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Cups of Gold

ONCE upon a time, on a hot summer afternoon, a little girl lay in the meadows looking up at the sky, watching the lazy clouds as they rolled to and fro upon their carpet of blue. She was very very lonely; everyone about her seemed to have someone to play with. The birds, the bees, and even the clouds had company, but she was all alone.

Without realizing it, she sighed, oh, so heavily, and said: "Oh, dear, I wish I had someone to play with". Suddenly she looked up and saw a tiny head between two grasses. It was peeping right at her. What pretty sparkling eyes! They fairly seemed to dance with fun. She held her breath. What could it be that was coming out of the grasses. She could see a tiny body with arms and legs all dressed in brown. On its head sat the dearest little brown hat with a tiny feather that swayed back and forth in the gentle wind.

"Hello, little girl," said the tiny creature, "I am a Brownie. My sisters, the fairies, heard you say you were lonely. They are very busy and couldn't spare the time to come and play with you. They thought perhaps you would like to help them, so they sent me for you. What is your name?"

She said, "My name is Alice. Please hurry and take me to your sisters." Alice followed the little Brownie over a hill to a little hollow. The fairies' home was among the rushes near the shining pool. Such a beautiful spot! The rushes were like tall trees the pool a beautiful mirror, and the green moss made the softest carpet you ever stepped on.

In the center of this beautiful room sat three pretty fairies, working so busily that they hardly noticed the approach of Alice and the Brownie. When they saw them they hurried to welcome them, for fairies are always polite.

The oldest fairy said to Alice: "For a long time we have been in need of some drinking cups. It is difficult to sip the dew from the leaves and flowers, so we are making some little gold cups."

They took the frames of the stars and made five little petals. Over these they wove the silken threads of the spider's web. Then they sprinkled the petals with the gold-dust from the sunbeams. For a handle to this tiny cup they used little supple sticks. By crushing some leaves they secured enough paint to color the handles a pretty pale green. When this was ac-
complished, they had the most beautiful little goblets you ever beheld. Alice and the fairies were so delighted with the result of their work that they clasped hands and danced around and around.

Suddenly Alice began to feel a wee bit chilly. She opened her eyes, and instead of being in the fairies' room, she was looking up from her grassy bed at the last streaks of light playing across the western sky. To the east, she could see the little stars beginning to twinkle and smile at her. As she sat up she realized that the heat of the afternoon sun had made her drowsy and she had fallen asleep. The little buttercup she had been playing with was crushed in her hand.

The Wayside Inn

We, of the Twentieth century, very rarely think of the beautiful old buildings within a comparatively short distance of us, buildings rich with historic and romantic lore, made famous by visits of historically prominent people, and by years of standing, watching civilization passing them by, but secure within their own peace and beauty.

Such a building is the Wayside Inn, remote among the wooded hills of Massachusetts, sleeping contentedly in the charming valley surrounding the town of Sudbury. This small, quiet town, located on the main road to Worcester, was once a bustling little metropolis. In the days of the Revolution and trundling stage-coaches, the Inn was a flourishing hostelry, the stopping place for the stage-coaches and for the marketers on their way to Worcester. It was also a resting place for soldiers in the French and Indian War, a truly typical tavern of the period known not only for its great hospitality, but also, even at this early date, for its historical prominence; for even in the year 1775 the Inn was over three-fourths of a century old and already rich with the background of the French and Indian War.

Yes, three-fourths of a century old in 1775, for the Inn was built in 1700. The land upon which it was built was part of a grant purchased from the Indians in 1634. David Howe, an English gentleman, built upon this land a mansion in which to house his family. The story of the construction of the house is especially interesting. The carpenters were forced to flee to Garrison House, a nearby place of refuge for the settlers, for Indian raids were a constant occurrence in this early time.

Upon the completion of the Inn, it was occupied as a family mansion for several years, but because of reverse fortune in the Howe family, it was turned into a hostelry. It has been handed down through the family from father to son for over a century and a half until in 1860, Squire Lyman Howe, of Longfellow's stories, died. Squire Lyman Howe was a justice of the Peace, and very well known throughout the countryside. So well did he fill his position as jus-
tice of the Peace that the Inn became known as "Gretna Green," a refuge for runaway couples. He shared his fame with his sister, who was one of the first owners of a spinnet, and who attracted considerable attention by her ability in playing it. This Squire Howe was a bachelor and the last of the family. With his death the hostelry was purchased by an outsider, and was run in such a manner until 1923, when this famous old tavern was purchased by Mr. Ford.

For over two centuries it has stood, and it is indeed fortunate that Time, the destroyer of many of our old landmarks, has dealt with it so mercifully. The exterior is equal in charm with the interior. The rambling old Inn is located about one hundred yards from the highway, hidden by trees to give it the desired privacy. In the front is a hooded porch with a settle on either side where one may sit and enjoy the sweet scents wafted from the old-fashioned garden in the rear. Above the door is a sign, upon which is painted a Red Horse. Longfellow describes it as being "Half effaced by rain and shine the Red Horse prances on the sign."

For before the Revolution it was known as "The Red Horse Tavern."

It is, also, indeed, very fortunate that Mr. Ford has taken such a sympathetic interest in this antiquated spot and has endeavored to lengthen its already great span of life. For it is no longer "A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay
With weather stains upon the walls,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors.

And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

The architecture is of the simple, charming, home-like quality of the old colonial craftsmen who were forced to flee from the Indians in the process of its construction. It still has the same rugged strength and charm which age has never been able to blot from it.

With the characteristic straightforwardness of these colonial home-builders, in many of the rooms the beams upon the ceiling are left exposed. Wide-boarded floors, wainscoting that rises halfway up to meet the ceiling add dignity and beauty to the Inn. The furniture is priceless. Queen Anne Mirrors, which a century or so ago undoubtedly reflected the features of famous men such as Lafayette, Molineux, President Adams and Daniel Webster, now reflect to us our own features. Connecticut chests of the year 1700; old fashioned lighting appliances; pewters, silver and porcelain; fireirons; cupboards; hooked-rugs; needlework; worn kitchen tools, crude, but nevertheless practical, all abound in this veritable treasure house.

