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Connecticut College News

Vol. 2 No. 7.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 26, 1917.

PRICE 5 CENTS

Coming Events

MID-YEARS!

Orthographically Speaking.

M's for the movies, whose charms we forego,
I's for the ice cream at Pete's we all know
D's Dietetics, both one and eleven,
Y's your exams from one up to seven.
E is for English, discussions and themes,
A is for Art; our drawings are dreams.
R's for Romance, the French that we do,
S is for Sports; we've exams in that too.
M-I-D-Y-E-A-R-S we're through,
And mid-years are here, so good luck to you!

—A. Hastings '19

Mid-years.

Word with mystic meaning fraught,
Filled with power, both good and ill,
What dismay that word has brought—
What despair perhaps it will!

Years and years go fleeting by,
With Summer smiles and April tears—
Every Winter sees them nigh,
Dear, beloved, kind mid-years!

But oh mid-years, your power to fill
Our spirits with this deep despair
At length is passing; soon it will
Be others you will try to scare.

—M. Pomeroy '19

Photosynthesis.

Little grains of sugar
Changed to starch by sun;
Starch to sugar returneth
When the day is done!

—H. M. Rowe

Convocation Reports.

January 16th.

At convocation Mr. Brill of the Mystic Oral School for the Deaf spoke of his school and the work of other schools for the same purpose. The history of the education of the deaf is most interesting and may be traced back to the days of Herodotus. Mr. Brill told of the various methods employed in teaching deaf children. There are two methods, the finger alphabet and the oral. In the latter, lip-reading is the most difficult, yet the principal thing. Pupils are taught to speak largely by learning to read the movement of a teacher's lips. Lip reading can never equal the hearing of sound, and great mental alertness is necessary. Dr. Alexander Bell has said that "Lip reading is scientific guess-work; it certainly would seem that this must be so." Great credit, then, is due those men and women who devote their lives to this work of aiding the deaf to understand what they see, and to speak.

At the conclusion of Mr. Brill's address, Mrs. Brill, who is a teacher in the Mystic Oral School talked to us about her work among the deaf children. Her methods of instruction were most interesting. She encouraged those girls of Connecticut College who were interested, to think seriously of the great field open to women teachers in such schools as hers, where the work is not only absorbingly interesting, but is furthering a noble cause.

January 23rd.

Dr. Osburn kindly repeated his lecture on "The Habits of Fishes" which he gave at the Vocational School last week. Dr. Osburn's aim was to give us a better acquaintance with fishes and their modes of life and he surely succeeded in creating a real interest in them.

He described several varieties of fishes that inhabit our northern waters, but the most interesting were some of the tropical fishes such as the electric fish of South America and the brilliantly colored ones that live among the coral reefs. The biggest fish story

The Relief Fund.

A silver tea for the benefit of the French Relief Fund was held at the home of Miss Mildred Keefe, Saturday afternoon, January 20th. The color scheme, pink and white, was carried out not only by the great bowls of Killarney roses and the pink candles on the serving-table, but also by the raspberry sherbet, pink cakes and candies, which were Mr. Peterson's generous gift to our fund. The affair proved profitable, as well as enjoyable, for over sixty-four dollars were contributed by friends in the College and in New London. This included a check of twenty-five dollars from the "News."

When the "News" went to press, the fund amounted to something over two hundred and ten dollars.

With Apologies to C. J. B.

When you come to the end of a busy day
And you sit alone with your books;
While your watch ticks on in a weary way,
As you search through the nooks and crooks;
Do you think what the end of a busy day
May mean to an aching head;
While the moon shines in with a tender ray,
And you hopelessly long for bed?

Well this is the end of a busy day,
Near the start of a journey too.
It leaves a fear that it big and strong
With a dread that you won't get through;
For your pen has painted this busy day
In the ink that will never fade,
And you find at the end of a busy day,
What a fool of yourself you've made!

—Marjorie Viets '20

of all, which holds the unique position of being a true one, was the life history of the common eel. In closing, Dr. Osburn showed some very interesting stereoptican slides.

LOST !!

"LOST—White scotch terrier, very rough haired, no collar. Liberal reward if returned to No. 1 Elm St."

