

THE ANCHOR



All College Number

R. I. C. E.

Compliments of

Senior B Class

Compliments of

Junior B Class

Compliments of

Sophomore A Class

Compliments of

Freshman A Class

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS

Compliments of

Sophomore B Class



FEMININE FOOTWEAR



Style in footwear is no longer
seasonal.

New styles are almost daily
arrivals at this shop.



H. A. HOSKINS INC.
355 Westminster St.

You will find delicately prepared food at

DREYFUS RESTAURANT

WASHINGTON STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Banquets — Dinners — Parties

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS

The Adam Sutcliffe Co.

Central Falls
Rhode Island

ADVERTISING

PRINTING

The editor and members of the board wish to extend sincere thanks to the student body, faculty, and alumni for their co-operation in promoting the growth of The Anchor. We hope that the fine spirit shown will continue and that the Anchor of the future will shine among the highlights with other college magazines.

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS

THE ANCHOR



Published by
STUDENTS OF
RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

General Staff

EDITORIAL BOARD

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	ANNA F. FLYNN, '31
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	GERTRUDE COLEMAN, '31
<i>General Business Manager</i>	SARA DELUTY, '33
<i>Secretary Treasurer</i>	ESTHER CARROLL, '32

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

<i>News</i>	MARY M. SULLIVAN, '30
<i>Literary</i>	FRANCES DOWNEY, '30

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

<i>Circulation and Subscription</i>	JEANETTE CASEY, '32
<i>Production</i>	MARGUERITE ST. MARTIN, '30

FACULTY COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Professor Robinson	Professor Sherman
Professor Waite	Miss Thompson

The Anchor

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. II

Providence, R. I., May, 1930

No. 5

Faculty

The Woman of Andros

by Thornton Niven Wilder

New York, 1930

Albert and Charles Boni

162 pages \$2.50

Reviewed by Thomas Herbert Robinson, Professor of English.

THE writings of Thornton Wilder should appeal to the members of this College. Mr. Wilder has been a schoolman. He is another recruit in the long line of writers who have gone from the schools to the wider field of literature.

Mr. Wilder is a young man, about thirty-two years old. He belongs to the post-war group of young writers who are proving to those people who placed confidence in them the promise of their undergraduate days at Yale College. Stephen Vincent Benet, with whom we are familiar as the author of "John Brown's Body", and John Farrar are members of the same interesting group.

After his university career, Mr. Wilder held a scholarship at the American Academy at Rome. In his capacity as a master at Lawrenceville School in New Jersey, he had further opportunity to gain experience and to order his thoughts before embarking definitely on his career in literature. At the present time, he has to his

credit three novels and a volume of short plays which have brought to him well-deserved prestige as a novelist, a stylist, and a young man well read beyond his years.

Thornton Wilder belongs to a choice race of authors. He retires into his study where he closets himself with his books and pores over many of them. From the circulation of ideas which his reading sets up in his imagination, he distills books—books fragrant with literary allusions, bitter with wisdom from the pages of dead masters, and sweet and almost honey-like to the taste of the pleasure-seeker in the realm of literary style. It is his bitter-sweetness which is most disappointing to some discriminating readers. We may be entirely wrong in the account we have given of his method of work. We have simply given our impressions. It is best to let such a genius speak for himself.

Mr. Wilder has summed up his literary creed in a letter which he wrote to his friend, Mr. Norman

THE ANCHOR

Fitts, the critic. "It seems to me that my books are about: What is the worst thing the world can do to you, and what are the last resources one has to oppose to it?"

"In other words: When a human being is made to bear more than a human being can bear, what then?"

"The Cabala' was about three 'extremities,' three 'nervous breakdowns.'

"The Bridge' asked the question whether the intuition that lies behind love was sufficient to justify the desperation of living.

"The Woman of Andros' asks whether Paganism had any solution for the hopeful inquiring sufferer, and—by anticipation—whether the handful of maxims about how to live that entered the world with the message of Christ was sufficient to guide us through the maze of experience."

It is interesting, but not germane to an appreciation of it, to note the author's citation at the beginning of the book. "The first part of this novel is based upon the 'Andria,' a comedy of Terence who in turn based his work upon two Greek plays, now lost to us, by Menander." Mr. Wilder, however, has dropped characters from the original play, eliminated complications, and knavery from it, altered its locale, changed its prevailing note, and devised a different ending. The plot and meaning of the novel are characteristically his own. The characters are his. The anguish of which their tragedy is composed has sprung from his own view of life.

