madame Curie also had the opportunity of seeing the excellent radium exhibit on display at the New York Museum of Natural History. Several cases are filled with interesting objects; the mineral from which radium is extracted, apparatus used in the extraction of radium and in the radium treatment of cancer, literature in several languages on the subject, numerous photographs, wax models of cancer that were treated ten or more years ago and have remained cured, and above all several samples of radium itself. The radium was in tiny glass tubes about an inch long, an eighth of an inch thick, and sealed at both ends. It had the appearance of common white flour and it was hard to believe the \$12,000 tag that was attached to one tube. Some of the glass tubes had been turned an opaque purple by the radium they contained. The exhibit showed how the emanations given off by the radium are collected in little silver tubes which are sealed into a wax frame. This frame fits over the cancer and is left there for about an hour. After one, or at most just a few of these treatments, the cancer heals, and the scar finally dis-

(Continued on page 2, column 4.)

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EVERYBODY GET BEHIND
and
PUSH THE ENDOWMENT FUND
OVER THE TOP

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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Entered as second class matter at New London, Connecticut, August 5, 1919, under act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription price: Per year (30 issues), \$1.25; by mail, \$1.50.

Printed by The Bulletin Company, Norwich, Connecticut.

Material for the News should reach the News editor or be left in the News Office before 8 a. m. on Thursday. The name of the writer must accompany every manuscript. The article may also be signed as the writer wishes it to be printed.

RESPECT FOR OUR ALMA MATER.

Connecticut College, like all up-to-date institutions of higher learning, has an Alma Mater. And, what is more, we are able to say with the greatest sincerity, that it is a beautiful one—one to be proud of. Also we, of the student body of this college, have a tradition in regard to it,—namely that, out of respect and reverence to this song above all other college songs, we stand whenever it is sung, just as out of love for our country, we stand for the national anthem. This unwritten manifestation seems quite plainly understood and rather regularly put into practice.

There is, however, yet another tradition somewhat related to this one, which seems to be utterly disregarded at times. Somewhere, far back in the innermost recesses of our minds, we have faint recollections that much has been said concerning the advisability of singing other songs after the rendition of the Alma Mater, and we are strongly under the impression the best regulated colleges do not tolerate this practise. But seriously would it not make any self respecting Alma Mater shrink in abject dismay and feel like crawling under the table, if students, after standing throughout its two very poetic verses, should sit down only to break forth raucously into the un-beautiful strains of "How do you do, Somebody-or-other, How do you do?" Of course it would. And yet this is precisely what occurred during the recent elections and their ensuing demonstrations of joy in Thames Hall. It matters not what thoughtless student started it. But it is a pitiful and a terrible fact that we were thoughtless enough most of us—and disrespectful enough to join in. Only a mere handful refrained, and expressed their dis-

approval in pained and somewhat shocked countenances.

Perhaps the episode may be excused on the grounds of excitement and mental agitation of the moment. But what a poor exhibition of college spirit it presents to underclassmen!! Out of respect and love for our college and the song we have chosen to dedicate to it, shall we not do our utmost to abide by this tradition and prevent in the future any such recurrence of the above mentioned instance?

ONLY A REMINDER.

Sad but true, we are all more or less afflicted with that dread disease called "lack of ambition," which is always prevalent at this time of year. It is a natural state of affairs, for we are weary, and examinations loom up ahead reminding us of our impending doom. The lure of spring besets us on every hand, and summer vacation is within sight. Our journey is nearly at an end, and we cannot wait.

But alas, this "lack of ambition" may have serious results. We are arranging our courses for next year and the danger lies in the fact that we may yield to the temptation to choose courses as easy as possible. For we feel that, once exams are over, we shall not want to open a book, and more study would be intolerable. However, we must not take into consideration our present feelings, but rather our future ones. Next fall we shall be eager and ready to begin work. We shall want to attack the hard things as stepping stones to success. So it behooves us to look ahead, whether we will or no, to drag ourselves out of our lifeless state, and to remember that we have to prepare for our life work, no matter how difficult the way may be.

'23.

