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CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT : DECEMBER NINETEENTH
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN : PRICE FIVE CENTS
FACULTY NUMBER

Peggy Jones puzzles her French teacher.

RENÉ Descartes is being read in Peggy Jones' class. Descartes explains that, in order to reach certain conclusions, he has devoted years of steady effort to constructive work, after having studied in the best schools, with the best masters and having travelled nine years in search of truth. Suddenly, Peggy shows a desire to speak. "Is there anything in this you do not understand, Miss Jones?" "I understand Descartes' point of view very well, mademoiselle, but I do not agree with him."

Peggy has great respect for "opinions" and "points of view". If she finds a passage in Shakespeare explained in four different ways, she knows it shows only the originality of the commentators. To have no opinion on a subject you have not thoroughly investigated simply means to be deprived of originality. Peggy has decided opinions on strategy. Just now, she is not quite pleased with the work of the French, and she knows what the English ought to have done. I venture to say: "I am only a foreigner, Miss Jones, but would you do me the favor of listening to an humble suggestion on behalf of general welfare? The leaders seem to ignore your existence and so they miss their chance. Could not you drop a post-card to each of them? That would certainly settle the case."

Peggy Jones does not "like" Montaigne. She gets "impatient with the man", and it is fair she should, for the French essayist expresses a few thoughts Peggy has never heard before. . . . But she "loves" Pascal. She told me so one day that she called on me with the question: "What is Jansénisme exactly?" "Miss Jones," I said, "you have taught me much. Before our happy meeting, I used to indulge in the thought that years of life and toil were required of students of Pascal. I went so far as to believe that one could not get at the man without a fair knowledge of history, of the Bible, of a few other things, and, perhaps also the study of Pascal's work in itself. Thanks to you I know better: All that is necessary is to read two pages of a selection, and then to 'like' or 'dislike'."

Peggy does not believe that: "les grandes pensées viennent du coeur". For Peggy "heart" is synonymous with weakness and sentimentality. "How can a thought come from the heart?" she says, "does not everybody know, in this enlightened age, that all our thoughts come from the brain?" But then, this is the statement of a Frenchman, and Americans know that the French are ruled by impulse and feeling. I inquire: "How would you translate into French: We feel that we ought to do this?" She stops a moment and begins: "Nous sentons que . . ." "Not so, Miss Jones, not so: Nous pensons que . . . While you feel and guess, we think. But, of course, this is only a question of language." "Why," exclaims Peggy, "do the French never feel anything?" I answer the question at some length, and my young friend declares: "Is that so? I am quite 'thrilled' . . . and now I have got to leave you because I am going to a party which promises to be very 'exciting'."

The other day I went to a lecture in New York and saw Peggy Jones there. The lecturer spoke of Renan and his remarks were

very poor. Peggy joined me as quickly as she could and pronounced: "Isn't he wonderful?" I asked: "Renan?" "The speaker, of course . . . Did you notice his eyes? Oh! Je me suis bien amusée! It was nice!" "Nice!" I objected, "just as the river, the ball, ice cream, the townspeople and the soccer game are nice?" "Now, don't make fun of me; it was 'awfully nice'!" She accompanied me to the station. When we reached it she said: "In New York we have the biggest station in the whole world." "All right," I answered, "and I am going to take a train drawn by the largest engine in the whole world. . . You have taught me, Miss Jones, that the stoutest and the tallest girls in the classroom are bound to be the best in heart and mind. The French pretend—and the Greeks (old fools) had the same absurd notion—that good workmanship avoids the extremes. 'La Mesure', they repeat over and over again. 'La Mesure'! Do you remember how La Bruyère falls into the trap? 'Il y a dans l'art (and life is art) un point de perfection, comme de bonté ou de maturité dans la nature. Celui qui le sent et qui l'aime a le goût parfait; celui qui ne le sent pas, et qui aime en deça ou au delà, a le goût défectueux.'"

Peggy has read Maupassant's "La Parure". "La Parure" is a short story, in which a young woman, on the verge of moral perdition, is saved by the discipline of work following the loss of a borrowed necklace. The necklace must be replaced, and the young woman, in order to raise the necessary money, must undergo ten years of toil and hardship. When this trial is over, she learns that the lost necklace was of imitation diamonds. I ask Peggy: "What do you think of the story?", and she replies: "I like it, yes, I do; but the end is rather disappointing." "Why?" "Well, it is quite pathetic; the poor woman has been working ten years for nothing. . ."

The textbook speaks of French politeness in stores, and Peggy argues: "In America, if the employees do not always say 'thank you', it is because they want to show their business-like attitude. They cannot afford to lose time." "May I venture to say, Miss Jones, that a smile does not take much time, and perhaps adds a certain charm to everyday life?" . . . Next morning Peggy appears: "I have been thinking of what you said about smiles. Well, the French are right. . . for after all, that is the real business-like way: the customers will surely come again."

