NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT, APRIL 24, 1918.

PRICE 5 CENTS

STUDENT GOVERNMENT PRESIDENT.

Practically the whole world is today, engaged in a conflict which is shaking the very foundations of civilization and turning lands which a few years ago were the happy homes of laughter-loving children into lands burned and scarred with hate. In entering this gigantic national struggle, however, let us claim to be fighting for an ideal of freedom and democracy; hundreds and thousands of men and women are sacrificing their lives, their everything, that future generations may be protected from any infringement of their rights; may be assured freedom and democracy.

While the world is deciding on what principles the government of nations is to rest our little college is preparing a set of women to go out, into the world, and respect herself as well as her neighbor. The first two years of Student Government were entrusted to the care of a gir1 to whom future students will look back with grateful hearts. To her natural ability were added a whole-hearted zest for the work and a love for C. C. Through the untiring efforts of Winona Young the Student Government Association was planned and nourished for two years.

The work has been well carried on and has passed through another critical year under the guidance of "Batch", and now, as in former years, the students are to be congratulated upon their choice of a president. Virginia Rose assumes the presidency after two years of excellent executive preparatory work, first as editor of the Nawn, and during the past year, as president of the Junior Class.

It will be her duty to weld four classes into one student body, for next year will see one stage in the growth of Connecticut College finished, the stage of incompleteness. It will be her privilege to instill into the hearts of four classes the spirit which is to remain theirs as our little institution grows and spreads its influence from sea to sea, and beyond the sea. It will be her duty that the girls must look for a leader in

OLD HOME WEEK-END AT C. C.

Whether by chance, or by some undivided will of the gods, we know not,—students of '20, and more especially '19, were treated to a regular "Old Home" week-end last Saturday. For not only did we have with us once more our own "Dr. Barr"—(alias Mrs. Arthur Mavity), and her husband,—but we had the delightful addition of Miss Davis and the Dondos. What matter if Monsieur Dondo presented his Marionettes in the gymnasium which was only a very aetherial castle when he was here last; what difference if it was attended by strange people known as C. C. '20 and '19; what harm if new edifices and new faces were pointed out to our guests as a vital part of our college? Didn't we have some of our 1915-16 faculty with us on that happy picnic Saturday, so that it really seemed, as one of the girls said, "just like old times."

DEMOCRACY—THE HERITAGE OF THE AGE.

As Americans, we are apt to believe that our nation is the most democratic one in the world, but there are many changes which must come with time to make our democracy ideal. This fete was brought home to us by William Gerrish, of Canton, Massachusetts, in his address on "Some Aspects of Democracy," in the College Gymnasium on April sixteenth. Mr. Gerrish gave definite proofs that America is not yet a complete political, industrial, educational, or home democracy.

—Olive Littlehaes '31.

ELECTION OF CLASS PRESIDENTS.

At the annual class meetings held for the election of presidents, the results were as follows:

Class of 1919—Marenna Prenissa.
Class of 1920—Edith Lindholm.
Class of 1921—Agnes B. Leahy.

all the activities which are to fill the coming year, which are to prepare our girls for the work which they must soon take up.

The student body offers its best wishes and most sincere confidence to the new president.

—M. P. B. '20.

AREN'T YOU GOING?

Where? To New Haven, to see the Yale Art Collections of Greek vases and Babylonian tablets. What do you want to see them for? If you're a student in art, classics, or ancient history you won't be asking such a foolish question. Because the vase collection is one of the most complete in the world; because Professors Baur and Clay of Yale have offered their time to giving informal lectures; because you probably won't get a course in Yale Art School any cheaper, ever, because you come to college to be educated, and no one is more dedicated to the knowledge and appreciation of those civilizations upon which our own is based; because you'll see a lot of other things; because, for a thousand other reasons, you should go. But you haven't any money—you can't afford it? How many dollars have you spent at Pete's, at the movies, at the Lyceum, within the last few weeks—and how much education and enlightenment have you received? The trip won't cost you more than three dollars, probably. Think it over, anyway, and you'll decide to go. Read the notice on the bulletin board. You won't be sorry that you've something to talk about, besides how Mary Pickford wears her dresses— or how "punk" the Lyceum dancing was—you'll have something to convince the doubting stranger that you did get something out of college, after all.

MANDOLIN CLUB CONCERT.

Friday, April 12th, the Mandolin Club held their second annual concert. The usual concert weather dissuaded the timid, but those of us who were brave enough to attend, enjoyed an unusual treat.

The Club has improved wonderfully due to the capable leadership of Miss Clementina E. Jordon, and the untiring work of the members. From the vigor and dash of "League E" to the soft swinging melody of "Love's Old Sweet Song," the Club showed truly remarkable proficiency and interpretation.

