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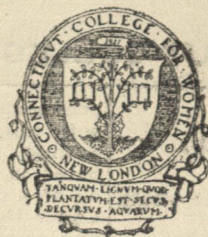
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# CONNECTICUT COLLEGE NEWS

Vol. 1 No. 6

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT. MAY 3, 1916.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## Moonlight Magic

Down Winchester street one golden May afternoon there tripped a young girl accompanied by her page. She walked slowly, sniffing with evident pleasure the air heavy with the fragrance of the flowers that filled the window-boxes adorning the windows high above her head. She gazed with seeming affection upon the familiar houses, crowded close together on either side of the narrow street; houses that showed signs of busy occupants; for through the windows whose tiny panes were transformed into shining diamonds by the slanting rays of the brave sun, came the echoes of happy voices, a merry laugh, the odor of freshly baked bread, the clatter made by the busy house-wives, who were preparing to spread the evening meal outside the door. Of a summer evening some of the folk in London-town would set their tables out upon the rough uneven sidewalks, and there enjoy their supper in the pleasant air. Small wonder that the maiden showed no undue haste.

The girl was no other than Lady Alice Cunningham, one of the beauties of the time, reputed to be as witty as she was known to be fair. From the top of her proud little head to the tips of her shining slippers there could not be found the slightest defect—so perfect was her appearance. Small wonder that she caused a sudden quickening in the heart-beat of every young gallant passing her way. However, she heeded not their admiring glances; her thoughts were centered upon one, Lord John Worthington, the young nobleman who had completely won her heart.

Yet her thoughts were not of the happiest, for she was pondering over the strange behaviour of her father. He, it happened, had taken a curious and quite unfounded dislike to the young suitor, and had even forbidden his entering the house. So on this warm afternoon the Lady Alice had sauntered forth in the hope of encountering her lover, who knew the maiden of his choice would be just where she was at just that hour. Suddenly in the distance appeared his familiar form.

"Look you, boy," she cried to her faithful little page. "Leave me—ah stay; nay go!—go! Walk up and down this street until I summon you." An eager glow suffused the maiden's cheeks; a sparkle crept into her eyes.

Continued on Page 5.

## Shakespearean Tercentenary Celebration May 1-6

### PROGRAM

Beginning on Tuesday morning, Connecticut College will celebrate the Shakespearean Tercentenary with a series of events which will continue through the week, concluding with an Elizabethan dinner on Saturday evening. A program of the events of the celebration follows:

#### MONDAY.

7 a. m.—Magdalen College Hymn. (Sung on the tower, May day morning.) Sung on the east entrance stairs, New London hall—Glee club.

#### TUESDAY.

11 a. m., room 206, New London hall—Women of Shakespeare's Time—Professor Wood.

#### WEDNESDAY.

9 a. m., room 113, New London hall—The Age of Shakespeare—Dr. Harold W. Crandall.

10 a. m., room 113, New London hall—Shakespeare on France—Prof. M. M. Dondo. Room 109—Shakespeare in Deutschland—Prof. Herbert Z. Kip.

11 a. m., room 206, New London hall—The Stage of Shakespeare—Prof. Alice I. Perry Wood.

12 m., room 206, New London hall—Assembly.

1.30 p. m., campus—Planting of ivy, walnut and other trees.

2.30 p. m., room 206, New London hall—Shakespeare's Use of Classical Literature—Dr. Irene Nye. The Philosophy of the Tempest—Dr. Nann C. Barr.

4 p. m., Thames hall—Shakespeare; Man and Artist—President Sykes. All meetings open to the public.

#### THURSDAY.

10 a. m., room 113, New London hall—Students' Shakespeare themes: Social Life in the Elizabethan Age—Miss Marion Williams. Extracts from the Diary of an English Girl of Shakespeare's Time—Miss Priscilla Ford. A Plea for the Elizabethan Stage for Shakespearean Productions—Miss Iveagh H. Sterry. Impressions from a Picture of Stratford-on-Avon—Miss Mary Strange. A Launcelot Substitute—Miss Juline Warner. Life at Belmont—Miss Emma Wippert. As the Gods Decree—Miss Ruth Morris. Twelfth Night—Miss Charlotte Keefe.

11 a. m., room 206—Illustrations of Shakespeare, from President Sykes' collection. Open to the public.

8 p. m.—Shakespeare music and old-time dances.