Miss Jones is greatly disturbed each time that she applies the rule of the grammar and that I correct her. One day, she triumphantly opens a book, and shows me it is "printed!" I say to her: "Miss Jones, a language is not a machine but a physiological proposition; it is not a lifeless engine, it has a beating heart, it has a soul." "Oh! tell me," she interrupts, "have animals a soul?"

When Peggy came back from the holidays, she appeared at my door pretty and cheerful, with beautiful flowers and her inseparable "knitting". "How did you spend the time at home, Miss Jones?" She told me "all about it". She had given "a good time to the boys", but as she had invited officers and privates together, she had met with some inconvenience. "I used

(Continued on page 7)

Christmas Greeting

To Faculty and Students:

CORDIAL GREETINGS and all the traditional and sincere good wishes that are prompted and inspired by this holy season:

To the Faculty my hearty greetings go out because of my gratitude for that fine demonstration of good will that they have made toward all of us who are new, and who are trying to catch their zeal for the College and their vision of woman's opportunity.

To the Students, each and all, I send the season's happiest and cheeriest messages, for they have gladdened and stimulated all lovers and friends of the College by their loyalty, devotion, and enthusiasm. And at this highest festival of all the year, when womanhood is exalted anew and motherhood made consecrate, I would have the hearts of all young women everywhere rejoice in their kinship with the holiest among women and be humbly grateful and mightily resolute in the presence of the glorious fact that woman is fast coming into her own, and shall hope to realize the prophecy of the angels' song of

"Peace on earth

To men of good will."

Benjamin T. Marshall.

AT the Springfield meeting questions relating to the efficiency and success of college work were raised. Must the college seek salvation from the careless student, who desires snap courses and has no higher ambition in academic work than to get through, in increased strictness of entrance requirements? This plan has been tried, but no certain report of success comes from those colleges whose entrance requirements are highest. A boy who has never studied physics pays five dollars an hour to a tutor who guarantees to fit him in six hours for the Yale entrance examination. He does it. His business is good because he really can do it. The boy who has idled his way all through High School may get into college by using his father's money and the brains of a clever tutor, however strict the entrance examinations. Moreover some boys and girls with excellent High School records never get beyond a careless mediocrity in college. Then too, a boy or a girl who has never waked up in High School sometimes wakes up in college, if fortunate enough to reach college, and does real work for which the world in after years is grateful. Try as we may to perfect entrance requirements, the ultimate test of a student's ability and willingness to do college work to advantage must be in college: does he do it?

Again does salvation for the college lie in a larger proportion of required courses? All our students are, to be sure, English-speaking, reasonable beings, and citizens of some government, mostly of our own. To that extent their needs are properly assumed to be the same. But not all of our girls will be teachers, not all will be home-makers, not all will find a place for themselves in the work of reconstructing European countries, not all nor half nor a third will do any one thing or need or be able to use exactly the same equipment. Education, says Prof. Dewey, is not a preparation for life; if it is right, it is a part of life. Some of us think that it must be at the same time a preparation for life and a part of life itself. Education that is really felt as a part of one's life work is not neglected. In the best medical and technical schools, in graduate schools as well, we find men and women who are really eager to do the work. They are not

there for social or extra-curriculum activities, they are not satisfied with "getting by". Is there any way of approaching college work that gives it the absorbing interest attaching to real life? We believe that there is and that just this has characterized Connecticut College hitherto and given it a *raison d'être*. There has been and is a general earnestness and a thoughtfulness among our upper-classmen which we are told some other colleges lack. Let us make sure that no new comer among us fails to hear one of the cardinal doctrines responsible for this spirit. "Hitch your wagon to your talent," Dr. Sykes was fond of saying. Choose as your major and your electives those studies which your own ability and inclination can make a part of your life-work. Each girl in college now, whether she marries or not, owes a contribution to future humanity, to her nation and to the world. Do you hope to make your contribution through literature? Then study literature in all languages, philosophy, history, psychology, biology and other sciences, for a writer must understand the human mind, so far as that may be, and must have illustrations, and—do not forget typewriting. Do you incline to face the political problems of the future? Then choose all the history (often best acquired in its native language), social science, higher mathematics (that statistics may never trap you), and neglect not to acquire habits of clear thought and forceful expression. Do you choose, in either a public or a private capacity, to face the problems of sanitation and health and of the domestic life of the future? Then take dietetics, nutrition, chemistry, bacteriology, hygiene, textiles, household art and decoration, etc. Do you hope to enrich the life of the future by adding to its beauty through the various fine arts including architecture? Then take physics, mechanical drawing, landscape gardening, and courses in art, music, photography, pottery as well as literature. If you have a faculty for acquiring foreign language, then consider the possibility of work along any of these or other lines abroad and choose your major in modern language. If you want to make your life count toward better health for the superman and woman of the future, take chemistry, biology, nutrition, hygiene, physical education, including dancing, which as President Eliot pointed out at Springfield, has a most definite educational value for the control and the sense of rhythm it gives two qualities on which manual dexterity and efficiency so largely depend. Always remember that a study of English and indeed of all literature counts for general sympathy, understanding and power of expression. Dramatics and public speaking develop the ability to face an audience, often an indispensable requisite for success in any kind of work.

