Convocation Reports.

May 15th

Dr. Leeke 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 discussion 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 transformed 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. The fascinating 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 work harder. 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 the best there is in us and a life without work is crime.

(Continued on page 2)

The Knitters' Secret.

If you are an old gentleman hibernating in Norwich, and have been to the Metropolis—New London is being referred to—on business, you will get on a trolley marked "Norwich, New London". After comfortably seating yourself on one of the excellently constructed wicker seats, you will adjust your glasses and pull your venerable, white mustache, preliminary to reading the "New York Times". But you will never read that paper. Suddenly you hear a click behind you. You pause. What can that queer noise be? Another click!

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. Then 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 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 3)
**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 graveness 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 our 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 this not 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.**

New Haven, May 12, 1917.

Miss Marion F. Hendrie, Connecticut College for Women, New London, Conn.

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 on 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.

2. Applicants for admission to the first class year 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 at least one of them, if only one applies, and if both agree to the division between them will be made by lot.

3. The charges for single rooms occupied by two will be the same as those made during the current year.

4. Applicants who cannot be given rooms in campus dormitories will be provided for near the campus in private families or in a lodging house under control of the College, at the expense of the College.

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

6. 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 Oshurn and a few others have resigned. Mr. Crandall has been granted leave of absence during the war. The successors of those who retire having not yet been fully decided upon, announcement of the names of those who have been appointed will not be made at this time.

6. The curriculum will remain substantially as described in the current catalogue of the College.

I have the honor to print this letter in the College newspaper, if you desire.

Yours truly,

Simeon E. Ballwitz
For the Trustees.

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 it. 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 "worriers", 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 service 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 bitmore 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.

It needs to be broad, sincere, useful and unselfish band of girls for our Service League—"eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion—and if the day be marked for sorrow, strong to endure it."

MARENDA E. PRENTIS '19

**Faculty Notes**

"Utrum quaestio honesta sit," written by Dr. Barstow was presented last week at Cornell University, in the natural amphitheatre of the Cascadilla Gorge. A special performance was given in order that pictures might be taken by Hearst Co., for Pathe Weekly.

**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 definitely successful year under the leadership of Esther Batchelder .. . President Marenda Prentis .. . Vice-President Edith Lindholm .. . Secretary Madeleine Hinchey .. . Treasurer Florence L. Evens .. . chairman of the Executive Committee.

Miss Winona F. Young, retiring president, acted as chairman of the meeting and introduced the incoming officers all of whom "blushed, smiled and thanked you!" and did it very nicely.

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 which have been promulgated during the past year.

The remaining members of next year's Student Council: Virginia Rose, president of 1919, Julie Hatch, vice-president of 1919, and Kathryn Hubert, president of 1920, were also introduced, the other members of the Council to be the President of 1921.

Dr. Irene Nye and Dr. Sykes each gave a short, interesting talk on why they believed in Student Government. The meeting closed with the singing of "Dear C. C." and three rousing cheers for Winona Young and "Batch".

**Lyric of Lost Library Books.** (With apologies to "Markie" and F. P. A.)

tell us now, in what hidden row Stand the books that have gone astray? Signed for by students in a transient glow Unreturned though we seek and play, Where do those gentlemen's Country House stay? Who Nami-koo mistake? Come now, don't delay, Who has the lost library book? Where did Smith's Smaller History go? Ancient wall and social bay Hidden in what dorm studio Does it help grinds to rant and bay? Where are the myths of Greece and Rome. The Mill on the Floss lays in whose nooks?

Lethe for me n y an hOUT of gray,
Who has all the lost library books?

Let us too ask for one short day, The war. The successors at those w a Gorge. A special performance was given in order that pictures might be taken by Hearst Co., for Pathe Weekly.

-RustyKay, '19.
The Knitters’ Secret.

