Sophomores Shine

The Lyceum in all its glory could never have produced a more clever performance before a more appreciative audience than the vaudeville show given by the Sophomore class, in the gymnasium Saturday evening, January 16th.

No details of a true vaudeville were forgotten—current events, choruses, a movie, solos, skits, dancing and jokes—all were produced with a cleverness to challenge the most original playwright of America. Nor was the "gentleman of color" who announced the acts, and who acted as second stage director, one of the least of the entertainers.

The scenes of history in the making contained such interesting views as Infantry on Parade (a baby carriage pushed by a dashing young man and his fair spouse), a view of China (dishes), and the pride of the American army (Dorothy Pryde of C. C., in uniform).

The Farmerette Chorus displayed in a most clever manner the knowledge they gained last summer, of woods, bugs, and crops. Songs and very telling gestures gave the audience a strikingly clear impression of the Farmerette's viewpoint.

The melodramatic element of the evening was featured in a most thrilling movie—entitled "Sweet Sixteen and Never Been Kissed." The heroine (Marion Keene) along with her charming hero (Marion Keene) arrives at the home of the justice of the peace in the night, and are just about to be married in the presence of the yawning family, when the villain (Dorothy Gregson) accompanied by the jealous rival (Hatty Eddy) and a policeman, interrupt the ceremony, accuse the hero of theft, but on an officer's coat and hat (inadvertently left on top!) but is himself shot down, and his fair spouse). a view of "China entertainment. "

"For some non-academic activity, she is tested. As soon as she finds that her academic work is being neglected, she is expected to resign her office. Students are also supposed to use discrimination in accepting offices, and to show a reasonable attitude in their zeal to enter into dramatics or athletics.

Students are manifesting much interest in this experiment, as many colleges have severe academic restrictions imposed by the administration. Connection: has never had any faculty rulings, and to have the student regulations suspended for a year seems a serious step. The Faculty has not to impose any restrictions as a substitute for those temporarily dropped by the students, so the experiment will have a fair trial.

Statistics pertaining to the academic standing of every student and the number of offices she holds, will be carefully compiled by the Vice-President of the Association, in order to determine whether this policy may be safely maintained as a permanent measure.

Nothing but the confidence of the officers in the loyalty and judgment of the students could have led them to depart from custom and the risk any experiment. It involves one of the most fundamental principles of the student body, its results will interest many college groups not yet daring the risk.

Sophomores Shine

Two very attractive pieces of chorus work were the Oriental scene from Chu Chin Chow, and the Knitting Bag Chorus. The quaint dance of the Incense burners, and the dainty solo dance by the leader, Margaret Penz, mingled with the soft odor of the burning incense added a very charming touch to the otherwise burlesque programme.

September 14, 1919—10 P. M. Unusually quiet day. Advance on front reported but no new cases.

"Yes," replied Miss Weye in answer to the short rap on the door, as she laid her pen on the rough table at which she was writing.

"Emergency, Miss Weye. Dr. Deek is sorry but will you come quickly?"

Jane Weye nodded; dipped her hands in a disinfectant; replaced the cap which she had taken off when she came off duty two hours before; turned off the reading light and stepped out of the room almost before the young patient seemed a serious step. A murmur of moans rose and fell as she passed one open door and disappeared through the next.

A tall, grey-haired man was standing beside a desk giving orders in a gruff, hurried voice. He looked up as Jane Weye entered the room and for a second the troubled look slipped from his face as she smiled at him.

"Sorry, Jane," he said, "but there are half a dozen poor devils here. Just brought in from A—, where they didn't have floor room. They're all taken care of but one—shrapnel in stomach—no chance, but I'd like him to be as comfortable as possible for (Continued on page 5, column 3).

SILVER LINING TO MIDYEARS

"Emergency, Miss Weye"

"Did you ever see such a felicitous exam? Honestly I didn't know a single thing on it. I don't know what that woman was thinking of. I had to leave out the third and fifth questions, why I never even heard of those things."