Perhaps the most interesting room in the Inn is that in which Longfellow and his cronies loved to gather. Those of you who have not read Tales of a Wayside Inn perhaps do not know that the relators in the Tales, the Landlord, the Theologian, the Poet, the Musician, the Sicilian, the Spanish Jew, and the student,
were all characters of real life. These were all personal acquaintances, yes, even close friends of Longfellow.

When we go into this room, it is not difficult to picture in our mind’s-eye just how they were gathered around the friendly hearth during those crisp autumn afternoons and evenings, slowly sipping their hot toddy and telling their stories to pass away the time.

"Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends,
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the Wayside Inn come down
To rest beneath its old oak trees."

The first story teller was the Landlord,
"Grave in his aspect and attire
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as the ‘Squire.’"

The Scholar who is next mentioned as
"A youth was there of quiet ways,
A student of old books and Days;
To whom all tongues and lands were known,
And yet a lover of his own."

Third in the order of his story-telling was the young Sicilian, whom Longfellow describes by saying
"His face was like a Summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light."

Next among this group was
"A Spanish Jew from Alicante
With aspect grand and grave was there;
Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
An attar of rose from the Levant."

Then the Theologian from “the School of Cambridge on the Charles.”

The poet “whose verse was tender, musical, and terse;” and lastly the musician who Longfellow says
“Lived in the ideal world
Whose language is not speech but song.”

And so we have this juxtaposition of characters made friendly by their proximity in these autumn days. I shall give a brief mention of a few of the Tales they told, but to fully appreciate the beautiful thoughts and fineness of the poetry you must read the book for yourself. It would be time passed in a very beneficial as well as enjoyable occupation.

I think we have at some time or other heard the tale of “the Falcon of Ser Federigo,” of how the unfortunate Ser Federigo had wooed and lost the beautiful Monna Giovanna and also his fortune. He had nothing left but a falcon, upon which he bestowed all his love, and a small farm situated on the banks of the Arno River to which, in discouragement, he retired. After several years had passed, to a nearby castle came Monna Giovanna, now a widow, with her little son. Unknown to the widow, the little boy became acquainted with Ser Federigo and became extremely fond of the Falcon. Thus far of this story I have told, and hope it will prove a sufficient incentive to those who have not read this Tale to find out what happened to the young boy, to the falcon and to the unfortunate Ser Federigo. Another of the Tales that has a charming moral to it is that of King Robert of Sicily. Told by the Sicilian, it is of a king who believed himself to be all powerful, fearing neither God nor man. The manner in which he is taught the les-
son of humility is made the plot of this interesting little story told in verse.

Thus these and many more fascinating tales were unfolded, and after several days the guests took their departure.

"Farewell! the portly Landlord cried; "Farewell! the parting guests replied, But little thought that nevermore, Their feet would pass that threshold o'er;"

And in a like manner I shall bring my tale to a close in the hope that I have in some manner heightened your interest and inspired in you a wish to see this old Inn.

"Built in the Old Colonial Day When men lived in a grander way With ample hospitality."

MARY McDougall, '31

What to Shun

Registration
Expectation
Invitation
Conversation
Participation
Of long duration
Procrastination
Examination
Computation
Investigation
Disintegration
Evaporation
Hail! The "Ricoled"

THE Ricoled, as the senior yearbook is to be known, will be published in June, as the first organized class book of this College. The Seniors, realizing that it would be enjoyable to possess a memory book to which to turn during the coming years, began this task early in the year. A great amount of preliminary work was necessary since this is to be the first publication.

Financial support had to be given by the merchants of the city and state and also by the student body. The idea and name of the yearbook were introduced to the people of Providence, and, for the most part, they seemed delighted to acknowledge the introduction and to show their willingness to further the acquaintance by consenting to advertise in the Ricoled. The Seniors hope that the interest shown by the advertisers will be profitable to these people, and that the yearbook of 1930 will continue the acquaintance.

In response to an appeal by the Seniors to the student body and faculty for subscriptions, the entire college personnel showed a willingness to help, and the answer to our appeal was very gratifying. The Senior A class takes this opportunity to thank those subscribing, and hopes that the Ricoled may afford them happy hours of memory later. We hope, too, that it will become a permanent project of each graduating class, to be looked for by everyone as June approaches.

C. C. McC., '29
Is Education an Enemy to Financial Success?

The latest argument put forth against a college education would have us believe that the years spent in securing it are wasted and are the cause of the individual's inability to attain financial success. This point of view, no doubt, is either that of an uneducated man who has gained wealth through his enterprises, or that of an educated person who is a King Midas.

It is a dangerous proposition, in a sense, to flaunt such an idea before the public eye. Some minds, especially those of the inexperienced youth, may not see the fallacy which lies in it. The talk of money may make its appeal, and what is going to be the result? Cultural progress, the mark of America today, will be hindered. Lust for wealth, which has brought the downfall and destruction of every nation possessing it, will become the fault of many.

To Whom It May Concern

Undoubtedly you have at some time seen an automobile stuck in the winter's snow, or in the spring mud, or even in the soft sand on the beach, and around it a crowd of men all trying different methods to move it. Everyone was boss, even the spectators issuing orders. Then finally, after all experiments had failed, one man in the group, who seemed to know more about the task than any of the others, took command. The others followed the leader and carried out his orders by putting jacks where they would help the most, and putting boards under the wheels to prevent them from slipping back into the rut. Everyone was given a position, and the moment the motor was put in gear the leader shouted, "Now!" Everybody shoved, and out came the car.

There comes a time in everyone's life when he finds himself in a rut such as this machine. When he does, emergency measures are necessary. His leader is will power. Everything must be centered on his problem where it will do the most good; all else must be sacrificed so he can't slip back. Every bit of energy that he possesses must be called out to help give the "push." It is not the easiest thing in the world to get out of a rut but it is possible, and this is the best way to get back on the road.

E. V. R., '29

W. R. L., '30
Central Falls Wins the Debating Cup

The Central Falls High School Debating Team has won the silver cup offered by the Rhode Island College of Education to the champions of the Interscholastic League. This victory is the result of a determined effort on the part of Central Falls which put them in second place last year and on the top this year.