#### Programme:

Overture to the Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicoli. Violina, Miss Anna Cherkasky, Miss Clementina E. Jordan; violoncello, Miss Virginia C. Rose; pianoforte, Miss Grace Cockings. Orpheus With His Lute, Sir Arthur Sullivan, from Henry the Eighth, Act III, Scene I—Willard W. Keigwin. Hark, Hark! the Lark, Schubert-Liszt, from Cymbeline—William Bauer. She Never Told Her Love, Franz Joseph Haydn, from Twelfth Night, 1732-1809. Heigh Ho! for a Husband, ancient melody, from John Gamble's ms. Common-place Book, arranged by Dr. Charles Vincent—Frederick Weld.

Dances—Old Rustic—Misses Bradley, Brockett, Cannon, Hastings, Isbell, Warner, White, S. R. Wilcox. Coranto—Misses Chipman, Regan, Trenholm, Wells. Morris—Misses Anderson, Bailey, Cherkasky, Christie, Coit, Gough, Upton. Violin, Miss Clementina Jordan. Sign No More, Ladies, Sir Arthur Sullivan, from Much Ado About Nothing, Act II, Scene III—Mr. Keigwin. Wedding March and Fairy Music, Mendelssohn-Liszt, from the music to Midsummer Night's Dream—Mr. Bauer. Honor, Riches, Marriage Blessing, Sir Arthur Sullivan, from the music of Tempest, Act IV—Miss Beatrice Ashe, Mrs. William Bauer, Miss Marion J. Williams, Miss Ethel M. Isbell; violin obligato, Miss Cherkasky. O Mistress Mine, Roger Quilter, from Twelfth Night, Act II, Scene III. Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind, Roger Quilter—Mr. Weld.

Dances—Gatherine Peascods—Misses Bradley, Brockett, Cannon, Hastings, Isbell, Warner, White, S. R. Wilcox. Galliard—Miss Hazel Woodhull and Harold W. Crandall.

Public admission 50 cents. Proceeds for the library fund.

#### FRIDAY.

Shakespeare's As You Like It, given by first year students, Thames hall, 8 p. m.

(Continued on page 2.)

## Portia as Representative of the Culture of the Italian Renaissance

After the fall of Constantinople in fourteen hundred and fifty-three, hundreds of learned teachers and thinkers flocked to Italy, to continue, unmolested, their study and cultivation of the higher arts and sciences. Perhaps this is one reason why we always hear of Italy as the center of the great revival of learning which in later years was brought about in other European countries. History leads us to believe that never, before nor since, has there been such a lightened period, nor one in which so many eminent women have taken their places as peers of the most learned men of their age. Naturally, the influence of this training lasted until later years and affected the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, who saw exemplified in the women of that richly "poetical and romantic" period not only the characteristics of the ideal scholar, but also the virtues of the noblest mothers and inspirers of men. No other character among Shakespeare's women stands so truly and altogether representative of the finest women of her times, as Portia.

"Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth. For the four winds blow in from every coast, renowned suitors."

We may well imagine Portia's richly appointed home as a gathering place for learned men and women, when we remember the splendid gatherings at the courts of Ferrara, Mantua, Milan and Urbino, which were the meeting places of illustrious scholars, artists and poets. It is easy to think of the stately Portia, with her grace, self-poise and commanding dignity, as the cultured leader of such a court as Urbino, which the leadership of Elizabetha Gonzaga has made famous.

Not only the chosen lover, Bassanio, recognized the beauty of her who "is fair and fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues," but,

"The Hyracanian desert, and the vasty wilds of wide Arabia, Are as thoroughfares now, for princes to come view fair Portia."

(Continued on page 3.)



## COLLEGE NEWS

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## Editorial Staff

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## Editorial

For scores of years since the fading of the Elizabethan influence, Shakespeare's most faithful adherents have undoubtedly been his most deadly enemies. The Elizabethan audience, its consciousness throbbing with the adventurous spirit which sent Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh over the seas for the glory of England, and its still keenly susceptible to the image of entertainment, (whether within the realms of the possible or impossible it mattered not) was Shakespeare's audience. We have fashioned a suit of armor from cloth-of-gold, labelled it "Genius," put Shakespeare inside and forthwith mounted him on a towering pedestal conspicuously marked "Handle with Care," and have crooningly gloried over the power of the poet who with absolute mastery interpreted the life of the Elizabethan age, and in so doing, the human nature of all ages.