OUR FAMILY MAKES A FIRE

Our house has a fireplace. We use it—often. In the late spring and early fall we sit in the living room and dream in the warm glow of a log fire. Father says the fireplace has a temperament in that sometimes a fire made in it burns and sometimes it does not. Father has a method which, he is sure, if the fireplace did not have a temperament, would be infallible for building a bright, sparkling fire. Everytime he uses this method, he explains it to mother. She must know it by heart now, but she never mentions the fact.

"First," father tells mother, "You hold a lighted paper up—so—to dry out the chimney." Mother nods gravely and says she understands how wise that is. "Why, then," I ask myself, "does she never hold a lighted paper up the chimney when she makes a fire?"

Father then rumples up the two front pages of the "New York Herald," puts them between the fire irons, lays on a handful of slender kindlings. He looks in the wood-box—it is empty. He goes to the cellar and brings up three medium sized logs.

"And now," says father, "this is the important part. You must always have three logs burning at once. You place them like this—two on the bottom and one in between. It is an excellent arrangement." Father straightens up, looks down at mother, awaiting her approval.

"I see; yes it is a good arrangement!" Mother assures him. Why, is it? I wonder, why? Mother has never asked. I have never asked.

Father lights the edge of the paper, puts the fire-screen carefully around the hearth, pulls up his chair and sits down with his book, to wait for the bright, sparkling fire.

Sometimes, it lights, mostly, it does not. In the latter case, father gets up, lights another corner of the paper, pokes the twigs, sits down, reads, waits.

No crackle, no warmth; he gets up, pushes the magazine section of the

"Times" under the logs, lights it, sits down, reads, waits. Sometimes, it sparkles; the majority of times it does not.

Mother now, is different. She very seldom makes a fire; she watches us, gravely, sympathetically. When she does make one, she allows the chimney to remain damp; she never holds a lighted paper up to dry it out. If there is little kindling in the wood-box, she uses little; if there is much, she uses more. She lights it with a paper; it crackles and pops and roars. She puts on the logs carefully, one, two and when they are lighted, more. Mother's fires always burn, for some reason. Father does not like this. One time, when the fireplace was more temperamental than usual, his fire would not burn. He closed his book, put on his hat and went away. Mother made a fire. When father came back, it was warm and comfortable looking. Father looked disagreeable—not that father ever could be disagreeable—really—but he looked it. Later, at dinner, he asked mother what method she used when she made a fire.

"Why, none, I just—" Mother started. Father's face brightened, he beamed.

"Ah, I knew it, I knew it. Just a coincidence. You see with a method—" and father explained how excellent a method is.

Sister has a way, too. She heaps in kindlings—a great mound, and broad—for she neither gathers the wood nor does she cut it. She lights it with a torch of paper, held underneath. The pile sizzles and roars and blazes. When the pile is burned down, she puts on one log, then another. The room is warm and cheerful until I, who gather the kindlings; return and see the wood-box empty. Even then the room is warm.

I make a fire sometimes. I have no success. Generally, I forget to turn the damper in the chimney. The fire sputters, goes out. The room fills with smoke. Guests arrive and I flee, ignominiously. Then, too, as I gather the wood, I use it sparingly, too sparingly. The result is poor, very poor.

And so, in late spring and early fall, we sit in the warm glow of a fire and dream.

FROM THE LAND OF THE GREAT SPIRIT.

In ages past philosophers sought the habitats of crystal gazers; devotees visited the dustfilled but psychic atmosphere of the medium's parlor; a mystic circle sprang forth, like Minerva, full-panopied for communications on campus. All, all this was done that the lips of the dead might be unsealed and we might learn that they "were ever near us, though unseen," and spend the rest of our lives worrying for fear that, "unseen," we had dealt them many a hearty blow as we and some of our dear departed endeavored to occupy the same cubic inches of ether. We learned, through the rouged and haggard lips of a buxom seancer, that "all was forgiven," or that "the baby's favorite bottle was in back of the refrigerator," and other likely gems of clairvoyance. Yet our midnight hours were undisturbed by any spirit meanderer: those who had gone before rested in peace.

It was left to the unpracticed, uncrossed palms of '24 to beckon forth from the Land of the Great Spirit a goodly company of the spirits of long departed braves and squaws.

