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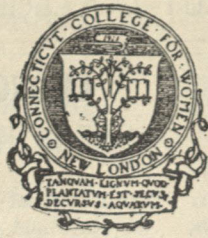
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CURRICULUM MINUS TWO MAJORS

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

"The major in physical education will be discontinued after 1920."

Connecticut College has been almost unique among the Eastern colleges in its high standard of physical education. Teachers' College in New York City is its only colleague that includes a major in physical education with its academic work. Connecticut College is the only institution of its kind that requires four years of physical education for a degree.

The interest in physical education is a fast growing one. Physical culture magazines have a larger sale than ever before. The physical betterment of the modern age is a favorite topic for the literary magazine of today. Since the war, with its revelations of physical unfitness through the draft board examinations, the public press is agitating physical education everywhere.

The field of physical education is a steadily broadening one, and offers a wide opportunity to women. Every Y. W. C. A. has its physical director; every church is in search of one; every playground and every school demand competent instructors in physical recreation. Again, there is a demand for women skilled in therapeutics, for the war has developed a need for therapeutic treatment of many injuries and diseases, and has brought its value before the public mind. Therapeutic treatment of disease is rising in favor as medical treatment declines.

Especially in Connecticut within the next few years will there be a great demand for physical education experts of all kinds. A bill is in preparation for the legislature by which supervisors of health and recreation will be appointed in each town. These supervisors, it is expected, will play a valuable part in the prevention of crime, as well as in the provision of the recreation which is so sadly lacking in all too many communities.

This is a valuable reform, and much needed, but how can it be successful without skilled workers? The complaint has been brought against the policewomen of the state that they have not been educated in their line of work, and have antagonized many people and made many mistakes quite unnecessarily. But if none of the girls of the state are fitted to take up this work, the unfit have to under-

take it, and run the same gamut of criticism.

Connecticut College is the only strictly girls' college in the state. Storrs teaches domestic science and sewing, but we have gone further. We have taught physical education in a thoroughly scientific manner. And it is to us that the state will turn when it appoints its supervisors of physical education. Shall we fail the community in its time of greatest need? There is an over supply of grade teachers, of high school teachers, of teachers of foreign languages—but there is an under supply of teachers of physical education. It is a field of work that offers boundless possibilities of rendering service to the community.

Perhaps you ask, "Why cannot New Haven Normal supply this need? Surely a professional school could turn out more efficient graduates than a college."

To which it may be replied, "It can and doubtless will supply expert assistance, skilled in both theory and technique. But there are 738 villages in Connecticut. Besides, college training gives a broader and more comprehensive view of all the problems that would probably develop from a position of this kind, where the field has not been mapped out and standardized. The college can give a more inclusive solution of the mental difficulties that will surely arise, and a clearer vision of the sociological aspects of the case. In a position of this kind, it is the point of view often that counts even more than the technical skill."

Connecticut College will never be a professional school, because the curriculum is too wisely planned for that. No graduate will leave the college with the narrow conception of the world's activities such as a professional school is more or less bound to give.

But here is a flourishing department of physical education, fitted to fill a definite need. At present there are eleven students either majoring or minoring in physical education, all but two Connecticut girls. No one who has seen the Methods class at work can doubt their earnestness or their intense concentration. Last year there were only four. This is almost a two hundred per cent. increase. Quite evidently the major in physical education is arousing and

sustaining a definite interest in the college.

The objection to the major in physical education which has made the deepest impression on the college community is that it makes girls into little animals. Cooking and dietetics could be condemned on the same grounds, and they are not nearly such healthful employments. Where dietetics is highly lauded as a preparation for a girl's future career, whatever it may be, it seems inconsistent that physical education should be deplored. It might make a girl into a little animal if she ate all the time, and thought nothing but food, which is surely one of the most mundane things of life, and it might likewise make her into a little animal if she played basketball all the time—but the college lays the ban of its disapproval on any too intense form of specialization. It is almost a trite remark that many geniuses have been lost to the world because their health has failed, yet in a modern college, whose aim is to fit its students for life, an objection is raised to physical education, which surely has as valid grounds for justification as any academic pursuit could have.