We have forgotten that Shakespeare was essentially a "man of the people" sprung from common clay in the ordinary village of Stratford-on-Avon. We have frantically searched university documents and legendary history alike, for some records of an academic education which we have thought was absolutely essential for the writer of Shakespeare's plays. Finding none, we have even still failed to recognize the true proportions of his great simplicity. It was because he was born in the ordinary village of Stratford-on-Avon; because he gloried in running unrestrained through the coverts of the forests; because not a bird, not a beast, not a flower escaped his eager attention; because later, in the vicissitudes of London life, where he found a way into Lord Leicester's itinerant troupe, no play of human emotions escaped his watchful eye.

That three hundred years after his death Shakespeare is honored as the greatest of English poets.

The Connecticut Teachers College Club, composed of graduates of Teachers' College, Columbia University, who are teaching in Connecticut, held its annual meeting at Connecticut College Saturday. The members arrived in the morning and had a short time to inspect the college buildings before luncheon was served.

## Program

(Continued from page 1.)

Duke, living in banishment—Ruth Ansley.

Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his dominions—Helen Townsend.

Amlens, Jacques, First Lord—Lords attending on the banished duke—Mary A. Chipman, Margery Rowe, Laura Jacobs.

Oliver, Orlando—Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys—Justine Brockett, Lillian Shadd.

Adam, servant to Orlando—Frances Otten.

Touchstone, a clown—Mildred Provost.

Corin, an old shepherd—Mildred White.

Silvius, devoted to Phebe—Amelia Tuttle.

William, a country fellow in love with Audrey—Dorothy Upton.

Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke—Ruth Morriss.

Celia, daughter to Frederick—Esther Isbell.

Phebe, a shepherdess—Esther Batchelder.

Audrey, a country girl—Mary Strange.

Lords and foresters.

Scenes: Duke Frederick's court; the forest of Arden. Incidental music and dances.

Clementina Jordan, violin.

Anna Cherkasky, clown.

Public admission 50 cents. Proceeds for the library fund.

## SATURDAY.

A solemn supper of the faculty and students, Thames hall, at 7.15 p. m.

Table of the Metes.

Furment Rosy Votose

Nyandys couched with Onions

Pyes of Pairis

Heunes in Grane Gelee Departed  
A Fidge Pomes Ryse

Banquet

Tartolettes Peres in Composte

Vporras Wayfurs

Cates

Music and dances of the olden time.

Professors and teachers in gowns; students in Elizabethan dress.

Mr. Crandall and Miss Woodhull will perform the well known "Galliard." It is an old court dance of great dignity and grace in which the dancers will wear elaborate court costumes.

Under the direction of the President of the Student Government Association, the following persons were appointed to comprise the Executive Committee for the Shakespeare Celebration: Marion J. Williams, chairman; Helen Townsend, Marena Prentiss, Virginia Rose, Rosa Wilcox, Amelia Tuttle, Dorothy Trenholm, Evelyn McGinley, Irma Hutzler, and Madeline Rowe.

## May Day Ceremonies.

The students of Connecticut College greeted May Day with a short choral exercise. The members of the Glee Club gathered on the winding stairs at the eastern end of New London Hall shortly before seven on May 1, and sang three stanzas of the Eucharistic, an ancient Latin hymn translated into English by Rev. D. Burgon, dean of Chichester.

By this pretty ceremony, the College carried out, in part, an ancient English custom. Every May Day, at dawn, a chorus in the top of Magdalen Tower at Oxford, greets the morning, singing the Latin Eucharistic. Great numbers assemble at this

ceremony, a vast multitude waiting with impressive silence during the singing. This ancient custom is supposed to have originated in the singing of a requiem mass for Henry VII. Under the influence of the Reformation, the mass gave way to glees and madrigals, and, later, to Latin hymns. Dr. Louis Adolphe Coerne, Professor of Music, arranged the exercise and directed the singing.

## A Trip to Stratford-on-Avon.

I was very much surprised when I found myself in Stratford-on-Avon standing on Henley street, gazing at the birthplace of the great William Shakespeare. I inquired into the history of the house and found out many interesting facts. The house was the property of William Shakespeare after the death of his father. After the poet's death it passed from one descendant to another until in 1847 it came into the market and was bought by representatives of a number of subscribers who wished to secure the historic place for public use. These representatives acted as trustees and guardians. At the time of the purchase, the place was in a dilapidated condition, but the trustees had it renovated. The workshop, which stood near the house, was converted into a museum. Responsible guides were appointed for the buildings.