When a girl chooses one college, she deliberately foregoes the special advantages of other colleges. No course can be taken without resigning the possibility of some other course. College must be a place for making decisions and choices, as is life, for college is a part of life. College girls are not children. The former classmates of our college girls, when they were in the grades, are now wives and mothers. Are the girls who have chosen college to be denied the prerogatives of adult womanhood which these others are perforce exercising, especially the prerogative of choice, by which comes real knowledge? Discipline and strength come from intensive work, rather than from the material concerned in that work. To have the majority of each class feel real interest and enthusiasm in the work of the class is a long step toward securing the best work possible. The largest proportion of the best work possible is the greatest desideratum. Our catalog divides the four years' course into three groups:

remember having seen also a poor fellow begging for alms in front of the banking houses. In politics you will see the contrast between the one who rules and the millions who obey. In society you will see it between the government and the citizen; between men's claims for rights and the claims of the law for duties. It is interesting to notice how many writings appear today dealing with those contrasts which take at times the character of a struggle: the individual "versus" the state; the church "versus" the school and the school "versus" the church, etc. And now think that those contrasts of society are the less important! More important and worse are the contrasts which you will find in the individual himself if you wish to see them. There you will find in the same individual the preacher of virtue and the author of crime; the man who writes the truth and speaks the lie; the man wise in one science and stupid in all the others; the man who advocates peace and makes war, so that in the end God and the Devil go together in the same clothes and with the same face. And just because they wear the same clothes and have the same face, you cannot know them and because you can't know them you can't trust them. So it happens very often that man takes one for the other, now the God and now the Devil.

I am not going to deal with the contrasts of society. Books are full of them. Neither am I going to deal with all the contrasts within the individual. Of these I shall take only one which will be the contrast between the wise and the stupid in the same individual. It is the most strident and, I think, the worst of all contrasts because it is the foundation of many others.

I know that in dealing with that subject I touch one of the gravest questions of our time, because the work (social and individual) of our time rests on the principle of its division and specialization, in economics as well as in religion, science and art. It is a principle which Adam Smith advocated for the economic work and which later on was applied to all human activities. And when the epoch of the "rationalism" of the 17th and 18th centuries was over, just after the days of Kant, that principle was applied to science by scientists who took the place of those old rationalists and who have become the rationalists of today or, as some authors call them, the "philosopher-scientists". I mean men like Ostwald, Haeckel, Mach, Spencer, and so on.

Doubtless to that principle of division and specialization are due wonderful marvels (distinct from progresses) in the economic as well as in the scientific life. To deny them would be stupid. But, what does that mean? It means only that the worst were just those marvels of which men are so proud and which one can't deny. This will be clear to everybody who can see things although I realize it is hard to do so on account of the thickness of the smoke of victory burned by the "philosopher-scientists". We made wonderful marvels with that principle, in economics and in science, but, do you realize what we paid for those wonderful marvels? Nothing less than man himself was the price; his soul and his body. And now it happened that, while everything went on, only the human being fell back. You can say if you like that the world has progressed, but you can't say that man has progressed also. What is man? Nothing more than the instrument or medium of the wonderful marvels of the economic and scientific life. And when the decision came, man could do nothing more than to place himself at the service of those two idols or ideals. And now you see the idols fight-

ing for victory. And now also you see man fallen in the lowest degree to which the human animal could fall: the limit where the human ends and the animal begins. So worked the economic and scientific division and specialization.

In 1749 the French Academy of Dijon proposed the following theme for a competition: "Si le progrès des sciences et des arts a contribué à corrompre ou épurer les mœurs." Jean Jacques Rousseau took the position that science had contributed to the corruption of the morals and customs. He was awarded the prize. The final conclusion of his dissertation as of all his other works was this: "Back to nature". This was the remedy suggested by Rousseau at that time. Now that I have taken a "rousseausischen" position, I resume the remedy of the sadness of our age in these words: "Back to aesthetics". Leave out science, philosophy and ethics and go back to aesthetics for only in the aesthetic life (not aesthetic science) can we restore the harmony which has been broken. Only in the aesthetic life can we reduce to proportion the strident contrasts of society and man from which both are suffering at this very hour. Not true ideas are our need at this time but beautiful images. Images! I say: that is the word. Man and life must be something more than an idea or an abstraction. Images! I say, because only images touch the heart of man, and what is wrong today with man is not his reason but his heart. I think that the time has come for us to defend ourselves against the scientists and philosophers and for that I do not find other arms than to call to life that human principle of the Greek sophistic school resumed by its master Protagoras in the words: "Man is the measure of all things". You can say that this is a too subjective principle before which every "truth" vanishes and possibly some of you belong to the school of modern scientific men, one of whom said that "la recherche de la vérité doit être le but de notre activité". But just because the truth vanishes it is not truth. And what is truth? I should say that truth is what you see as truth while you see it as truth. This is skeptical and sophistic, I know, but I am still waiting for somebody who shall convince me of my error. That great intelligence of Kant, beyond which has not advanced philosophy, told us that all we can know are phenomena and appearances, but never the "Dinge an sich". And he himself was obliged to look for his categorical imperative, not in the "Kritik der reinen Vernunft" but in the "Kritik der praktischen Vernunft", i. e. not in the reason but in the will. Some years later we hear Goethe say "das wir nichts wissen können", and Schopenhauer should resume his thoughts and his philosophy in the words of the title of one of his works: "Die Welt ist meine Vorstellung."

