Service League Outlines Its Plans for Year

Plans for the work to be done this year were outlined at the inaugural Service League meeting, held on Tuesday, November 19. There are to be four committees: War Relief, Social Service, Social, and Fraternity. Jennie Wells, president of the league, introduced the four committee chairmen, who gave in detail their particular plans. Alice Horrax set forth the work of the War Relief Committee, which will include canteen duty in New London, weekly service in the Hostess House, in the base hospital, and in the Yeowomen's club house. Betty Rumney gave an account of the opportunities for Social Service to be offered by the league.

The Keeba Club and the Y. W. C. A. still offer interesting opportunities, and for upper classmen, there will be a chance to help in the Civilian Relief and Child Welfare work, of the Associated Charities. Ruth Wilson, chairman of the Social Committee, drew up some very promising plans for entertainments. A Dance will be given, but the particular feature will be a musical comedy, "very peppy"—with music and words contributed by the students. Leah Pick promised a board of employment to be run by her committee in addition to securing the five lecturers provided by the league this year. The speakers who have already been arranged for are Otto Steiner, of Grinnell College, who has certainly won for himself a welcome on the campus; Horace Hildreth, head of the Chicago Ethical Society, who will address the students for the third time; Eleanor Bertine, of the Y. W. C. A., who will speak on Social Morality, and Professor C. T. Winchester, head of the English Department, at Wesleyan College.

SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO IN FUTURE

The Dramatic Club's announcement that on December 9 they will present "The Lost Silk Hat," by Dunsmay, "A Marriage Has Been Arranged" and "The Man on the Mountain," by Struce, comes as welcome news to lovers of the drama. The great success which these one-act plays have made elsewhere and the splendid cast chosen for the occasion make the event something to be anticipated eagerly. The principal roles are taken by Helen Gage, Frances Otten, Helen Perry, Doris Patterson, Marion Hendrie, Lydia Marvin and Jeanette Sperry. Mr. George Curry is the director.

BURLI. L.,

Mr. George Curry is the director.

Miss Helen Fraser, who last year made such a profound impression on the faculty and students, will speak again to the College on Friday, December sixth, at five o'clock. In the evening she will hold an informal conference with the students. Miss Fraser is recognized as one of the most brilliant women speakers of Great Britain. She has been working for various departments of the British government, particularly those pertaining to war economy. Miss Fraser was received formally at the White House. Last year she gave 222 lectures, thus holding the record of women speakers in the United States. To hear Miss Fraser speak a second time is a privilege which will be highly appreciated.

ANN F. HASTINGS '22

WHEN THE M - MOON SHINES

The old, gray stone wall west of New London Hall became a sacred spot on the college campus on the evening of November sixteenth, when it became the setting for the first "Senior Sing,"—19's permanent contribution to college traditions.

At the rising of the full moon, a long line of black-robed seniors gathered on the wall, faced by a long line of white-robed juniors, together with faculty and other students. Song after song arose, in praise of "Goddess Moon." "Mr. Moon-Man," and of the important new tradition. Popular songs, old class songs, and cheers for faculty and the other classes rang out over the hilltop, until "Good-Night, Ladies," indicated that the "wall-sing" was over.

SARGENT CHALLENGES C. C.

Of the six seniors nominated by the Sports Committee, for manager of the "varsity" team, Mildred Provost was elected by the Athletic Association. Challenges have been received from Stanford and from the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics. Connecticut College will probably play both of these teams during February or March. All classes are eligible for the squad, which will consist of twelve members. Eight points will be given for membership on this team, and members will be ineligible for class teams. Each "varsity" player will be awarded a ten-inch C., at the end of the season.

CITIZENSHIP AT COLLEGE

That the voters of tomorrow may be intelligent, as well as enthusiastic, a lecture course on Citizenship is being given at college under the auspices of the Woman's Equal Franchise League and Mrs. Nancy Schoonmaker.