The soloists added greatly to the success of the concert. Miss Chipman sang delightfully and Miss Smith gave us a brilliant performance. The Club members are to be heartily congratulated for their hard work. It is a student organization managed by Miss Irma H. Key. We await its next appearance with eagerness.

—M. Coughlin '19

(Continued on page 4.)

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

Molière's famous work "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" will be presented at the College Gymnasium by the French Club of the College on Saturday evening, April 27th, at 8 o'clock, promptly.

"Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" is a "comedy ballet" in which Molière seriously, though humorously, portrays one of its most lasting types. A rich commoner Monsieur Jourdain is seized with the desire to rise in the social scale. He avoids association with people of his own class and endeavors to attach himself to the shady borders of the nobility. To this end he employs teachers of music and dancing recommended by a noble, takes lessons in the refined art of fencing, cultivates his mind and makes a pretense of doing so with his master of philosophy, imagines himself to be in love with a woman of education, and lends money to an indigent courtier who acts as his mentor in all these things.

M. Jourdain is quite a complex character. He has plenty of sense and is not duped without being somewhat conscious of it. His debate with his tailor and his views of learning conveyed to the master of philosophy show plenty of will. But he has made up his mind that he must do as the quality does, and his vanity is equalized only by his ignorance. So from this purpose and through this natural weakness he is led from one absurdity to another, until they culminate both the purpose and the weakness, in the extravagance of the Turkish Ceremony.

M. Jourdain is both ignorant and vain—knowing little of the world of refinement of good breeding and at the same time susceptible to the gross flattery and therefore, he wishes to change his habitude immediately. The opposition of the members of his own household, who condemn his aspirations one and all, only serve to intensify his determination and self-sufficiency, left as he is without any disinterested sympathy or correction. Madam Jourdain and Nicole, the servant, assail him at every point with their common sense views, their doctrine of contentment with one's lot and their practical questions as to the utility of M. Jourdain's
driving a "Pilfer", at the time, crawling along at a snail's pace in the pitch dark over a road that I knew nothing about and which was pitted with shell holes. The district consisted of shelled at the time, although nothing came near enough to do us any damage; the road was shelled before we came up and after we left. I've driven in all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions in the States, or at least I thought I had, but this stuff "takes the cake" or to use army slang "wins the brown derby". What surprised me most was how little I minded it after the first few minutes. It happens often now that it has come to be common place. We can tell by the whistle of the shells about where they're going to land. We are kept in the dug-out except when we're on duty and the danger is very slight. Discretion is the better part of valor and it is needless to say that we don't wander around picking peppers. In fact, I sleep all the time we're not on duty. Practically all our work is done at night and believe me I felt a thrill run up and down my backbone when I pulled the trigger for the first time in the cold grey dawn of the morning and sent a "clip" over into the trenches lines.

Our regiment, contrary to what we had expected: is very comfortable: large enough for half a company and cut out of solid rock, a foundation that looks like limestone, and not at all muddy. For "eats": here's a day's menu: Breakfast-Coffee, creamed potatoes, bacon and bread. Dinner-Pricoesssed turky, boiled potatoes, bread and coffee. Supper-Stewed kidney beans, bread and jam, coffee. The breakfasts average about the same; yesterday we had steak and French fries for dinner and beef stew for supper. So you see we don't go hungry and contrary to what a lot of people think, we do not eat soup and stew all of the time.

And as for danger, don't worry about it quite as much as we were on Broadway under fifteen feet of dirt and rocks and never a sight of the Roche. Our sector is very quiet and we're so high that the gas seldom bothers us. Gas is the least of our worries—nothing can get through our masks and we are warned in plenty of time.

"THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS"

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FELLOW PATRIOTS.

It is interesting to note, apropos of our own intense interest in farm work, others who have already evinced an interest in the same kind of "War Service". There are of course some just like ourselves, college girls who have gone into it for their various reasons, for health, for mercenary gain, for experience, merely for "the thrill of it", or in a genuine desire to be of some real service. Such workers we read about again and again—we see their photographs in the "Times", we hear their praises resound to the skies.

But there is another group of workers who, though little heralded, have done their bit in a very efficient and thorough way—a group who proved to be the salvation of many a garden, and to whom the very work was in turn a salvation. This group was taken from the heat and filth of crowded city streets by the Emmanuel Sisterhood in New York. It was comprised for the most part of foreigners, some used to farm labor, some charwomen. All were without clothes of any sort, many, like the charwomen, thrown out of very necessary employment by the coming of summer. None of them were trained in any vocational jobs; "jobless" husbonds of the women were also included. They did their work faithfully and well, these fellow patriots of ours—whatever the motive that actuated them, and the work in turn did them a very great deal of good. Let us think of them when we are digging our garden trenches and give as much, and get as much from the contact with nature, as they did.