At a special assembly of the students at the high school, Professor Patterson praised the debaters and their coach for the fine work which they have accomplished. The cup was presented by Mr. Loughery, the president of the Debating League, who expressed his desire to see Central Falls continue to turn out similar teams in the future. The principal, Mr. Young, and the superintendent, Mr. Hanley, both commended the team and stated that they hoped to keep the cup as a permanent possession.

The debating coach, the faculty, and the student’s should be congratulated for their achievement, as they have reason to be proud of the record made by their debating team.

Recent Additions to Our Library

The Everlasting Mercy
Collected Poems
Selected Poems
Love Songs
The Rocking Horse
Second April
The Buck in the Snow
Harp Weavers
Renascence
The Open Road
Best Short Stories of 1928
Napoleon
John Brown’s Body
Forsyte Saga
Pamela
Second April
The Buck in the Snow
Harp Weavers
Renascence
The Open Road
Best Short Stories of 1928
Napoleon
John Brown’s Body
Forsyte Saga
Pamela
Second April
The Buck in the Snow
Harp Weavers
Renascence
Consult your whole nature: Consider yourself not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only rational, but social; not only social but immortal.

The days that are past are gone forever; those that are to come, may not come to us; the present time only is ours; let us, therefore, improve it as much as possible.

To write well is to have at the same time, mind, soul, taste.
HENRY BARNARD, for whom the Henry Barnard School is named, in 1845 recommended the establishment of a normal school in Rhode Island. Elisha R. Potter, School Commissioner, succeeded in establishing the Rhode Island Normal School after four failures. At his suggestion, Brown University announced a normal department under Samuel S. Greene as Professor of Didactics in 1850, but soon abandoned the enterprise. Professor Greene opened a private normal school in Providence in 1852, with Messrs. Russell, Colburn and Guyot as associates; this venture failed financially. Then, in 1854, Commissioner Potter, with a legislative grant of $3,000, started a state supported normal school, with Dave P. Colburn as principal and Arthur P. Sumner as assistant. Three years later this Rhode Island Normal School was removed to Bristol and continued there until 1865. The Rhode Island Normal School was re-established in 1871; the name was changed to Rhode Island College of Education in 1920.

Temporary quarters on High Street in Providence were abandoned when the state purchased the old Providence High School building on Benefit Street, now occupied by the Rhode Island Supreme Court. The present building was erected in 1893. The first model and training school were opened in the schoolhouse at Benefit and Halsey Streets in 1894, thus anticipating the modern Henry Barnard School in its fine new building, occupied in 1928.

Difficulties beset the Normal School of 1871. Ten Rhode Island towns maintained high schools, and it was necessary for the time being to organize two departments, one essentially a high school, a preparatory department; the other, professional. When the law required towns to provide high school education, the preparatory department was discontinued; by that time all the resources of the institution were needed for the professional department. The present course is four years, and leads to the degree of Bachelor of Education. The College offers graduate degrees for graduate work.

The enrollment in the first four years averaged 141, counting all students, and increased slowly but steadily to 200 in 1890. By 1893 it was 218, principally professional, and had reached 400, all professional, in 1917. The present enrollment, all professional, is 627. Admission is by competitive examination open only to graduates of high schools or approved academies.

The earliest principals were Dave P. Colburn and Joshua Randall. J. C. Greenough was first principal of the reorganized normal school in 1871. John L. Alger was principal 1908-1920. Dr. Alger is first President of the Rhode Island College of Education.

The first principal of the training schools was Mrs. Sarah F. Bliss. Associated with her were Miss Edith Goodyear (now Mrs. John L. Alger), Miss Clara E. Craig, and Misses Bosworth, Wilson and Case. Miss Craig
is Director of Training, Principal of the Henry Barnard School, and Professor of School Practice in the college faculty.

Rhode Island is justly proud of Rhode Island College of Education, which has a reputation for excellence that reaches to all parts of America and even to the Antipodes. To the Henry Barnard School come visitors from Australia, New Zealand, China, and Japan, who have heard of the wonderful results achieved in the Children's School. Commissioner Snedden of Massachusetts gives Rhode Island first place for normal education, and Professor Judd of Chicago University, Professor Bagley, and others have sung its much deserved praise throughout the land.

CHARLES CARROLL

Modern Literature

Are we on the side of construction, or are we on the side of destruction?

Many critics hold that we are very definitely on the latter side. Still others contend that this age is merely forgetting “conventions” and is a patriot of “reality in a nude sense”. Our forefathers thought and felt as we of this age do, but the difference lies in the fact that they did not dare to express the shadowy, curious feelings which they experienced. Physiology or psychology proves that the intellectual and emotional status of man remains the same throughout ages. The conclusion to be drawn is that man had these thoughts and feelings potentially, but never transferred them so that the eye might witness them.

Alfred Noyes writes, “Analysis has gone so far, specialization has gone so far, decentralization (or, in the most exact meaning of the word, eccentricity) has gone so far that we are in danger of intellectual disintegration.” Mr. Noyes suggests these reasons for the unconventional trend of modern literature. To quote further, “It can be said with perfect truth that never in the history of the world was there a time so fraught with danger to the great heritage that we have received from the past. Our literature shares that peril.”

Perhaps in the next generation there will be scathing remarks and criticisms of the literature of its day. The names of John Galsworthy, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay and others will be revered and honored just as this modern generation reveres and honors the names of Wordsworth, Shelley and Tennyson.

Every age has its best and its worst, but by the process of elimination the “best” remains, and the “dregs” are forgotten. The intolerants who were bewildered by Mr. Saintsbury’s recent inclusion of Tennyson among the twelve greatest writers of the world proves that even yet there are some who doubt the value of Tennyson, although I am certain that these same intolerants would not hesitate to agree with the consensus of opin-
ion that a certain poem called "In Memoriam" is probably the greatest elegy in any language.

It is a proven fact that "genius" is unrecognizable as such until generations later. Why not sympathize with the "modernists" and lend a word of encouragement? America is not a conservative nation. In fact, we revel in our individualism. Let us be less conservative in our criticism of modern literature. It will do no harm. It may do a world of good.