"Oh, did you think it was bad? I liked it a lot; I wrote a first edition book on it, gee, I think it was great."

"My goodness, you make me tired; you always know everything, here comes Billie, I wonder how she liked it."

"How'd you like it Billie?"

"Oh, I thought it was pretty fair; it was stiff enough; but I think it was pretty good. She didn't leave anything out; it was miles long!"

"I crammed till three o'clock on it and I looked up that last question just before I went to bed! Whew! I'm glad it's over."

"Get any more today?"

"Nope; but I'm philosophising it for the rest of the day and night; immortalising my soul and giving much personal confidences in explanation. Believe me, it's some paper."

"Emergency, Miss Weye"

"Miss Weye"

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YOUR COLLEGE CONSCIOUSNESS

When we were in school, our parents thought for us. When we were in high school, we thought for ourselves. Now that we are in college, we think for other people. Why?

For the same reason that in the beginning when you saw a piece of paper lying on your front lawn, you looked at it, and went your way. Your father came out after you had gone, and picked it up. You would just as soon have picked it up, but it didn't occur to you.

A few years later you saw the paper lying on the grass, and you picked it up and put it into the ash barrel. You saw the paper, and you saw the grass, just as you had before, but this time you realised that there was a connection between the two. And after you had done the aforementioned virtuous deed, you walked along the street and saw many papers on other people's lawns, but they were none of your business.

A few years later you saw the papers lying in other people's yards, and joined the movement for a clean city. The grass and the papers were just the same, but you were different. You saw the connection between all the blades of grass and all the pieces of paper.

So you developed a civic consciousness:

And in the same way your college consciousness came to be one of the chief components of your splendid Connecticut College spirit. In your freshman year you bought a ticket to the Dramatic Club play. When the performance came, you saw it and applauded it with enthusiasm. In your sophomore and junior years you joined the Dramatic Club, and helped set a date and find stage properties and sell tickets. And you were just as enthusiastic over the play, but you realized how much preparation was involved and how important the Dramatic Club was.

In your senior year, you were just as enthusiastic over the play. But you helped in the production just as much, but you perceived that the Dramatic Club was not the only thing in college. You saw that the college consciousness was one of a great many organisations that were contributing to the joys of college life. So you initiated a special Schedule Committee so that all organisations might be able to find dates. You discovered that every play that the Dramatic Club gave was of significance and interest to the college. And although you were not a sophomore, you bought a ticket to the sophomore vaudeville show, and bent all your presentable costumes to the cast, because at last it dawned on you that you were failure or success of the sophomore vaudeville show, though you might not affect you personally, would affect the college. And so you wanted it to be a great success.

It is very easy, when the college is composed of one class or two, and everybody has a hand in everything, to be interested in everything. But when your personal responsibility to the organisation ceases to be, with the growth of the college into many classes and many organisations, you lose active interest. You are too apt to let things go, as long as you aren't forced to do something about them.

What are we driving at?

Just this—You have supported the News. You've been a kind of editor. You have subscribed to it, and quite occasionally you have read it. You leave the rest to the staff. It is perfectly natural that you should do so. You have something else to think about, something that is expecting you to do. No one is going to take you over the coals if you don't write for the News. Of course not. Why should they? No, the News isn't your business any more than the papers in your neighbors' yards are used to be. Why, then, is anybody kicking? Because the News is one of the organisations of the college. You have showed your college consciousness of this fact, at least of the internal parts of the college. But when a person once develops a college consciousness, other people's papers become a much more vital part of his thought. If we were counting on your obligations toward the News, we could rest assured that you had fulfilled them to the utmost, and we would ask no more. But we are counting on your college spirit, on your college consciousness today. We are asking you to contribute to the News because we know you are standing behind us. We want you to make a test for this year as we have in other years. We want you to keep up the standard that the News has always tried to maintain. And now when the need is keen, ever, are you going to help us. It isn't a matter of filling columns, you see. It's not so hard to find space—it is hard to maintain a paper as fine as you want it to be, as we want it to be, to represent Connecticut College. That is the ideal we have always before us, whatever we do. But whatever we do may be forgotten in the days to come. And whatever we print is of a more or less permanent nature. Are you with us in our endeavor to make the News adequately represent Connecticut College? You have never failed any organisation that has appealed to you? Will you do it now?