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Let point A be myself and point B—a tug from the other end of the "line" brought my attention back to the cause of the scrap of newspaper I held in my free hand, point B—who, having suddenly come to the conclusion that he had stood long enough, decided to sit. He was a scotch terrier, he was rough haired and he had no collar, and well—he might be called white. The number on the house was No. 1, and this was unmistakably Elm Street. Yet it was the house that lacked; it lacked all signs of life; it lacked inhabitants. I looked again at point B. Poor, miserable, little puppy, he was looking at me with his great mournful, disconsolate eyes that made me feel like a criminal, for I was so tired of the sight of him that I had just decided to let him go and then go myself. Point B lifted first one dainty wet foot and then another gingerly from the wet pavement and shivered.

"But I don't want a dog," I groaned, and "Oh thunder!" I stooped quickly and undid the string that tied him to me, "Go Home!" I ordered sternly. Obediently he started through the gate, then hesitated and sniffed distastefully, his head thrust out to the full length of his skinny neck. Evidently investigations were unsatisfactory for he withdrew backward through the gate again. "Well, go to—some place!" I said lamely and turning walked off in the opposite direction leaving him to his fate.

Late that afternoon I returned to campus and went immediately to the field house to whiten the balls for the game to be held the next day. I had not shut the door more than two minutes before, when I heard a decided thump against the lower panel. "Come!" I said, but

(Continued on page 2)

COLLEGE NEWS

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Editorial

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these; 'I've flunked again.'" And this is the time for such joyful events for some of us. There are many and varying opinions about examinations, whether they be mid-years or finals. (Mid-years are sometimes finals for that matter).

But, I have a story to tell you. There was once an owner who had three houses of seven rooms that were not furnished. He put a housekeeper in each and each week he sent furnishings to his houses, for the housekeepers to arrange.

Now, when the furniture and hangings arrived for the different rooms, the first housekeeper noted down in her account book what had come and stored the things in the rooms into which they should go. But she did not unpack them and investigate the contents of the boxes, but took the word of him who brought them that they were such and such articles, and in good order.

Well, this went on for about four months, and then word came to her from the owner that he would come to see his house in another week, for he said, "I have sent you much and fine furniture wherewith to furnish my house and make it so that one may live in it in ease and comfort."

Then did the housekeeper sit her down and great fear and trembling came into her soul. For she said, "I knew he would come some time, but oh! I didn't realize it would be so soon. How can I do in the little time before me, what I should have been doing all along the last four months?" And she moaned in despair, and looked at all the rooms filled with boxes and packages. "I can never do it," she cried. Straightway "her nerves" (a common affliction among some women) gave way and she gave up and failed.

At the end of a week the master came and said, "You are not fit to be trusted with furnishing a house where all the articles are sent during the master's absence, for you need one to stand over you and see that you perform your appointed tasks each day. If you had had any ambition you could have done something in the week following the notice of my coming. Go! I will have none such to keep my house." And life seemed hard to her.

The second housekeeper did as the first had done and in time received the same notice from the owner. At first she was greatly disturbed. Then she jumped to her feet and started to unpack the furnishings. She found some things broken and others not what they were stated to be in the order. But she went bravely to work and did the best she could in the time remaining to her.

The end of the week found her utterly exhausted, for she had slept neither day nor night. The house was furnished, however, so that the owner could live in it though it showed that it had been arranged hastily. When the owner came, he realized just what had happened and he said, "At least you did not give up and fail utterly. You have learned from experience and you will have another chance to make good."

Now the third housekeeper differed from the first two. When the goods arrived she unpacked them and if she did not understand how they were to be used in the furnishing she wrote to the owner and asked him. And she used judgment in all matters, arranging the furniture that came each week. In due time word came from the owner that he was coming to see his house. It was completely furnished, everything in its proper place. The housekeeper went through the rooms straightening here a chair, and dusting all the hidden corners till all was bright and shining and ready for use.

Then did the owner come and was well pleased and he said, "You have been faithful and done your tasks each day. The notice of my coming brought you no fear. The house that you have furnished so carefully is your own to do with as you will."

Which housekeeper are you?

Faculty Notes

Mrs. Gertrude Martin, formerly Dean of Women at Cornell, and now Secretary of the National Association of Collegiate Alumnae, visited college last week. Plans have been initialed to organize an A. C. A. branch in New London.