ELLA WILLIAMS, '30

Deep Sea Pedagogy

JOAN LOWELL'S book The Cradle of the Deep, tells of the ideal school: the teacher, the pupil, and the log-book, in a circumscribed environment subject to modifications. The little girl of eleven months went to sea in her father's trading ship, a tramp in the South Seas. She remained aboard for seventeen years. The seven principles of education were well served—when she was fourteen she was healthy enough to destroy a wharfman in equal combat, and she did. Her morals,—a few simple essentials, such as the rule that she must fight her own battles, and must never place her own interests before those of the ship—were instilled by her father with the help of a rope's end. In the home she was a willing assistant; given a bucket of grease, she could slooee a mast as well as the next, or given a hammer, she could chip rust from the anchor chains, and paint them, too. As for citizenship, all the ship's crew were practically communistic in their devotion to the commonweal, since Captain Lowell never encountered the seaman he could not whip. She learned to prattle the language of the sea, which, fortunately, has been well diluted in the book; she learned navigation; the Bible was her primer and text; she learned very practical geography; by dissecting a mother shark with an axe she learned something of comparative anatomy; in the islands and on the docks of distant ports she learned as much of society as any theorist encounters in his books. Her leisure time she spent in experimental deviltry, as when she concocted a barrel of nauseous elements to be thrown into the ocean, that the whales might be sickened and much ambergris forthcoming. The only fault was in her vocational training: she was brought up an able bodied seaman, with good prospects of holding a master's certificate in due time; but after all she was a girl. When her father's ship went down, the Lowells came ashore, the Captain to retire, Joan to readjust herself to the ways of land.

Her narrative is direct, expansive, vivid, and extremely good reading. A strong witness to the credibility of the tale is the headlong strength with which it is delivered, the abundant outpouring of detail which typifies Jack ashore, delivering himself to landsmen.

FRANK JONES, P. G.
The Road to Friendship

As I was returning from an errand, I had to pause on a street corner to wait for traffic to pass. Idly glancing upward, my eye fell upon the sign-post “Friendship Street”, then travelled to the neat white arrow below which proclaimed in clear black letters, “One way”. Continuing on my journey, I thought, “How true!” There is but one road to friendship. The avenue of approach is the spirit of friendliness, and good will. Its street is paved with millions of tiny acts of service done in the name of love—acts unknown to the selfish, the careless, and the thoughtless. Its sidewalks are laid in broadmindedness and tolerance, completely covering up the quick-sands of temper and impatience. They are finely curbed in sympathetic understanding.

Ah! surely there is but one way to friendship—a road that follows His footsteps—the road that was traveled by Him who is our greatest Friend.

Evelyn Earnes, ’31.

Building a Temple

A builder built a temple, A teacher built a temple, He wrought it with grace and With a loving and infinite care, skill; Planning each arch with patience, Pillars and groins and arches Laying each stone with prayer, All fashioned to work his will. None praised her unceasing efforts, Men said, as they saw its beauty, None knew of her wonderful plan, “It shall never know decay. For the temple the teacher built Great is thy skill, O builder: Was unseen by the eyes of man.” Thy fame shall endure for aye.

Gone is the builder’s temple, Crumbled into the dust; Low lies each stately pillar, Food for consuming rust. But the temple the teacher built Will last while the ages roll, For that beautiful unseen temple Is a child’s immortal soul.

—The National Education Association

Dreaming in the twilight, That eerie hour, Twixt light and dark, When dreams seem truths, All cares allayed And hopes made strong; Majestic peace.

Marion Stanwood, ’30
Henry Barnard Activities
FOUR EVENTS FOLLOW

"Lady of the Lake" Presented

ON Friday, May 3, Grade Nine of the Henry Barnard Junior High School presented Scott’s *Lady of the Lake* in the auditorium. The chairman, Benjamin Mudrick, prefaced the presentation by a short biography of the author and a general outline of the plot, using a map of the Scottish Highlands, made by Thurston Macomber and Van Lundy, to show the setting.

The recitation of the apostrophe to the harp by Rita Kavanagh was followed by the story of the first canto, “The Chase,” told by Josephine Shea. Ellen’s song to the wandering knight, Fitz-James, was sung by the girls. The incidents of the second canto, “The Island,” were related by Janet Briggs. Allan-bane’s parting lay to Fitz-James was rendered by Alice Ward, and the entire class acclaimed Roderick Dhu in the Boat Song, “Hail to the Chief.” During the recounting of events of the third canto, “The Gathering,” by Frank Hurdis and Albert Kenyon, Janet Briggs, accompanied by Rita Kavanagh, played Schubert’s *Ave Maria* on the violin, and Dorothy Dee recited the words of the hymn which Ellen sang in Goblin Cave. Mildred Althans described the happenings in Canto Four, “The Phrenzy.” The ballad, “Alice Brand,” which Allan-bane sang to distract Ellen, was rendered by Beatrice Clark. The narration of the fifth canto, “The Combat,” by Virginia Harris was enlivened by the dialogue between Fitz-James and Roderick, portrayed by Van Lundy and Benjamin Mudrick. The tale was rounded out by Irving Strasmich, who explained the sixth canto, the “Guard Room.” The story of the battle between Clan Alpine and the Saxons was introduced by martial strains played on the trumpet by Morris Kaplan, who afterward recited Allan-bane’s “Lament” over Roderick. Thurston Macomber recited Malcolm’s “Huntsman’s Lay,” and the scene in the King’s audience chamber was enacted by Van Lundy as King James, Thurston Macomber as Douglas, Frank Hurdis as Malcolm, and Dorothy Dee as Ellen.

The epilogue was the farewell to the harp, delivered by Rita Kavanagh.