Is it that the college feels that it is not equipped to carry on the work of the physical education department? But is it equipped any more adequately to carry on the work of any department? Equipment is like a good library; it must be acquired slowly and wisely, else a great deal of it is quite worthless. That is one of the disadvantages of the small, new college, which every one realizes and condones. Connecticut College has never hesitated before to offer a course if it feels the course is really needed and desired.

The physical education major is a new departure from the routine of the American colleges. It is setting a new precedent. It is a subject of thought and interest among other Eastern colleges—is Connecticut College's physical education department. The students who are now majoring in it have advertised it as widely as they could, for they were proud of their college for realizing the value of physical education. And now, what shall they say when they leave the college alumnae with no undergraduate representation in their major? The academic world will say: "Oh,

(Continued on page 4, column 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Those of us who had planned to take artistic photography this year will remember with what disappointment we heard that Mrs. Bostwick was not going to be here to teach it, for we had all been looking forward to the course with "Great Expectations," (and I doubt not that Dickens' name was mentioned when we heard the news).

Spasmodic attempts have been made to continue with our work unaided, but as everyone must realize, the road to becoming an artistic photographer is beset with thorns and briars to the inexperienced, and without the valuable criticism and even more, the inspiration of a teacher, the results are rather discouraging, even to the greatest devotee.

"What is the good of such a course, at any rate?" a Freshman might reasonably inquire. Well, it has a two-fold value—cultural and practical. It is practical because artistic photography is rapidly coming into its own, and being recognized by the educated public as infinitely preferable to commercial photography, in landscape as in portraiture; and cultural, because it is as truly a means of self-expression, a form of creative art, as any of the fine arts. This we realize more and more as we see the reason for our failure in some lack of feeling on our part for light and shade, line, or composition, as well as in lack of knowledge of technique—or joyfully identify our success with a happy combination of these elements in a picture.

It cannot be said that the girls lacked enthusiasm for the work, as some of them bought their own cameras so that they could continue the work after college days were over. For artistic photography offers a newly opened field for professional work, aside from being an everlasting source of pleasure as a hobby. And doesn't it seem too bad, when we have such a well-equipped dark-room and such a good camera, that they should not be used?

We considered it a great privilege to have these courses given at C. C. for the past three years, for we realized that there was only one other Eastern college where such an opportunity was offered. And we do ardently hope, for the sake of those who do not know what they are missing as well as for those who do, that a similar course will be given next year. '19.

Connecticut College News

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EDITORIALS

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Why does part of the world ask urgently for a League of Nations and why should the rest of the nations accede to the demand? What is the League of Nations? What does it guarantee? The League of Nations will make practical the broad principles of international relationship. It has become the outline of a broad and hopeful scheme for the reconstruction of international relationships upon a sound and enduring basis. This World Federation will have sufficient power to inquire into, restrain and suppress armaments on land and sea, which implies a world control of armaments—a sort of pooling of the military forces of the universe under a world council into which the states of the world will be admitted according to their strength. Doubtless the discrimination will be between those nations who would have a guiding part in the league and the weak nations who would be entitled to the privileges of membership, but who would not be entitled to a guiding voice in the councils. The principles of this proposed covenant would guarantee territorial integrity, a fair opportunity for economic growth and an enduring peace.

The advocates of this covenant realize that the world has just undergone the most demoralizing and barbaric of experiences; now it is essen-

tial that a chain, of such a strength that it will hold the beast of war, be forged.

