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Connecticut College

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Coming Events.

May 26th.
At 8:00 o'clock in Thames Hall the Club Français with the cooperation of Miss Josephine Sutton will present “Le Monde où l'on s’ennuie,” a comedy in three acts written by Pailleron.

CAST:
Françoise........... Justine Brockett
Lucy Watson.......... Mabel Torrey
Paul Raymond, sous préfet
Jeanne Raymond, sa femme
Esther Butcher
La Comtesse de Cérarn.......... Helen Collins
La Duchesse de Réville...... Ruth Wolcott
Antoinette............. Ellen Carroll
Le Comte Roger de Cérarn
Josephine Sutton
Susanne de Villiers, nièce de
la Duchesse. Marie Esther Doughtery
Bella, professeur de l’Université
Mary Hester
La Marquise de Loudun
Anna Cherkasky
Madame Arriego.......... Marion Warner
Toullonnier, secrétaire général
Henrietta Costigan

The patrons and patronesses will be:
Monsieur et Madame Frederick Sykes
Madame Anna C. Cary
Mademoiselle Irene Nye
Monsieur et Madame Herbert Z. Kip.

The play is produced under the direction of Doctor Esther C. Cary and Miss Carola Ernst of the French Department.

Music will be furnished by the College Quartette. Admission 25c.

May 28th.
Final examinations begin.

June 6th.
The German Club play entitled “Verlassent”, will be given at 8:30 in Thames Hall. Admission 25c. Students’ tickets 15c. Admission is free to members of the club.

CAST:
Arnold.............. Dora Schwartz
Hertha, his wife.... Edith Lindholm
Soreberg, young bachelor......... Sadie Cott

Convoation Reports.

May 15th.
Dr. Sykes gave the last Convocation address of this year on Thursday, May 15th. His subject was one of vital interest to the students especially at the close of another year of college life. His talk was in the nature of a dissertation of “The Social Basis of Modern Education for Women.”

This new era in which we live has given rise to a new status for women. The old order has changed and under the new, work knows no sex. Women can now fairly claim that the tools are for him and for her who can handle them. And now women are striving for complete economic independence.

In the course of the last sixty years the average home has been transferred and transformed. The isolated farm house has given place to the tenement house and city flat and one roof to-day may cover the population of a village. Thefacinations of the old home life are not known to modern boys. In the city we don't know our neighbor, but we suspect him. The city home is now dependent on civic and social institutions; the hospital, libraries, parks, museums, etc.

It is a big problem to meet the new conditions, a problem in strong need of solution. In the transformation there has been a loss and a gain. We have acquired a surplus of time, and because of this women can go to college. The only way to meet the new conditions is to earn more and to earn more one must learn more. A vocational training is necessary for modern people. All modern work is specialized and even the housewife has to think in terms of a large community. We must strive to live life to learn more, A vocational training is necessary for modern people. All modern work is specialized and even the housewife has to think in terms of a large community. We must strive to live life to learn more. A vocational training is necessary for modern people. All modern work is specialized and even the housewife has to think in terms of a large community. We must strive to live life to learn more.

Every democracy has a blacklist some times large and sometimes small. There are a few evaders of our Universal training system, a few traitors to their country, but the list is not long and I am hoping very hard that it will not exist at all by the time this goes to press.

I take this opportunity to express my appreciation to every single citizen of our democracy for her unflinching cooperation with the War Relief Committee in this patriotic drive.

Alice G. Horrax
Ch. War Relief Com.

Patriotism at C. C.

You say Universal Military Training do you? A training which makes citizens more efficient and dependable both physically and mentally; a training knowing no class and favoring no man? When you have said that you have defined the spirit under which Connecticut College students have been working for the last two weeks.