Gazing out the window
On a cheerless day,
I see the sooty freight yards
Which loom across the way.
I view the dreary landscape
And there in bright array

A birch tree stands a-smiling
Upon the broad highway.
And as I brood in silence
Admiration fills my eyes
For a tree that dares to chuckle
Upon a day of sighs.
Independence Day Program

THE fifth grade children of the Henry Barnard School presented a highly commendable program in the auditorium on May 3 in observance of Rhode Island Independence Day. The presentation, which was entitled, “Mutterings of War in Our Colony,” was the outgrowth of a history project in which the pupils had been interested. This pupil activity, guided by a skillful hand, resulted in very interesting historical papers and dramatizations. The various committees of children which lent their energies to such a profitable pursuit gave form to the following program, which was enjoyed by the entire College faculty and student body as well as by the teachers and pupils of the Henry Barnard School.

PROGRAM

"MUTTERINGS OF WAR IN OUR COLONY"

I. Introduction.
II. Providence Town Meeting in 1765.
III. Liberty Tree of Providence (paper).
IV. Scene from Burning of Gaspee.
V. Providence Tea Party (paper).
VI. Events immediately preceding Declaration of Independence in Rhode Island (paper).
VII. Reading of Rhode Island Declaration of Independence.

Nature Work in the Kindergarten

GREAT excitement was caused a few weeks ago by the visit of a big brown rabbit to our kindergarten. Miss Annie O’Brien, Freshman B, was kind enough to lend him to us for a few days. Then followed stories, pictures, and talks, all about the Bunny. Rabbits were even made from paper by the children. The following story shows how the children became acquainted with the rabbit’s home, food, and habits.

MARY AND HER PETS

There was once a little girl named Mary, who had many pets. She had a large black dog, called “Pal,” a kitty, some goldfish, and a canary. Would you think that a little girl with so many pets could be unhappy? Yet Mary was. She wanted something else to play with.

On day her Daddy went hunting. While he was hunting, he saw something brown dart out of a briar patch. What do you think it was? It was a rabbit. That’s where rabbits live, you know. Daddy ran after him, but rabbits can run very fast. He ran. The rabbit ran. Daddy would almost have him when he would run into the briar bush. Finally Daddy took some string and made a snare. He wouldn’t hurt the rabbit because he wanted to take it home for Mary to play with. Finally he caught it. When he reached home, he put it behind his back.

“What do you suppose I have here, Mary?” he said.
"I don’t know," she said. "What is it? Oh! it’s a rabbit. What shall we call him?"

"Bunny is usually what rabbits are called."

Then Daddy went out and Mary played with Bunny the whole afternoon. Bunny had a little white tail and very long ears streaked with white. He had large black eyes.

After a while Mary thought Bunny must be hungry. "He has four feet like Pal," she said, "so perhaps he’d like some dog-bones." But he only sniffed at them. He was small like kitty, perhaps he’d like a saucer of milk. However, he just looked at it. Would he like bird seed? He did not, he hopped over the dish, knocking it over. He was no bird, he’d have Mary understand. After a while all she had left was the goldfish food. But he didn’t even notice that. After a while Daddy came back and Mary told him how she had tried to feed Bunny, but that he would not eat anything. He laughed and said, "Why, don’t you know what Bunnies eat?" Then he went out into the kitchen and brought in some cabbage, celery, and carrots. He put them all on the floor and Bunny ate them up as fast as he could, without any manners at all.

Mary had a great time playing with him for a week. Then she grew tired of Bunny and wanted something else to play with. Could you think of anything a little girl having a cat, canary, dog, goldfish, and Bunny would want? Mary was satisfied with nothing, and did not like Bunny any more. One day she went out to play. By and by she decided Bunny ought to have something to eat. She went in the house to find him, but he wasn’t there. She looked under the chair, under the stove, and outside on the porch, but he could not be found. Suddenly it started to rain. Bunny would not like water, so she went in the house and got a big umbrella. She looked in the neighbor’s back yard; then she tried the yard next to that. At last, (behind a large rock), she saw the tip of a long brown ear. Poor little Bunny was cold and shivering. She put him in her arms and carried him carefully home. She laid him gently on the rug in front of the fireplace where he soon dried.

"Oh, Bunny, how glad I am to see you," she said. "I shall never be dissatisfied again."

And she never was.

Marion A. MacMillan, ’31
Work of the Eighth Grade Board of Health

A COMMUNITY organization with a Health Officer and a Board of Health, the members of which are eighth grade girls and boys, is making an interesting study of some of the major problems of community health. The Board of Health establishes the general policies of the work and draws up the health ordinances. The Health Officer is responsible for the enforcement of the health ordinances.

The secretary of the Board of Health is called a Commissioner of Record. There is a Commissioner of Weights and Measures who keeps a record of all weighing and measuring activities; a Housing Commission is responsible for reporting the care of desks and wardrobes; the Commissioner on the Care of Public Property reports regularly on care of public property and use of lavatories; general oversight of lunches and care of lunch tables is the duty of the Food Commissioner; a Commissioner of Inspection keeps a record of care of nails, hair, posture, and general appearance; the Commissioner of Publicity posts on the bulletin board printed material concerning both individual and community health. Girls and boys who are not members of the commissions are considered Citizens of the Community and together with the Program Committee present typical problems to the Health Officer for discussion.

Trips to the various places where the actual work of the City Health Department is carried on are being arranged under the direction of Dr. Ross of Rhode Island College of Education. Last week the group studying the control of communicable diseases visited Dr. King, Deputy-Superintendent of Health, at the City Hall, where they gathered much material which will be reported to the Citizens of the Community and their guests at the “annual” meeting in June.
Human Contacts as a Preparation for Teaching

WE of Rhode Island College of Education realize the great value of the human contacts we have as a preparation for teaching. Of course, an important feature of these is the student government body known as the "Student Co-operative Association." This organization is composed of the entire student body, while its executive division, known as the "Student Council," includes only representatives from each class, together with three members of the faculty. During the present year the Constitution of the Association has been amended, and various problems, such as some concerning the library and lunchroom, have been solved. The contacts with one another in this work broaden our point of view and prepare us for future experience in the profession.