Cesar Barja

New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

ON Friday and Saturday, December 7th and 8th, the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools held its annual meeting at Springfield, Mass.

Friday afternoon Dean Sarah Louise Arnold, of Simmons College, spoke on the War and the Women's Colleges. Miss Arnold said that the war had shown students the relation of college work to life. Women have come into new responsibilities, chief among them being the responsibility of conserving

food. With what success women will meet this responsibility depends more upon knowing how than willingness to do so. The necessity of knowing food values which is now imposed upon women should be accompanied by the opportunity to learn them. Provision should be made for the study of food economics both by change of the college entrance requirements and by counting college work in dietetics toward a degree.

The association dinner which was served at Hotel Kimball on Friday night was attended by over two hundred members. President Marshall was one of the guests of honor. He spoke on the need of reform in the college method of work, particularly in colleges for men. Military training develops a sense of responsibility which academic training often fails of. Changes in entrance requirements and in courses prescribed for degrees were suggested as means of establishing a higher standard of work.

On the Saturday program one of the addresses of interest was that by President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke College. Her subject was Present Educational Problems in Colleges for Women. Miss Woolley believes the modern college should be like the historic Janus, double faced—looking to the future and interpreting it by a study of the past.

The Woman's College will be called upon to meet the problems of reconstruction following the war, more particularly as it is not affected by the war in depletion of numbers as are the colleges for men. The war has brought about activities that occupy the time of women students. Red Cross work, knitting, first aid courses, home economics are all extra-curriculum work but use the time and dissipate the energy of students whereas there is need for more intensive work in studies already in the college.

Miss Woolley enumerated the changes made in the college curriculum in the past twenty years. Education, experimental psychology, and philosophy have been added. It would have been a satisfaction to the listener to have learned whether the speaker would have him infer that the curriculum had expanded in times past and could probably do so again, or, whether, because of these recent additions, the curriculum had reached its full limits of extension and must remain in statu quo forever. If the college is to keep abreast of the times, the introduction of new courses is inevitable. The fact that education, psychology and philosophy have been retained since their introduction twenty years ago proves—not that they have educational value, but, that the college recognizes that value. Could not the college find a better way of judging the educational value of hygiene and sanitation, dietetics and nutrition than by continuing to exclude them? It is not hard to find a more suitable standard by which to measure these subjects than that of laboratory technique developed by elementary and superficial courses given under the direction of the Red Cross. It is a bit difficult to grasp the logic of the statement that since certain subjects have always been in the college curriculum, those yet untried have no educational value. The urgent need of more intensive college work might indicate deficiencies in the established courses rather than worthlessness of new ones.

Waste and War.

THERE are certain great principles which every red-blooded, clear-thinking person believes to be worth fighting for. When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to fight for these principles, some must needs pay the highest price—some must needs die for them.

Today America is fighting to save to the world one such principle—the principle of democracy, which principle, broadly interpreted, means the recognition of the equal right of each to the opportunity for actualizing his potentialities.

To carry on the work in the front lines of this combat, the nation has deemed wise to make each fit person, within a certain age group, equally liable. It is in the front lines, whether on shore or on sea, that most of the dying will be done, and so when one is called for this service, he knows full well that his chances of being either killed, captured, or severely wounded are rather high, and that severe hardship is an absolute certainty. And yet, notwithstanding these facts, what do we think of the man who, having been chosen by the selective draft, attempts to escape by claiming exemption under some flimsy excuse when the real reason is that he is only trying to save himself from the risks incident to the service?

If we denounce as base and unworthy of the respect of honorable men and women the drafted man who seeks to evade certain hardship and probable death, what shall be our feelings towards the person who deliberately bayonets in the back the men at the front who have willingly and uncomplainingly placed in jeopardy their own lives that we who stay at home may have life and have it more abundantly? You may say that those characterized by such perfidy are comparatively few. Are they? Stop and look about you, yes, even look at yourself and see if indeed you are not guilty.

To all even moderately informed the following are well known facts:

1. The calling to the colors of our men and the training of them for service is being delayed because of a lack of equipment, which in turn is at least partially due to a scarcity of labor.
2. The building of our merchant marine to take over our soldiers, and food, equipment, and ammunition for them and our allies, is being delayed because of a scarcity of labor.
3. Our food production is falling far short of our possibilities, because of a scarcity of labor.
4. The longer we delay the training, equipping, and placing in line our fighting men; the longer we are in building and manning a merchant marine sufficient for our war needs; the longer we delay helping our allies adequately to supply themselves—the longer we delay these vital activities, the longer will victory be delayed; and the longer victory is delayed, the greater the number of live men we shall have to send out, and the greater the number of dead men we shall have to bring in.