After obtaining this information, I desired to enter the house, and, upon paying a small admission fee of sixpence, I gained admittance. The guide told me that the first room is called the Main Room. This room was formerly used as a butcher's shop and the massive chimney once used for smoking hams and bacon is the most important feature of the room. I then followed the guide into the Living Room, which had a great fireplace similar to that of the Main Room. Behind the Living Room is a small parlor and passageway leading to the back door opening on the garden. From this living-room, a stairway descends to a cellar and another ascends to a tiny landing off which opens the Birth Room, which is over the Main Room and has a similar great chimney. The windows still contain a few of the old, green panes, covered with the scratched names of famous visitors, and its ceilings and walls are almost black with pencilled autographs. Across the little passage behind the Birth Room is the Portrait Room, named from the fact that within it hangs the Stratford portrait of Shakespeare. The place which gave me great pleasure was the Birthplace Garden, into which I gazed from the rear doorway. I asked the guide if I might enter the garden, but he told me that because of the extreme carelessness of former visitors who had been given the privilege, the trustees had been obliged to forbid wandering in the gardens. An attempt is made, the guide said, to grow every tree and plant mentioned in Shakespeare's works. That seemed to me a hopeless task.

After paying another small admission fee, I entered the Birthplace Museum, where I saw many interesting exhibits. Among these were several deeds connected with the transfer of Shakespeare's land, a signet ring with the initials "U. S." and the desk at which it was said Shakespeare sat in his school-days. Above the Museum is the Librarian's Room, where I saw a collection of pictures, prints, books of reference, and early editions. As is customary for all visitors, I sat in "Shakespeare's chair."

When I had taken one last look at the garden, I returned to my hotel,

planning the next day to take a trip to Shottery and the Hathaway cottage.

There are many paths to Shottery from Stratford and the distance is about a mile. I chose a path across the fields and was stopped several times on my way by young English children, who offered their services as guides, but as the path was straight, no guide was needed. Nevertheless, I was unable to resist their appeals to me to buy some of the flowers which they had gathered. I finally came upon the Hathaway "Cottage" as it is called, but I found that it was a good thatched farmhouse, divided into three habitations. The central portion, which was known as Ann Hathaway's (although I saw no particular reason why it should be the central), was inhabited by a Mrs. Baker, a very neat lady, a descendant of the Hathaways, who took great pride in showing me through the house. We climbed up the curiously-winding stairway to Ann Hathaway's bedroom with its four-poster bed, an old linen chest and one or two other pieces of furniture.

Although when I came, the sun was shining brightly, in a short time a heavy fog was turning everything gray and I was obliged to shorten my visit in order to return to Stratford before being caught in the drizzling rain, which is characteristic of England.

Susan R. Wilcox.

## The Diary of Our Own Miss Samuella Pepys.

April 26.—Weary from my journey, returned at noon from the Easter recess. Busy days are before us what with elections and preparations for the Shakespearean Fete. Had much to do while at home, but did accomplish but little of it. Did, however, gather several dimes for Mistress Cerrett's Fund, which doth steadily increase. Much surprised to find the grass growing green about the buildings and 'tis said now that we are to have a garden and an orchard. Busy late with classes and gossip.

May 3.—Early up. My Lord Sykes hath decreed that there shall be no classes today, which pleaseth me much. Did come many guests, to whom I tried to sell Elizabethan sweets and flowers for the Library. Met with fair success. Many lectures. Albeit I am so busy, needs must make me a costume for Saturday this week. Abroad very late indeed.

## Making of a Freshman.

Going to college is like going away alone in the summer. One feels a thrill of independence as one sees the family receding in the distance, and realizes that henceforth one controls one's clothes, one's bank account and one's behavior.

College meant more to me than I expected. I came because I wanted to make new friends, and because all my acquaintances were leaving, and I could vividly picture Hartford without them. What I had not appreciated was that I had never valued my own personality before. My sister had always been so much brighter and more original than I, that I had been content to copy her as nearly as I could in every respect.

At college it was different. I was standing alone. I was making my own. All the other girls were free too. We had no family and no social standing to rely upon. We were making our rules, our schedules, and the tra-



ditions of the college. We were allowed to cut classes as much as we desired. We were ruling our days and our nights until we were summoned to the first house meeting.

We gathered in Plant reception room at half past seven, dressed as we used to dress for dinner. Some of us sat on the blue settees, some on the chairs, and the rest on that brown carpet which shed its wool so plentifully. The fire burned hotly in the carved fireplace, and the electric candles illumined us with a dazzling light.

