In Who's Cup?

A little lump of sugar lay packed cubically among its comrades in a New York warehouse. The Lump was very much excited. Hadn’t their carton been jostled about that very day—lifited and dropped again, until all the Lumps thought they would lose every trace of their individuality? And, hadn’t the Lump heard a voice (very muffled, sounding, to be sure, coming through all the cardboard, and pasteboard, and through the other Lumps)—hadn’t it heard a voice say something about France?

Before the Lump became a Lump, it had heard a great deal about France. The workers in the field where it grew, as a sugar cane, were, some of them, going to France. It had heard them say so as it climbed up the cane, in the sap. And in the factory, while the Lump was being developed from sap to sugar, and sugar to Lump, it had heard more of France. People were hungry for sugar over there—people were starving. Soldiers (some of those plantation hands, the Lump thought) needed every grain to help them fight. And when it was being packed, the Lump heard about the little children, who were so hungry for sugar, and about the kind American ladies that sent candy over to them—and about the hard time the American ladies had to get the sugar, because other Americans wanted it for themselves.

But, tomorrow, the Lump thought—it tomorrow it was going to go to France. Would it go to the army, where it could sweeten some soldier’s coffee? Per...

(Continued on page 8, column 2.)

SUNDAY SERVICE

The weather again frustrated an attempt to hold Vesper service in Bolleswood, when it threatened. all last Sunday, to break out into a heavy storm. This time, however, an informal service, held in Thames Hall, was arranged to take its place.

Immediately after supper the chairs and tables were pushed back and everyone gathered around the open fire. Mr. Kellogg took charge of the first part of the service and spoke for a few moments on religion viewed from the academic standpoint. After the singing of “The Flag That Makes Us One,” the service was placed in the hands of the girls, who chose the hymns and old songs which have been a part of our “sings” in other years.

An Old Opportunity

In a New Light

This is a question which we all have asked ourselves, time and time again. And it is a question that the majority of us feel we can never sufficiently answer.

To be sure, there are the obvious things that everyone can do and not everyone does: knit, make surgical dressings, save sugar, buy War Savings and Thrift Stamps. “But,” you say, “these things are so commonplace and small.” Of course, in a sense, they are small. Although one might venture the platitudinous remark that, after all, it is the small things that count.

But there is another thing that we can do. We have heard not a few times that we belong to an “enlightened community.” We have had the experience of being placed upon a rather embarrassingly elevated pinnacle, simply because we were college girls. Whether deservedly or not is another question. The fact remains:

And it is a fact which embraces both a great privilege and a great responsibility: a privilege in that one is given the opportunity of helping to mould that subtle but potential force, public opinion; a responsibility in that so much depends on how we use that opportunity.

“Pshaw!” you say, “What possible difference can it make what I say?”

We will be surprised to note with what respect and interest our opinions are received. For we represent college thought and atmosphere.

Obviously, then, the thing to do is to get the right opinion. And the next thing to do is to have the courage of our convictions—to express ourselves whenever we have an opportunity. So much depends in these days of stress upon the attitude of the country at large. This has been particularly demonstrated in the last few moments but days. If we can feel that we have helped to propagate and preserve an atmosphere of courage and cheerfulness, of indomitable belief in the ultimate victory of right, of strong and earnest opposition to any peace that does not mean universal peace—surely it is no small thing.

A. GARDNER '20.

Freshman, living in Blackstone: “I like the dormitory all right, but it's simply over-run with seniors.”
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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SHALL CONNECTICUT COLLEGE HAVE A SERVICE FLAG?

Have you ever noticed the Service Flags in the business section of the city? Have you ever noticed the Service Flags in the churches? Have you ever wondered why Connecticut College has no service flag?

It is not because we have no representatives in the service of the United States. Lieutenant Frank Morris is training at Camp Greenleaf, Georgia. Lieutenant Daniel Craig was wounded in overseas service, and is now connected with liaison work in Paris. Dr. Manwaring is a commissioned lieutenant of the Marine Corps. Mr. Weld serves in the capacity of Director of Music in all the Navy training camps. Miss Woodhall is sailing for France very soon as a canton worker. Miss Rechendorff has been accepted as a reconstruction aide, and either has already sailed or is sailing in the near future. Olive Stark '21, has joined the YWCA. Perhaps you know of others.

It is not because we will not have more members in the service. Miss Snavely has passed her examination as reconstruction aide. Lilian Shadd '21, Esther Pedrick '21, and Ann Hastings '22, are preparing for the three years' hospital training course in nursing. Have you ever realized that all the men of the Faculty, with three or four exceptions, are registered under the new Selective law?

The News is lending its contribution in the gym for the subscriptions you will be wanting to give. There are so many of us that contributions will be limited to twenty-five cents. Could you find a better use for that nickel or dime than of that of dedicating it to the Seven Original Stars in the Connecticut College Service Flag?