Oh, Spirit of Uncas, haunting the fair hills of this, the land of your nativity, didst feel your fierce heart warm, as, from your spirituelle seat on the slender top of the guarding pine-tree, you watched the love of the young Tacomas win the maiden Wheeta? Did your ghostly lips draw in the sweetness of the peace-pipe? Did your keen eye judge the value of the "silk-lined" furs the Giant Maramarka presented as

credentials to your Freshman successor?—Was she not a worthy successor, oh, Sire?—Did your dark body exult at the bent and swaying figures of the vengeful warriors? Looking on with eyes wisened by great knowledge did you realize that silk-lined furs cannot make happy a wigwam where love is not? Did your imperious tongue breathe a prayer that at this re-playing of the story you knew, the once trusty arms of the tupelo tree would not fail the fleeing youth-lover? The long closed lips of some departed music-man might have piped the weird, afar-off music on the cliffs above the camp fire.

In your day, oh, Chief, women were for the wigwam, the fireside, the burden bearers, the wampum makers. Not theirs the chase, the vigor of the war-dance, the dignity of council, the strength and daring of revenge. But did you now, oh, Spirit, from your place on the slender tip of the pine-tree, draw your thick brows close and say, "This is not good?" Or did your sepulchral fingers doff your musty feathers at the advanced position of women, and did, perchance, we hear you mutter—or was it the wind—"It is well! As the brave was, so the squaw is. To his place does she do honor!"

A PRAYER.

(With apologies to Anacreon).

Thy shining silver hammered out—
Vulcanus, make for me,
A warrior's jangling armour? No!
Think'st thou that we'd agree?
But glistening goblet hollow deep,
And on its curved face
Engrave not stars nor chariots,
Nor that Orion base;
But Summer's vine with purple
splotch
Of smiling cluster trace,
And in this rich voluptuousness
Wreath lovely Bacchus' face.
E. T. '23

Goucher College Weekly—"Da noive of dat lady," complained Hazel, the domestic treasure, "offerin' me eight dollars a week! Wha's she think I am—a college graduate?"

MADAME CURIE SPEAKS IN CARNEGIE HALL.

(Concluded from page 1, column 4.)

appears completely. Apparatus for the treatment of internal cancers was also exhibited.

Pictures were shown of Madame Curie's gramme of radium in the process of extraction, and a notice explained that it required 1,000 tons of ore, 1,000 tons of coal, and 500 men working 500 hours to obtain the gramme of radium pictured in solution in a small dish.

Among other things was a piece of apparatus which will locate a small speck of radium in a large amount of rubbish, so that no precious bit may be lost.

Altogether it is a remarkable and interesting exhibit and well repaid those who saw it for their visit to the museum.

FRESHMEN PRESENT PAGEANT OF INDIAN LORE.

(Concluded from page 1, column 1.)

entrance of the wood. The poem expresses the reverence one should have when he enters a forest and beholds the beauties of nature.

The cast of the play is as follows:
Tacomas Amy Hilker.
Wheeta Mary Packard.
Maramarka Virginia Hayes.
Uncas Mary Snodgrass.
Medicine Man Katherine Slater.
Runner Dorothy Hubbell.
Voice of Bolleswood Evelyn Ryan.
Spirits: Eggleston, Balsley, Hall, Beran, Cooper and Walsh.

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A GRIFFITH HEART
DRAMA.

It pleases me to consider myself rather sophisticated in the matter of the "movies." I can watch a gray haired mother pass to her eternal rest with a snort of derision and a muttered "old stuff." I can watch a girl sobbing for her lost lover and smile unmoved at the sniffling audience. I can see a small boy with curls say his prayers without moaning "Isn't he dear!" or "Ah—in the hushed voice of reverence proper to the occasion.

But Mr. Griffith breaks down my defences. There is something about a girl holding her dead baby for hours without believing it dead, that is too much even for me. When David Wark Griffith produces a heart-drama I sob and rock and blow with the rest of the audience until my face is more like an over-done apple-dumpling than a human countenance. Even a sense of humor and sophistications are no proof against Griffith.