We elected various officers, and then proceeded to the business of the evening. Dr. Rondinella told us of our responsibilities. We realized that we were young and inexperienced as soon as we grasped the extent of Student Government. Before we had looked upon self government as a pleasant privilege due to our dignity, but now we saw clearly how far we had underestimated its significance. One problem after another was presented, and we could not solve them. We sought for precedents. Dr. Rondinella gave us suggestions, and we accepted them eagerly. It was then, in the midst of our mental confusion, that we discovered that we were mere freshmen in a little new college, whose future depended greatly upon us, whose traditions must combine the best customs of our sister colleges with the most original ideas that we could invent. We were no longer the important and independent First Class of the college, we were inexperienced little freshmen with a big task before us.

Alison Hastings.

#### "The Tempest" in the Counting House

Charles Hemingway, all muffled up in many yards of woolen muffler, made his winding way to the counting-house of Shakespeare and Bacon.

"Good morning," said Francis Bacon in a gruff voice, as Hemingway entered. "You are five minutes late. What was the trouble?"

"I met the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,'" answered Hemingway. "They wanted to know when they could see you and Mr. Shakespeare about the Knapp children. You know the father and mother died last winter and the parish has been supporting them. I believe the two gentlemen were appointed commissioners of affairs and have not been able to find homes for either of the children. Some action must be taken for their future support."

"Very good! Very good!" replied Shakespeare. "What about the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'? I thought they were an organization for helping the destitute."

"I know not the particulars, Mr. Shakespeare," replied Hemingway. "The gentlemen will call at three-thirty this afternoon." With this he went into the outer office and started on the books.

The office was a cold, bare place, with two long, narrow desks and two long, narrow clerks. As soon as the door was shut, the head clerk came up to his assistant and asked if anything had been said of his tardiness.

"No, only the usual look and questions. Because we are paid 'Measure for Measure' and work like 'Julius Caesar,' they are satisfied. I met the Verona Gentlemen this morning. The parish still has those two children whose parents died last year. What this country needs is a poorhouse where such people could be taken care of. What chance have they now,

one ten years old, a bright little fellow going around doing chores for folks and hovering around each doorstep for something to do? I say, what chance has that bairn to know anything about 'The Life and Death of King John' or 'The Tragedy of King Arthur'? The little girl, too, twelve years old, as bright as the sun, but so thin and dirty no one wants her near. Would that I could—"

Here Mr. Shakespeare entered and both clerks bent over the accounts and busied themselves with the figures.

"Mr. Bacon and I are to be very busy for an hour or two. If anyone comes to see us, you will take the message."

"As You Like It" sir!" both clerks responded.

The rest of the morning was spent in the way usual in counting houses. Now and again someone would come in, warm his hands by the big stove, talk about business and then go out into the thronged street where people seemed busy, but in reality there was "Much Ado About Nothing."

At noon, when Hemingway went home he talked over the situation with his wife.

"Oh, Charles, how I wish I could take them! Wouldn't our children love to have them? But, I know, dear, your salary will not permit us to do so. It would be a good thing if either Shakespeare or Bacon would get married. I just wish dear Anne Hathaway, who is the leader of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' would get them interested in that very beneficial organization. Why not ask her to go and visit them? You know, she got a subscription from 'The Merchant of Venice' for the new parish house."

"It shall be as you say," replied her husband. "Will you speak to the Mistress Hathaway?"

"Yes, I will. Now you must go back to work or you will be late tonight and we shall not be able to have our usual 'Winter's Tale.'"

The afternoon passed quickly and the "Verona Gentlemen" were most unsuccessful in the result of their visit.

Two weeks passed before Mistress Hathaway, very pretty and alert, came to visit the members of the firm of Shakespeare and Bacon.

Now these two members were much opposed to the fairer sex and vowed never to pay any attention to them, but being gentlemen, they appeared much pleased at seeing her. And, in sooth, they were, for as soon as she started to talk, they both thought her charming, but were not willing to admit it. Consequently, when she left the office, each man, unknown to his partner, handed the lady a check to help with the support of the children.

Weeks passed. Subscriptions were raised for the support of the orphans and they were headed by large amounts given by the firm of Shakespeare and Bacon.

One night Bacon met Shakespeare as he was going to call on Mrs. Hathaway.

"You have not been paying much attention to business, Shakespeare," said Bacon. "Calling on the ladies at night and acting as though you were in a 'Midsummer Night's Dream' in the morning won't work. We both have an equal share in the business, but I refuse to go on unless you give more time."

"Do 'What You Will,'" Shakespeare retorted. "My social affairs are my own. Please do not mention this to me again."

#### Portia as Representative

(Continued from page 1.)

