Miss Helen Fraser Speaks in College Gymnasium.

Jan. 8th. It was to a large audience of students, faculty, and New London women that Miss Fraser of England spoke Tuesday morning about Woman's Part in Winning the War. Although the position of America is not parallel to that of England, yet Miss Fraser noted that many women are entering the war in much the same enthusiastic way as the English women did.

At the outbreak of the war a medical unit composed of women was ready. The unit and many others like it did noble work in Belgium and Serbia. Mary's Needlework Guild, the Voluntary Aid Detachment (called V. A. D.'s) made up of women who are trained under the Red Cross, and the Red Cross itself, work continually. It is interesting to note that the Scottish hospitals are supported solely by American women.

A million and a quarter women are now replacing men in every conceivable position. No contract for shells is given to any plant that does not employ at least 60 per cent. Women. In these munition factories the women put in fuses, which is disarming as well as dangerous because in time the chemicals change their hair and skin to a yellow color. These women are called "Canary Girls". Numerous air raids necessitate the employment of policewomen to guard the magazines, which they do fearlessly and frequently.

Regular training schools for women farmers have been established, and through them the farms are supplied with workers. Ten thousand women per month are enlisted in the army to fill clerical positions, drive motors, do postal and many other kinds of work, and now a new duty has been given over to them, that of taking care of the graves. The execrations, drive motors, do postal and many other kinds of work, and now a new duty has been given over to them, that of taking care of the graves. The execrations, drive motors, do postal and any other kinds of work, and now a new duty has been given over to them, that of taking care of the graves.

A Trip to the Orient.

Who would not gladly be transported for an hour far from a shrill-whistling winter wind to the balmy and sultry land of the Arabian Nights and the fascinating remains of ancient Nineveh and Babylon? Thither. Dr. Edwin J. Banks led a party of students and faculty on Friday evening, January 8th.

Up to a height 17,312 feet above sea-level—over barren rocks, and treacherous glaciers, up a steep and slippery slope of fifty-four degrees, we climbed to the summit of Mt. Ararat, the "Mother of the Earth"—to the spot where Noah's Ark rested during the flood, many years ago. Then past Lake Van, four thousand feet above sea-level, we sped, over a barren plain, to a typical Armenian village—of thousands of acres of vineyard, turf mounds with bricked openings. And inside of one we met an Armenian family—such as the Turks and their predecessors have been slaughtering in hundreds of thousands every since 335 B.C. (For, since it takes ten Jews to beat a Turk, and ten Turks to beat an Armenian, the Turks have adopted this system of lessening competition).

We passed a wheat field whose product is better than ours, and then we visited the "Devil Worshipers" whose unsanitary living was not long endurable—and next we found a happy family—of the brave mountaineers who are fighting with the Allies.

And now we reached the Tigris, and saw the quaint rafts and rude house boats like those, perhaps, that Nebuchadnezzar's Subjects and perhaps ancient Hammurabi, sailed in several thousand years ago. We saw traces of the ancient Romans, in their enduring roads and bridges—and of the modern Turks, in the utter barrenness of the river banks, stripped of every vestige of tree or shrub.

We could not leave the Orient without a visit at the tent of an Arab chief, where coffee was served to the guests in token of their safety. And then we passed a licorice field and proceeded to a Babylonian village—almost a reproduction of the ancient city of Nebuchadnezzar. At Nineveh we found—not a mass of valuable excavations—but a party of women doing their yearly washing!

At Bagdad we viewed the long bridge where the Forty Thieves doubtless once passed with their stolen treasure,—and the warehouses of the rich merchants of the East. We were just enjoying a cool breeze under a sunny fig tree, when suddenly we found ourselves shivering in the darkness in the college gymnasium.

Miss Helen Fraser Speaks in College Gymnasium. Continued on page 2.

Beyond Man and Time.

PART II.