The theme which underlies the novel is ever with us. It deals with the problem of a young man in a small community who wants to marry out of his social class. It is difficult to do it today. In Greek days, it was even more difficult for a young man to marry a foreigner without Greek

status. In developing this theme, the author goes into the realm of puzzling abstractions of life and love and death. The characters search for the meaning of life; they are baffled by it. Life is presented as a tragic spectacle. All the characters are thwarted by it in one way or another. But there is in this book a determined effort on the part of the principal characters to summon courage to live out frustration and despair.

The action, such as it is (it is chiefly mental and emotional activity that is set forth in the novel), occurs on the little island of Brynos in the Aegean Sea, within sight of another island, Andros. At the opening of the story, nightfall is pictured as falling over the whole Mediterranean world. A more charming device for awakening expectancy in the reader cannot be found. You will read it on pages seven, eight, and nine.

Two fathers of Brynos, Simo and Chremes, are discussing a customary marriage agreement of the ancient world whereby Pamphilus the son of Simo, is to wed Philumena, the daughter of Chremes. Pamphilus is slow about reaching a decision concerning the wedding day. Simo, his father, despite Chremes' pressure, will not hasten matters.

Pamphilus, along with many other young men of Brynos, frequents the home of Chrysis, a courtesan from Andros, who has brought to the island all the refinements of the Greek civilization of Alexandria and the literary memories of Athens in its great period. Stately Chrysis, a hetaera, is without a doubt the principal character of the novel—a poetess, a philosopher with a mind full of maxims, a giver of wisdom as well as of joy. Pamphilus sought her because of his vague love of philosophy and not for

THE ANCHOR

amorous commerce. Chrysis was agonizingly fluttered by the devotion of the serious-minded, priestlike youth.

Chrysis guarded closely her young sister, Glycerium, whose innocent feelings and movements suffuse the whole plot with pain. She and Pamphilus fall in love. Tragedy follows. His problem is either to marry Philumena according to the agreement or to marry Glycerium and suffer a lifetime of sullen acquiescence from his family and their neighbors. Solution in either way would have brought sorrow.

Chrysis dies. Her dying statement to Pamphilus is the keynote of the wisdom which is set forth in the book; namely, acceptance of the aches of existence as well as the joys, and praise of both. You can read it for yourselves on pages one hundred to one hundred and seven. Eventually, Pamphilus attains to it on a rainy night that covers the Mediterranean world—a sadly beautiful complement to the nightfall at the opening of the novel to which we have already referred. The whole situation has led, by a movement full of grave reality, to tragedy and the first stirrings of resignation in the bereaved Pamphilus, thrice-bereaved, for Glycerium and their child have died.

At the very end of the book, there is a hint that Thornton Wilder himself will find in Christian doctrine some answer to the problems unanswered by pagan philosophy, that engage him. Once again, the reviewer may be in error. The suggestion, however, has seemed plain enough in several places in the book.

"The Woman of Andros" is not a hunt of the times for surface foibles with the literary currycomb which some authors delight to use. It is not a bewildering search among the

insoluble problems of what some men call fate. The author does not dig so deeply into human beings that he leaves them indistinguishable. He follows the dictum he set forth in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey": "The whole purport of literature is the notation of the heart. Style is but the faulty, contemptible vessel in which the bitter liquid is recommended to the world. Perseverance in affection—To have nothing to go by except this idea, this vague idea, that there lies the principle of living."

There are in the novel unbroken unity, a beautiful logic of unfoldment, an increasing train of thought to the end, a disciplined style and chiseled perfection of form (a trifle grave, as needed), a subtle rhythm of structure, and a strong infusion of poetry.

There is in it some of the elegance of Terence. The old Latin's purity of diction and smoothness have quickened Wilder's own view of production. To read Thornton Wilder is to experience what the Epicurean of old enjoyed—relaxation until we finish the book. There is nothing bitter as he would have it, strangely enough. All is sweet, syrupy, entrancing. Wilder craves emotional power and sweep and intensity. He has intellect. He needs to prove that fact to us no more. He needs passion.

On the whole, we find in Mr. Wilder's latest book a temper of writing rare in American fiction. Never does the author forget that he is constructing a work of art. He is conscious of it, skilful, exacting, lucid, and graceful. Bulk is sacrificed to significance. Action is refined. The language he employs matches his own delicate tastes. The movement is slowed to match his own deliberate temper.

