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COLLEGE NEWS
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Of Patriotism, Good Sports, and Other Things.
Sometimes one wonders if there is really anything fixed or definite about words. A word may seem as though it were not a solid sphere of earth and rock and water, but a vision of some sort which no one has ever seen in the same way that anyone else would see. Standards are such flexible chameleon-like things that they assume the shape of each individual's thoughts; and sometimes at the end of a process of such image-receiving an observer might discover that the same thought had divided like an amoeba, into two thoughts, but unlike the amoeba those thoughts would have scarcely anything in common.

We have all been hearing everybody, including ourselves, divide every soul on the campus into good sports and "bum" sports, and girls with college spirit, and girls without. Now the question that has been bothering me lately is, what is a good sport? and what is college spirit? It is easy enough to define the terms, but the definitions will never work. A certain girl who is noted for saying things which cannot be forgotten remarked one day that to be a sport was to be ready when you were needed most. But the question is, how is one to know when one is needed most? If the college is trying to do something, which it has pledged itself to do, but which you do not sympathize with, is it being true to yourself to stick to your convictions and fail in your duty to the college, or is it better to put the personal element aside and assist a movement which needs you? From childhood all of our mothers have probably taught us "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." Therefore, if we help to do something which we do not believe in, we would not be true to ourselves. If we are not true to ourselves assuredly we will not be true to any man, or woman or college. That is unanswerable logic. But suppose we were in the midst of a war, the enemy was winning, we needed more soldiers, and there were plenty of able-bodied men but they did not believe the war was justified and accordingly would not fight. They would be upheld by their own convictions, and yet they would be called cowards. Now logic proved, a few minutes ago, that a person's first aim should be to be true to himself, then in that case patriotism should not be lauded, for frequently a man's convictions are not his country's. And what about the patriots who have had a love for their country amounting to such a degree that when they have put their own feelings and given up everything for their country? All of which makes you realize that the problem is knottier than when you started.

—R. M. Morriss

Faculty Notes
Notice has been received at the College that Mr. Selden's large landscape "Summer Afternoon in Connecticut," from studies in this vicinity, is now being shown at the 121th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, one of the most important of American Exhibitions.

On Thursday, February 15th, Mayor Rogers will address the citizens of New London in the auditorium of the National School on "Municipal Government."

The Story Lady
(Continued from page 1)
the poor little waif out of his way, as he stumbled through the flat in a drunken stupor? To be sure the kicks hurt, but the words? They off Mike like water from a greased pig. So troubled beyond his wits, small Mike repeated his question and clung to the skirts of the lady who knew everything. "How do the words hurt? how do you hurt," she asked. Mike was far too upset to answer. Each face showed, according to its race, how much it cared, but not the lady upstair. The lady upstairs called back: "You'll tell me what we'll do. You will all go home now, and quickly so as not to disturb the lady upstairs." Each face showed, according to its race, how much it cared about the lady upstairs, but the Story-Lady just pretended not to see. She was too tired to scold to-night and it was getting so late. "Remember, very quietly, and then next Thursday we'll have a new story." Promises however, were but vague things in West Street, and these kiddies had grown into the habit of demanding the promised object then and there. So the clamon began again.

"Come, please go now, for if you don't, the lady upstairs won't let us have more story hours and then we won't know about the words. Besides, the Story-Lady is so very tired," a weary mom showed how tired she was, "so she'll close her eyes and when she closes them the little children will have disappeared like the fairies in—"

There was a muffled shuffling and when a few moments later the Story-Lady opened her eyes the tiny room with its dark, musty odor and a few uncomfortable benches, was empty.

Quickly she pulled down the shades, which had been raised in a vain effort to coax in some sunlight, straightened the bed, and gathered up her books and pictures.

How she wished she might have a great, large, sunny room, with dear little red chairs and pictures all over the walls. There would be little low bookcases with fairy stories in them. Then instead of having just a few kiddies once a week, in her free hour, she would have all the neighborhood children every afternoon. Upstairs the clock chimed the half hour and the Story-Lady woke from her dream.

"I wish I might persuade you to give me the money for an addition to the reference room," the librarian, Mrs. Wright said, "as the head librarian. Mrs. Wright shook her head decidedly. "No, Miss Hoyt, if you accept the money, it must be used for the children's room. Peggy was so fond of books, and, while we had her with us, she always had as many as she wanted. Now I want other little children to have what I can no longer give her," Mrs. Wright ended with a smile.

"I feel that way about it why we will be only too glad to accept the gift under that condition, You say you wish to talk over plans. I have no experience with children but Miss Lane has had an afternoon class in the basement and is always talking of a children's room."