We have combined conception with the volunteer service system, and by doing so, the combination working for us, better than perhaps it would for Uncle Sam. In most armies the less enlightenment the general public is given in the way of statistics, the better satisfied the aforesaid flabby general public remains. But we are not the least ashamed of our carefully compiled data, in fact we would quite like to have everyone know just what the students have been doing. In the first place go girls have been learning how to make the different kinds of Surgical dressings for three hours every week, under the very capable supervision of Mrs. Osburn who has been very generous in giving up a great deal of her time to help us out. Then 110 girls have been knitting, and still continue to knit despite the urgent call of examinations, knitting sleeveless sweaters, watch caps, nurses' hats, turn around, and offer assistance.

June 6th.

The German Club play entitled “Verlassent”, will be given at 8:30 in Thames Hall. Admission 25c. Students’ tickets 15c. Admission is free to members of the club.

CAST:
Ulrike, the aunt........... Julene Warner
Wittkow, the uncle........ Mildred Howard
Trudchen, the maid........ Gladys McGowan
Karl, grocer boy............ Elizabeth Nagy
Susie Joli, the dog.......... Dixie Bayne

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Then you hear an extremely distressed voice say “Oh dear! I’ve dropped it again. Can’t you help me pick it up, Madeline?”

All the chivalry behind your white mustache is aroused. You pull off your hat, turn around, and offer assistance. Thereupon you notice for the first time that the last two rows are filled with young things, whose piles of books lead you to surmise that they must be going to Connecticut College. You look at their faces, wondering where the cry for help came from, and each mouth is wide open, and ten pairs of eyes are staring at you in wide open astonishment. At last you realize from whence came that clicking sound. Each of those young things has a pair of long pointed needles in her youthful fingers. You used to watch your mother, with awe, as she manipulated needles of that same sort, when you had curls and sat on a high, thin-legged stool by her side; so you know that these children are knitting. Yes knitting!

Then Madeline, who is a pert little person, cocks her head at an attractive angle and laughs delightfully, for she has recognized you. “You funny person! Thank you so much, but I’m afraid you can’t help us this time. She just dropped a stitch; I will fix it in a minute.”

You have always liked Madeline. She reminds you of the girl who lived next door when you were fourteen; she was (Continued on page 2)
Editorial

"If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness?" went the saying many centuries ago, and it is as true today as it was then. How many of us today think that we have the truth in our own minds, the absolute truth? When that which we cling to most tenaciously may be really the falsest of ideas. The light that is in us is darkness, and how much greater is that darkness than the grayness of honest doubt? Doubt that gray light which comes before the dawn.

Much has been said about having opinions and taking a stand, being on one side or another. True enough, we must think upon questions and make decisions but let us beware lest through our beliefs we become no longer open to conviction. We must be intellectually free.

Let us take a stand and be firm in our belief until we are convinced that we are wrong. We should be ready to convince or be convinced. Let us not shut ourselves out from all discussion on a subject upon which we have made a decision. Let us never say, "I have made up my mind absolutely, and I will never change it. I do not want to hear anything more on the subject. Nothing can change me." A person in this situation is like the ostrich who runs her head into the sand. She refuses to face facts and then thinks herself safe because she cannot see her enemies.

Let us not be afraid of making mistakes. Let us be afraid rather that we will not admit our mistakes once they are made. Remember, "the man who never made a mistake probably never made anything else."

We are all familiar with the story of the two knights and the shield. One said that it was gold, the other said that it was silver. But they were looking at the shield from opposite sides and both were partly right and both were partly wrong. Neither got the other's point of view and neither would, for each was sure that he was right. And the two knights, each so sure that he was right and the other was wrong, fought and killed each other. Does not this make us think of the situation of the world today, the great war of the nations.

"If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness?"

Reply to Petition

Dear Miss Hendrie:

I found in my mail on May tenth, on returning from a few days absence, a petition signed by you and a number of other students at the Connecticut College for Women, addressed to the Trustees of the College.

I presented it to them at the annual meeting of the corporation held yesterday, and they requested me to reply to it in their behalf.

The petition asks for information on six points. I will take them up in order.

1. It is expected that the dormitory accommodations on the campus, for the coming year will be increased by the erection of two more cottages, work on which is soon to be begun.