Rhode Island is unique in the provisions it makes for students in the way of laboratory and training schools. On our own campus is the Henry Barnard School, now in its new building. This is an entire school, from the kindergarten through the Junior High School, and it will soon include also the Senior High School. This is the model or laboratory school of the College. Throughout the four years we have intimate contacts with the children in this school. In our third year, to gain still greater experience, we go out into the training schools of the state, and for a full half-year each student has charge of a public school classroom under the supervision of a critic teacher. We realize that this is the most valuable part of our college course. Here we put into actual practice the theories which we have been studying. There is one critic to every two students, and with her aid each student in training manages the classroom from nine until four and has charge of everything even to registers and report cards.

Our contacts with children in response to their school environment do not cease even when we have completed our term of training. As senior students, we have an active share in the activities of the demonstration school. Senior practice in special fields provides desirable opportunities to try out many of our own ideas under careful direction. Thus during our entire college course we have never been lacking in the experiences and contacts which prepare us for our effective work in the field of teaching.

(This is the speech as delivered by Virginia J. Gilbane, '29, Representative of the College, at the Spring Conference of Normal Schools and Colleges of Education, April 19 and 20, at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.)
College Flashes

Seniors Don Caps and Gowns

At last the four years of labor have been rewarded and on May 2, the dignified Seniors donned the stamp of their collegiate degree—the cap and gown. The last month of their college course is thus made memorial by these insignias of their work. To carry over to the student body the distinctiveness of this addition to the costume, the Class of “29” put on an inspiring program. Chapel was turned over to them. To the strains of the College “Alma Mater” the Seniors slowly took their places in the front row of the Assembly Hall. The usual chapel requirements, the reading of the Bible and the singing of a hymn were then carried on. The graduating class then conveyed its impressions of college years by four speakers. Miss Read portrayed the bewildered freshman; Miss FitzGerald, the egostistic Sophomore; Miss Feeley, the intelligent Junior; and Miss McCabe, the polished Senior. Each was introduced by Miss Somers, the very capable mistress of ceremonies. The program was received enthusiastically by the college and each class discussed seriously the question of how it had been portrayed by the upperclassmen. Now, when the Seniors tread grandly through the halls in their scholastic raiment each student realizes all that has gone before this time and how much it means to the student on the threshold of life in the world.

VIRGINIA J. GILBANE, ’29

At a recent meeting of the Glee Club the following officers were elected: President, Helen Gilmartin; Vice-President, Beatrice Humphrey; Pin Committee, Dorothy Campbell, Katherine Sullivan, and Mary McInerny; Librarians, Evelyn Johnson and Esther Carroll.

GLEE CLUB BROADCASTS FROM WEAN

The College Glee Club broadcasted an interesting program on Friday, May third, from station WEAN, The Shepard Stores of Providence. The college cheer song opened the program, being immediately followed by a reading by Miss Helen Gilmartin, president of the club. This introduced the group of songs entitled “The Unknown Soldier,” of which Professor Hosmer is the composer. This was followed by a selection by Tchaikowsky called “None But the Lonely Heart.” The program was brought to a close by Warner’s gay melody, “Wake Miss Lindy.” The chorus was directed by Professor Hosmer and accompanied by Miss Iva Fiedler.

We are sure that our Glee Club has voiced its ability to the radio audience in a most noteworthy fashion, and we shall look forward to the expected annual concert with eagerness.
Dramatic League Gives "Antigone"

PLAYERS IMPRESSIVE IN SOPHOCLE'S TRAGEDY

SOPHOCLE'S "Antigone" presented by the Dramatic League of the college was acclaimed by those who witnessed it as the most impressive from the viewpoint of acting, of all the classical productions given to date at the college.

Especially effective was the work of Miss Alma Bishop, Miss Virginia Gilbane, Miss Elizabeth Read, Miss Pilazon Daniels, and Miss Claire McKenna who essayed the leading roles. All other members of the cast enacted their parts in a commendable manner.

The words of the chorus put to music, using the score composed by Mendelssohn, created a pleasant surprise and met with much favor.

Without losing any of the poetic charm in the way of rhythm and melody, the lines were interpreted with a naturalness which gave the effect of intimate conversation, removing the barriers of time and place and enabling the audience to identify the emotion of the different characters with their own.

The success of the production was due to the able coaching of Miss Adelaide Patterson.

(Providence Journal)

Pro and Con

In our present era, the power of expression is most essential. Our colleges provide for this need by offering courses in public speaking and debating. To create interest in the subjects, and to afford some kind of competition along these lines, the colleges meet at various times to debate current topics.

On the night of April 16, the College Expeditionary Debating Team, consisting of Messrs. Arthur F. Jennings, George Blackwell, Kenneth Riley, and F. J. Jones, alternate, successfully gained the decision from Kingston on the subject: Resolved: "That the Jury System Should Be Abolished." The College of Education took the affirmative.

The work of our three representatives was creditable. They were three eloquent speakers, and presented fine arguments, for the affirmative side. The rebuttal given by Arthur Jennings certainly helped them over the top.

On the same rainy evening, the Home Guard, consisting of William Loughery, Anna Flynn, Alice McCormick, and Claire M. McKenna, alternate, debated the Emerson College representatives on the same subject. The young women from Emerson College displayed intelligence and poise in the delivering of their arguments. It was our good fortune to have three debaters able to compete with them and win. It is with hope and interest that we look forward to our meeting with these respective teams next year.

CLAIRE McKENNA, '31
Professor Craig Addresses Teachers of Brockton

PROFESSOR CLARA E. CRAIG addressed the teachers of Brockton, Mass., Monday, April 29, upon the results of research studies in the Henry Barnard School. Some time ago, Professor Craig conducted with the teachers of Brockton a course in "Education of Children." Since the completion of the course, she has been invited, from time to time, to report upon the progressive development of educational materials in the Henry Barnard School.

New Social Committee Named

THE new social committee chosen by Dr. Alger to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Sherman’s resignation has been announced. Professor Thomas Herbert Robinson, chairman; Professor Clara E. Craig; and Dr. Marion Weston.

The new committee will hold weekly meetings at the convenience of its members and students who have any business to present. Students who plan to confer with the committee in any week should have their representatives confer with the committee on or before Friday of the week preceding the meeting in order that a convenient time of meeting may be arranged.