To create man! That is the work we have to do. "There is a universal profession and that is the profession of man," said Guyau. And Renan defines the ideal of human perfection as the possibility to offer in the individual an abridged tableau of the species. This was the secret of Greece and of the Greeks. It was the supreme taste for simplicity which gave to the Greek woman her eternal youth and beauty. The Greek individual, Schiller says, can be taken always as the type of his time. The modern individual, never. This is going to die because that is the way nature imparted its forms to the Greek and all dividing understanding gives our form to us." The Greek citizen was first of all and above all a man. He was a philosopher in the porticoes, a citizen in the Pryx, an orator on the Bema, a politician in the councils of the polis, an athlete in the gymnasium. He modeled the four phases of the soul. He knew how to magnify the ideal and the real, reason and instinct, the strength of the spirit and of the body. This is what we find in the Greek citizes as we can know him through history and in the Greek bodies of marble as we see them. "It is no longer the body but that which begins to separate from the resemblance of the original of the father of the god, and in which immortality is hidden" as Winckelmann described the torso of Apollo in Belvedere. "It is the thrill of life itself—Venus, arch of the triumph of life, bridge of truth, circle of grace!" as Rodin speaks of the Venus of tiles in the Louvre. Continued on page 2.

In Greece "the gods descended to man and man ascended to the gods"—that shall be our motto—to go to the gods, if we do not wish to prepare for ourselves our sulphur and our sepulchre as the Egyptians did.

It is chiefly the young man and the young woman who must realize that Young people must play with life and all life's things. They must give when that is "hope". Just because youth is nothing definite and concrete, it can be and shall be all. Youth is a promise, the most beautiful promise of life. Life lies before the young soul as an open block of marble before the artist, waiting for the hand which shall give to it its beauty and living form. But just because youth is a beautiful promise in the soul and body of the young there must be no place for sadness and austerity. The life of the young must regard like a halcyon day played by the gods and sung by a chorus of angels who assemble round the throne and the holy ground of heaven, where there are no clouds at all. Heaven is youth and it is the only heaven of our life.

It is a very wrong and bad idea to believe that for doing great things it is necessary to assume a pathetic and serious attitude. On the contrary, I think, as Nietzsche thought, that there is no other manner of dealing with great tasks than as PL~: "This as a sign of greatness, is an essential prerequisite. The slightest constraint, a sombre accent, any hard accent in the voice—all these things are objections to a man, but how much more to his work!... One must not have nerves. ..." One epoch which makes so much use of the word "work" as our age does, is, in itself, a degenerated epoch. Nature "works" only in its lowest degrees; in its highest degrees it "plays". The gods never worked but they played always. What makes the difference between working and playing is this: to work implies a lack of anything like "to get a job" and "to get a living", to play implies a superabundance of everything. It is the difference between "to take" and "to give". To work is to need; to play is to have more than is necessary. That "more" is just what we give when we play. And now I think that Schiller is right when he says that "man only plays when, in the full meaning of the word, he is a man, and he is only completely a man when he plays".

Young people must play with life and all life's things. They must give the superabundance of their forces to life and all life's things. They must look to all sides of life and follow all its ways and directions. Never think that life has only one side and one direction. On the contrary, life has many sides and many directions, none of which must remain unknown to the young soul and body. Life is like a two-sided mountain: up-hill and down-

Continued on page 2.
Beyond Man and Time.

(Continued from page 4)

talent of Wagner one symphony of Beethoven in order to awake from the spell in which it was selved. He needed also the art of Berlioz the stimu-
ulus of "Les Dances" of Salleli in or-
der to give it all its fruits. So needed also the genius of Galileo the lamp of the cathedral of Pisa. We only know our faculties when we give them the possibility to develop. To give that possibility to all our faculties is the work of the young. To him is ad-
scribed the ethical commandment for-
mulated by Guyau: "Develop thy life in all directions. Be as rich as possi-
ble, both as regards the fervour and the compass of the endeavours". He is not
worthy of his life who on leaving this world cannot say what Solomon said and Tolstoi repeated: "I have not re-
fused to my eyes anything what they desired, neither have I deprived my
heart of any pleasure".