In a most entertaining way, Mrs. Schoonmaker described town and county government in her first lecture, on November eighteenth. All the "dry" details of routine became humorous, but real, in her vivid description of town meeting, voter-making, and of the officials from first selectman to the grand juror. Many of the regulations of this our simplest form of government became clear and related to the audience through Mrs. Schoonmaker's lecture.

Hereafter, the course is to include questions on the preceding lecture, in order to make the instruction more worth while.

During the four years that the Seniors have played hockey, they have never lost a game. According to the Seniors, this is due to the four years' leadership of their captain, Louise Ansley.

The fall matches of November 8 and 17 leave them champions of the hockey field.

JUNIOR-SENIOR.

Junior Squad, Senior Squad.

Owen Williams, R. W., Capt. Hastelherd, L.
Davies Ansley, Capt.
Warner, M. Rowe
Munro Trail
Cammons Fock
Allen Emerson
Doyle Hatch
Smith, California Hastings, A. Hubert
Costigan White
Horrax Lennon
McGowan, Capt. Cars
Hester Kugler
Score: 1-4.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE.

Freshman Squad, Sophomore Squad.

Bogue Rich
Bellew Littleelles
Burely Newton
Fisher Batchelder, L
Ellen Gordon Hippolitus
Hastings, Ann Wolfe
Levine Smith, B.
Taylor Eddy
Smith, G. Akin
Branca Brahm
Tuthill Patterson
Williams, J. Watrous
Wilson Marvin
Warner, W., Capt. Williams, E. Capt.
Score: 6-1.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR.

Freshman Squad, Senior Squad.

Cooper, K. Rooster
Taylor Ansley, Capt.
Smith, G. Lathalherd, L
Fisher Batchelder, E.
Gordon Howe
Hastings, Ann Cockings
Warner, W., Capt. Hatcher
Williams, J. Emerson
Tuthill White
Levine Prentiss
Wilson Lennon
Bursley Barns
Sperrey Bellows
Score: 1-4.
THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

ESTABLISHED 1916
Published Weekly

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EMPLOYMENT FOR CONNECTICUT COLLEGE GRADUATES.

When we hear that the Service League has established an employment bureau for girls in the college who desire to get work, we wonder whether any steps are being taken toward a college employment bureau. It is true that the year has only begun, already many a senior is wondering what will be in store for her after the dignity and ceremony of commencement days are over. It is now possible that there are fields about to be opened to the present senior group, equipped as they will be with a college education in related majors. Many of the present seniors became pioneers in Connecticut College in place of attending the larger and older women's colleges, because Connecticut College offered vocational as well as academic training. Were the seniors after all justified in looking to Connecticut College for this opportunity?

It is very well to enjoy wholeheartedly a senior year diversified and multiplied in worthy activity as this is proving to be, without any definite expectation of employment at the end. It is also very well to defer the evil day with vague visions of bright possibilities. But June is not so far off. The day of reckoning is approaching.

Women have been able to "claim a labor for their province" while the men were on the fighting line. College graduates were in great demand for the duration of the war. Experienced or inexperienced, valuable and responsible positions were open to them. Desultorily, however, is gradually taking place, and men will be available in increasing numbers. Positions which are now open will be closed. This job may be a highly elusive but the wisp by next June.

It is possible for every senior to put herself in touch with authorized college employment agencies. Educated women will undoubtedly be needed in many lines of work, war or no war. But each senior does not know where to find the position best suited to her previous training, and she does not know how to secure a position that will prove congenial to her special talents. What positions are there open in Connecticut or elsewhere to college girls?

The administration of the college is the natural source of advice and information. Moreover, since Connecticut College is so new that the present seniors will not be the only first generation, but the first representatives in the college in the business and professional world, it is possible that a graduate from Connecticut College might be rated on an equal basis with those from Vassar and Smith, either academically or economically. Only through the administration of the college will the credentials of Connecticut College be recognized by the business world.

