1-26-1917

Connecticut College News Vol. 2 No. 7

Connecticut College

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1916_1917

Recommended Citation
http://digitalcommons.conncoll.edu/ccnews_1916_1917/9

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspapers at Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. It has been accepted for inclusion in 1916-1917 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Connecticut College. For more information, please contact bpancier@conncoll.edu.

The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.
MID-YEARS!

Orthographically Speaking.
M's for the movies, whose charms we forget,
I's for the ice cream at Pete's we all know
D's Dieterics, both one and eleven.
Y's your exams from one up to seven.
E's for English, discussions and themes,
A is for Art; our drawings are dreams.
And mid-years are here, so good luck.
S is for Sports; we've exams in that too.

Words with mystic meaning fraught,
With Summer smiles and April tears—
What despair perhaps it will.
What dismay that word has brought—
Word with power, both good and ill.

Winter sees them nigh,
Our spirits with this deep despair.

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!

—Marjorie Viets '20

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 Kilnarney roses and the pink candles on the serving-table, but also by the raspberry sherbet, 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 G. S. W.,
When you come to the end of a busy day
And you find at the end of a busy day,
What a fool of yourself you've made!

—H. M. Rowe

A straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Let point A be myself and point B—a tug from the other end of the "line" brought my attention back to the cause of the scrap of newspaper I held in my free hand, point B—who, having suddenly come to the conclusion that he had stood long enough, decided to sit. He was a Scotch terrier, he was rough-haired and he had no collar, and well—he might be called white. The number on the house was No. 1, and this was unmistakably Elm Street.

Yet it was the house that lacked; it lacked all signs of life; it lacked inhabitants. I looked again at point B. Poor, miserable, little puppy, he was looking at me with his great mournful, disconsolate eyes that made me feel like a criminal, for I was so tired of the sight of him that I had just decided to let him go and then go myself. Point B lifted first one dainty wet foot and then another gingerly from the wet pavement and shuffled.

"But I don't want a dog," I groaned, and "Oh thunder!" I stopped quickly and undid the string that tied him to me, "Go Home!" I ordered sternly. Obediently he started through the gate, then hesitated and sniffed distastefully, his head thrust out to the full length of his skinny neck. Evidently investigating the gate, then returned to canine shape and walked off in the opposite direction leaving him to his fate.

Late that afternoon I returned to campus and went immediately to the field house to whiten the balls for the game to be held the next day. I had not shut the door more than two minutes before, when I heard a decided thump against the lower panel. "Come in!" I said, but (Continued on page 2)
“Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: ‘I’ve flunked again.’” And this is the time for such joyful events for some of us. There are many and varying opinions about examinations, whether they be mid-years or finals. (Mid-years are sometimes finals for some of us. There are many saddest are these; “I’ve flunked again.”)

Dr. Leib spoke on the “Origin of the Earth” with special reference to a recent book on the subject by Professor Thomas E. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago. Dr. Cary was hostess of the tea, assisted by several members of the student body.

Dr. Sykes will take lunch in Hartford on January 30th, at the home of Mrs. Hartman and will speak there before the Council of Jewish Women.

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 asked. But as I noticed that he had a glove in his mouth I reached out my hand for it and he dropped it into it. It was my glove and I knew as soon as I picked it up that dripping piece of leather that I had accepted Point B’s challenge and that I could never turn it away again.

“All right, old chap,” I said, “I’ll fix you up as soon as I’ve fixed these balls.” Point B tossed 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-haggled, 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 pa.ws then reflected. He looked at his pa.ws then and 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 housekeeper kept the room straightening here a chair, and dusting all the hidden corners till all was bright and shining and ready for use.

The housekeeper went through the rooms straightening here a chair, and dusting all the hidden corners till all was bright and shining and ready for use.

Then did the owner come 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?

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 A. C. A. branch in New London.

On January 17th Dr. Sykes spoke before the Universalists’ Convention at Bridgeport, on “College and Vacation.”

January 18th, Dr. Osborn addressed the citizens of New London in the auditorium of the Vocational School on “Habits of Fishes.”

A very pleasant faculty-student tea was held Friday, January 19, in the student rest room. Dr. Leib spoke on the "Origin of the Earth" with special reference to a recent book on the subject by Professor Thomas E. Chamberlain of the University of Chicago. Dr. Cary was hostess of the tea, assisted by several members of the student body.
A Suggestion for First Aid to the Grammer.

Joke Column

In "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.

Deadicated 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
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!'"—Adieu.