No, Because you are Connecticut College, you will take your pens in hand and write something for us.

MUST GAIN INVOLVE LOSS?

With the installation of an appropriately gowned choir organisation for an academic basis, we realize that Connecticut College has added a notable achievement to the roll of organisations. All of the college consciousness of the gain, but a small few appreciate at what cost the choir has been organized.

Attention may very properly be turned to the Glee Club, the oldest and best organised departmental group in the college. During the past three years, under the splendid leadership of Dr. Coerne, the club has repeatedly represented the college publicly. By so doing, it has not only added materially the support of a college scholarship, but has well expressed the college ideals of loyalty and love for the truly beautiful. Quite naturally, when the two points of academic and esthetic qualifications are carried in the minds of the college consciousness, it is important! Wilson, Lloyd George, and the Peace Conference.

The Peace Conference.

There are really more vital things in the world than midyearcs. In the alternate crises and historic recreation of the midyear period have we somehow forgotten the tremendous significance of the meeting of the greatest leaders of the greatest nations, whose decisions are to bring about the ideals for which so many lives were laid down, whose actions will be of tremendous significance when midyear comes, and who have remembered incidents of our youth (like being "kept after" in our grammar school days)? The most careful student is necessary to follow the trend of this conference. You won't be well informed about it if you wait to hear the big things talked about by someone else, or glance at the black type in The Day some evenings. Everything is important! Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau and Orlando aren't spending their time in chatting trivialities with just every day or so touching up on something worth your while reading about.

Our is a big opportunity—to live at the moment when the political and social ideals of centuries are at stake, when the whole world is tense, waiting to see whether the old order is indeed passing, whether a new era of a wider Democracy and Internationalism is dawning, when the chance call is to be adroitly patched up and made to do for another century or so. Don't miss your opportunity! Don't be obliged in future years to look up in histories the things that happened when you were alive and thinking!
OPEN LETTERS

To the Editor:

In these times of new opportunity for the reconstruction of our social life, the desire is called forth in every one to contribute strength and talent to the future of the country. It is safe to say that no young woman is following her college work this year without considering for what service she is preparing herself, and for this reason I am venturing to lay before you the demand in reconstruction programs for many more public health nurses in the hope that you will feel you can present the situation to the students in your college.

Much has been said to you in the last two years concerning the profession of nursing. It is because the emphasis in that profession has been so greatly altered by the war that I take it up again with you.

Several things have combined to bring about the change of which I speak. The democratic ideals for which the war was fought have made it imperative that the opportunity for health, as the basis of other opportunities, be made equal to all people; the dependence of the armies upon the public health nurse, for she stands in the cantonment zones here at home; the cantonment nurses in devastated countries and in the care for war casualties has illustrated with new meaning the importance to the nation of the health dependence of the armies upon the public health nurse.

Secretary of Labor Wilson stated recently "Labor's reconstruction program must include a carefully formulated plan for repairing the physical waste and destruction of war by the conservation and renewal of national health. Public health nurses enter into such a program in many ways, in industrial visiting and infant welfare service. To bring to every worker in our country this skill, care many more public health nurses must be put to work in the community."

To meet these demands there were census figures of the war six thousand public health nurses in this country, a number that has been decreased by war service. Yet, because the demand expresses a need of the people, a part of the effort toward a more perfect democracy, it must be met. The National Organization for Public Health Nursing is doing two things to meet it.

To supply the immediate need as rapidly as possible, the Organization has voted to raise a considerable fund of money for scholarships to be given to nurses leaving military service and to members of senior classes in hospital training schools, many of whom had pledged themselves to enter war service, to enable them to take postgraduate courses in public health work and enter at once this new field of national service.