PUBLICITY AND MORE OF IT.

May Buckley '19, has been elected Associate Art and Publicity Editor of the News.

OLD CLOTHES!

Some time ago the Service League made an appeal for old clothes to be sent to the Commission on Belgian Relief. Strangely enough we have received none as yet. We are sure there must be a few on your wards which are not in your wardrobes and see if there aren't a few things which you thought you might possibly wear—and don't let them hang there all winter long when they would be so much appreciated by someone in need. When sending your laundry home, ask for some old garments sent back to you, so that Connecticut College may prove that she is awake to every call. Then leave them in the Service League office, Room A, Plant basement.

Jasmins H. Wells '19.

SCRAPS OF PAPER

All the citizens of the United States realize that it is a patriotic duty of the highest order to assist their government by purchasing Liberty Bonds. Paper conservation and Liberty Bond purchase are widely differentiated in importance. Yet the Liberty Bonds have been bought, and the paper must be conserved. Big issues are generally easy to support; small issues are generally easy to neglect.

But the chemicals which are utilized for the manufacture of paper are indispensable for the manufacture of munitions. By conserving paper you are materially ameliorating the difficulties of war conditions. Don't hesitate to help your country in its time of stress. Turn that inattention in regard to old newspapers, used paper, used text paper, old newspapers and magazines to "attention." Old paper can now be remade into clean, new paper. If your waste paper—real waste that cannot be used again—even for scraps—should be collected, many bales would be bound up here every week.

Resard the conservation of paper in the same way as that in which you hold the purchase of Liberty Bonds.

Ann Arkin '21.

"OVER THERE"

Newspaper reports about the doings of the boys "Over There" are interesting, but there is the lack of the personal element. Letters, on the other hand, which tell the experiences of any one man, are apt to have an individual, vivacious spirit, and if you know that the writer is a real person and the news authentic, you are interested so much the more. We cannot all get letters from abroad; we aren't all so fortunate as to have some one there who will keep us informed; but there is a reason why things cannot be evened up a bit, and everyone get a chance to read a first-hand account. Whenever you get a letter that contains news that is different from what one usually hears, or that you think will interest the other girls, please waste no time in having it printed in your college paper. Please leave all contributions in Box 42.

THE PATH

My feet have loved the stony path that climbs up to your door.

My fingers loved the friendly weeds
That brushed them as I passed.
I loved the tangled, clinging vines,
That touched my footsteps back.

And lacy violet shadows splashed Across the golden grass.

But now your door is closed to me—
My feet may know no more
The joy of climbing toilsome ways
To find you waiting there.

For now your soul is strange to me—
Par and cold as a star.
And silence mocks my longing cry
With poignant emptiness.

THE OCEAN BETWEEN US

As you probably know, we were in on this last American drive about a week ago, and came out with wholepkins and a much more optimistic view of the war situation at present, and the possibilities of the future than we have had heretofore. We have seen beautiful German prisoners and the great majority of them are a mighty dejected and poor looking lot, I can assure you. Some are old men of fifty-five or sixty years of age, with little bashed-up faces, and big, anxious eyes peering out from behind their spectacles. Others were youngsters of fifteen or sixteen; underdressed and otherwise physically unfit. They could much more profitably have been at school, or at home, than adding their efforts to those of the patriots. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dredging, yet watching, for the plying expression of his misery. But the tragedy of his life had not been so bad as when on a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accomplishments of the past. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dredging, yet watching, for the plying expression of his misery. But the tragedy of his life had not been so bad as when on a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accomplishments of the past. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dredging, yet watching, for the plying expression of his misery. But the tragedy of his life had not been so bad as when on a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accomplishments of the past. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dredging, yet watching, for the plying expression of his misery. But the tragedy of his life had not been so bad as when on a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accomplishments of the past. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dredging, yet watching, for the plying expression of his misery. But the tragedy of his life had not been so bad as when on a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accomplishments of the past. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life. She had watched his bent, trembling figure return from his daily trip to town, dredging, yet watching, for the plying expression of his misery. But the tragedy of his life had not been so bad as when on a lowered voice and a raised eyebrow seemed to the lonely watcher always to be accomplishments of the past. She had never understood, nor had she ever forgiven her son for his smirching of her name, although she had been glad in a restless sort of way when she saw him quite given over to the idea of his marriage to the woman she had been in her prime, when her husband, suddenly stricken mentally and physically, became a hopeless invalid for life.
ened her very heartstrings. Half unconsciously she went to the edge of the porch where the Service Flag hung new and bright in the sunshine.

"Two soldiers," she repeated, "in my sons I have fulfilled the inheritance of my ancestors."

The spring wind blew the flag against the white pillar, and in the faded blue eyes of the sorrow-conquered woman, shone for a moment a light of victory and exultation, a flame of the unconquered pride of a Daughter of the Revolution.