The foregoing being the admitted facts, does it not follow that every well informed, intelligent person who fails to do all in his power to lessen the shortage of labor and thus speed up our war preparations, is guilty of no less a crime than that of practicing manslaughter upon those who are fighting for the freedom of the world? Is not every person who voluntarily wastes a bit of food—who fails to clean his plate, or who eats far more than he needs—guilty of manslaughter? Is not every person who buys that produced at a high social cost when that of a lower social cost would serve equally well for all practical purposes, who, for example, buys lobster instead of trout or some other cheaper fish, or buys fancy, hot-house fruits or other high-priced fruits when cheaper fruits are just as wholesome—is not such a one guilty of manslaughter? Is not every person who keeps use-

one third general requirements, fundamental and equally useful for all kinds of work; one third major work, in a group determined by individual choice and aptitude; one third elective. This is our answer. "Forced-to-go never goes far." "A certain man had a hobby, which he thought was a real horse, but other people knew it was only a hobby. And he rode far and well for it was a real horse."

Mr. Chesterton-Shaw Speaks.

I HAVE several serious complaints to make. In the first place, why are we here at Connecticut College—students and faculty alike—compelled to put up with the easy, pleasant life that we lead? Thousands of people throughout the world are always suffering hardships, fighting hunger and disease, running a gamut of physical and mental agonies—to-day these people number hundreds of thousands. Why should we not have suffering like other people? I insist it is unfair.

Second, and more important, why are the writer and one or two others the only members of the faculty allowed the privilege of not having an office, a desk, etc.? Most of the faculty, due to an unkind fate, must needs have an office, a desk, a rack for books—in short, a private room where consultations may be held, where books, notes, and other such things that are always conveniently and pleasurably carried to and from College, especially in cold weather, may be kept. A few of us do not have any such rooms, but the greater number of faculty members are forced to make the best of them. I insist it is unfair.

The third complaint has to do with the gymnasium. Until this year we had no such incubus. Last year the students could stand outside the gym for hours; now they are forced to go in out of the cold just as soon as Chapel is over. Further, we are no longer able to move chairs and tables from Thames Hall when a function of one kind or another is to be held; we must use the gymnasium. Why weren't all the students last year and the year before compelled to have a gymnasium? I insist it is unfair.

Lastly it is almost unbearable to note that the meals at Thames Hall are constantly improving. Many people have only one or two delightfully meagre meals a day, yet it is thrust on us to go to Thames Hall three times in each twenty-four hours for abominably good meals. Why can't this business of eating be made less of? I insist it is unfair.

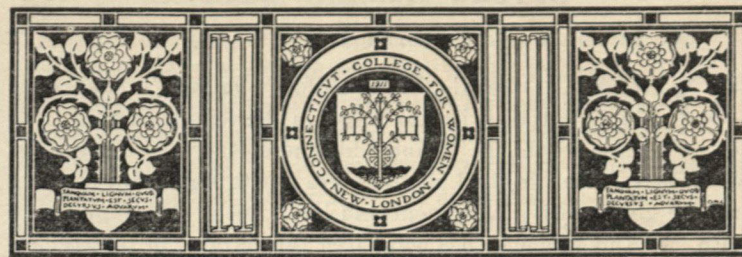
You may say that there are many things we are not compelled to have, such as a world where brotherly love and kindly simplicity and plain honesty are universally found. That is true, but it is no reason whatever why we should not critically bemoan the good things we do have. The only way to make things worse is to keep at it. That they are bad now,—this is no reason why we cannot make them more satisfactorily unsatisfactory.

Think it over, anyhow.

Frank E. Morris.

A New Edition.

AMOS PATTEN LEIB, born December 8th, 1917, at New London, Connecticut, gave another example of the amazing precocity of the modern American child by choosing as his happy parents, Professor and Mrs. David Deitch Leib. The "News" staff offers sincere congratulations both to child and parents.



THE annual Christmas meeting of the Deutscher Verein was held on the evening of Thursday, December 13th, in Room 113, N. L. Hall.

Under the lights of a diminutive but festive Christmas tree the following program was given:

1. Geschäftliches.
2. Die biblische Erzählung von der Geburt Christi, nach Lukas, Kap. II, vorgetragen von Frä. Mary W. Robinson.
3. Gesang, "Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht" Der Verein.
4. "Der Tannenbaum", eine Weihnachtserzählung von Hans Christian Andersen, vorgetragen von Frä. Doktor Beach.
5. Zwiesgesang aus den Erzählungen Hoffmanns
Frä. Mills, Frä. Schwartz.
6. Erfrischungen.
7. Abschiedslied, "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum"
Der Verein.