Is there a possibility of an employment bureau for Connecticut College girls? The question is a vital one, not only to the present senior class, but also to the classes that will benefit or lose by the reputation gained by the first graduates in years to come.

JOBS.

The words, "I have a job!" coupled with an expression registering great delight on the part of the speaker are constantly heard on the campus of C.C. these days. "How wonderful!" her listener may remark superficially—"doing what?" It may be the gratifying particle of information that her friend has found a job and that she has made arrangements to wash the garments of her less fortunate friends.

The girls are showing a splendid spirit in the way they are trying to meet their pledges for the Allied cause. They have risen to the occasion, and have indicated their eagerness to do all they can by pledging to their utmost. But how to prove that this money was the question that immediately arose. Most of the allowances are not munificent enough to survive the heavy strain that these pledges would occasion. So the girls are solving this problem by earning the money.

The appearance of manicurists, seamstresses, jantresses and waitresses has been the outcome—everyone who has time or talent has rushed to the market with the buffer besots a glistening luster on her friends' finger-tips—for a reasonable charge. The girls clever at plying the needle mend and darn for her less skilled companions—at a price; the more muscular girl cleans and sweeps; the girl with instincts of equilibration and herself o the wisp by next June.

I hope you went right to bed. She also tells me Austria is suing for peace. That sounds good, but I suppose when we were on the fighting line, College the duration of the war. Experienced graduates were in great demand for positions.

It is true that the year has only begun, but also to the classes that will benefit or lose by the reputation gained by the first graduates in years to come.

CHAIRMEN OR UNCHAIRMEN?

Connecticut College is peopled by a liberty-loving group dedicated to a fine feeling of freedom in all things. But like most groups its morals are under threat. Its members forget that such a matter as applying library rules conscientiously has any close relation to the fundamental principles of democracy.

Each day reveals new losses from the reserve book shelves. Some of the missing copies are books borrowed from other libraries through the personal effort of the librarian and individual instructors. Others are loaned by instructors from their private libraries. Simultaneously with these losses comes an increased need for reserve books through the formation of new classes, the approach of examination periods and the assignment of special reports.

What method of correction shall be adopted? It has been suggested that every student pay an annual library fee. By means of the fund thus created all lost books could be replaced. At the end of the year each student would have her proportional share of the original fee refunded. Another method would be to expose publicly any college student who showed such irresponsible habits as have been evinced in several cases. Still another method would be the conventional plan of placing private and institutional libraries. All reference and reserve books are caged behind iron bars and dictionaries and encyclopedias are chained to the desks with iron links.

"But C. C.'s always different" claims our song. May not the best method of all be an intermittent training of student which shall not only keep our books, but keep them unchaired?

W. F. Y.'19.

Glasgow, Scotland, October 31, 1918.

Hello, Everybody;

We came over here Monday and said hello to everybody we had met before and some more we hadn't. Then Thursday A. M. I went all over the house, then spent three hours later I went back to the hotel and to bed. Believe me, this "Flu" is anything but slow. Yesterday afternoon they brought me a bed, and here I am in quite a fit, and more comfortable, so I think I ought to be up in a day or so. I was told about ten minutes ago that it takes four weeks these days for mail to go over, so by the time you get this I 'll have forgotten I ever was a "Bulge." I'm on mother's old favorite milk diet now and, believe me, I like it just as well as the first milk I've had since I left home—that is to drink.

Now I must tell you about my work. We have a large building, which after our formal opening tomorrow night, we will call a hostal for American boys or any boys on leave. We have six floors; 260 bedrooms; a half dozen big drawing rooms we will make into game rooms, etc.; a large auditorium, two large dining rooms, etc. Doesn't it sound grand? Well, to shock you still more, may I add that little me is housekeeper, matron and general good-time maker of the hostal. There are 37 men, all very jolly (of our party) the stenog., myself, and about 100 volunteer workers, two cooks, etc., to handle—and land only knows how I'll ever do it. But, I'll just have to take a chance and go ahead.