The League of Nations does involve a considerable sacrifice of sovereignty and of national governments; however, sovereignty in "democracies" has been gradually transformed from a personal absolute monarch to the people, and the march can be still continued putting the power of force into the hands of the world. Formerly the power, initiative and executive of a country was vested in a very small body who ruled enormous masses of people. To-day states belong to two different types according as the government body is composed of élite or of the body of people. The progressive countries of to-day—progressive in representative laws, in representative governing bodies—are ruled by the majority, not by the minority. Even in these constitutional states the conception of sovereignty has been lessened by the apparent limitation of the irresponsible use of force. No people can justly claim to possess rights in proportion to their power, and sovereignty cannot be longer regarded as strictly absolute. In every state the rights of the whole people cannot exceed what is necessary to the maintenance of each.

The Allied Powers, which have won the war have been for the purpose of the war and are at the present moment a League of Nations. They have already unified their international policies; they have put all their armies and navies under a single command; they have pooled all their resources for military purposes. Is it not well to commence with the League of Nations which already exists—the League of the Allies who have fought through this entire war and to extend the privileges of the League as rapidly as their conduct warrants to other nations? The foundations of a practical alliance actually exists. The functions of a food and transportation board cannot be entrusted to any single nation or individual; the mere task of rationing justly the food and raw materials of the world during the next few years will be stupendous. If matters like these are regulated in the same spirit of good-will as that which enabled the allies so to join their supplies as to win a mighty war, then the habit of working together will grow and institution after institution will be evolved until the whole fabric of a practical League of Nations gradually rises into sight.

"Let these nations whose representatives are assembled at Versailles be a League of Nations organized for the precise purposes for which the war was fought and with which their several people are entirely familiar, namely, the definition and protection of standards of international obligations and the right of the smaller and less numerous peoples to be free from attack or domination by their larger and more powerful neighbors."

ANN ARKIN '21.

AMONG OUR POETS

SEA TRIUMPHANT

Hand in hand
We stood and gazed across the sea—
Waiting so calm and still to carry
You from me.
Gray and quiet,
But merciless withal,
Her half-smile beckoned, and held you
In its thrall.

Calmly your lips
Touched mine—and you were gone—
Leaving me to face alone
The dreaded dawn.
Tearless I stood
Beside the soulless, vampire sea,
At whose gay call your heart had
clamored
To be free.

Your heart—
That I had felt so often beat
Next mine, won by the fickle waves
that creep
About my feet—
Your dear, gray eyes
Shine in its changing gray and blue—
You will not come—but it shall bear
me swift
To you!

M. P. '19.

MAIN STREET

I hate to walk alone on ugly streets,
Thoughts aren't companions on a cold
wet day,
When I clutch desperately, with aching
arms,
Damp sliding bundles,
And my rubbers scuff stupidly on the
sloppy sidewalk.

But then a dimple flashed,
From round the hood of the new rain-
coat of a little red cheeked girl,
A lonely little boy, pressing his face
against a smudgy pane,
Gave me a flattened smile as I passed
by.
I saw an old-faced little girl look
proudly conscious,
Because I stopped to see the tiny
squirring thing—

Her newest sister,
A tall fair-haired sailor, stooping
To hear the prattle of his sturdy son,
Half smiled at me because I heard it
too.

A dainty little girl, fresh kissed from
home,
Brushed soft against me as she ran,
to get to school.

Another girl, with narrow huddled
form,
Raised, as she passed, her big dull
dark-lashed eyes,
As though appealing for her stolen
childhood,

And a fat Jewish baby gave a smile to
me,

From the cherubic bliss with which he
sucked

Sticky and bright pink candy.

And so I found I could not walk alone,
Along the street where children live.