"Somewhere under France"

March 2, 1918.

Our period of training and waiting has at last been completed and we are now doing our bit. I wish I could find words to describe my feeling when I was under fire for the first time. I was

THE PROPOSED SUMMER SCHOOL AT C. C.

The plan for a summer school at Connecticut College found its origin in the New London College Club and soon attracted the attention of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae throughout the state. One of its chief promoters is Miss Anna Hempstead Branch, the poetess, who has always taken much interest in the college, and who gave to the college faculty or outside teachers or lecturers an opportunity for working here for one or more weeks at a time, at no great expense, and to combine with the college's surroundings.

"WORLD COLLEGE ACROSS THE SEA."

To the Editor:

On Wednesday evening, May first, there is to be a meeting which, it is hoped, will inaugurate a new movement at C. C. Some time ago Miss Fairbank of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited us and explained a plan which is being carried out in some form in nearly all the colleges and universities of the United States.

Events in the world of today move so rapidly that we who are studying the past frequently find it impossible to keep up with them, even in a general way. Under the plan which Miss Fairbank suggested groups numbering a-bout a dozen people, are formed under the leadership of a student and an outside teacher, and at least one member of the group is required to discuss the world problems and progress in education, religion and politics of all nations and races. In this way the student is prepared for their part in the work of reconstruction which they will inevitably do at the conclusion of the war. C. C. is a very busy place, especially this spring, and although many of our girls are deeply interested in this scheme it seems almost impossible to arrange regular groups this year. However, we can not afford to lag behind our sister colleges in this respect. We cannot miss the opportunity to start at least, the movement this year, that the girls may make a place for it in their programs next fall.

At the meeting, on May first, at which Dean Nye will preside, through the kindness of Mr. J. D. Reynolds, Miss Henry Peabody of Beverly Mass., Chairman of the Northfield Committee and of the United Society of Missions, will speak on "War Work for Women's Colleges" at Madras, India, and the "Girving College at Wanking, China.

Mrs. Peabody's subject is of appealing interest, and coupled with her charming personality insure a delightful evening. Everyone is cordially invited to attend this meeting.

-MARION HENDRICK '20.

CONCERNING SURGICAL DRESSINGS.

Gentle reader, have you time to spend an hour a week in the Surgical Dressing Room folding compresses for the men that are to be wounded in the next war? We are here for a host of other reasons—small amount of attention. Perhaps already you, gentle reader, have all that you can attend to with those other minor or matters, classes, which have a most unpleasant propensity for interfering with those vital affairs of life, as lived on our campus.

There is one's knitting. Everyone knits; it quite the thing to take knitting to meals, classes, teas, in fact everywhere except to dances and the movies. One could hardly be expected to entertain a "man" and knit at the same time or to pay strict attention to that all-important serial, the five points of which must be noted so that you can take your part in the evening dinner conversation, and count stitchtes. Knitting is fashionable as long as there is nothing more diverting to do.

Nature has a beautiful gift which she has given to the men that are to be wounded in the next war. The old strictly feminine functions of other days were so stupid, never a moment of real fun at them there! There is such a fine spirit in the men that are to be wounded in the next war. They are always the first to volunteer to do the hard work, to do the dirty work, to make our life easier. Our sister colleges in this respect We can not afford to lag behind this spring, and although many of our girls are deeply interested in this scheme it seems almost impossible to arrange regular groups this year. However, we can not afford to lag behind our sister colleges in this respect. We cannot miss the opportunity to start at least, the movement this year, that the girls may make a place for it in their programs next fall.

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-MARION HENDRICK '20.
The Service League Elects Its Second President.

Jessie Wells has been unanimously elected President of the Service League for its second year. Only its second year! Can quite believe that it was just a year ago that its first Governor meeting someone moved that "Connecticut College organize a society for service!" In one year the Service League has made itself an integral part of the campus life, an organization with a real and vital meaning to all its individual members, and has moreover earned the right to be congratulated for the wide field and marked success of its endeavors of the past year.

Under the War Work Committee many articles have been knitted for our soldiers, two thousand bandages have been folded in the Red Cross room, and a war work abroad with tremendous possibilities ahead, the Belgian Working Girls’ Fund, has been well started with a total of $761, raised in two months. Through this committee New London has called upon the students for patriotic work. Can it be possible that all the various endeavors of the Social Service committee are of one year’s growth? Now students are working with girls in the Kebe Club, in the Polish branch of the G. P. L., and in the W. Y. C. A. Who before even knew where the New London hospitals or Poorhouse were! Now girls go weekly to these places and have given a splendid entertainment at the latter. Again in sending Christmas baskets to the poor of the city, the work has brought us closer to New London. And only a year ago girls never dreamed of doing these things and would have been unable to, if they had so desired. The Program Committee has made convocation periods a privilege highly enjoyed by a large number of the students, and a splendid stimulus for thought on the tremendous world situation.