Tomorrow night we open officially with an open house and concert and I am so mad to think I'm up here in bed. This whole place must be spotless as you know.

This is a great, old town. They think something is wrong if it doesn't rain every day, but just let me tell you—the sun is out today. I bet it's the first in a month or so. The most valuable garment I brought over with me is that little slicker I wore when it nearly every day on ship board and least half the time on land. I guess I was just getting ready for Scotland.

Miss Ethel Paice, one of our nice "F" men, just got a letter from home saying that the States are overrun with "Flu." I certainly hope not, or you people got it. If you did I hope you went right to bed. She also tells me Austria is suing for peace. That sounds good, but I suppose when
this letter gets to you the war will be
over.
If I can spare enough money I'll send
a holiday wire, but, believe me, money is
scarce and wires frightfully ex-
pensive as is everything else. For ex-
ample, Mr. Lockwood brought me a
bunch of grapes yesterday. I don't
mean to be mercenary, but in Ameri-
can money they would be $7. a pound.
That's the first fruit I bought since I
left the boat. Fruit is simply out of
eight and it is the one think all of us
crave. Some day I'll get rash I'm
afraid—and then you'll be getting
it. S. O. S's. But don't let that worry
you.
I suppose you all think I'm wasting
myself up here—but don't you feel
yoursehres. There is far more im-
portant and harder work here than
across the channel—when I get back
I'll tell you why. This is real con-
structive brain work and will not be
mucnnotous like the other is certain to
be the first four months by probation,
for this is pioneer and not probation. I
wish I were empowered to tell you
all about it.
They have the most beautiful
chrysanthemums over here. But I'll
just as soon have a garden. Tell some of your friends I want to
buy the boys some of those miserably
expensive fruits—apples—for Xmas
they might suddenly tumble over and
presto. We simply must make Thank-
giving and Xmas gay for these tired
fighters. We believe.
I hear some bagpipes down the
street and the coal wagon at the shoot
with coal. Aren't you jealous? Well,
Xmas greet. Thus, the London address. An y
street believe.
press rates and they are very high.
just must stop or
forever. In fact, there is always the
alarm about
giving and Xmas gay for these tired
fighters. They
might suddenly tumble over, and
be
curvaceous over here. But I'd
across the channel—when I get back
buy the boys
some or
a pound, 
mean to be mercenary, but in Ameri-
can precious as is everything else. For ex-
ample, Mr. Lockwood brought me a
bunch of grapeyesterday. I don't

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ANOTHER MATH

(Submitted by one of the faculty.)

What shall the verdict be, now that at
last
The action's ended and the strife has
passed?
What shall the verdict be of those
who lend
A listening ear for what the times may
send?
Too much we hear the challenge
forward thrown,
That war is good, that through it man has
grown
To noble stature, that no other end
Can take its place the flagging soul to
mend.
As if again and ever more again
Into this furnace we must throw our
men,
To chance their spirits and to render
whole
The peace-afflicted, half-matured soul.
What? Shall it be said,
When all this history has been writ in
red,
When we have paid
The lives of thousands, unafraid,
To render up their cherished breath
In one last sacrifice to Death,
That this whole sacrifice was vain,
A tragedy of ignorance, thought the
last
Before the faze of nation pride was
past?
Where is the victory? Wherefore is
the gain?
When all the countless youths their
lives have laid
Upon the earth of struggle-redomed
France,
If these lives count the world not
some advance?
Is there no goal in life's advance of
soul with soul,