To ensure a supply of nurses for the future, the National Organization, in co-operation with the National League for Nursing Education, is urging the revision of training courses in hospitals, in order to make room for public health work and to give credit for preparatory courses taken in colleges and universities.

Public health nursing is a calling limited in service and influence only by the wisdom that is brought to it. Those who seek to bring health within the reach of all men and women must be prepared to eliminate along the way all the social and industrial evils that threaten life.

But the profession offers as much as it demands. It holds high adventure for those who follow it, often the lure of pioneering. It offers a poise of influence in the community, an opportunity for advancement. So quickly is the recognition of her importance growing in the public mind that the public health nurse promises to become a public official of the state.

It is, in short, a profession for the college trained woman, and therefore we appeal to college students.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA PHILIPS CRANDALL
Executive Secretary,

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Continued on page 3, column 2

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA
Six-month year begins September 15, 1918. Entrance requirements: Two years of college work, including Chemistry, Physics, Mathematics, and two languages other than English (one of which must be French or German). Four months' preliminary didactic and laboratory course for those expecting to enroll in a nurses' training school.

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I left the crowded city with its furor,
I reached, confused, the College by the Sea.
And here I've found the peace and beauty sought for—
Found them, unborn, within the soul of me.

To the city I'm returning, with a
message full of love,
To a life where "matter" reigneth nameless slavery.
With a spirit in my breast
Which will not let me rest.
And a steadfast heart that's tingling
all with joy.

"EMERGENCY, MISS WEYE"

(Concluded from page 2, column 4.)

friends; then the picture of a beautiful girl and a tall, dark, curly haired man at the altar and beside them a plain woman—smiling.

Her hands worked automatically. The moaning ceased. The blood was washed away. The breathing became easier. The eyes closed. But in the woman's heart and brain beat the words, "No chance—comfortable for a few hours."

The moon was descending in the west; the breeze was dying and dawn was streaking the horizon with gray when the man moved uneasily and opened his eyes. The nurse's eyes followed every movement and her hand never left his pulse. His lips moved, she leaned close.

"I can't see."

Jane Weye glanced quickly at the open eyes, they were sightless. She smiled. "I am here, dear."

"Kay." The voice was growing weaker but there was contentment in it. "Kay, kiss me." The man's hand groped on the counterpane for his wife's.

For just a moment the white robed nurse hesitated. Then she slipped her arm about the man's shoulders and leaned near to his face. The wind stirred the curtains gently and her hair blew across the man's cheek; the moon shone through the trees and cast strange shadows on the floor. The man sighed. Between the man's lips and the woman's came the face of a beautiful woman. Jane Weye lifted her head and all the sadness was gone from her face. Her hand slipped to the man's pulse. A chill passed over her and she leaned forward again quickly.

"Dick." Her lips were close to the still face. In her eyes was a nameless terror. Then between them came again the beautiful face. The emergency nurse stood straight. Steadily she drew up the sheet and her face was heartless as she turned to Dr. Deek.

"Gone!"

"Yes."

"Much pain?"

"No." Jane Weye's lips twitched and her hands clinched for a moment. Then she went on. "I happen to know who he is," she said, "and if you don't mind I'll see MacPherson about having the body sent on. He has a wife."

The doctor looked at her keenly for a moment but her lips were steady and her eyes met his unflinchingly. "Very well." He didn't quite like to speak of it, but—"You'd better take some whiskey," he added gruffly.

"I'm all right. Tell me if you need me for the morning shift," she answered, but there was no smile on her face and her eyes looked unseeing as she passed down the long corridor. "Emergency, Miss Weye. Fifty new ones, but Dr. Deek says if you're too tired why—"

"Not at all," answered Miss Weye with a smile as she reached for her cap.

The door closed softly behind her. On the desk lay a letter addressed to Mrs. Richard Cadman.

The horizon reddened rapidly and suddenly the sun bathed the narrow room in golden sunlight.