Catering To
Chocolate Parties and Teas

PETERSON
127 STATE STREET

The finest line of candy in town.
Page and Shaw's Foss Premier and Quality-Fisher's Green Seal, Alligretti, Farm House and Hall Mark.

THE NICHOLS & HARRIS CO.
The Quality Drug House
Wholesale, Retail, and Manufacturing Chemists
119 State Street
Established 1850

Pre-Inventory Sales
Now in progress

The S. A. Goldsmith Co.,
131 to 143 State St. New London, Conn.
"THE STORE OF GOOD SERVICE"

We now serve

AFTERNOON TEA
From 3 to 5 o'clock

Choice of
Orange Pekoe, Oolong, Black and Green
Each Pot Made Fresh To Order
Rolls and Butter 5c
Pancy Salads
Drake Cake 5c
Tasty Sandwiches
French Vanilla Ice Cream

STARR BROS., Inc.

The JAMES HISLOP CO.

This store specializes in Women's Wear of all kinds, and you are cordially invited to make an inspection of the different lines.

THE JAMES HISLOP CO.,
153-161-163 State St.,
NEW LONDON, CONN.

Crystal Candy Kitchen
High Cut Lace Boots
76 State Street
Both low heels and high heels
Homemade Candies
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 freshman'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 and all the while we discovered the following poem which seemed unnecessarily applicable to the present.

"Mid winter days! how oft they bring,
With lengthening light, a sense of Spring,
However keen may be their sting."—

We may be in a highly excited condition, but that "sense of spring" looks rather ominous.

Spring, you will remember, is characterized by its connection with green things.

—L. H. S. '19

The Diary of Our Own Miss
Samuel 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 overwhelmen 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 initiative and referendum. I have decided to avail myself of the former, after February first, by humbly suggesting to the 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 3/4 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

Lost!

(Concluded from page 2) them at times. After the game started, and the cheering with it, "Lost" was unable to keep up his good reputation. He barked incessantly, and had to be put out, politely but firmly! I saw him wandering about outside the picket fence, pushing his nose through and endeavoring to wriggle his way under. Then the game, score 6-6, claimed all my attention and for a while things hummed. There was a man on third and his pinch-hitter was up at bat. A pause—while I deliberately but strenuously "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 snatching at the ball under the fence pushing his nose through and roll the ball under the fence. It happened so suddenly that I was speechless. "Mac" reached the fence and groped blindly for the ball but grasped air instead. He peered through the fence and then "Lost!" he yelled frantically, "it's 'Lost!'"

"Lost." I repeated stupidly.

"Lost," yelled voices from the bleachers.

"Get that! It didn't go over," said the Umpire.

"Dog-gone it! 'Lost!'" hazarded "Mac.

"Dog gone it's Lost,' he says," reported the short stop.

"All right! Time's up!"

Well, there it ended and the third of February first, by humbly suggesting to the 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 3/4 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. Torrey '20

THE CONN ECTICUT 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!'" Obeydiently 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 mantelpiece 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

Special courtesies to Connecticut College Students.

Watch and Jewelry Repairing
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE SOUVENIRS
J. A. RUSS, 174 State St.
Crocker House

This Store is Bristling with College Spirit
You are invited to inspect our lines. Jewelry and silver make acceptable gifts.

STRAUSS & MACOMBER,
108 State Street.

Fisher, Florist
Opposite Municipal Bldg.
186 State St. Flowerphone 58-2

SHEALETTS
Cleaning, Dyeing and Fancy Laundering
Office and Works Branch
6 Montauk Ave. 87 Broad St.
Tel. 357. Tel. 356-12
Free Auto Delivery
Also 150 Main St., Norwich, Conn.

Hats, Furs, Sweater Costs for COLLEGE FOLKS who desire them
TATE & NEILAN
New London

The Gager-Crawford Co.
Pure Food Store

NEW LONDON CONN.

Freshest Stock
Greatest Variety
Lowest Prices
Largest Output

THE KODAK SHOP
Kodaks, Brownies and Perox Cameras
Expert Developing, Printing and Enlarging Picture Framing
Birthday, tally and holiday cards Stationery Die Stamping
Complete Optical Department

F. C. CHIDSEY
115 State Street

N. M. RUDDY
Jeweler & Optician
145 State Street
New London, Conn.

Fine Watch Repairing, Diamond Mountings and Optical Repairing

LUCEY'S
Shoes and Hosiery
The very best Latest Models
Gym Shoes
College Banners and Pillows
D. J. LUCY & CO.
Plant Building

LYON & EWALD,
HARDWARE
88 State St. New London