THE ANCHOR

We conclude with the enthusiasm at fever heat at the end of our review. What have we found in this book that makes us feel so? After all, it is true that modern literature is bound to the classics by natural piety. This modern, Wilder, reminds us of the fact in case we have forgotten it. Is there a clarion that sounds forth from the pages of this novel? Shall we see again in our literature grace and clarity instead of mass and vehemence? After an interlude among books unfit for swine in many instances (we have left the dirty '20's) as one popular critic has

characterized them and are in the '30's), has American literature returned to its heritage? Will it return to its heritage in the '30's?

The person who reads Thornton Wilder's "The Woman of Andros" stands a good chance of becoming acquainted with a novel which seems destined to be great. "The Cabala" was sophisticated. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was knowing and slightly irreverent. This latest novel is simple and imaginative. Whether it is the best of the three remains for the reader of discrimination to say for himself.

Alumni

ONE YEAR AGO

One year ago, you say. How long it seems!
Then we were Seniors gay. Our hopes and dreams
Were honored by the world. Ours was the right
To blaze new trails, to conquer lands by might.
Senior May Day! In stately cap and gown
Did we hold sway, control each smile, each frown.

One year ago, you say. How long it seems
Since our Commencement Day fulfilled our dreams!
Oh, Seniors of today, live while you may.
Yours is the earth! 'Tis your Commencement Day.
Set forth your sails and send your ships to sea.
May they return as mine returned to me.

One year ago, you say. How long it seems!
Then, nothing seemed too big. Our plans and schemes
Seemed real. And Alma Mater you were near.
With loving care you sought our ships to steer.
Old friends, dear friends, to memories we've been true;
R. I. C. E. we've kept the faith with you.

GRACE L. MAHER, '29

Senior A

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

THE annual Benefit Bazaar of the Loring Textile Beneficial Association was in full swing. Jerry Loring had an antipathy toward bazaars in general but his father had insisted on his presence today as a matter of diplomacy and so here he was, bored to the point of bolting. His intentions were quickly curtailed when he caught sight of a slim figure struggling with two basketfuls of candy.

"May I help you?" Jerry hastened to the rescue.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Loring. I'm afraid it was a lazy man's load."

Jerry lifted the baskets in arms whose brawn had carried many Harvard shells across the line to victory. He grinned down at the girl by his side and queried, "What's your name? Whence came you? Whither goest? Let's be friends."

"That's a pretty large order but I'm used to those. I'm Carolyn Fraser, I'm first stenographer in the Loring Textile Company, and I'm en route to the candy booth where I'm assisting Miss Belsford, the head of the office staff," she finished laughingly.

Her companion sagely shook his head saying, "No, I can't believe that. You're Carol, from fairyland; you're through with bazaar business for the day, and you and I are going to get acquainted. You know," his eyes twinkled, "Dad is very keen on my familiarizing myself with the business."

"You'll have to deliver that candy or you'll ruin Miss Belsford's business," answered Carolyn.

"Will you be here when I return?" Jerry was adamant.

"Well, you'll never return if you don't get started," countered Carolyn.

Jerry crossing the room was a magnet attracting every feminine eye present. The patrons of the bazaar comprised doting mothers and eligible daughters. Carolyn was thrilled and amazed to think he had singled her out when there were so many girls of his own clique present. In a moment he was back again.

"Everything is O. K. I told Mrs. Whos'is that you were unavoidably detained. Now let's find the buggy."

The buggy proved to be a smart roadster. It was spring and the ride through the countryside unfolded the story of newly awakened trees and flowers. Romance was the most natural thing in the world and while they talked of books, theatres, music, and many other commonplaces their hearts were humming the song of youth and springtime and love. Jerry found Carol decidedly refreshing after his associations with the self-centered girls of his own set. Her sincerity and fineness were reflected in her clear blue eyes. Carolyn wondered if it were really possible that this was the boy who worried his father into tantrums with his escapades. It seemed unbelievable that her present companion could have engaged in a conflict such as that staged at a fashionable roadhouse when high-powered cars were used as battering rams.