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Sheet Music

Umbrellas repaired and recovered

May live in love its fruitful day
And meet death freely in God's chosen
way?
Too calmly is it said
That this war's purpose was to lift
the race
Up to a higher height—what of the
countless dead?
Those lives they loved—so young—so
all unlifted—
And some so filled with love, the whole
world sang
In splendor? Then this sudden red
Of hate engendered strife
And all this love is dead that was so
fully live.
Get well the meaning of this attitude.
Be sure your selfishness is understood.
Who are they, left to reap the weal
of it,
And calmly drink the ghastly benefit?
Who are they but even you and I,
For whom 'twas writ that all these
lives should die?
Were our souls then more valuable
than theirs
That we should thus assume ourselves
theirs?
Shall we then smugly say
That now at last is come the planned
day,
Settle in peace to life's old boisterous
way,
Amass again the debt of slothfulness
Till we again in lives the debt must
pay.
Let us hand down to era yet to be
The gift for which they sought eternity
Let us hand down the gift of peace
Let us at last decrees that war shall
cease.
Let us hand down to era yet to come
Their high achievement. For it was
hard to die
With happy life's enthusiastic cry
Load in their ears; hard to succumb
To this stern mandate of the beaten
drum;
Hard to be sent
To future life in undevelopment—
Why are we sent to draw life's sweet-
ended breath?
Is it for life to know?—or only death?

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE
of PENNSYLVANIA

Sixty-ninth year begins September
14, 1919. Entrance requirements: Two
years of college work, including Chem-
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guages other than English (one of
which must be French or German).
Four months' preliminary didactic
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STARS OF THANKSGIVING IN COLLEGE FLAG

Six blue stars now hang gloriously in the gymnasium, where they were raised on Sunday, November 16, at a special Vesper service of dedication and thanksgiving. President Marshall, who conducted the service, spoke of the prevalence of service flags throughout the country—in great institutions where the numbers are indicated by figures of stars to the humble farm-house which displays one, two, or three stars in the remotest corners of the land. Colleges, too, he said, are flying their service flags. Even women's colleges have given members to the service. Connecticut College, he continued, has representatives in very diversified phases of war work. Then, as the flag was raised to its position on the left of the stage, he read the names and the work which the stars represent: Lieutenant Crandall, in service in France; Sergeant F. E. Morris, in the medical corps in this country; Lieutenant Manwaring, who is giving her medical service abroad; Miss Woodhull, who is awaiting her call for canteen work; Professor Frederick Weld, who is in charge of the musical training of the navy in the United States; Olive Stark '21, a veemonette in New London.

After a prayer and a hymn, President Marshall concluded the service with a Thanksgiving sermon. Three special reasons for thankfulness this year, he said, are the fact that our cause in the war was righteous, that it has been vindicated, and that there is hope of our healing the wounds and making a better world.

The words, "I have a job!" coupled with an expression registering great delight on the part of the speaker are frequently heard on the campus of C. C. these days. "How wonderful!" her listener may remark superciliously—"doing what?" It may be the gratified parvenu is to do typewriting; or perhaps she has plotted her course of life. She may have received the call for canteen work; or perhaps the call is to some other service. It may be her mother's joy that her son has entered the navy in the United States; Olive Stark '21, a veemonette in New London; or perhaps she has plotted her course of life. She may have received the call for canteen work; or perhaps the call is to some other service. It may be her mother's joy that her son has entered the navy in the United States; Olive Stark '21, a veemonette in New London.

The celebration succeeded only in emphasizing her grief. But what were those cries she heard? Not exultant shouts, but wails of anxiety and pain. Across the lawn, a lifeless body was being carried into a neighbor's house. Two words she caught—"Billy," and "Joyriding." The excitement was explained. The community shroller had been drunk again and another mother had lost her son—but the loss was different. Gradually, John's mother became calm and the bitterness in her soul was replaced by a peace of John's making. Her son was gone, but for the sake of the peace which the country was celebrating. Why shouldn't the crowd rejoice? Why, indeed, shouldn't she rejoice? As she stepped into the streets, and into the throng of people, her song changed. She now sang more exultantly, "Oh! John, I'm proud!"

"My God, 'twill kill me!" on Peace Day, the mother's bitter cry rang out. All the world rejoiced, while she alone was sad. What mattered anything and of what avail was peace, if John was gone? "Killed in action," the message had read, and anguish there was in those three words. Her sorrow seemed more than she could endure. In her loneliness, she listened to the shouting of the exultant multitude.

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