EXCHANGES.

Hunter College:—"Trelawney of the Wells" was presented here on April 26, 27, 28th. It was such a success that, as a Varsity play, it must determine the climax, and perhaps the turning point of Hunter's dramatic activities, according to the Hunter College Bulletin.

Radcliffe:—The Freshmen of this college have broken a precedent by giving a dance called the "Freshman Frolic" on May 7. It is hoped that this will become a custom.

Mt. Holyoke:—The Junior Promenade was held on Friday, April 29th, lasting from 5.30 p. m. to 1.00 a. m. On Saturday evening two Dramatic Club plays were presented, one being "Suppressed Desires," which the Connecticut College Dramatic Club gave last year

Perhaps we may better appreciate our freedom when we learn that Mt. Holyoke girls are assigned seats at morning chapel and are allowed only three cuts a term.

Radcliffe:—Mme. Curie, with her two daughters, is to visit Vassar next month. The Radcliffe girls have been contributing to the Marie Curie Fund. So far they have raised about twenty-eight dollars.

Smith:—The Student Government Association is now turning its attention to the problem of attendance at college during week-ends. A large number of girls are in the habit of going away week-ends or attending dances at Amherst too frequently for their own good and for the reputation of the college. In some classes as

many as a quarter of the students are absent on Mondays and Saturdays, week after week.

It is proposed that the students be restricted to three week-ends a term, only as a temporary means of breaking the "week-end habit."

HOW TO MAKE OTHERS
HAPPY.

The title is read, immediately one of my audience gasps, and declares, in a hushed tone, "Ah, what young genius is this who so assuredly prescribes a formula for making others happy?" Her neighbor, too, sneers in disgust, "Undoubtedly, some martyr to the cause of happiness who is seeking esteemed reverence and admiration for her self-sacrifice!"

In defense may I say I do not pretend to know the secret of making others happy. I merely wish to discuss the subject from my personal point of view and experience. Also, I must confess that there is no idea of personal denial in this, it is rather one of selfishness, for in order to be happy oneself, one must make others happy.

What person is there so self-sufficient that he can be content without friends? To have friends, one must be a friend. True friendship involves happiness, or else it cannot be termed real. Your friend is happy with your confidence. Your esteem, respect, and affection, your constancy, faith, and sympathy are a boundless joy to her; for friendships are the most precious things in the world. Who could be happy without them?

Happiness, they say, is a stranger to mankind. The child knows nothing of this, and the youth thinks nothing of it, but what of age? It does not take a great deed to brighten years. Of one thing we are sure, Age loves Youth. To make our elders happy, we need but to be ourselves, and to give of ourselves to others. Youthful thoughts and aims, youthful innocence and life, are a joyous feast to them. No pleasure is greater than to observe the glory of hopeful and ingenuous youth.

We can please and make others happy in thousands of ways. It is the little things that make up the big worthwhile things. A kind word, a pleasant smile, a courtesy, a helpful hand, all have their share in the business of happiness. Be optimistic, beat out the mean and disagreeable things; help others, so prone to realize only the dark side of life, to see the bright and beautiful things. Above all, be willing! If you fail in one instance, you still need not fail in all. For the effort, conscious or unconscious, to bring sunshine and happiness to others, is a happy thought in itself.

To make others happy is the most worth-while thing in life and the keynote to it is—be happy yourself!

F. B. '24.

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TAIL-LIGHTS.

Any way—as the Juniors took possession of the ragged, gray wall, the moon retired behind a cloud, as though he could not bear the sight of the departure of the beloved class of '21 whom he has so shamelessly neglected this past season.

You must admit its rather hard for the Seniors in the middle of the line, when those in front set the marring time fast and those in back continually hiss, "Slower."

We've broken into the movies! What thrills are equal to the thrills of posing before the camera? Everybody patted locks into place for two days steadily for fear the eye of the camera would locate every stray lock.

DEPARTMENTAL NOTES.

A set of lantern slides on Biological subjects has been secured by the Zoological Department. These slides have been offered for sale to different universities for the benefit of Professor O. Van der Stricht in his work for the restoration of Belgian Biological science.