After that it does not matter what the result or the end will be. Do not be
afraid of the unproductiveness of your life. No life which is lived is unpro-
ductive. It is enough to live and to
have great projects although they nev-
er crystallize. "Concevoir!", said Balzac,
"c'est jouir, c'est fumer des cigarettes en-
chanted." But when the same writ-
er says that "sans l'exécution tout s'en
va en rêve et en fumée", do not believe
him. Balzac forgets that also the
"rêve et la "tumée" are something very
important. Calderon de la Barca
should say that to dream is to live and to live is to dream. Just there where
the outs:de world and work begin, there
genesis ends. Art is an intuition. Its
aim is creation. What comes after is
only technique: the hindrance to art.
The most important thing is the intui-
tion; the less important, its executIon.
Greater is always the project than the
work. More beautiful is always the
dream than the awakening to life.
Many years were spent by Leonardo
da Vinci in making projects for the eque-
strian statue of Francesco Sforza, pro-
jects which vanished before becoming a
definite reality. Michelangelo passed
his long life working in dream on the
cosmical tomb of Julius II and the
dreams were never realized. Neverthe-
less they are the two greatest genius-es
of the Italian Renaissance; not only for
what they did, but also for what they
dreamed of doing and never accom-
plished. On the tombstone of Jean
Marie Guyau posterity had nothing bet-
er than to take from him these lines from one of
his works. "Our loftiest efforts seem to
be just those that are the most sim-
less, but they are like waves, which,
being able to reach us, are able also to
reach still further. I am convinced that
my greatest possession will outlive
me. Nay, perchance not a single one
do dreams is to be accounted lost.
Others will take them up, be they only
night-fantasies to me, until one day
they journey to their complete perfec-
tion".

I have just written down the names of
Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and
J. M. Guyau. How much should I like
every young man and woman to take
them as models, trying to follow them,
not in their paths, at least in their
understanding of life. They were
three Greek Souls among the very few
which Europe has produced since the
days of Greece. They also took life as
a harmony and as something beautiful
in itself. They felt always in them the
two forces of the Greek soul: the hope
and the enthusiasm or, if you like, the
divine "éros" of which Plato used to
speak. Hope, hope, and hope! Love,
love, and love! Such is life and such
must be the soul of the young, open to
life.

Unschuld und Vergessen, ein Neubegin-
ginnen, ein Spiel, ein uns sich rollendes
Rad, eine Bewegung, ein liehtieses
Ja.sagen.

There lies old and sad Egypt. There
young and joyful Greece Ah! May
the divine songs of Parsifal resound in
a splendid temple, and reply to the
cries of suffering Amfortas with the
blessed words: "Selig in Glauben! Selig in Liebe."

—César BaRing

A Patriot or not a Patriot.

Dear Editor:

In my opinion a patriotic attitude of
mind is a very important thing for us
all to cultivate in this present world
 crisis. To think unsafely and to up-
hold in all our contact with people the
big movements and war measures that
our government is endeavoring to carry
out, is one of the most important fields
of service for women. People are look-
ing to college girls to lead in this sup-
port, and the great question is—are we
justifying our confidence in us?

What do we know about conserva-
tion? Two wheatless days a week are
quite unheard of in Thames Hall and
the great question is—are we

Justin Paul

Dear Editor:

It is extremely satisfying to learn that
we will be able to use the "manuscript
deposit" system this year. I was afraid
that we might have to give up this
practice, which has been so valuable
to me. I am glad that we will be able to
continue it.

Sincerely yours,

J. Paul

College Calendar.

Wed. Jan. 16th, 5 p.m.—Glee Club.

6.45 p.m.—Mandolin Club.

Thurs. Jan. 17th, 5 p.m.—French

Club.

5 p.m.—German

Club.

5 p.m.—Art Guild

7:30 p.m.—Concert

of Caroline Hudson Alexander, Soprano

Frederick Weid, Baritone.

Fri. Jan. 18th, 5 p.m.—Debating Club

Sat. Jan. 19th, 7:45 p.m.—Freshman

Party.

Sun. Jan. 20th, 5 p.m.—Veepers.

R. Rev. Chauncey B. Breweer,

Bishop of Connecticut.