On January 16th Dr. Sykes addressed the Emlear Chapter of the D. A. R., in New Haven on the College. At the meeting a hundred dollars was presented to the College to start a fund, the interest of which is to be used for books,

magazines, and scientific apparatus, to be bought at the discretion of the College. This sum is the first of a series of gifts which the D. A. R. expects to give towards establishing a D. A. R. Memorial Fund.

On January 17th, Dr. Sykes spoke before the Universalists' Convention at Bridgeport, on "College and Vocation."

January 18th, Dr. Osburn addressed the citizens of New London in the auditorium of the Vocational School on "Habits of Fishes."

A very pleasant faculty-student tea was held Friday, January 19, in the student rest room. Dr. Leib spoke on the "Origin of the Earth" with special reference to a recent book on the subject by Professor Thomas E. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago. Dr. Cary was hostess of the tea, assisted by several members of the student body.

Dr. Sykes will take lunch in Hartford on January 30th, at the home of Mrs. Hartman and will speak there before the Council of Jewish Women.

In the January number of the A. C. A. magazine there is an article by Dr. Barstow, entitled "Connecticut College for Women."

Lost!

(Continued from page 1)

as no one entered I went to see what it was. I opened the door wide but before it was open six inches I saw 'that it was Point B. "Oh! come in!" I said politely. He came. "Won't you sit down?" He sat; and then I noticed that he had a glove in his mouth. I reached out my hand for it and he dropped it into it. It was my glove and I knew as soon as I picked up that dripping piece of leather that I had accepted Point B's challenge and that I could never turn him away again.

"All right, old chap," I said, "I'll fix you up just as soon as I've fixed these balls." Point B nosed at the row of baseballs and sniffed disgustedly when the white came off and tickled his nose.

An hour later Point B wet and bedraggled, but clean, was sitting before the fire in my room with a rather bewildered expression on his tousled face. He was wondering what kind of a time he was in for with a person who took the trouble to wash him the first day. He was not as dirty as he had been, he reflected. He looked at his paws then at me and from me with pity to his stubby tail. He rose with dignity to all four of his feet and wagged that tail vigorously, to see if it were still in working order; evidently satisfied he con-

tented himself with shaking his head wisely and resigning himself to his god, Fate.

The next day was a day of days for a game, and I knew by the way that Point B followed me around that he was wise to something. He insisted on "dogging" my steps wherever I went as if he were determined not to let me give him the slip again. After breakfast I took him for a stroll on the shore. Here, he was in his element and raced up and down the hard sandy beach returning with some pieces of driftwood which I threw for him again and again. It was not until I felt a little stiff in my pitching arm that I realized what energy I had been expending in order to watch that small beast run.

"Point B," I said, "you funny little beggar, I can't throw another thing, so quit it!" His face literally fell—onto the ground and thus with his nose in the sand between his forepaws he turned his mischievous, expectant eyes up to my face.

"No," I said sternly. Point B lowered himself onto his stomach and squirmed apologetically along the ground towards me. I thrust my hands into my pockets and gritted my teeth as I felt him wriggle nearer and lick the sand off my shoes, then "No," I said so loudly that it made me jump.

"Hello, what's that?" said a voice behind me. Mackenzie, our left field was coming towards me from the bath house.

"Hello Mac," I called, "feeling fit?"

"You bet. Where'd you get the dog?"

"He was lost," I answered shortly.

Point B in the meantime was half way out of sight down a hole he was making and from which his tail and back legs were protruding now.

"Didn't you find the owner?"

"No."

"Well, he's still 'Lost' then; good name! Didn't know you liked dogs though. The fellows at the club will be amused to say the least. Let me take him up to the club and give him a feed. He looks as if he needed one."

"Glad if you would. I've got to go back now. Keep him until the game begins."

I started off but "Lost" showed distinct signs of following his partner's suit.