(Concluded from page 1)

two years older, and you worshipped her from afar. She has the same cranky eyes. Besides, you are a jolly old gentleman, so you laugh heartily at your mistake. When Madeline has finished dictating 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 like 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 strumming 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 handages 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 they are used to protect time pieces during heavy firing. Madeline is inclined to disagree there, though she thinks it would be a good idea to make some such protectors. In fact she thanks you for the suggestion and says she will tell the committee. You are a little dazed and embarrassed at this sudden importance, so you change the subject. "Some socks! Some fit! I use one for a helmet, One for a mit.

I hope I shall see you, When I have done my bit! But who in the devil Taught you to knit?"

—R. M. M.’19

The Shadows of Spring.

The world was old; a varied dream
I dreamed—was it a dream?—that life
Was gone;
The trees were brown, the budding leaves
And through the brown and shivering
dreaming beings
the flowers;

That veiled the hills and wept among
the birds;

Of liquid song was singing to the stars.

The laughing breezes carried back his
crying words;

"The bloom has come, and with the
bloom gone I."

—L. K. ‘20

The Diary of Our Own Miss
Samuel Pepys.

(With apologies to F. P. A.)

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 droop with my stitches, as I knit my soldier’s helmet and think of the summer that cometh and its 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 sensual infatuation, 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."

Freshman Tea.

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 Dorotha Marvin, Miss Irene Whaley, and Miss Loretta Higgins entertained with musical selections.

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STANTON & COOK
Outline of the French Play.

Pailleron'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 "à la mode"; a great favorite with ladies. His ambition is to succeed a man who does not seem to be willing to die; Toulonnier, 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 satisfactory to all. Bellac marries Lucy, 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 8.15 o'clock in Thames Hall on the night of June 6th, "Versalzen", or "Too Much Salt", is a comedy in which Hertha, a young woman, left without a cook, decides to prepare the meal herself. Her band, Arnold, returns home late, bringing with him his friend Seeberg.

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 invite Arnold and Hertha to a walk. Upon learning the cause of the trouble Ulrike supports Hertha, and Wittkow agrees with Arnold. They sample the various dishes, Ulrike finding them all very goodly fair. Hertha is anxious for an invitation. Hertha, left alone in her defense confesses that they are right. She states that she intends to cook again but first she will learn how.

Thames Tide-Rips.

Finals come but once a year.
And when they come we quake with fear
History, Ec., and English Lit
From our minds all seem to fit.

We are making brave attempts in the surgical line, but so far all we have accomplished is to cut the eyes out of potatoes.

Speaking of war, Mr. Crandall received an S. O. S. from the European History Class. I guess they thought they couldn't take their exam because the General was lacking and they needed re-inforcements in gray matter.

Thames Tide-Rips can't be ripping very much longer because the river is getting a quiet attitude because the "white caps" have all been called to the front.

J. H. W. '17

Ich Bin Dein.

"In tempus old a hero lived, Qui loved puellas deus; He no pouvait pas quite to say Which one amabat miens. Dit-il lui-meme un beau matin, "Non possum both avoir. Sed si address Amanda Ann, Then Katey yo have war. Amanda hubet argent coit, Sed Kate has auress curia; Et bont sunt very agathae Et quite formosse girls." Efin the joven anthropes, Phloun the duo maids. Resolved proponere ad Kate Devant cet evening's shades. Proceeds them to Kate's domo, Il trouve Amanda there, Kai quites forgot his late resolves, Both sunt so goodly fair. Sed smilling on the new tapis. Between puellas twain, Carpet to tell suo love a Kate Dans un poetique strain. Mais, glacium ever et anon At fair Amanda's eyes, Illae non possunt dicere Pro which he meant his sighs. Each virgo heard the demi-vow, Con chefs as rouge as wine, Et offering, each, a milk-white hand, Both whispered, "Ich bin dein."

Mandolin Club Officers.

The Mandolin Club has elected the following officers for next year:
Manager—Irma Hutzel Leader—Helen Harris.

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