If this can be done in one year what may be expected in two? The students stand enthusiastically behind their new president with confidence in her ability, enthusiasm and co-operation with her aims in making the big thing the Service League has come to be, bigger in every branch of its work, making it live up even more fully to its splendid purpose: "To unite its members by bonds of friendship and loyalty, and to inspire them to give their sympathy, and to dedicate their services to the advancement of college interests, community welfare, and national and international causes destined to help humanity."

—H. Hatch.

Professor Dondo’s Marionette Show.

It was before a large and responsive audience that, on Saturday evening, April 20th, the College Gymnasium set the scene for a unique and interesting entertain ment. The entertainment was in the form of a marionette show which was brought to the College by a former member of the faculty, Professor Mathurin Dondo, who is now professor in the French department of Smith College. The play, L’Oncle d’Amérique, was written by Professor Dondo and he was casually assisted in producing it by Mrs. Dondo and several of his French students at Smith College. A synopsis of the interpretations, which were pleasingly rendered in French, is as follows:

Guignol, upon his return from town, is greeted only by the threats and reproaches of Madame Guignol. Guignol attempts to appease the situation by calling his wife the most affectionate name; but all in vain; he is ordered to the kitchen to prepare dinner. The landlord now appears and demands his overdue rent. Guignol, however, is unable to pay and must move out of the house. Zephirin, the landlord’s son, loves Eugenie, Guignol’s daughter. Guignol consents to their marriage but Zephirin’s father does not. Matters are brought to a happy conclusion by Gui ngnol’s disguising himself as “the rich uncle from America,” who is a negro. The rich uncle pretends to be president of a large Watermelons trust succeeds in persuading the miser to invest a sum of money in the trust—which sum is intended as a dowry for Eugenie. At the same time the rich uncle’s daughter, who has a striking resemblance to Eugenie, is offered in marriage to Zephirin. Except for the cheated landlord, all are happy, especially Eugenie and Zephirin.

The cast of the play was as follows:

Guignol…………………. M. M. Dondo
Richard…………………. M. M. Dondo
Zephirin…………………. Efner E. Carwen
Madame Guignol……… Gloria Chandler
Eugenie…………………. Mary A. Libby

—Irene Wholey ’20

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THE SOPHOMORE DANCE.

Have you heard about the Sophomore Dance? (Full account may be read in Miss—"s diary; the following is merely an outline of said account).

1. Men check coats upstairs—girls rush downstairs and throw wraps on first convenient chair.
2. Patroneuses arrive.
3. Delight ed exclamations over varicolored streamers which decorate the gymnasium.
4. Much light and silly conversation punctuated by giggles.

II. The dance itself.
1. General motion of seventy-five couples as Danz's orchestra starts to play.
2. Wild hunt for your next partner who has been sitting just two seats away from you all the while.
3. Punch bowl point of interest for (a) those greatly exercised and (b) over-heated.
4. Others who are neither exercised nor over-heated but merely thirsty.

III. Conclusion.
1. Announcement of special car to town at 11.35.
2. Much confetti is thrown with results:
(a) Floor becomes more slippery
(b) More fun is derived.
3. Last dance is played; many encore.
4. Exodus from gymnasium—many catch phrases are heard.
(a) "Wasn't it the best ever?"
(b) "Tired but oh so happy.
(c) "And me with an eight o'clock class to-morrow!"
(d) "Going to have any more?"
(e) "I'll put down April 19th as a red letter day—"
(f) "Good-night."

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Wed. April 24th, 5 p.m.—Glee Club.
Thurs. April 25th, 1 p.m.—Mandolin Club.
Fri. April 26th, 4 p.m.—Dramatic Club.
Sat. April 27th, 8 p.m.—French Club Play, "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme".
Sun. April 28th, 5 p.m.—Vespers, President Marshall.
Mon. April 29th, 5 p.m.—Glee Club.
Tues. April 30th, 11 a.m.—Convocation. Miss Irene Sylvester, "War Work of the American Association for Labor Legislation and Reconstruction Plans."

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME.

(Concluded from page 1.)

The other characters of the play are not peculiar to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme". Lucille, the "ingénue" is not prominent nor the lover Cérade. The love part is clearly subordinate to the development of the action, anticipating ill fortune in worldly matters.

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