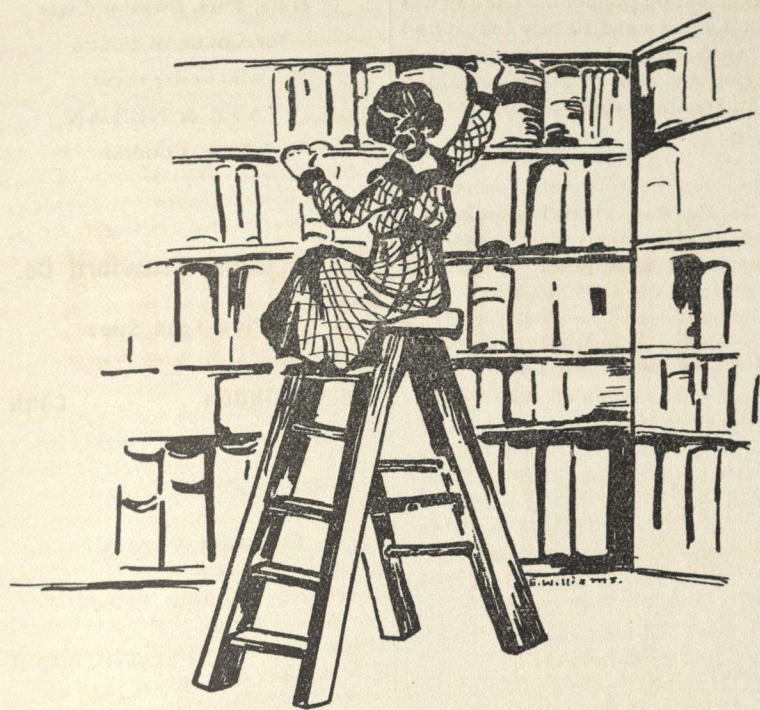
"Go with him," I ordered, pointing to Mac's sturdy bare legs. "Lost" proceeded as directed and sniffed inquiringly at the objects indicated, then backed away.

"Take him, Mac," I said, "but don't drown him, he's an affectionate little beast."

"All right! I hope he doesn't develop any very deep affection for my legs, though. So long."

It was three o'clock when I next saw "Lost." He was sitting with one of the boys from the club, thoroughly happy and behaving well for him! He watched every "fly" sent to the out field with interest and seemed inclined to follow

(Concluded on page 4)



A Suggestion for First Aid to the Grammer.

Joke Column

Is "VOCAL" MUSIC?
Fresh—"Do you take vocal or music?"

Em Kay—"Social-scientifically speaking, Mad, how can you have a clean government with those shoes, in the corrupt State of Connecticut? You should liquidate your floating indebtedness to the class.

Note—Mad's shoes are washable, though never washed.

EPITAPH:

Here lie the remains of
"POOR BUTTERFLY"
In Winthrop, a horrible death
She did die.

Dead-icated by Hem R.
Em Kay.

Students Social Science Class—"Don't funny things happen in this class?"

Prof.—"Yes, there are some funny things in this class.

Rufus, although not a Yale Shef man, is a Thames' chef.

WELL SAY!

F. Edwards (examining the schedule)—"Is this the final schedule?"

Marenda—"No, mid-years!"

Mid-year Week.

" 'Twas the week of mid-years,
And all through the Hall,
Each student was cramming, confined
in her stall.
Each door was adorned with its own
busy sign,
And singing was damned by a ten-cent
fine.
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse,
The piano was silent by a vote of the
house.
The students were huddled in groups
in a room,
Striving beneath an inevitable doom.
And 'Con' with her psych. and 'Hank'
with a map,
Had just roused their brains from a
long winter's nap.
When out in the hall, there arose such
a clatter
They sprang from their work to see
what was the matter.
Away out in the hall, 'Hank' flew like
a flash,
Tore open the door and went out with
a clash.
When what to their wondering eyes
should appear,
But Marjie Blackmon, 'Big Ben' to her
ear.
Then quick as a flash upon 'Con' it did
dawn,
That she had studied and struggled 'till
morn.
'Grab pencil, grab pen, come one, and
come all,
For this morning, as usual, we eat at
Thames Hall.'
They were heard to exclaim, 'ere they
tore out of sight,
'Good luck to us all; if we flunk,
Good-night!'"

—A non.

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STANTON & COOK

Thames Tide-Rips.

Once again comes the dread season for mental house-cleaning and like most of the time-honored housewives, we prayerfully wish we had earlier adopted the daily pick-up-and-put-away habit instead of respectfully emulating the Student-president by adopting an anti-preparedness program.

* * * *

When there are cob-webs in our executive headquarters, "Watchful Waiting" doesn't seem to do anything but multiply them.

* * * *

By the way,

Why does the expression in the nervous Freshman's eyes, remind you of a page of advertising?