It was with real loathing that they turned back toward the bazaar. On

THE ANCHOR

arriving, Jerry was assisting Carol from the car when he was hailed by a crowd of young people. One girl came over to the car and looked first at Carol, poised on the running board, her hand in Jerry's, and then with lifted brows she turned to Jerry. "Getting under way again, Jerry? Breaking little girl's hearts, especially little girls in powder blue dresses and with golden hair? Don't forget my dinner tonight. Mother may announce our engagement. Toodle-oo. Come Peter, dear." Peter was a sallow-complexioned youth in knickers who trailed along like a dejected puppy.

There was no mistaking the insinuations and Carolyn's cheeks burned while Jerry's tan took on an unnatural glow. "I'm sorry," he said, "Theodora hasn't very good manners. Forget it, will you?"

Carol gave him a long look and answered under her breath, "No, Jerry, I will never forget."

That night Carolyn dreamed that Jerry was drowning and she could not reach him because a girl with a cruel mouth held her back.

There were violets on her desk in the morning. The card bore the words, "Just to help you remember." As she left the building at five o'clock, she found herself being deftly, but firmly, guided into Jerry's roadster. It was useless to protest and so she said nothing until they entered the Boulevard when she broke the silence, "You're on the wrong side of the town, Mr. Loring. If you're really doing taxie service I live at 245 Baltimore Street, and Mother will worry if I'm not there soon."

"Yes ma'am," Jerry saluted in true chauffeur style. Then they both laughed. It was six-thirty when the neighbors on Baltimore Street took

the risk of having their suppers burnt to peep out of the window at the style in which Carolyn arrived home.

Through the spring and summer months Jerry and Carol rode, swam, danced, and picnicked together. Sometimes Mrs. Fraser went along and once they took Carol's crippled cousin, Ann, on a picnic.

Jerome Loring, Senior, was delighted when he heard that his son was at the office everyday. That was one of his two desires for Jerry. The other was that Jerry marry Theodora Blackstone. It was rumored that Teddy was an ultra-modern always indulging in new sensations but, hang it all, Teddy's father had left her a fortune in seven figures and Ned Blackstone and Jerome Loring had been boys together.

Mrs. Loring, with a mother's intuition, suspected that Jerry's sudden spurt of energy was due to a more attractive cause than pure interest in the business. She investigated and fears were realized. Miss Belsford informed her that the whole office was agog with what they called 'the budding romance'. Mrs. Loring implored her husband to take drastic measures to end the affair. He sent immediately for his son. Jerry entered his father's study wondering how much he had overdrawn his account, or if that state trooper had sworn out a warrant.

"Sit down, Jerome." There *was* something in the air. When Dad said 'Jerome' he generally followed it with an ultimatum. Jerry sank into an easy chair and lit a cigarette.

"Well, Dad, let's have it. I promise never to—do it again—"

"Jerome, what are these tales concerning you and one of my stenographers?"

THE ANCHOR

Jerry slowly tapped his cigarette out in the ash tray and then asked, drawing each word out slowly, "What do you mean by tales, Dad? Miss Fraser and I have been going out since last May. Gosh, Dad, she's aces."

"Does she know you're engaged?"

Jerry jumped to his feet. "No, because I'm not. Listen, Dad, just because you want to add a few more millions to the family you think I'm going to marry a girl for whom I feel no affection and who regards me as a safe, but unimportant, hitching-post! I've already asked Carol to marry me."

His father leaned forward and thundered, "All right, marry her. But first tell her you're penniless for you'll not get one cent of my money to squander on a pretty face that's caught your fancy. Go ahead, disregard your mother and me, but before you go too far find out just how attractive you are to Miss Fraser when you're plain Jerry Loring." He ended his tirade with a smashing blow on his desk.

Jerry flung himself from the room and the older man, fist clenched, fell back into his chair. Jerome Loring, Senior, was the very antithesis of Jerry. The older man was of the stature described as wirey. His eyes were hard and his chin showed him to be a man of determination. He idolized his son but never was there a mutual understanding between them.

Several days later Carol, who knew nothing of Jerry's interview with his father, was summoned to the president's office. Mr. Loring, was not a sentimental man but something in Carol's unaffected demeanor appealed to him. He waved her to a chair.

She sat on the extreme edge and folded her hands to hide their trembling while her employer fussed with papers on his desk for a few minutes. Finally he looked up, "You've been doing very good work, Miss Fraser."

Carol relaxed and answered, "Thank you, Mr. Loring, I try to give my best."

