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 demands 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. Today, since the war, with its revelations of physical unfitness and the need for therapeutic treatment of many injuries and diseases, there is a greater demand for women skilled in the field of physical education.

"There is a great need of physical education for teachers of the state. A strong department of physical science is being inaugurated at the state normal school."

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EDITORIALS
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS
What does part of the world ask for a League of Nations and why should the rest of the nations accede to it? Is it necessary? 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 framers of this proposed covenant would guarantee territorial integrity, a fair opportunity for economic growth and an enduring peace.

AMONG OUR POETS
SEA TRIUMPHANT
Hand in hand We walked and gazed across the sea—
Waiting so calm and still to carry You from me.
Gray and quiet.
Put merciless wild, 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 gaze your heart had clamored
To be free.

Your heart—
That I had felt so often before
Next mine, won by the flicker waves that creep
Amongst the feet—
Your dear, gray eyes
Shine in its changing gray and blue—
You will not come—but it shall hear 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 stuck stupidly on the sloppy sidewalk.

But then a dimple flashed,
From round the hood of the new raincoat of a little red checked 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 lady look
Proudly conversing,
Because I stopped to see the tiny squirming 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 cheerful hills with which she was tucked
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 sea. Between the branches of two sit-hanging trees That dimly interlacing whisperings spun—
A Haiku 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 larch, lantern rimmed, Mist crept in the hollows on the edge. 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 fretted withered grass.
And listened to hear if your foot would pass.
Unerring you came—you knew—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 necessary to save a few steps by cutting across corners. But let’s begin to look toward the future—especially to June Commencement days, when the ‘hilltop and river,’ of which we love to sing must be at its 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 court and then 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 days go by.

And there is another thing—several corners in fact—more objectionable than the path. Let’s put gymnastics work into practice 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 trenched 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 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’d “never do it again,” the powers that be may get some more turf.

Let’s all be members of the Campus Improvement Society!
F. L. D. ’19.
THE CONNETICUT COLLEGE NEWS

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 15th he more than repaid the students of C. C. for their long wait. 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 travelers 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 Greek 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 Pyrenean Mountains and that on his visit 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 lightened and pleased all of the students 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 the students and faculty of Connecticut College 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 134 West 42nd Street, New York City.

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.

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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 somewhat 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 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 hghted 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 owner's seemed to hover about their great-grand-daughters who wore their hoops, their bonnets, their wedding gowns, their bustles, and courtesies 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 pantalooned 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 obsolete 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 23 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.

Dorle and Mcgown 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 Krohan 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.

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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, rugged, 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 unscared 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 knock 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 rocky scree, 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 a wanderer in 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 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 bicycling. 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 other boys are going, being turned down 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 he may rise above his surroundings, and darken his childhood. C. Washburn 73.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

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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