NOCTURNE

Two days the circled moon had hid
Her halo, and the mist rays slid
Below the rippled surface of the seas,
Between the branches of two sil-
houetted trees
That dimly interlacing whisperings
spun—
A Baucis to her Philemon.
Two strips of seaweed draped the
sand.
Two crabs side-scuttled on the strand,
Far on the waves the grey gulls
skimmed
Beside the black barge, lantern rimmed,
Mist crept in the hollows on the sedge.
Mist slept on the wave-fretted ocean
edge.
And all the world lay shadowed and
still
As you came marching down the hill.
I lay on the stalks of frost withered
grass,
And listened to hear if your feet would
pass.
Unerring you came—you knelt—we
kissed—
Does the moon, I wonder, know what
she missed?
While we and the world lay shadowed
and still,
Clasped in the arms of the mist on the
hill.

A. H. '19.

CUTTING CORNERS.

Of course we are always in a hurry
—such a hurry that it seems neces-
sary to save a few steps by cutting
across corners. But let's begin to look
toward the future—especially to June
and Commencement days, when the
"hilltop and river" of which we love
to sing must be at their best.

When you imagine that long, soft
green sweep of lawn from one end to
the other of New London Hall, doesn't
it make you sick to picture a narrow
little beaten path from the end of
Blackstone sidewalk to the lower door
of the Hall? Yet it is there already—
and it is going to grow worse as the
ground becomes softer.

And there is another thing—several
corners in fact—more objectionable
than the path. Let's put gymnasium
work into practise by "left facing"
around a turn in the sidewalk—or
"right facing" when necessary. But
never, never again let anyone clump
one shoe into the once carefully turfed
border and thus swing herself around
a corner.

There is hope for the lawn of New
London Hall if we will stop crossing it
now, and there is hope for the court
between Plant and Blackstone if we
will take to the sidewalk once again.
But when you use the back door of
Blackstone to avoid the temptation of
the little path, remember the corner. It
looks pretty bad, but maybe there's
hope, even there. And perhaps for the
corners that are hopeless, if we'll
"never do it again," the powers that be
may get some more turf.

Let's all be members of the Campus
Improvement Society!

E. L. B. '19.

THREE SHORT JOURNEYS WITH DR. LOUIS LEARY

For many weeks Connecticut College had been promised a rare treat and had been waiting patiently for Dr. Louis Leary. But at last Dr. Leary fulfilled his promise and on the afternoon of February 18th he more than repaid the students of C. C. for their long wait. On that afternoon he took them on a trip through Palestine, stopping for a short visit at Jaffa and then proceeding by train to Jerusalem. After visiting the temples and the mosques of this ancient city they continued their trip to Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, the River Jordan and finally came to Nazareth. In concluding the afternoon's journey Dr. Leary took the students to view the Sea of Galilee in all its splendor, just after the setting of the sun.

The following day the travellers journeyed across the Mediterranean Sea, starting at Marseilles and stopping at Genoa and various points of interest on the Italian coast. From here they set out for Greece and crossed the Grecian Archipelago to Rhodes and finally landed at Constantinople.

When first announcing Dr. Leary's visit President Marshall mentioned the fact that he had travelled with him through the Pyrennes Mountains and that on his visit here he would take C. C. on the same trip. This he did and it proved to be the most delightful and pleasant of all three journeys. Dr. Leary is a man gifted with a keen sense of humor and he was at his best during his trip through the Pyrennes. He halted his band in Andorra while he told them the history of this little country. Then he continued, accompanied by Mr. Marshall up the steep mountain trail, through the glorious country of the Pyrennes. Here at a height overlooking for miles around the valleys and the wonderful and inspiring hills of southern France. Dr. Leary bade his followers "Good night."

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C. C. STATES APPROVAL OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

After the report given in Vespers Sunday, February 15th, by Dr. Black, Mrs. Noel, and President Marshall, who attended the "League of Nations" conference held in Boston under the auspices of the League to Secure Peace, the students unanimously passed a set of resolutions expressing their belief in the ideals of such a league.

Whereas the great war, brought to a close in the armistice of November 11th by the associated power of the free nations of the world, we believe was a war primarily to end war and to protect inalienable human rights:

Therefore, be it Resolved, That we the students and faculty of Connecticut College advocate the establishment of a League of Nations, since it is our conviction that such a league will be a potent instrumentality for promoting and insuring the peace, liberty, progress, order, and happiness of the world.

