

**Connecticut College News**

Vol. 2 No. 7.

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, JANUARY 26, 1917.

**Coming Events**

**MID-YEARS!**

Orthographically Speaking.

M's for the movies, whose charms we forgo,
I's for the ice cream at Pete's we all know
D’s Dietetics, both one and eleven.
E is for English, discussions and themes.
R's for Romance, the French that we do.
S is for Sports; we've exams in that too.
A is for Art; our drawings are dreams.
Mid-years are here, so good luck.

What dismay that word has brought-
What despair perhaps it will.
Mid-years.

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Word with mystic meaning fraught,
Filled with power, both good and ill.

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.

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**Photosynthesis.**

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

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**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.

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.

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**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 Kilmarney roses and the pink candles on the serving-table, but also by the raspberry sherbert, 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 moods 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!

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**Photosynthesis.**

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

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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.

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(Continued on page 2)
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" me when I went as if the two were determined not to let me have 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 answered 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 wiggle 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 old field, was coming to see his house.

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

"Go with him," I ordered, pointing back. He was sitting with one of the fellows at the club and giving him a feed. He looks as if he needed one.

"Glad if you would. I've got to go out of sight a little, I have to make good, for it showed that it had been ar- ranged hastily. When the owner came, he realized just what had happened and he said, "At least you did not give up and fall utterly. You have learned from experience and you will have another chance to make good."

The third housekeeper differed from the first two. When the goods arrived she unpacked them and she did not understand how they were to be used in the furniture 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, through the rooms straightening here a chair, and dusting all the hidden corners till all was bright and shining and ready for use. When the owner came 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?

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?"

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

"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 be- drag. But clean, was sitting before the fire in my room with a rather be- wildered 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 com- tented himself with shaking his head wisely and resigning himself to his god, Fate.

Lost! Dr. Sykes will take lunch in Hartford on January 3oth, at the home of Mrs. Hartman and will speak there before the Council of Jewish Women.

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

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 initiated to organize an A. C. A. branch in New London.

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

On January 12th, Dr. Osborn addressed the citizens of New London in the auditorium of the Vocational School on "Habits of Fishers."

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

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Collected on page 4)
A Suggestion for First Aid to the Crammer.

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-licated 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.

WILL 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!'

---ANON.

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Chocolate Parties
and Teas

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Both low heels and high heels

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 cobwebs 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 Frebolman'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 unusually "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 toward the fence. It happened so suddenly that I was speechless. "Mac" reached the fence and grabbed blindly for the ball but grasped air instead. He pestered through the fence and then "Lost!" he yelled frantically, "it's 'Lost'!"

"Lost," I repeated stupidly. "Lost!" yelled the cheering with it, "Lost!" he yelled again. "It's 'Lost'!"

And so it went. Suddenly my heart went. The sun was setting and there was a feeling of "Lost"'s fire; with his feet on my pillow. But we didn't care! "Mac," I said, "rejoice with me, for that which was Lost is found!"

-L. 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 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 fall 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 I have comprehended the powers of the defensive and referendum. I have decided to avow myself of the former, after February first, by humbly suggesting to the High House of the Legislators a law which prohibits 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 1/4 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

THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

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!" Obdiently 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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