Miss Hoyt rose and walked sedately into the outer room where the Story-Lady was bending over a book.

"Miss Lane, Mrs. Wright is waiting in my office and I think she has something to say which will interest you."

The Story-Lady looked surprised but went quickly into the little office. The lady black gazed her with a sweet smile.

"Miss Lane, I saw you in your tiny room downstairs, talking stories, but for her sake, I want you to have a lovely little room to tell other little girls and boys stories in."

The Story-Lady just looked up with a smile and two big tears came into her brown eyes.

Words sometimes hurt in a happy way.

—M. Hendrie '20

Notice to Authors: The College News is prepared by our students and for their benefit. We, therefore, ask that the articles, poems and stories published here be such as would commend themselves to the approval of the school. We hope they will reflect a well-rounded and wholesome view of life, and we are pleased to receive such contributions as are in accordance with these views.
Why Has the United States Severed Diplomatic Relations with Germany?

On the 3rd of February 1917, before both Houses of Congress and the Supreme Court, President Wilson, in a speech that will live to the end of time, called attention to the following facts:

"On the 18th of April, last, in view of the sinking on the 24th of March of the cross-channel Steamship Sussex, by a German submarine without warning or summons, and the consequent loss of the lives of several citizens of the United States, who were passengers aboard her, this Government addressed a note to the Imperial German Government, in which it made the following declaration: 'Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether.'"

In reply, the German Government said:

"In accordance with the general principles of visit and search and destruction of merchant vessels, recognized by international law, such vessels, both within and without the area declared a naval war zone, shall not be sunk without warning and without saving human life, unless these ships attempt to escape or offer resistance."

However, an alleged infraction on the part of the Entente Allies has led Germany to withdraw her pledge; and on the 31st of January this word was received from the Imperial Government:

"Under these circumstances . . . Germany will meet the illegal measures of her enemies by forcibly preventing, after February 1, 1917, in a zone around Great Britain, France, Italy, and in the Eastern Mediterranean, all navigation, that of neutrals included, from and to England and from and to France etc. All ships met within the zone will be sunk."

It is because of this, that the President, in behalf of the honor and dignity of the United States, has announced that all diplomatic relations between Germany and the United States are now severed. We as a nation are standing on the brink of—war, or an eternal peace? It is surely a question to reach every heart and mind, and whether we want this picture insured."

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As if they didn't care—
And yet beneath their laughter
The thought of you was there—
The thought of what you've suffered,
Soldiers, beyond the sea—
It is for you, they're dancing
And chattering aimlessly.

A Suggestion.
Dear Sophomore and Freshman, too,
I've looked the paper right straight through
And did not find a line by you.
Please write for us, next time, perhaps,
On submarines, or books, or maps.
Or, tell us what you think of us,
(We promise not to make a fuss)
And did not find a line by you.

Cast for the German Play
Hertha ............. Miss Lindholm
Arnold ............. Miss Schwartz
Taute ............. Miss J. Warner
Onkel ............. Miss Howard
Seeberg ......... Miss Coit
Karl ............. Miss Nagy
Truchten ........ Miss G. McGowen

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Miss Bacon
Understudy for Men's parts
Miss Morgan

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

The Dansant.
Thames Tide-Rips.

Connecticut College has again achieved an intercollegiate distinction. The head of its history and economics department is not asking his classes to recall that he prophesied the break with Germany.

William Jennings Bryan and Henry Ford are in Washington making a final desperate effort to preserve 'peace at any price.' We wonder if Messrs. Bryan and Ford have ever considered that War may be that price, and we wonder if they would honestly stand by their rally-cry and pay that price.

War is the one great Business in which neither the Producer nor the Consumer, but the Middle-Man pays.

It is the one great business in which no bills are rendered but in which every man pays in negotiable currency. Cash on Delivery.

Someone has said that in the past two years more ink has been spilled than blood. The ink has been ineffective. Perhaps the blood may be, for spilling is generally a wasteful process. Perhaps the difficulty has been that we have thought it was being used—not spilled. And perhaps, after all, it hasn't been spilled.

In the present paper-famine and the international understanding of the exhorbitant price of note paper, one can't blame Uncle Sam, when his notes were disregarded or repudiated—for resorting to more reliable means of communication.

At all events, this rupture has repudiated a geometric truth as applied to life. The rash of resident Germans and Austrians to obtain naturalization papers proves that the Whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

But incidentally we're mighty glad to remember that we're one of those parts.

I. H. S. '19

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