Spring Frolic

THE Senior Class was honored by the presence, at its Spring Frolic on April 19, 1929, of the retiring chairman of the faculty social committee, Professor Harriet Sherman, and also the new chairman, Professor Thomas H. Robinson, with Mrs. Robinson. Others in the receiving line were Professor and Mrs. Robert M. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Carroll, and Miss Catherine C. McCabe, the class president.

The gymnasium was pleasingly decorated with the class colors of purple and white, mingled with spring shades of yellow and orchid. Dance programs carried out the color scheme. The music by Larry Mailloux’ Dance Makers was enticing and enjoyable. Many comments were heard by the seniors on the spirit of informality which prevailed and the obvious success attained socially.

The social committee of the class, composed of Virginia Gilbane, Helen Somers and Grace Maher, is now at work planning the Commencement Ball to make it an even greater success.
A Leaf from the Poets

MODERN TWILIGHT

Strange silhouettes against a darkened sky,
Below a teeming, surging, shrieking cry
Of gleaming black hulks that glide
While agile pygmies leap aside—
A scientist’s dream of prehistoric earth?
No—just another city announcing its birth!

Lillian Driscoll, ’30

WHY

Oh! Why must we become grown-up
And lay aside those childish things,
That brought to us such happy times—
Our dolls, and jacks, and tops and strings?

Why can we not bring “up” with us
Those things we used to love so well,
Our books, and games, and sleds, and skates,
The lands in which we used to dwell?

Oh! Why must we become grown-up
When we desire so much to play,
To dress our dolls, or fly our kites,
And laugh and sing the live long day?

Anna Hawthorne, ’30

MAY

May loves the apple blossoms,
She wears them in her hair,—
But they are not one half so sweet
As she,—nor half so fair.

May loves the blue of violets,
The blue of summer skies,—
But there’s a deeper, lovelier blue
In her own smiling eyes.

Mary Meehan, ’30

RHYME OF AN EPICUREAN

After the show, to rest’rant we’ll go,
Or to an inn, if you please,
Where ’mid music and glee, we’ll feast, you and me,
On chocolate, fruit cake and cheese.

When in quest of a meal, if hunger you feel,
If your appetite you’d appease,
An indigestible mess, for a quarter or less,
Is chocolate, fruit cake and cheese.

Others may fare on dishes bizarre,
Whose names they pronounce with a sneeze,
You may have your ice cream, but my banquet supreme,
Is chocolate, fruit cake and cheese.

Mary Meehan, ’30

21
The Importance of Good Speech

Speech is the chief means by which we express our thoughts to others. If a person has ideas and opinions to express and is timid about doing so because of his poor use of the English language, he finds that speech limits him. The rules of speech are learned from teachers and books but the habits of speech are formed by the individual himself in the home, on the street, in class, and wherever persons meet and talk with one another.

To acquire right habits of speech one must learn to recognize correct and incorrect speech when used by others and also when spoken by oneself. This is largely a matter of ear training. One may learn to detect false notes and discords in music; the ability to quickly note discords in speech may also be acquired. For cultured speech this is essential.

Since we are in a large measure judged by our speech, it certainly is worth much to be able to express ourselves clearly, exactly, forcefully, and gracefully.

Marguerite Fox, '31

Poise

Personally, have never felt any embarrassment in standing before a group of people and giving them an interpretation of one kind or another. Yet, I have been told that this unpleasant feeling does come to many and I believe it could be remedied if more appearances were made by children before groups.

Does it not seem that the person who has a great amount of poise, is the person who can portray a vivid picture to his audience and is recognized as a leader? Then if a child is made to realize the value in simple ways of vividly dramatizing a simple act, what a future he will have. People in authority in this line say, "Give the children little plays—have them dramatize their reading stories, and thus give them an outlet for their dramatic abilities."

Has this not proved true in the Henry Barnard School? The children there, in the earliest grades are taught dramatization as a part of the schoolroom activities. As the child advances, he becomes poised and graceful in his appearance before others. There is not a child who, in leaving the Henry Barnard School, finds it difficult to arise in the presence of others and give an interpretation of one kind or another, according to his ability. If this method were adopted in all schools, we would have in the future more learned and appreciative audiences; and those less fortunate in education would be able to learn by listening to their neighbors talk and by watching them interpret various activities.

Helen R. Gilmartin, '29
The Nature Club Members Take a Trip

On Tuesday, April 9, the Nature Club took a trip to that portion of Quinsnicket known as Druid's Circle, which is partly enclosed by tall, straight rocks similar to the historic old pillars of Stonehenge. On arrival, Miss Carlson suggested a ten-minute search in which to find something of interest. The things found were varied: ferns, a bit of fungus, skunk cabbage in blossom, blossoms of the red maple and the huckleberry, and even a rusty ice cream spoon, each of which had an interesting story related by the girl who had found it. After the stories were told, fires were made; lunch was cooked. After lunch two girls went for water, but on returning found no one in sight. At last they did find the others, but only after they had aroused the mocking echoes of the Dryads in answer to their calling. The trip ended by the following of a trail, which three girls had already prepared. In following the trail, one girl almost stepped on a snake coiled on a rock, almost, but fortunately, not quite.

It was an interesting trip, seeing the tiny green buds just daring to peep out on the trees, watching the young blades of grass doggedly struggling up between bits of stone and last year's leaves, and best of all hearing the exquisite, age-old mating call of the birds.

Catherine B. Quinn, '31

May Birds

Birds are more numerous during this month than at any other period of the year. Migrants pass in great numbers every day during the first three weeks of the month, when migration begins to slow up. A day's hike might disclose a hundred birds to the initiated.

Now that the weather is warm, and the trees are opening blossoms and leaves, the warblers arrive in multitudes. Their small size, restless movements, and habit of remaining in the tree tops (with few exceptions), make identification no easy matter. These birds test the patience of field students more than any other land bird. They are bright and variedly colored. With the vireos, they search blossoms and leaves for insect food, thus performing a most useful work. Their light weight enables them to work at the ends of branches where they may be seen swinging down underneath to reach a tree enemy.

As May is the month for avian courtships, bird music is heard on all sides from daybreak to dark. The males are the songsters; even the crow and bluejay, whose raucous notes grate on the ear at other times, are able to produce a few sweet notes in a whistle to attract a mate in the season.