"Um," he mused. Then without more ado he fairly shot the question, "Will you go down to our southern plant for twice your present salary?"

Carol, taken off guard, could only grip the arms of the chair and stare. When she found her voice she merely murmured something about thinking it over. She felt as though her brain were in a whirl. After leaving the office she went into the employees' restroom to think. Twice her present salary—it would mean so much to her mother. But Jerry—her heart contracted, last night he had seemed worried and now if she went away.—But then, even though she had promised to marry Jerry, she had had many moments of misgivings. Could she ever hope to fit in with his family? Could she bear his friends' inevitable condescension? Would she not be doing Jerry a kindness to go away and give him a chance to forget her?

"Miss Fraser?" Theodora Blackstone stood in the doorway. Carolyn nodded as the other draped herself on a divan and lighted a cigarette. Then she turned her attention to Carolyn. "My dear, you've been crying. How mid-Victorian! Were you crying over my Jerry? Really, as woman to woman, he's not worth it." She flicked the cigarette ashes onto the floor.

Her air of sneering patronage stung Carolyn to the quick. But she restrained herself and rising started to leave the room saying, "I'm afraid

THE ANCHOR

you must excuse me. We're very busy."

At this her companion jumped from her seat and walked over to her. "No, you don't," she snapped. "You're going to listen to me! You think you're sitting pretty,—roping the wealthy Jerry Loring, becoming Mrs. Jerome Loring, Junior,—well, it won't work. I'm marrying Jerry and no blue-eyed ingenue can get him away from me." She was panting breathlessly as she finished.

Her arrogance infuriated Carolyn beyond endurance. She faced Theodora and retorted, "Miss Blackstone, your accusations are as false as they are typical of your narrow little mind. You'd marry Jerry in order to hold your social prestige and increase your dividends, but what about him? Will you make him a home? Will you give him children? If you do, will you bring them up with a mother's love and guidance? You couldn't! With your ego, you would make of your home a place to eat, sleep, and play bridge; any affection of which you are capable will be lavished on Pomeranians and Maltese cats! I'd marry Jerry if he didn't have a cent because I love him, not his name, family, nor money. You may tell Mr. Loring that, too, for evidently, this is a conspiracy. I'm not going South, and I'm not going to see Jerry's life

wrecked on a sea of selfish ambition."

"Why you low-bred little upstart." Theodora lifted her hands to strike Carolyn but a man's voice stopped her.

"No, Theodora, it isn't done." Jerome Loring had confided in Theodora and asked her help. It was her idea that she approach Carolyn and as she termed it 'squash her'. After his conference with Carolyn, Loring had his doubts as to the 'squashing'. Therefore he went into the employees' lunch room that was connected to the rest-room by a door. He had managed to open the door unobserved by the two girls. Carolyn's retort filled him with admiration for her and he recognized her principles as those cherished by his wife and himself.

When he walked into the rest-room Carolyn faced him, "I'm sorry, Mr. Loring. You needn't say any more. I'll call for my check next week."

"Wait a minute. You're not leaving. We need your spirit in the business. Yes, and in the family."

An automobile horn sounded. Theodora glanced out the window. Mr. Loring turned to her saying, "Peter's been waiting out in front for some time now."

VIVIAN MAYNARD

THE ANCHOR

TO A VIOLET

The gold of a summer sunset,
The blue of the morning skies,
A tiny chalice of velvet sheen
Offering its sacrifice;

All these I found one morning
When spring tripped north again,
I found along a wooded path
A violet drenched in rain.

FRANCES DOWNEY

TRIBUTE TO THE COLOR GRAY

Filigree lace of mist on the lawn
That fades with the rainbow hues of
dawn;
Sea gulls circling against the sky.
Young birch trees that sway and cry.

LILLIAN DRISCOLL

A LITTLE HOUSE

Around the bend in the road
Just past those pine trees tall
You'll see a quaint little house
Within a garden wall.

An air of friendliness lingers
About the quiet place
From chimney top to open door
It's like a smiling face.

The flowers that grow by the path
Are waving kerchiefs gay
To passersby—should they look—
To cheer them on their way.

I always watch for the house
It's such a pleasant sight,
I hope sometime I'll be asked
To come and spend the night.