Conference of Biblical Instructors.

ON Friday, December 27th, there will be held at Columbia University a conference of Biblical instructors. President Marshall will attend, and will speak on "The Established Foundations for Confident Biblical Instruction".

College Calendar.

THURSDAY, noon, December 20th, to Thursday, noon, January 3, Christmas vacation.

Sunday, January 6th, 5.00 p. m.—Vespers.

Tuesday, January 8th, 11.15 a. m.—Convocation. Miss Helen Fraser, on "Woman's Part in Winning the War".

LIBRARY HOURS: Week days—8 a. m. to 6 p. m., 7.30 to 9.30 p. m. Sundays—2.30 to 5 p. m.

THE Journal of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, December 1917, has a thoughtful article "Education by Dynamism" by Frederic Burk, an able exponent of the progressive in education. The same journal contains interesting reports of war work in colleges and universities all over the country.

Beyond Man and Time.

PART I.

"O Greeks! Greeks! What children ye are," said once an Egyptian priest to Solon in the temple of Sais. To these words, H. Taine adds these others: "They played, in fact, with life, and all life's gravest things, with religion and the gods, with government and law, with philosophy and truth." And Michelet has compared the activity of the Hellenic soul with a cheerful play around which all the nations of the world group smiling. Now out of the plays of the Greek children on the beaches of the archipelago, in the agora, in the gymnasium and in the porticos, were born philosophy and science; literature and art; ethics and aesthetics and all things of permanent value which to this day belong to humanity. On the contrary, out of the melancholy, pessimism and austerity of the Egyptians, there only subsist the cold blocks of stone in the shape of the pyramid beneath which that people entombed their soul. In the plays of children, Greece prepared the immortality of the Hellenic genius; in the melancholy, pessimism and austerity of old age the Egyptian civilization prepared its own sudarium and sepulchre. Greece still lives and shall live as long as there shall be a world. Even today, the classical souls, I mean, such as are open to goodness, truth and beauty, go to Greece to refresh their longing hearts with the gaiety and beauty which are still alive in the eternal smile of her sky and stones. So went in our days the last great French romanticist, Renan, to find in the old Olympus and above the Acropolis, the gods of the world, since he could not find at Saint Sulpice the God of the heavens, and there, he found not only the gods of the world but also the lost God of the heavens, because Greece had married both in those only things in which the heaven and the earth, the gods and man begin to be one: goodness, truth, and above all, beauty. On the other hand, Egypt is death for all eternity so that on looking today upon her ruins, one does not feel more than, either the coldness of the lifeless stone, or the burning air of the desert fanning to the four winds the ashes of the sad, pessimistic and severe civilization which lived only one day and died forever.

Greece is eternal youth. "He who in Delphos beholds the joined crowd, fancies that they shall never grow old," says one of the Homeric hymns. Egypt is decrepit and mortal old age. For us, today, Greece and Egypt are the two visions which can guide our lives. On the one hand Greece offers us the vision of eternal youth and joy, and of supreme goodness and beauty. Egypt, on the other hand, offers us the vision of perishable old age, the shady sadness, tragic severity and pessimism of life.

* * * *

Although disliking it one cannot deny the fact that our civilization and our life aim is rather at the vision of Egypt than at the vision of Greece. One can't conceal the tragic pessimism which today has taken hold of the souls of men. One can't be insensible to the sorrow which afflicts man and the world. One can't be indifferent to the worried face and the broken heart of the passer-by, whom we meet every hour and everywhere. One can't be either blind to its excesses or deaf to its cries. One can't be ignorant of the fact that we, peoples and men of today, feel the old age, the sadness and severity of life as if we were waiting, afraid, for some universal catastrophe which would put an end to everything and to ourselves. This is true in Europe where life moves too slowly as well as in America where life

moves too quickly, for if, on the one hand, it seems as if the first were afraid to go further, on the other hand, it seems as if the second were also afraid to stop or go back.

Signs and voices of the pessimism, sadness and severity of life we find everywhere, and they come to our eyes and to our ears from everywhere. In order to find them it is not necessary to go back as far as the philosophy of Schopenhauer and Hartmann; the music of Bach, Berlioz and Wagner, the mysticism of Lamartine and Lamennais; the pictures and statues of Michelangelo. We find such signs and voices of sorrow in our own works or that of our fathers. In the comfortable philosophy of H. Bergson not less than in the religious philosophy of R. Eucken and J. Royce. In the mystic tenderness of the music of Cesar Frank speaking the words of Christ, not less than in the heroic and dramatic compositions of Strauss, be it in the laugh of "Zarathustra" or in the annihilation of "Guntram". In the dramatic novels of Tolstoi and Dostoiévsky not less than in the tragic dramas of Andreiev and Strindberg. In the semi-historic and semi-artistic work of R. Rolland not less than in the semi-philosophical novels, comedies and dramas of Maeterlinck, Paul Bourget, Maurice Barres and Henry Bordeaux; Hauptmann and Sudermann. In the pictures of Delacroix and Puvis de Chavannes not less than in the "Penseur" of Rodin. In science, literature and art what is now called "realism", "naturalism", "psychologism" or call it what you like, can be and ought to be translated by "pessimism". He who shall realize our fall from classicism into romanticism and from romanticism into "realism" will understand my words.