The Office Practice Class spent an interesting hour in visiting the New London Savings Bank. They were shown several mechanical devices among them the Elliott-Fisher billing machine.

Copies of Bulletins No. 13 and No. 14, Control Series, of the Massachusetts Agricultural Station, Amherst, Mass., have recently been received by the Department of Chemistry. Bulletin No. 13 is Inspection of Commercial Feed-stuffs, Sept. 1, 1919—Sept. 1, 1920, by Philip H. Smith and Ethel M. Bradley. Bulletin No. 14 is Inspection of Commercial Fertilizers for the season of 1920, by H. D. Haskins, chemist in charge, assisted by L. S. Walker, A. M. Clarke, Raymond W. Swift, and Miss E. M. Bradley. Miss Bradley is a member of the class of 1919 of Connecticut College and has been laboratory assistant at Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station for the last two years.

Miss Harriet Rogers, 1919, who has held the position of Curator and Research Assistant in the Department of Chemistry at Amherst College for the last two years was one of the Amherst representatives at Smith College on Friday, May 13, when the honorary degree of Doctor of Science was conferred on Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium.

In conferring the degree, President William Allan Neilson referred to her as "Marie Sklodowski Curie, Professor in the Universities of Warsaw and Paris, first among women of all ages for the brilliance, magnitude, and significance of her scientific discovery, the peer of the greatest benefactors of mankind in the unselfishness which has devoted, without tax or toll, the results of her researches to the service of humanity". (New York Times.)

NOTICES.

On May 26th the Students' Recital will be held.

President Marshall is to address the Service League Monday, May 23rd.

The Dramatic Club presents *Quality Street* on the first of June.

A Field Meet will be held Monday afternoon, May thirtieth, on the Athletic Fields. The events will be track, base-ball finals, and the tennis finals. The track events will be broad and high jumps, hurdles, shot-puts, basket ball throw, archery, dashes and relay races.

WEEK-END GUESTS.

Alice Ferris entertained her sisters on campus.

The following girls were visited by their families: K. Slayter, Barbara Kent, Janet Crawford, Margaretta Carlson, Lucille McDonald, Aura Kepler, Elizabeth Hollister, K. Hamblet, Gloria Hollister, Dorothy Hubbell, Catherine Holmes.

Ruth Rose Levine was visited by her niece, Ruth Harriet Ruben.

Dorothy Brockett had as her guests Hazel Corf, Mildred Brockett, and Ruby Holabird, all of North Haven.

Edith Steinmetz visited Emily Mahaffey.

A. Babette Levin of Hartford was the guest of Estelle Hoffman.

Sadie Fritzel of New Haven visited her sister Agnes.

Ruth Rodensky entertained Ethel Harris of Hartford.

Miss Eleanor Collie of Worcester, Mass. has been spending the week-end with Miss Margaret Call.

Miss Laura Dunham spent Friday night with her sister Peggy to see the Comedy at Norwich.

Clara Cooper had Helen Short of Danbury to spend the week-end with her.

Miss Tschereh Walsh of Vassar College has been visiting her sister Eugenia, Walsh.

The following students entertained their mothers over the week-end;

Eleanor Haasis, Dorothy Pryde, Lucille Wittke, Helen Barkerding, Diana Bretzfelder, Dorothy Ryder, Caroline and Katherine Francke, Iola Marin, Virginia Hayes and Dorothy Payne.

Winifred Powell's sister was a guest on campus.

Mildred Forster of Fall River was the guest of her sister Gladys Forster.

Eileen Fitzgerald entertained Julia Fitzgerald of Columbia over the week-end.

Elizabeth Torigian, ex-'23 and Muriel Ashcroft, ex-'23 were the guests of Vivienne Mader.

Edna Daybill and Bernice Webb of Meriden visited Grace Church.

Zevely Green '20, is visiting Marguerite Paul.

Ethel Witten entertained Ethel Horowitz of New Haven.

Mildred Pierpont had as her guests Grace Pierpont of Smith and Ruth Merrill of Naugatuck.

We have been informed that the best student in the philosophy class is:—*Friar Tuck.*

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