Be it further Resolved, That we are gratified by the share which the President of the United States, and those representatives of our land who have been associated with him in the Paris Conference, have been able, with our allies, to achieve in the constitution of a League of Nations, which it was the privilege of the President to present as the report of the Committee charged in framing this constitution, and it is our conviction that the United States should follow the lead of the President in this matter, and enter such a league as shall be adequate to safeguard the peace, and to confirm the same, which has been won by the joint force of the allied nations.

Be it further Resolved, That copies of this resolution be sent to the President of the United States, the Senators from the State of Connecticut, the President of the United States Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and to the Honorable William H. Taft, President of the League to Enforce Peace, at 130 West 42nd Street, New York City.

COY MAIDS AND COURTLY MANNERS OF YEARS AGO

Who would have thought that a bit of powder or lace, a suit coat turned or a fichu added to a flowered dress could have so easily fooled Father Time? But certainly he turned back the wheel of the ages somewhere about 150 years for the Washington's birthday dinner and party Saturday night. Two by two they filed into the dim candle lighted hall, not C. C. students, but men and maidens of long ago. Gentlemen donned courtly manners with their breeches, and maidens became coy coquettes with their powdered curls. They were old, old songs they sang—"Drink to me only," sounded sweetly through the hall; "Yankee Doodle" rang from one table to another. A wholesome dame in blue sang a sweet, old song, an utterly bewitching little Martha sang of a subject many centuries older than the songs she sang. Proof indisputable that C. C. students had departed and that these were indeed beings of another age—everyone was too thrilled to stay for second orders of ice cream.

And then the party gathered together to dance. Under the bright lights of the hall it was all prettier than ever. As many of the dresses were recognized as truly old ones, the gentle spirits of their owners seemed to hover about their great-great-grand-daughters who wore their hoops, their bonnets, their wedding gowns. Dows and curtsies preceded every dance even if the couples did concede to modernity and fox trot. The entertainment provided was the final touch of the old-time spirit. Tony Taylor, with her pantaletted chorus, charmed the audience. Hester and Jake looked colonial and gave due tribute to Washington in their first song. The tableaux were all delightful—surely obdurate would have been the father who would not have forgiven that boy George, and throughout Hester did resemble the father of our country. The minuet was beautifully danced and collectively and individually they were a picture.

JUNIORS AND SOPHOMORES WINNERS OF BASKETBALL

The first basketball matches of the season were played Friday night, February 21st, between the Freshmen and the Sophomores, and between the Juniors and the Seniors. The evening proved rather disastrous for the Seniors, who were defeated by a score of 33 to 7. The Sophomores defeated the Freshmen, 21 to 18.

Although the Seniors were no match for the Juniors, they put up a plucky fight, and gave a fine exhibition of wall play.

Doyle and McGowan starred on the Junior team. The invincible forwards, with Davies' help, put the ball through the basket with the regularity of an automatic.

The Sophomores and the Freshmen were close rivals for a time, but Rohan lived up to her reputation of a sure shot.

Helen Coops piled up the score for the Freshmen. The team showed great signs of promise, and will probably work up well after they have had more practice.

Seniors	Juniors
Rowe	Doyle
Hastings	McGowan
Batchelder	Davies
Ansley	Allen
Prentis	Williams
Marsh	Hotchkiss
Hatch	Hester
Anderson	Gage
Cockings (Capt.)	Howard (Capt.)
Sophomores	Freshmen
Rowan	Coops
Batchelder	Bellows
Wulf	Tuthill
Purtill	Berger
Eddy	Dursley
Hippolitus	Hastings
Patterson	Fisher
Keene	Finesilver
Taylor (Capt.)	Duncan (Capt.)

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty-ninth year begins September 18, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Biology, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German).