Portia shows herself representative of the "golden age of women," by her personal ability as a scholar, as well as by her beauty and charm. As Mrs. Jameson reminds us, the work of Portia as a lawyer was the result of a skilful tact based upon the understanding of her subject and a knowledge of human nature. She appealed first to Shylock's mercy in that speech; then as she appealed to his avarice and pity: "Be merciful, take thrice thy money." When

For the following few weeks, the clerks knew them only as the silent partners. Shakespeare had certainly fallen in love with dear Anne Hathaway. In fact, he was to marry her and knew not how to tell his partner of his coming marriage and of the decision made by them to adopt the two orphan children.

The next morning both partners wore a rather sheepish look.

"Bacon, I am to be married to the Widow Hathaway," said Shakespeare as an opening sentence.

"I am not surprised," said Bacon. "Right along I have surmised it and wish to congratulate you and present you with this book I have just written called 'Marriage and Single Life.'"

"Thank you, Bacon. I appreciate this. All is well about the Knapp children. We will adopt them. I also wish to apologize for my apparent rudeness and neglect in my attitude toward you and the business, but now I will do better. It has all been a 'Comedy of Errors.'"

When Hemingway went home that night his wife was surprised to hear the news.

"The quarrel between the partners was simply 'Much Ado About Nothing.' One could hardly say it was 'Love's Labor Lost,'" she said.

"I should say, my dear, that 'All's Well That Ends Well,'" said Hemingway, as he leaned over and kissed her.

JESSIE HAY WELLS.

#### C. C. Gymnasium Fund.

In spite of the rush in preparing for the Shakespearian Celebration, the work for the Gymnasium Fund has been continuing and the Fund growing. The campaign of New London continues and the various teams are receiving praise for their work. Every day "squads" go out; some meet with success, some with promises, some with "hard luck stories," and a very few with refusals. All return with sums of money and funny tales.

In addition to this, dimes are still pouring in for the Catherine Cerrett Fund. While home for the Easter recess, several of the girls "boosted" the Fund and returned with dollars of dimes. (If you didn't, start now.) C. C.'s Gymnasium Fund will soon be known throughout the country.

The total to date is \$944.67.

#### For the Library.

During Wednesday of the Celebration, members of Dr. Wood's English section will sell Elizabethan sweets, bouquets, and photographs of views about campus. The proceeds from this sale will be used to purchase books for the library.

The committee in charge consists of Sadie Coit, Madeline Rowe and Marion Kofsky. The class is indebted to Peterson, Fisher and the Bee Hive for boxes and baskets for the sale.

apparently bidding Antonio to prepare his bosom for the knife, in reality she addresses Shylock; has Antonio dib his beloved Bassanio farewell, and after seeking in every possible way to prevail upon the miser's gentler nature, she is finally forced to pronounce the sentence of his death and confiscation of his goods, if he should waste a drop of blood. Though it is true that Portia appeared in the guise of a man, no one would believe that her dignified self-control and cool contempt for Shylock's baseness were acquirements of a moment, as was the external cloak. It was common practice for lawyers of her age, to call upon women who were doctors in the Universities of Bologna, Padua and others. Novella d'Andrea was only one of several famous women who was teaching cannon law in the universities.

To those who are prone to urge the exclusion of women from an equal share of privileges with men, it is shown that in spite of the fact that Italian Universities had been open to women for over a thousand years, there was no neglect of the tender duties of motherhood or devotion to home.

H. J. Mozans tells us that the special gifts of many women were well-trained sons and daughters. Are we then surprised to find Portia interested in her home? Hers was a tender and loving nature with all the romantic spirit of the time. When Bassanio came to make his choice, she asked that music be played, and promised that if he lost, her eye should be a watery deathbed for him. But immediately she turns with the words: "But he may win!" Thus she showed the commendable spirit of hope of which Mrs. Jameson speaks. Her generous and sympathetic nature prompts her to offer thrice the amount of the bond and her filial devotion teaches her to bow obediently to her dead father's will in the choice of a husband.

Through a study of Portia's character, we readily come to think of the Italian women not only as scholars, but as loyal, devoted women endowed with qualities fit to inspire the world's greatest men. At the court of Isabella d'Este we find such painters as Titian and Leonardo da Vinci, the poet Tasso and Clement Marot, the first modern French poet. Of the fifty female poets of Italy, Vittoria Colonna was foremost. By the people she was called "La Divina," and Michael Angelo said of her, "In your soul my thought is born." Not alone for their achievements, but for their unaffected simplicity in true greatness do we admire these noble women of other days. Let us not only feel amazed that we compare so poorly with Portia's talented character, but rather seek to learn two lessons from our Italian brothers: first, to secure an appreciation of our women in an enlarged sphere, and, second, if they be "weighed in the balance and found wanting," so to train our women through general diffusion of knowledge and culture, that they may take as pre-eminent a stand as the Italian women of the Renaissance.