Everywhere the same sadness and the same voice rising above the silence of sorrow to sing to us the lied which we hear in the Second Symphony in C minor of Gustav Mahler:

"Der Mensch liegt in grösster Noth!

Der mensch liegt in grösster Pein!

Je lieber möcht' ich im Himmel sein!"

It is not a casual thing that our time should esteem so much as it does works like those of Nietzsche, Carlyle and Emerson, although refusing to accept their moral standards as is the case with many people who read Nietzsche. It was just because in those works people saw the individual rising as an "Uebermensch" or a "Hero" above the misery, the sorrow and the pain of the age. It was just because they saw in the "Uebermensch" and the "Hero" the man elevated to the height of the gods and there girded with the crown of happiness.

But now that we know the evil, the question comes suddenly to us: what is its cause? And still more pressing comes to us the question: what is its remedy?

* * * *

One thing above all others strikes our attention when we look at life as a whole. I shall call that thing the extravagance, which in aesthetics means the lack of harmony. And since harmony is the soul of beauty, extravagance means lack of beauty. And now the proposition can be so formulated: life is sad because it is not beautiful. Let me say that beauty implies also the idea of joy, grace and dignity.

When I say that life is extravagant, I do not mean to imply that it is ridiculous, but only that it is split by the widest contrasts which can be imagined. If you open your eyes you will see at the side of the most virtuous man, the greatest devil; at the door of the church, crime; opposite the college or the school, the gambling-hell; behind the wisest, the most ignorant man. I

less pets, for example, dogs and cats, that only consume much good food which might otherwise go to feed either the soldiers of our allies or the slowly starving millions of non-combatant men, women, and children of the war-scourged portions of the earth—is not such a one guilty of manslaughter? Is not every person who buys either unnecessary clothing, or fancy-priced clothing, guilty of manslaughter? Is not every person who uses either a taxicab or his own machine when either walking or riding in the street car would serve just as well all of his legitimate purposes, guilty of manslaughter? Every person who demands unnecessary personal service, is he not guilty of manslaughter? And what shall we say of the person who buys candy when there is not enough sugar for ordinary use? He is not only guilty of increasing the shortage of labor for necessary war work by helping to employ it in the unnecessary work of making up sugar into candy without adding anything to its nutritive value, but he is guilty also of increasing the difficulty his less well-to-do neighbors are experiencing in obtaining sugar for common culinary purposes. Where shall we class this sinner?

"But business must go on as usual", some fellow pipes up. "If you cease to consume as you did in pre-war days, the laborer will be thrown out of a job, business will be demoralized generally, and thus the base of taxation—the very source of our sinews of war—will be destroyed." Business cannot go on as usual. How can we consume as we did prior to the war, when so much of our labor and capital is devoted to producing food and materials for war purposes? If all production unnecessary to the winning of the war should cease, there would be little trouble about the workers finding work, and many of the plants which formerly produced luxuries could, with slight change, be made to produce the essentials of war. Of course, some owners of luxury-producing establishments, would be hard hit. But if we fail in this war, not only they, but all the rest of us, will be hard hit. Which is preferable?

W. Scott Boyce.

Peggy Jones puzzles her French teacher.

(Concluded from page 1)

to like Lieutenant Crosset a lot," she said, agitating her needles, "but since he refused to come to a dance because some privates were to be there, I won't have anything to do with him any more. . . He is as bad as a Prussian. . . I am glad he is not an American, anyhow. . ." "Not an American?" "He is born of Canadian parents, don't you know. . ."

Last summer Peggy was at summer school where she took a course in French Romanticism. Unfortunately, Professor Delarue did not show to V. Hugo the reverence Peggy knows he deserves. "Mademoiselle! He said V. Hugo was not a first rank poet!" "Why not?" "And then, I spent a whole evening reading criticisms on the subject (not V. Hugo himself, of course), and they said V. Hugo was a first rank poet!" "Why not?" "Well, mademoiselle, what shall 'I' believe then?"

Carola Léonie Ernst.

Mathematics Club Organized.

AT the last meeting of the Student Council a charter was granted to the Mathematics Club of the College. The purpose of the club is to acquaint its members by formal papers and informal discussion with the history of mathematics and other fields of mathematical interest which are not included in the formal courses. It aims further to create an interest in things mathematical about the college. Such topics as "The fourth dimension," "magic squares," "Squaring the circle," will be considered at the meetings during the current year. Miss Dorothy Peck is President and Justine McGowan, Secretary of the new club. Student membership is limited to those taking mathematics beyond the freshman year.

Chestnuts.

"One dime, a cupful," said the vendor,
As he stopped his stamping by the stand
To answer me. He poured the measure
Full, then emptied them all hot
With crispy shells into a neat white bag.