Mon. Jan. 21st, 5 p.m.—Glee Club.

Wed. Jan. 23rd, 11 a.m.—Convocation

Miss Helen Taylor Blasvelt

"Oxford Past and Present"

Wed. Jan. 23rd, 5 p.m.—Glee Club.

6.45 p.m.—Mandolin Club.

Thurs. Jan. 24th, 8 a.m.—Mid-year's

begin.

J. Tanenbaum.

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The Aims of the Service League.

To the Editor:

It was with great surprise that many of us read in a recent issue of the "News" that the aim of the Service League "has been either restricted or misinterpreted and the spirit of the whole league seems to move under a narrowing religious influence?" The criticism seems harsh because the league is so young and has not yet fully accomplished its purpose. Perhaps we never shall accomplish the purpose wholly but does the work so far show any restriction or misinterpretation of purpose and has the influence been a narrowing religious one?

We who have found a place in the league have not found a religious influence which was narrowing but rather one that is broadening.

A club of working girls has been formed in New London and is flourishing to the delight of everyone who has attended one of its meetings. Hospital visiting has been enjoyed by and helped many of us as well as the shut-ins.

More than 300 hanks of wool have been converted into sweaters, socks, helmets and wristlets. Part of these articles have been given directly to individuals needing them and part have gone through the Red Cross Society. The Red Cross Chapter was pleased with the fine quality of the surgical bandages made by league members. A Red Cross Course in Dietetics has been conducted in New London and is flourishing.

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The speakers so far obtained have inspired and helped us. Others whom we will hear speak are Rabbi Wise, Horace J. Bridges, Edward A. Stetner, Jennie Hall, and Richard Roberts. We are negotiating with Thomas Mott Osborne, Anna Howard Shaw, Hoover, and Carlton Hayes.

Is there any reason why any Connecticut College girl cannot truthfully and sincerely take an active part in this league?


A Fable.

Oh, it's great to be a Fashion Plate, To wear the Latest Gown, To watch the People turn and stare When You ride into Town; To have your Picture taken and published in the Times, As posing near the Biltmore's Door. You gather War Fund Dimes.

And it's fine to be a Genius, To write for College Folk, To rave upon the Scenery, With many a Classic Stroke; To have your Whole Life taken And published in Who's Who, As rhyming all Philosophy, You Common Thoughts eschew.

But it isn't All of Living, And it isn't All of Life. The finest Music e'er conceived Was Drowned by Drum and Fife. Ten years from now your Picture Will be a thing of Jest, And People find you queer enough, All Dulled up in your Best. Ten years from now your Verses Will never find Reprint. The Who's Who that the People write Will not at You'en Hint.

So it doesn't matter What you Wear, If you are Neat and Trim, Your Hat will always be in Style With Wide or Narrow Brim. It doesn't matter What you Write. So long as it's the Truth, Your Verses in the People's Hearts Will find Eternal Youth.

-Miss Helen Fraser.

(Continued from page 1)

control. There were many interesting facts concerning women. The two co-directors under the director of the food control are women. Women health directors look after the proper feeding and housing conditions of women workers in factories. Miss Fraser said that the government now had absolute control of almost every product.

Co-operation in the Dining-Hall.

In the attitude of the majority towards the efforts of the Refectory Committee to maintain some semblance of law and order in the Dining-Hall, there has been very little co-operation.

It is quite natural that each girl should wish to sit with her particular friends, but is it not better that she have an opportunity to become better acquainted with other girls? This opportunity the Committee has tried to give you, but with what result? The action has been resisted on the part of some—and in many cases continually disregarded.

Girls! Will you not co-operate with us and observe what few regulations we have had to make? We have not asked you to forego wearing middies to dinner nor have we had to call to speak repeatedly of the noise. We realize the conditions and are as anxious as you are to make the best of them.

The only thing we have asked you to do is to sit in the place assigned you. Allowances are made, of course, for week-ends, and breakfasts when all the tables are not set up. It is lunches and dinners which we speak of particularly. This is a small matter, yet it is important. What we want and need is co-operation. May we have it?