WINONA YOUNG.



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**Jokes**

Marian Wells: Where will Wilson spend the summer?

Mr. Crandall: He is going to take a Villa in Mexico. Ex.

Jul'ne (who had just spilt water on Lillian shadd): Oh I am so sorry!

Norma Regan: Don't apologise! Did you ever see a shad who minded water?

The following program was intended merely for information but not for humor, but the members of the convention were more impressed with the latter element.

"Education and Religion" (at the Unitarian Church.)

"Foreign Missions" (at the Methodist Church).

"What of the Future of Life?" (Place to be announced later).

The head of a young ladies' finishing school was talking to the father of one of her pupils—

"I think it is so delightful to have such a large and affectionate family."

Father (surprised)—"Large!—affectionate—?"

The head of the school—"Why, yes, no less than thirteen of her brothers have been here to call and she tells me that the tall, good-looking one with light hair is coming to take her out Saturday."

Dorothy Upton has been to the theatre in New York. Perhaps that accounts for what her mother heard her say in her sleep—"It was 'Fa'r and Warmer' in Treasure Island' so 'The Great Lover' having no fear of 'The Tempest' took his 'Boomerang' and started for the 'Ziegfeld Midnight Follies,' but on the way he met 'Sybil,' 'The Red Widow,' 'A Woman of No Importance.' She cried 'Justice'—'Where are my Children,' 'My Little Pom Pom' and my sweet 'Pamona.' He answered 'If I were King' such as 'Henry VIII' I might know where your 'Little Blue Ribbon Belles' were, but I am only a poor sort of a 'Beau Brummell' seeking the 'Heart of Westona.'"



**Moonlight Magic**

(Continued from page 1.)

Turning about, she heard a hearty "Good even to you, Mistress Alice, may I be granted leave to converse with you for a little while?"

"Indeed you may," the girl answered, bestowing a tender glance upon the favored one, and it may be that you will tell me how you liked Will Shakespeare's play that you did go to see last even at the Globe."

"Marry, right well did I approve it, Lady Alice; the name is 'Romeo and Juliet.' Have you heard aught about it yet?"

"Naught but that it is a love tale of two young lovers that does end right mournfully. Does not young Romeo kill himself with his own hand?"

"Forsooth he does, 'Lady Alice, because he loves his lady fair to the utmost, and can not bear to live without her. It is a tale to make one's love and hate grow hot and cold to hear it. You say that Romeo is wrong in what he does? What other course would he more rightfully follow?"

In answer to the girl's questioning gaze he poured out a confession of how he too had been tempted to take a deadly poison to end the bitter struggle of trying to live in a world inhabited only by lovely beings and cruel fathers. A look of terror came into the listener's eyes. "Ah! but that is not the way to solve our difficulty. That would be the silly act of a coward, not of the brave man I know and love. Oh! promise me you will not entertain that dreadful thought!"

"But oh, I pray you, lady mine," responded the lover, "Let me acquaint you of the burden that I daily—nay—hourly, bear, the burden of my love for you. In truth it seems so simple; a man does love a maid, and so I do; the maid returns his love, as you do say you do; they fain would wed. Ah! 'tis simple in the telling of it, but difficult in the accomplishing. Lady Alice, I love you so that when I see the very stars of Heaven I needs must tell them of my love; I pour it out to every rose on every bush; I sing it straight to every bird that's wooing his own mate. Love! Why it is a thing of joy,—of tears. I dare not sleep because I may not dream of you. I dare not wake because there is no hope. Ah, what a tragedy of love is ours!"

A sudden thought interrupted the impetuous flow of words. "But why does your father hate me so?" The youth paused, then added hotly, "Have I a rival that I know not of?"

"Narry, that you have," sighed the girl. "My father has this long time promised me in wedlock to Sir Charles Moore, and here she clenched her little hand. 'I do hate him! Oh, you little wot the depth of my wickedness. At certain times I have deemed running away the only remedy.'"

The eyes of the two met and widened as the same thought came to both of them.

"Ah! Would that you might consent, dear lady, to run away with me outside fair London to Elmdowne, and there go before old Father Lawrence to be wed! Oh! do not say me nay!"