Applicants for admission to the first class of next year will be awarded rooms in dormitories so far as vacancies exist. Any student now occupying a single room in a dormitory will be allowed to retain it if she makes prompt application for it. Where two students by agreement occupy one single room, it will be awarded for one of them, if only one applies, and if both students consent to the division between them it will be made by lot.

2. The election of President has not yet been made.

3. We hope the person elected will be ready to take office on June 30, 1917, when President Sykes' term ends. If, not, temporary provision may be made by the appointment of a dean of the faculty.

The financial administration will be conducted under such rules as the Trustees provide.

5. Most of the Faculty of 1916-17 will continue as members of the Faculty in 1917-18. Professor Osburn and a few others have resigned. Mr. Crandall has last week at Cornell University, in the Prince, win you let us grill and play

Lyric of Lost Library Books

A short talk on the Lyric of Lost Library Books was the assurance of the sincere cooperation of both the faculty and student body in promoting the fine spirit and ideals of student government. The point made by all the speakers was the assurance of the sincere cooperation of both the faculty and student body in promoting the fine spirit and ideals of student government.

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Convocation Reports.

(Concluded from page 1)

May 22nd.

The new Student Government officers were installed today and we feel that next year will be a decidedly successful one under the leadership of Esther Batchelder. President Barnard, President Edith Lindholm. Secretary Madeline Hinchen. Treasurer Florence Coyle. Chairman of the Executive Committee Miss Winona Y. Young.

The meeting closed with the singing of "Dear C. C."

Tell us now, in what hidden row

Are there any books that have gone astray?

-Emmett Weed.

Who has all the lost library books?

To the News:

Some fear seems to have arisen in the minds of the girls lest our Service League have a touch of religion in them. It seems to me, there need be no fear.

We voted most decidedly that a religious organization was not the thing for Connecticut College now. Why, my dear "wonderers," should your committee have the least desire to set against your wishes? Be at peace.

A Service League—what does it mean? It means "service", and remember the word is the noun from the very active verb "to serve". Each member of this Service League should join because she wants to serve. Service, you know, is akin to charity and charity is akin to love. So we discover then, that our Service League as the name signifies, is to promote and foster a desire for service for others through love for others. Now do you see where the religion comes in?

We will give YOU no religion in this Service League. However, I feel that our organization would be the very best of its kind if each girl, whatever her religion, believed a bit more in her own mind and life, and thought a bit more of others. Surely no religion is of value without service. And we can each make our own religion more a part of ourselves as we join, and see that it makes us the right sort of person for the league.

The more love for service we put in, the more joy we will receive.

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two years older, and you worshipped her from afar. She has the same crinkly eyes. Besides, you are a jolly old gentleman, so you laugh heartily at your mistake. When Madeline has finished doctoring the knitting, she moves up beside you, brim full of information.

"Why, yes, we are all working these days. We can't go to the front, so we have to feel that we are doing something. You ought to come up to College some day, and see us hoeing potatoes!"

You adjust your glasses, but Madeline keeps on picking her needles industriously. "Mr. Crandall, the history professor,—you probably know him, tall, with light hair—was sent to Plattsburg (five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Yes! That's right. Thank goodness! so instead of having his classes we are farming! Then Red Cross people teach us to roll bandages and all the rest of us knit. You'd enjoy coming to one of our classes! Everybody knits for the soldiers! You'll see the girl next to you working on a muffler, and the one behind on a nurse's mit, and another on a sleeveless sweater, and all the rest on watch caps. Watch caps (click! click!) are terribly popular!"

"What are 'watch caps'?!" you inquire. Madeline isn't sure. You imagine that she is stopping at Reservoir St., hoping to one of our classes! Everybody knits for the soldiers! You'll see the girl next to you working on a muffler, and the one behind on a nurse's mit, and another on a sleeveless sweater, and all the rest on watch caps. Watch caps (click! click!) are terribly popular!"