-Dorothy E. Doane, Chairman.

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Faculty Notes.

Dr. Cary, Dr. Beach, Professor Wells, and Professor Kip attended during the Christmas holidays the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, held at Yale University, Dec. 27-29, 1917.

Professor Wells presented a paper, which was read by title, on "Wordsworth's Tract on the Convention of Cintra".

Professor Kip was elected secretary of the German section of the Association for the ensuing year.

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1919 Gives A Dance in the Gym.

It is very seldom that girls agree absolutely on any one point, but a strange thing happened. Fifty or more girls have been found who agree on several points; (1) that they (and their partners too) had "the best time ever" at the 1919 dance given January 5th; (2) that the orchestra was positively inspiring. No one could ask for more.

The object of the dance was to raise money for the Frederick H. Sykes prize in English and the Class of 1919 is $50. nearer its goal. Dean Nye, Mrs. Kip, Miss Woodhull, Miss Blue, and Mrs. William Bauer were the patrons of the party.

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An Autobiography

I can recall my life from the time I was one row old until now when I am twenty inches long, both front and back. I was brought up by a College girl and suppose I was quite fortunate in being able to acquire a complete college education while growing. My first recollection is of a rather large, comfortable room filled with girls. Some were dancing and more—doing what my Madre was doing to me. Many people, noticing a newcomer I suppose, stopped and talked me over. Each would feel of me, remark on my weight—I couldn't forecast the length of time it would take me to grow. I grew considerably that evening and learned a great deal for my first night in college. I learned that I was for Jack, A. E. F. (I do not know what college gives that degree, but gather that it is a splendid school, and that Jack's Uncle Sam sent him to it). I also learned that I was to be fully grown by Christmas; that I was "double"; and that my temporary home was in a soft bag, which when it wasn't dangling from my Madre's arm, was put anywhere and thus showed a tendency to mislaying itself in the most "unconceived" places.

Very often I was taken to dinner. At these affairs I overheard much of the conversation, some about myself and more about others. Several of the "profs." evidently were very Bostonian as all "quizes" were "still". The meals at the College were "terrible", but quite often an apple or a few slices of bread were slipped into my bag. I knew I was not supposed to eat them as I haven't any teeth, but I said nothing. I later learned why the banquets were spread in my home.

One evening I grew about twenty rows, why I even grew to my neck. And then, while I was growing around the shoulders, it was most painful. First, a long argument was held between my Madre and her "roomie" as to how many should be "cast off". Finally, an authority on the subject having been called in, "twenty-two, according to the finest regulations" was decided upon. Anyone knows how painful it is to have one stitch taken in his side. Well, imagine having twenty-two dropped out of your neck. And just as I was recovering from that, my Madre evidently changed her mind and put back the twenty-two. During all this agony, I continued to grow and as Christmas neared my "front" grew.

I was "taken in" everywhere, "snuck" into the rear row at class, bravely displayed in the front row at lectures, and proudly exhibited before the fire in the living-room to a great big sailor, who eyed me rather jealously. I thought you see I'm khaki. Very often, the aforementioned big sailor and I would stop growing for a few rows. However, I conquered each time, for my Madre would say: "But really, I must. You see the first is the last day Christmas packages can be sent across."

I never grew so quickly as the night of the thirty-first. And that night my Madre talked to me. I didn't understand much that she said, but I stretch- ed myself after she patted me, and when she kissed me—I could feel one of my ribs roll up to another. I was so thrilled. Finally, as she folded me and laid me in a square box, she said something about keeping Jack warm, and then something wet spattered on me.

Now I'm on my way to make things warm for Jack and hot for "Bill!

War Reading List.
1. The First Hundred Thousand
2. Over the Top... Arthur Guy Empey
3. Between the Lines.... Boyd Cable
4. The training of English soldiers as seen by a young American who joined them
5. A Soldier of the Legion
6. A Student in Arms (first and second series)....Donald Hankey
7. All In It ............... Jan Hay
8. My War Diary........... Madame Waddington
9. Carry On.............. Coningly Dawson
10. The Major............. Ralph Connor

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