"Nay, and I would not an I could," was the answer. "If it be that you will ever love me—I—I will go, dear lad."

"Oh! lady mine, I pledge my love until the stars of Heaven have lost their silver, until the sun of day does lose its gold!"

So the two, utterly oblivious of passing time, of the setting sun, and of the patient little page, planned their first

great adventure. At length the Lady Alice gave a shy little farewell nod, and summoning the attendant, sped home.

That night as she was preparing to retire she confessed her plan to her maid and companion, Katherine, who approved the idea and even offered assistance.

"But," remarked the mistress thoughtfully "I am not sure that the plan we did make is of the best. I am to leave London by the coach that does depart at eight by the clock and you must of a certainty accompany me. Lord John, meanwhile, will be on horse at Compton, at the forking of the roads. When our coach comes near he will order it to stop in the Queen's name. Then he will order me to stand forth, and will place me on his horse, and in a trice we will be galloping away."

A sudden spark lighted up the girl's eyes. "Oh! Katherine, I would fain follow a plan of mine own conjuring. It is in main but this. I shall habit myself as a page and present myself to Lord John, saying that my Lord of Cumberland loans me, his faithful page, to his dear friend for a short space of time. Faith, then he'll take me with him, nor will he reckon who I am until we do come near the spot whereat he plans to meet the coach. Then will I disclose with due humility my rightful person to my trusting lord. Tomorrow night when the bright moon is in the full did we make resolution to fulfill our vow."

The intervening hours dragged slowly by until the time came for the flight. Dressed in the garb of a page, Lady Alice presented herself before Lord John and offered for a certain space of time to be his faithful page. The young gallant, occupied with many considerations, accepted the proffered services and finally the two set out on horse for Crompton.

It was a perfect night and the miles of white road flew quickly by. The two riders were silent, each one wrapped in thought; at length the young lord cleared his throat and slowly said, "Look you, you do not know the object of my ride. At Crompton I do purpose to stop the coach from London and take from it the lady whom this night I wed."

"No better errand could you have," murmured his companion.

"We're nearly there, my lad. Can you not speak some words to cheer my anxious heart?"

"Good my lord, what would you have me grant you now, had I the power of a supernatural being?"

"In very truth," answered the gallant "I would wish you to be my Lady Alice. Then would we be that nearer our destiny."

Removing her boy's cap and allowing her hair to fall over her shoulders, the little page replied, "Moon-magic works miracles, my Lord! Look you upon me, and see if you find aught of resemblance in me to her you speak of."

Turning about, the lover gave one wondering cry, "My lady—it is you!"

"And very truly you speak. I had died had I to keep the secret longer. Whither turn your horse?"

"Ah! Whither should I turn him if not to Elmdowne, with all haste?" exclaimed the rider. "Fair Alice, you spoke true when that you said moon-magic still works wonders."

Then into the silent night with dauntless hearts, rode the two, utterly content with the present and assured of a glorious future.

Helen Curtis Townsend.



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### Jokes

Continued from Page 4.

#### There Are Others.

Rena Broderick, who had been stationed on third base for an interminable inning. "I'm tired of playing base."

#### Old Sayings with New Names.

"Off again, on again, gone again, Goodenough!"

Jessie Wells has been cross country running, she had also been having trouble with her laundress. The other day, arrayed in her bloomers and middle, she passed her laundress' house. The laundress caught sight of Jake's fleeing figure, and sticking her head out of the window called: "Fo' de lan' sake, Miss Wells, if yo' is so shoat of clothes as all dat, I'll send yo' laundry back in the maunin'!"

#### On Clean-Up Day.

Ignorant Passerby: Er, what are those young lad'es doing?

Lundy: Why, dey is practisin' fo' some play by Mister Shakespeah.

#### The Top of the World.

Wild were the winds and the mist was grey

And the trees' bare arms 'ga..st the sky were hurled,

The flowers were dead and leaves were sere,

For this was the sorrowing time of the year,

But a rift in the clouds as they hurried away

Like leaden barriers to winds unfurled

(Disclosed for a moment a space of blue,

And I saw in that moment the top of the world. Anon.

#### Tennis Tournament.

The tennis tournament will commence on Monday, May 15th. All students who wish to try-out for teams are expected to sign the blanks posted on the New London Hall bulletin board. During the last week meetings of the White and Blue squads were held to elect tenn's captains for the year, Dorothy Upton being elected by the Blues and Iveagh Sterry by the Whites.



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