The season's first, they were,
And as I munched reflectively, I thot,—
"How small they are! Three would scarcely make
But one of their Roman brothers.
Last year I used to buy them mornings there,
When coffee and the rindy, gray war bread
Had left me hungry still.
The 'contadina' on the church steps
In the Esquiline Piazza
Used to greet me with a smile,
And fan with sheaf of quills
Her brazier coals that answered her
With intermittent gleams.
A double handful she enfolded
In a torn-off, half 'giornale',
'Ecco, Signorina!' and her smile
Endowed my soldo piece with dignity.

"A baser nut it seemed when first
I tasted one unroasted,
Upon the slope of Monte Cavo,
Where dainty-footed donkeys
Laden down with swaying brush-loads,
Patter down the Via Triumphalis,
Over paving stones from ancient days,
When even to the summit wound
The way to Jupiter's secluded shrine,
The Latins' awful deity."

Definitions in the Classroom.

An abnostic is one who believes just what he thinks.
Aphibility is the state of being an aphibil.

Salt Water Taffy.

ASK DAD, HE KNOWS.

"Anxious Subscriber" writes to inquire why, on the mornings when Cream of Wheat is served, Thames Hall is called The Mushroom.

PHYSIOLOGY—AND PHYSICS! (From "Life", Dec. 6, 1917)

There was a young skater named Shear,
Whose ankles were wobbly and queer.
Said he, "I will go
Take a lesson or so—
For now I skate entirely by ear!"

DID YOU EVER NOTICE:

That it is more virtuous to study at 4 o'clock a. m., than at 9 o'clock at night?

That it takes fifteen minutes to catch a car from New London Hall when you leave a class for that purpose?

If the Sophomore who is known to be knitting a pair of wristlets and a tippet as a Christmas gift for the editor of this column will desist at once, we will promise not to publish her name. Otherwise we may be forced to take drastic action.

QUERY.

The tide might drip
The tide might grip
The tide might slip
Or even skip
Or sometimes flip
But why on earth
Should the Thames Tide rip?

CAMOUFLAGE AS SHE IS IN COLLEGE.

To knit 52 stitches in one paragraph.
To answer a simple question in 300 words.
To rave, and to thrill and to be wild.
To study one's head off.
To rise at 7.05 and breakfast at 7.15.
To use your opponent for the hockey ball.

It is rumored that the college authorities, having repaired the barn, are about to invest in some live stock. We respectfully suggest the acquisition of the following animals:

A bee (But get a good one, or else we'll all be stung)
A bevy of hens (To lay the dust which is now very bad on account of the high winds)
A cow or two (New Jerseys preferred. Being small and compact they furnish the best condensed milk)
A small covey of goats and goatees (We recommend short horns of a retiring disposition)
As an all-around, general-purpose farm vehicle there is nothing better than the tin lizzie or hum-buggy.

The Three Tasks.

THERE dwelt in modern times, upon a bleak and windy hilltop, a goodly company of damsels. They were well thought of in the surrounding region, having made for themselves various laws and rules by which they did abide. They were housed in several rugged buildings from out of which they came and into which they went with a regularity and an activity that betokened an unusual unity of purpose.

This goodly company called itself a College and there had come among them, from lands near and far, a Faculty, to guide and teach the damsels. In the Faculty were jugglers of many tongues, philosophers, sooth sayers and minstrels and those who could separate the waters of the earth into hydrogen and oxygen and many others who were gifted in devious ways.

A part of the land of the college had been set aside for the games of the damsels and these did much to maintain them in a state of bodily health that was highly desirable. Frequently at such times the damsels were seen to disport themselves with an inflated sac in a game called soccer from which much enjoyment was obtained. In order that the achievements and progress of this worthy company could be set down and perpetuated for all mankind, certain scholars and students did note and report and compile these things into a news sheet. This was distributed regularly so that all might know.

Now it came to pass in a lull in activities that some of the damsels said among themselves: "Who is this Faculty that we have with us? We write down their words but can they play our games?" And accordingly the Faculty were challenged by a formal missive to mingle in a game of soccer. And three days of preparation were granted and on the fourth day the Faculty met certain damsels in a game of soccer and the Faculty did win the game and great was the enthusiasm. But soon there were murmurings: "Yea, ye have won the game of soccer, we now do challenge ye to a game of pens. We do place our news sheet in your hands and do give ye fourteen days to fill it." And thereupon the Faculty fell to and with judgment, strategy and conjecture did apportion the space allotted; to the philosopher, the prophet, the news gatherer, the etcher, the tale teller and the jester and behold on this, the fourteenth day, the news sheet is distributed and the murmurings are hushed.

But now said the Faculty unto the damsels, "Ye have challenged us twice, ye have set us two tasks and they are done. We now do set for you a third task, the doing of which shall prove your spirit and test your fire." The Faculty then withdrew unto themselves and after discussion and deliberation did set the damsels this task:

