DOUBLE ALLIANCE BETWEEN PEP AND THE SUBMARINE

Under the auspices of "Pep Junior" and the Senior Sub and convey, '19, and '20, dined in the Mohican on Saturday afternoon, March 15.

Once again the dignity of the Mohican's marble walls was desecrated by glib laughter, songs and speeches—this time, however, from twice as many girls as last year. For '19 had guests.

At the "call to mess," '19 and '20 took their places at the tables, each Junior where a mysterious, fringed, grey and green crepe paper favored her seat, and each Senior where a similar buff and blue token stood—both well guarded by a staunch, grey submarine place card, ploughing through foaming brine.

Nor was "Pep Junior" forgotten, as he sat on his buff and blue mat at the head table. Scarcie had the first course been cleared away when, from behind a felt plush curtain, two Seniors brought out a great parcel covered in buff and blue. And when the Junior president unwrapped it, she disclosed a kennel—blue without, and buff within—with a soft excelsior bed in the bottom, a long chain and padlock to keep Pep from getting lost, as C-13 was last year—and the name and date on the roof. Pep immediately claimed the domicile as his own, and insisted on remaining within during the rest of the luncheon, and on being carried home if England and America is to stand together in the effort to prevent another such world catastrophe as the one from which we are now emerging.

This was Mr. Bridges' third visit to the college, and it is to be hoped that he will continue his annual lectures here.

JUNIORS GIVE SUCCESSFUL DANCE FOR SYKES FUND

The Juniors held another successful dance for the Sykes Fund in the gymnasium March 15. Gay green streamers and many little evergreen trees decorated the gym in a way most effective as well as most appropriate for the time of St. Patrick's Day. The programmes were also decorated with green crepe paper, and the lights which hung from the baskets were concealed with green crepe paper. The music, which was furnished by the Coast Guard orchestra, proved most alluring, and neither charmingly dressed girls nor uniformed men could refrain from dancing every dance. During the intermission Sut-ter's clever one-act play, A Marriage Has Been Arranged, was given. Marion Hendrie, as Lady Aline de Vaux, played her part unusually well. Helen Perry, who took the part of Harrison Crockett, acted with marked skill.

The play is merely a dialogue between these two characters, and they were cleverly executed, especially the beautiful hymn written by Kathyrn Hubert, and sung by four trained voices—alr reminded the guests that the hour of parting was near, when C-19 should go out alone, as pioneers again, in the field of alumnces, and there wait, as she did four years ago, for '20 to join her.

The sentiments of the Seniors were expressed in their songs, and especially

EMERSON APPRECIATED THE ENGLISH. DO WE?

Mr. Horace Bridges, leader of the Ethical Culture Society in Chicago, addressed the college in convocation on March 11, on Emerson's Judgment of Carlyle.Bridge expressed his appreciation of Emerson in terms that were quite unmistakable, and then spoke of the influence that England and America; emphasizing particularly the feeling of prejudice against England which has always existed in American minds, and which at this time it is so unnecessary to eradicate if England and America are to stand together in the effort to prevent another such world catastrophe as the one from which we are now emerging.

This was Mr. Bridges' third visit to the college, and it is to be hoped that he will continue his annual lectures here.

VARIETY DEFEATS JUNIORS IN FAST GAME

The Juniors sustained their first defeat at the hands of the 'Varsity players to the tune of 42-26 Wednesday night. The irresistible combination—Doyle and McGowan—was not employed by the Juniors, but Margaret Davies who played first with Doyle and then with McGowan piled up the score for her class. Helen Coope of the 'Varsity shot 14 field baskets playing in wonderful form. The passing of both teams was very good made the game a pretty one from the view point of the spectator. The score was tied time and time again and the outcome was very doubtful until the latter part of the second half.

Amid riotous cheering the Junior team introduced their mascot—Junior Pep—but even this representative of luck could not gain them a victory. The game was the fastest and most exciting one yet witnessed on the gymnasium floor.

The line-up was as follows:

Juniors.
Left Guard—M. Davies Center—M. Hester
Right Guard—E. Williams
Left Guard—M. Howard

'Varsity.
Right Forward—H. Coops Left Forward—M. Rowe Center—S. Martin
Right Guard—A. Braas
Left Guard—E. Watrous
Field Goals—14 Coops; 8 Davies; 7 Rowe; 3 Doyle; 1 McGowan; Foul Goals.—4 Coops; 3 Davies; 3 McGowan; Score—42-20; Referee—Blue.

CONCERT GIVEN BY VIOLIN, CELLO AND HARP

On Thursday night, March 13, the Gerardi Trio of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, brought to us a glimpse of things that are unseen. Mr. Gerardi's charm and skill were revealed in the subtlety of his exquisite tones, and the perfection of his technique. The power and delicacy of the cellist, Mr. Fabrizio, was shown to especial advantage in his rendition of Saint Saen's Saint Saen. Perhaps the unfamiliarity of the harp tones lent even more charm to Mr. Cella's masterful interpretation of that instrument. His range and style was shown in his own composition, a Rondo, while his power of expression had freest play in Beethoven's beautiful Farnese Pastorale, and Paradies' Mouet Pastor. The perfect blending and harmony between the instruments was best revealed in Handel's Largo. C. C. will always have a welcome for the Gerardi Trio.

VICTORY CANTATA SUNG AT SECOND CHURCH

Sometimes one feels a great sweep of emotion, as at the time when the armistice was declared, and on Liberty Day when the men in service paraded in mass. Sometimes it makes one silent, and almost choked with suppressed energy. Sometimes one tries to tell what one feels, but is appalled with the meedolcity of the comments that one inflicts upon the bystanders. So it is a very wonderful thing to express one's emotion in its full depth and intensity without detracting from its beauty and significance. And it is even more wonderful when one can express the swelling emotion of nations and at the same time interpret the deepest sentiment of the individual. This, Dr. Coerne has done in his Victory Cantata, which was sung at the Second Congregational Church on Sunday evening, March 16. It is a wonderfully singable piece of music, as the forty-one college girls who had the privilege of rendering it realized. It carries everyone that hears it off his feet for a moment. The inspiring words that were written by Dr. Chap- man enhance the force of the melody and rhythm to a wonderful extent.

Of the many descriptive solos and choruses, The Ships perhaps was the most impressive, but the cantata moved swiftly and surely from its opening chord to its grand climax in the return of the ships to the Motherland where the lights of home were shining for the men who had been away so long.

At all times is Connecticut College proud of its faculty, but at such an achievement as this it is more than proud. It would rise to its feet with a vote of appreciation touched with awe with so much of enthusiasm and spirit as did the congregation when the last thrilling chord of Victory cantata had died away, and the organ broke into the martial strains of Onward, Christian Soldiers.
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Connecticut College News

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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EDITORIALS

"STAND, TO MOVE THE WORLD, ON A CHILD'S HEART"

While we are rejoiceing in our triumphs of democracy abroad, we must not forget that democracy, which college students have the opportunity for everyone to develop to his fullest capacity, should also belong to our children. Child labor can no longer be tolerated; it is time to consider the long unanswered call of the children of the world. From four different directions child labor is menacing us. It wrecks the child, physically and morally. It increases the number of unemployed adults—a problem which is now pressing immensely—and it is a grave stain on the prospects of society and its future. From every corner of the country child labor lifts its hideous head. And capital, which has neither morals or ideals, only interests forever selfish, thrusts it down. We, the people—call it public opinion if you will—must obviate child labor.

Strangely enough, we seem to have no idea of the awful physical, mental and moral wreckage hidden in the lifeless and vacantly staring faces of the child workers. Consumption, fever, all horrible diseases and deformities laugh from their faces. The commercial madness of the nation is devouring her children.

For the problem is not sectional but national. There are nearly as many child laborers in the North as in the South, and as many are going out, at the same time as our clothes, the lives of the nation's children. Does Owen, the English reformer, call the mines "the classroom of the poor"? Can we allow living human skeletons almost derodded of intellect?

Of the fearful moral consequences of child labor there can be no question. The parents realize this, and even more than the physical deterioration, it prevents them from selling their children to the factories. A glass-blower remarked: "I'd sooner see my boy dead than working here. You might as well give a boy to the devil at once than send him to a glass factory." Last year about 8,000 children under sixteen years of age were working in glass factories.

Visiting an English coal mine one day, Owen asked a twelve year old boy if he knew God. The boy stared vacantly at his questioner. "God?" he said, "God? No, I don't. He must work in other mine." But pitiful ignorance of the finer children's life is not the only consequence of premature employment; coarse knowledge, quickly learned from the adults who work near the children, brutalizes them. Potential love, genius, purity, are destroyed. Relaxation of parental authority, roaming the streets, destruction of youthful innocence to be replaced by premature adult consciousness—are these inevitably associated with child labor.

Moreover, we watch with unconcern the toll of the children side by side with the idleness of men. Children are employed because their labor is cheaper than that of adults. This results, in the displacement of adults from work, and second, the lowering of wage standards. And this, in a time when the spectre of unemploy-ment has become a threatening reality!