Mary Maguire (S. S.)
IF you can picture an enormous garden consisting of meadows, hills, valleys, and steep cliffs covered with luxuriant flora of all kinds, you have an idea of the Arnold Arboretum. Here are assembled all that is hardy in trees and shrubs representing the cooler parts of North America, Asia and Europe. It well merits its name, America's greatest garden.

Near each end of the garden is a high hill which poses as a sentinel for its respective section. From the top of Bussey Hill at the northern end, distant views of the Blue Hills to the south and of Cambridge to the north are seen. At the southwestern end, Peter's Hill, which is still higher, overlooks and guards the treasures in this garden.

The greatest feature of the Arboretum is Hemlock Hill, which is a steep cliff rising from Bussey Brook. This section is covered so thickly with hemlock trees that sun's rays rarely reach the ground. If you are tired of the cares and worries of a hot city in summer, here is the spot where you will find solitude and clear, cool air.

In fact spring is its most beautiful season. No one can miss the shouts of "Spring is here!" coming from each bursting bud on tree and shrub.

Catherine Casserly, '31
Alumni Notes

Mr. H. Gordon Pilkington, a graduate of the class of 1927, visited the College during the week of his vacation. Mr. Pilkington is principal of the Grafton Grammar School at Grafton, Massachusetts.

The Pawtucket Teachers' Safety Council is conducting a special safety drive during the remainder of the year.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wholey of Pawtucket recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Estelle, to Mr. Leonard A. Duckworth of Oneonta, New York. Miss Wholey is a graduate of the class of '26. Mr. Duckworth is a graduate of the Rhode Island State College.

Miss Viola A. Ayr of the class of 1924 is now teaching at the Brigham Street School.

The Misses Dorothy Hopkins and Elsie F. McCormick, graduates of the class of 1924, are teaching in Passaic, N. J.

Miss Marjorie L. Bean of the class of 1924, is teaching at the George T. Angell School, Roxbury, Mass.

The Misses Margaret M. Murphy and Marita Coughlin, graduates of the college, are now teaching at the Veazie Street Grammar School.

Miss Beatrice McElroy is teaching permanently at the Arnold Street School.

Miss Ruth Barry is teaching at the Summit Avenue School.

Miss Eileen McManus, '27, and Florence Buckley, '28, are teaching at Windsor, Connecticut.

Misses Elizabeth McCabe, '28 and Anna Considine, '28, are teaching at Marieville, North Providence.

Mr. Robert Brooks, '29, is teaching in North Providence.

Miss Josephine LeBeau, '25, former president of the Student Council, who entered the Order of the Sisters of Mercy some time ago, is now teaching in Newport.

C. Owen Ethier, '27, is working for his doctor's degree at Columbia University.
Exchanges

THE Editorial Board wishes to acknowledge the fact that the rapid progress made by THE ANCHOR, since its first issue four months ago, is due largely to the knowledge gained by observing the various exchanges. Every publication that we have received seems to have some outstanding feature in it. It is by listing these features and by adopting them whenever possible that we are able to improve our issues. It is hoped that we will be aided further by the criticisms made in the exchange columns of the publications from the other colleges.

In the Providence College Alembic our interest is captured by the informal Chronicle. We only hope that some day we may arrange to have such a section in our magazine.

The Scotch Beacon from Kingston was a novel idea. We should like to see some papers dedicated to other nationalities also.

The Pen Dragon from Oneonta Normal School is just the type of magazine which we wish to have. We are going to use it as a model. We like the essay on "Two Teachers" and also the one on "How to Go Over Big in Class." We would like to print them in THE ANCHOR.

The Temple University News seems to stand out among the other college news sheets because of the pictures that accompany the articles. It has all the conveniences of the modern newspaper.

We admire the Simmons College Review for the way in which Class Notes are handled. Some day we hope to be able to get like reports from our alumni.

THE ANCHOR acknowledges the following exchanges this month:

The Knox Alumnus from Knox College.
The Hamilton Literary Magazine from Hamilton College.
The University of California Chronicle.
The Pelican from the New Jersey Teachers’ College.
The Graceland Record from Graceland College, Iowa.
WHEN I was your age I thought nothing of a ten mile walk."

“Well, I don’t think much of it either.”

NOTE TO TEACHER

“Dear Teacher:—Kindly excuse Johnnies’ absence yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother—”

AN OVERDOSE

“So Jim took a course in first aid? Is he good at it?”

“A little hasty sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday and the first thing Jim did was to throw a glass of water in his face.”

DR. C.—“J— it gives me great pleasure to give you 85 on your examination.”

A. J.—“Why not make it 100 and give yourself a real thrill.”

And there’s the Scotch boy who went to summer school so he wouldn’t have to spend a vacation.

PROFESSOR, after detailed lecture—
“Now are there any questions?”

BORED STUDE—“Yeh, what time is it?”

You can’t drive a nail with a sponge no matter how you soak it.

SHE—“Why don’t you play football?”

HE—“I would only I’m left-handed!”

Miss M.—“So your family gave you a wrist watch when you entered college. What do you think they’ll give you when you graduate?”

Miss G.—“Don’t know. Grandfather’s clock, most likely.”

Have you heard about the Freshman B miss who wants to know if the Mexican Border pays rent?

“Good Sociuship” probably refers to borrowing a fellow’s fountain pen; then returning it, asking him to fill it.

A knock is as good as a boost, unless you are trying to look over a transom.

CHARACTERISTICS OF R. I. C. E.

Innocence of the Freshmen.
Conceit of the Sophomores.
Folly of the Juniors.
Wisdom of the Seniors.
Lost—100% in a health test in vicinity of Room 113. Reward a U.

PROF. (to pupil at the blackboard)—“If you keep on reckoning that way you’ll get a lifelong position in a bank—dusting furniture.”

PROF. (explaining Geometry problem)—“Now watch the board and I’ll run through it.”

PROF.—“I am tempted to give you a test.”

STUDENTS—“Yield not unto temptation.”

HE—“You know I am a man of the world.”

SHE—“Isn’t that interesting. I know a man who works on the Journal.”
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