J. H. '19.

**TEXTS FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY**

A great demand on the part of our soldiers and sailors in camp, field and overseas has developed for books of serious study, not merely in military technique and in every branch of applied science, but in pure science—mathematics, chemistry, physics, astronomy, and in history, particularly the history of the United States, of England, France, and Italy. In every one of these subjects thousands of our soldiers and sailors are requiring textbooks, and in all of them also sympathetic instruction is being given by the military authorities, the Y. M. C. A. and institutional agencies.

The American Library Association, which, by invitation of the War and Navy Departments, is helping to supply books for our men, has asked the aid of the Bureau of Education in obtaining those textbooks. The Association has not sufficient funds to permit it to purchase all of the books required, although it is supplying them to the limit of its ability.

There are, no doubt, in the possession of college authorities, members of the faculty, or of the student body numerous copies of text-books which have been superseded in one way or another, but which would be of great service to the soldiers and sailors. The Commissioner of the Bureau of Education therefore asks that Connecticut College contribute such books. The books need to be fairly recent.

*AMERICA MUST FEED 52,000,000 ARMY, NAVY AND INDUSTRIAL WORKERS*

For the first time in history, armies and navies will be provided with fresh meat, vegetables, fruits, and fresh dairy products. The American people must raise meat, milk, and eggs to feed our men. We need large quantities of vegetables and fruits. The American farmer can do it. The American farmer will do it. The American farmer is doing it. The American farmer is doing it, with a will.

**APOLOGIES TO A. P.**

(From English 25-26)

First on this list I try these Popish strains,
Nor blush to sport on C. C.'s blissful plains,
Where nymphs with joyous cries the Welkin fill,
And even David's seedy care do thrill:

Where sports of stick and ball as well as mind
Make slyrian strains resound the hills behind.
Not as of old these verdant valleys ring.
Where Solitude sweet comfort once did bring.
Oh, former bliss that never can be regained.

Where art thou, now that 22's arrived?
Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
But o'er the rural scene a cloud appears!
Thou cannot long abuse our gentle dears,
Vile Demon, fluent in thy raging course!
To Inoculation, goddess fair—resource?

Nay, better yet much water and much air,
And blissful walks across that enamelled fair,
The blushing dawn with circling mists of light,
Or Cynthia's rising horn, to greet, by night.

But alas!—Besound, ye hills, my mournful lay,
We can these things no longer truly say.
For Pope was made for Thee, Oh Age-worn Muse!
And let not us, the sylvin crew, abuse,
Poor parody, farewell, and all who read, adieu!
To all who love a joke, this is alone for You.

"AN UNFORTUNATE LADY" (20).

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FACULTY NOTES

House ELECTIONS, 1918-19

Blackstone House—

President, Jessie Mensor '26

Treasurer, Margaret Ives '19

Secretary, Rena Fredericks '19

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Fanchon Hartman '20

Fire Captain, Marion Warner '20

Plant House—

President, Dorcas Gallup '19

Treasurer, Helen Rich '21

Secretary, Anna Buller '20

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Esther Watrous '21

Fire Captain, Ruth Anderson '19

Winthrop House—

President, La Petra Perley '20

Treasurer, Margaret Milligan '20

Secretary, Dorothy Muzzy '20

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Dorothy Steele '20

Fire Captain, Harriet Allen '20

Thames Hall—

President, Catherine Cone '21

Treasurer, Mildred Penelon '21

Secretary, Barbara Asbenden '21

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, E. Bellows '22

Fire Captain, Marion Lyons '21

Morton House—

President, Olive Tuthill '22

Treasurer, B. Clark '22

Secretary, M. Baxter '22

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Helen Cope '22

Fire Captain, Alice Purill '22

North Cottage—

President, Helen Cannon '19

Secretary, Roberta Newton '21

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Doris Patterson '21

Fire Captain, Justine Mcgowan '20

Deshon House—

President, Charlotte Hall '21

Treasurer, Deborah Jackson '21

Secretary, M. Pollard '22

Chairman of Entertainment Committee, Ruby Tracy '22

Fire Captain, Eleanor Hassis '21

Middletown House—

President, Marjorie Doyle '20

Secretary and Treasurer, D. Hover '20

Fire Captain, Marjorie Doyle '20

Fire Chief, Loretta Higgins '20

Fire Captain of the Refectory, Mildred White '19

While Miss Woodhull is waiting for her srolling orders,—she is a volunteer member of the Liberty Bond Committee in New York. She has been selling bonds from the information desk in the Grand Central station.

Mrs. Arthur Mavity, known better to us as Dr. Barr, has published work in this month's issue of the Bookman, and also in the Stratford Journal of Boston, and the Unpopular Review.

Miss Barnicle spent some months in research work this summer at the Widener Memorial Library of Harvard University.

Miss Beach spent her summer at the University of Wisconsin, where she did graduate work in English and methods of composition.

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