Because there are two whole columns crying "Help wanted."

* * * *

And, as the papers are all announcing "At this season of the year, help is scarce."

* * * *

While desperately wandering through an almanac, testing our command of French conjugations by attempting to recite them while looking up the weather for January 31, (we may be journeying home then you know) we discovered the following poem which seemed unnecessarily applicable to the present.

"Mid winter days! how oft they bring,
With lengthening light, a sense of
Spring,
However keen may be their sting."—

* * * *

We may be in a highly excited condition, but that "sense of spring" looks rather ominous.

* * * *

Spring, you will remember, is characterized by its connection with green things.

—I. H. S. '19

The Diary of Our Own Miss Samuella Pepys.

(Resurrected for the occasion)

January 23rd.

Up betimes. As usual, attended classes all the day. Heavy and still heavier tasks are laid down by my worthy instructors. Mid-term examinations commence to-morrow. My knees give from under me.

January 24th.

Nowaday, one sees only tired, blank faces above piles of heavy books. Dinner at Thames Hall, but the conversation bores me. It consists of "Faith, my work overwhelmeth me!" "I fail in health and examinations." And the like. Up till early dawn, endeavoring

to learn one semester's work in German in one night. I fear I possess no brain.

January 25th.

Up early, scribbling all the day what I acquired during the night. At last have I comprehended the powers of initiative and referendum. I have decided to avail myself of the former, after February first, by humbly suggesting to the High House of the Legislators a law which prohibiteth the publishing of books larger than 10 in. by 5 in. in size, more than 1 in. in thickness, more than 1 pound in weight, and smaller than ¼ in. in print. Perchance, then, my arms will not be so weary, nor will my eyes ache me, nor my brain disturb me. To bed, sore in spirit and body.

—M. T. K. '19

Lost!

(Concluded from page 2)

them at times. After the game started, and the cheering with it, "Lost" was unable to keep up his good reputation. He barked incessantly, and had to be put out, politely but firmly! I saw him wandering about outside the picket fence pushing his nose through and endeavoring to wriggle his way under. Then the game, score 6-6, claimed all my attention and for a while things hummed. There was a man on third and their pinch-hitter was up at bats. A pause—while I deliberately but strenuously "wound up." Perhaps he didn't expect an easy one, but it was a beautiful hit, way out into left field. We all yelled to "Mac" to get out there quick. The feeling was tense as we watched him with head down plunging out toward the fence. *And then it happened*—I saw a small white object streak down towards the spot on the outside of the fence; a small black and white nose sniffed eagerly under it and then before I could get my breath I saw a small paw reach stealthily through and roll the ball under the fence. It happened so suddenly that I was speechless. "Mac" reached the fence and groped blindly for the ball but grasped air instead. He peered through the fence and then "Lost!" he yelled frantically, "it's 'Lost!'"

"Lost," I repeated stupidly.
"Lost," yelled voices from the bleachers.

"Get that! It didn't go over," said the Umpire.

"Dog-gone it! 'Lost!'" hazarded "Mac."

"'Dog gonnit's Lost,' he says," reported the short stop.

"All right! Time's up!"

Well, there it ended and the third of the series was posted to be played the following week. I sank limply onto the bench in the field-house. "Mac" sat opposite. "Lost," I echoed feebly and then—"Point B."

I could not look for him because I had to tutor a boy at six in Maths.

At seven, I started out for the search.

I walked out on the field. The sun was just going down and I knew I must find him before dark. I whistled and realized that he must be doing something very interesting when he did not respond.

"'Lost,'" I yelled, "come here, or I'll give you the worst bath you've ever had!" He was evidently lost to all things outside of his shaggy head for he put in no appearance. Slowly, I walked over toward "The Spot," reminiscing as I went. Suddenly my heart gave a leap. "Lost," I said, "drop that!" Obediently he dropped "that" at least, what was left of "that": a one-time Spalding baseball.

I tossed it aside and called him impatiently to follow, but he refused until the ball was found and put into my pocket in safety. Then in single file, we made our way back to our room. "Mac" was sitting in my chair in front of "Lost's" fire; with his feet on my mantlepiece and his head on "Lost's" pillow. But we didn't care!

"Mac," I said, "rejoice with me, for that which was Lost is found!"

—M. Torrey '20.

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