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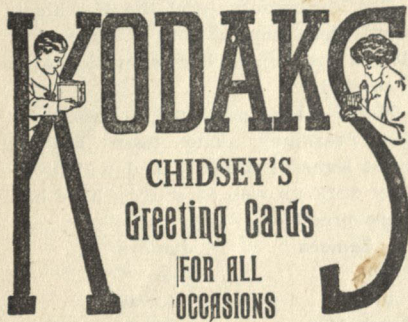
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**TONY: A CHILD OF THE
TENEMENT DISTRICT**

Tony is a little immigrant boy. His family came to this country from their native Portugal, when Tony was about six years old. First they lived in New York; later they moved to Boston, where they stayed until they came to Lowell. Tony is eleven now. With his dark hair, dark eyes, rather pale face, ragged, dirty clothing, and bare feet, he is a most picturesque little figure. But he is too small, too thin for his age. His brown eyes have sometimes a brooding sadness in them, as if he wanted to be loved and mothered as a little boy should be. And it is not fair, it cannot be fair that this little lad should be so unloved, and uncared for, while other lads are so loved and protected.

Tony and I became friends this summer. My sister and I raised more cucumbers than we could use, so I often took a basketful on my bicycle to one of the tenement districts. The first time I did this, I did not know anyone, and I had never sold anything before. A crowd of very dirty, very curious small boys surrounded me, as if I were an organ grinder, a balloon man, or any curiosity usually unknown to their streets. But when I told them for what I had come, they were very friendly, and begged to take care of my bicycle. I let them, and then went into one of the courtyards with my basket. One little boy stayed with me, and was my guide and translator, through the tenement houses. This was Tony. I shall bless him forever for helping me out, for I was as a wanderer in a strange land in the dark, narrow passageways, on the steep rickety stairs, and in the back alleys of those dreary homes. During the rest of the summer and fall whenever I came, Tony helped me. Thus I learned much about him, and about the way he lived.

Naturally Tony is bright, but too often has he been cold, too often hungry to have developed normally. And he has moved so often that he is backward in school. But he loves school, and is eager to learn. An old paper or magazine delights him as much as a beautiful book would delight many a boy. Once he showed

me some pictures in a school geography, which he had been allowed to bring home, with as much joy as if they had been wonderful pictures in a story book. His school is giving him desires far above his surroundings, and if only he could go to school as long as he should, he might rise above the wretched conditions of his life.

His school also is beginning to foster in him a sense of honor, which he sadly, sadly lacks. And why should he not? Poor youngster, he has had anything but a happy life. He has lived with people who scarcely know what truth means. From the time when he learned to talk, he lied through fear, and now to lie is almost second nature to him. And, furthermore, he has not had an existence full of joyous fearless play, nay, rather one full of work. One hot day when the tenement houses were intolerable, I asked him to play instead of helping me. He answered, "I'd rather be working than playing." He meant it. He has always worked.

Tony is the oldest and his father and mother work, so the care of the little brothers has devolved upon him. Also, almost from the time he could walk, he has had to go wherever buildings are being torn down with his pushcart to get wood. And this unvaried, unceasing work, day after day, does not foster truth and honor. I love Tony, and I hope that some day he may be good and happy, and that sometime in his life he may play and play, and forget the grim duty which has surrounded and darkened his childhood.

C. WASHBURN '22.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION*(Concluded from page 1, column 3.)*

Connecticut College tried the physical education major, but it didn't work, so they dropped it."

Will the college reject a movement that is rapidly growing in popularity, and of which it will some day be proud to say, "Why yes, we were the first college in the New England States to introduce the physical education major." Will it disappoint the girls among its students who are really desirous of taking up this branch of activity? Will it refuse to give its support and encouragement to Connecticut's very definite betterment movement? Will it lose its reputation

for progressive advancement? Can it cast discredit on a cause so vital and necessary to the physical development of the modern age, by implying that the physical education major at Connecticut College has failed? '19.

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