John Sparrow tells of an incident relative to this question of the unemploy-ment of children: "thousands of children are working. He says: "Some months ago I stood outside a clothing factory in Roches-ter. In front of the building, as up on sev- eral others on the street, hung a painted sign, "Small girls wanted." Two men passed by, and I heard one say to the other, "That's fourteen places we've seen that want kids today. Bill, but we've tramped around all week an' never got sight of a job."

But however indifferent, we may be to the social and economic wrong of child labor; it carries with it a certain respectability and desirability? There is no doubt which idea of the usual college student is prevalent in New London.

Definitions are distasteful to many, but it might not do us any harm to meditate about two —

According to the New English Dictionary, ETIQUETTE means, "the conventional rules of personal behavior observed in the intercourse of polite society." Even people who ride in trolley cars like to think of themselves as members of such society. And if they are interested in the antics of monkeys, or in vaudeville shows, why take it for granted that they will find time to observe both the proper things and the proper time?

The second word is DIGNITY, which on the same authority means: "the quality of being worthy or honorable; nobility, or elevating elevation of aspect, manner, or style; becoming or fit staidness; gravity. High sounding words, perhaps, but, to my mind, completely useless unless they do not necessarily mean a funereal aspect.

After all, the main thing is respect for others. If we are not embarrassed by making fools of ourselves, our friends may be, though they be far from being prudes. Noddiness, carelessness, indifference, even "acaus- eness," and all that, can go with them, and in them to a certain extent unavoidable. But there is a time and place for everything and it is to be

(Continued on page 5, column 1)
ATTENDANCE AT VESPERS.

Have we come to the point in the matter of vesper attendance ... Music
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O college years, how swift they run! Our love for thee has but begun,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea. We’ll soon be far away from thee,
And river, hills, and thy gray walls Will ever seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.

O may the freedom and the strength
Of hill and river be at length,
Dear Alma Mater by the sea,
A symbol of our love for thee.
And friendships prove that college
days
Will never seem
To be a dream
Of long ago.
K. H. ’20.

THE PASSER-BY.

I am glad that you passed without speaking.
And left me still with my dream—
Glad that you told me by looking
By smiling, Life’s beautiful theme.

You left me my silence unbroken,
Yet questioned my lonely ideal
Of wisdom and reason in living,
And silently taught me to feel—

To feel and be sure that the knowl-
edge
I sought is a lesser goal
Than the truth you gave me in pass-
ning.

That Love is lord of the Soul.
M. K. P. ’19.

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS
DOUBLE ALLIANCE BETWEEN PEP AND THE SUBMARINE

(Concluded from page 1, column 4)

in the words of Alison Hastings' ditty on 'Pep and the Submarine Question.'

With Apologies to Lewis Carroll, to '19, and to '20.

'The sun was shining on C. C.,
Shining upon the bay,
Doing its very best to make
New London green and gray,
And this was old, because it was
The middle of the day.

'Pep's tail was wagging joyfully,
Because he knew the sun
Had every business to be there.
Since dog days had begun.
'T's still ly great to celebrate,
I'll squeak, and join the fun.'

'The Seniors and their submarine
Were sailing close at hand,
Nearly submerged with joy to see
The luncheon they had planned.
If meals were like this every day,
They said, 'It would be grand.'

'If seven men with seven trays
Waited for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Seniors asked,
That they could get it clear?'
'I fear so,' said the submarine,
And went a bitter tear.

"Oh Juniors, come and dine with us,
The Seniors did beseech,
A pleasant meal, a pleasant talk,
And many a witty speech.
We cannot do without you all,
To give a hand to each.'

"The time has come,' the Seniors said,
'To talk of many things,
Of seas and ships and submarines,
Of periscopes and bugs,
And why ice cream is freezing cold,
And whether Pep has wings.'

"But wait a bit,' the Juniors cried,
'Before we have our chat,
Till we have eaten all our lunch,
And Pep has had his bat.'
'Ya hurry,' said the Seniors then,
'We quite agree to that.'

"It was so kind of you to come,
Oh, you are very nice
To come here to our banquet.
Now give us your advice.
If we were here another year,
'Then could we ask you twice?"

"Oh Juniors,' say the Seniors all,
We love you every one.
Will you be friends and play with us?
We'll have the best fun!
The first two classes, Juniors and
The Seniors, they are one.'

"The Seniors and the Juniors, they
Came first to dear C. C.,
And those two years were happy years,
As happy as could be.
So we must make the coming years
As happy, and as free.

"So here's to all the Junior class,
And all the Seniors too,
Who love their college broad and free,
And join to see it through,
Whose to the spirit of C. C.
Forever will be true.

"The submarine can straighter sail
If Pep is at the wheel,
And, sailing, Pep can faster go
Than swimming, a great deal,
Across the sea of knowledge deep
To find the college well."