Wednesday: Up early and to the courts, where I was beaten most shamefully. Howsoever, 'tis good practice. Did "my bit" tearing and rolling bandages. My spirits drop with my stitches, as does the absence of the men. Thursday: Up betimes to early class. Did my stints all the day in preparation for the storm that cometh. "Night after night must bring forth knowledge."

Friday: Methinks. I am to be ill of a vision, what with so much historical reading. In spite of my burdensome tasks, did attend in the early evening der Deutsche Schauspiel, which did amuse me much. Up till dawn. "Much study is a weariness of the flesh."

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The Shadows of Spring.

The world was young; a varied dream I dreamed,
Of falling apple blossoms under trees,
Of sunsets, clouds, vague early-morning mists
That veiled the hills and wept among
the flowers;
Of one I dreamed who with clear, melting notes
Of liquid song was singing to the stars.
The laughing breezes carried back his cry,
"The bloom has come, and with the bloom come I."

The world was old; a dreary, lead-gray dream
I dreamed—was it a dream?—that life was gone;
The trees were brown, the budding green things dead.
No more the shadows played upon the hills,
The reeds beside the river moaned for Pan,
And through the brown and shivering leaves
The night winds echoed back his haunting cry,
"The bloom has gone, and with the bloom go I."

—L. K. '20

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The Diary of Our Own Miss Samuela Pepsy.

(With apologies to F. F. A.)

The officers of the class of 1920 entertained members of the class at tea in Winthrop Reception Room on Friday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock. Dr. and Mrs. Sykes, Dr. and Mrs. Osburn, Miss M. E. Dickinson, and the class officers for the ensuing year were the guests of honor.

Miss Dorothea Marvin, Miss Irene Wholey, and Miss Loretta Higgins entertained with musical selections.

Freshman Tea.

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---
Outline of the French Play.

Pauleron's play, "Le Monde où l'on S'ennuie" introduces us to a French "Salon littéraire", where pedantry and use of long words take the place of knowledge and wit.

The Hotel de Ceran must be reckoned with, on account of its influence on political intrigues, and every one in Paris who takes his social welfare to heart is anxious for an invitation.

Thus we make the acquaintance of Monsieur Paul Raymond, Sous-Prefet whose hope it is to become Prefet; Bellac, the lecturer "ala mode", a great favorite with ladies. His ambition is to succeed a man who does not seem to be willing to die; Toulonniere, the general secretary, who promises his protection to all with the firm intention of helping nobody but himself.

The old Duchess of Reville, however, sees through everything, and does not miss any opportunity to let the others know that she is not deceived. She cherishes the hope of marrying Roger, Mme. de Ceran's son, with Susanne, a pleasant girl of eighteen whom Mme. de Ceran rejects with scorn on account of her birth and her poverty.

Mme. de Ceran wishes to arrange a marriage between Roger and Lucy, an English girl of very little heart and much conceit.

In a very humorous scene, all the little deceptions are unveiled, and the play ends satisfying to all. Bellac marries Lacy, Roger marries Susanne, who has been made the Duchess' heiress; and Paul Raymond receives the assurance that he will soon become a prefect.

Outline of German Play.

For the edification of those whose knowledge of the German language is not extensive, we herewith give in English the story of the German play which will be presented at 8.75 o'clock on Tuesday, 6th of June, at Thames Hall on the night of June 6th, "Versalzen", or "Too Much Salt", is a comedy in which Hertha, a young girl, wishes to arrange a marriage between Roger and Lucy, an English girl of very little heart and much conceit. When the meal is served, the various dishes are condemned with just cause until at last Arnold and Hertha disagree very strongly with each other, and Hertha succumbs to hysterics.

Meanwhile Wittkow, a counsellor of justice, and his wife Ulrike arrive to inspect the meal herself. Her husband, Arnold, returns home late, bringing with him his friend Seeberg. While the meal is served, the various dishes are condemned with just cause until at last Arnold and Hertha disagree very strongly with each other, and Hertha succumbs to hysterics.

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