ANNA C. HAWTHORNE

SENIOR ACTIVITIES

'Tis great to be a Senior,
And have a lovely time;
To attend a Commencement Banquet,
And dances that are fine.
There's a day for caps and gowns,
And a Ricolored Week that's great,
Then Class Day and Baccalaureate,
Things cannot be kept straight.
But last of all,
'Tis sad to tell,
On Commencement Day
To say, "Farewell."

MAE E. GILPATRICK

The Anchor

THE Senior A Class has an Anchor. Most of you know of this, but for the benefit of the Freshmen and those who may have forgotten about it, we take this opportunity to recall the facts to you. Last year, after we showed it to the student body, there was an article in the "Evening Bulletin" concerning Our Anchor. We are going to reprint that article. It is not so complete as another write-up, that in this year's Ricoled; but you must subscribe to the Ricoled if you wish more complete details! Remember, we have had the Anchor since we were Freshmen, and on Class Day this year, we will pass it on to the class we think most worthy of being the second "Anchor Class."

Now for the story as printed in the "Bulletin." The Junior A Class mentioned is, of course, the present Senior A Class that of 1930—and the Senior Class is the class of 1929 which was graduated last June.

"Lost: Large steel Anchor, somewhere in Rhode Island. Finder will please notify the Senior class at R. I. College of Education and receive reward of thanks."

"Somewhere, 'partially exposed to view on public property,' there is an Anchor. It belongs to the Junior A Class at the Rhode Island College of Education. Its whereabouts is known to the Juniors, but not to the Seniors. Some say it is in the college building, in the engine room, but a search of the building has failed to reveal it. Others advance the theory that it is probably in more romantic surroundings. Last year it rested in a public cemetery in East Greenwich.

"The Anchor is a well-known part

of the equipment of the college. Donated by the graduating class in 1927 to the class which the Seniors voted the most deserving of such an honor, it has taken part in many of the major events of the college since that time. The Freshmen received it then and have hung on to it ever since, in spite of senior efforts at its abduction. Rules that govern its movements are as follows: It shall remain the property of the class to which it was donated until another class succeeds in capturing it. When this happens, the victorious class may hold it until its graduation, when the Anchor is passed down to the deserving undergraduates of either Freshmen, Sophomores, or Junior classes. Once a year, the 'Anchor Class' must produce its prize before the entire college. When this happens, anyone fortunate enough to do so, may snatch it from the arms of its owners. Except for its one public appearance each year, it may be kept in seclusion, but it must be at all times on 'public property' and part of its steely carcass must be visible. It must not go out of the state. It must not be under lock and key; it may be transported to 'public property' in 'private property,' i. e., an automobile."

The Anchor has had some exciting experiences. It has made two public appearances this spring. Three weeks ago, it was marched out in front of the entire student body when the Junior A class sang its song "We're the Class That Has the Anchor" at the college song meet. Two members of the class carried it, Margaret Long, Pawtucket swimming champion, and Bessie Kaufmann of East Greenwich. They flaunted it before

THE ANCHOR

the other classes and there was a rush to capture it. Miss Long, however, has muscles developed from her experience with the Australian crawl, and no one quite dared to wrest it out of her grasp. The two Juniors hustled the unresisting Anchor into an automobile and started down the hill where they crashed into a taxicab. No one was hurt and the Anchor was spirited further on its way in a car belonging to the college.

On May 24, the occasion of the

class dance, the coveted Anchor swung from the ceiling "so near and yet so far" from the covetous Seniors. Those dancing below stared up at the desirable Anchor, but could do nothing about it.

On another occasion, last year, the Anchor was flaunted at a gym meet when it appeared handcuffed to two girls. Again, there was nothing that could be done about it.

GLADYS E. GORNALL



Classing the Professors

I KNOW how you feel when you receive your report card. You have that sinking and tingling sensation while counting the A's, B's, and C's. We shall affectionately leave out the D's and U's because our estimation of these two marks cannot be expressed in mere words.

You really feel that you should have received all A's and that nobody appreciates the way you attend class and try to look interested and intelligent. Well, you go into an A class for a recitation, and what do you see and think? Why, that professor has a marked look of intelligence, and you see a large A instead of a face—then you recline! The next class to attend is the B Class. Of course, this instructor has not faithfully corrected your "exam"

or you would have surely had a higher mark. Accidentally you sit up a little straighter and hope that appearances will change the rating without further study. But in your mind he is just a B Professor, and his countenance is covered with B's (not bees). Then last, but not least, is the C instructor who does not rightfully C (see) you. At the first chance or opportunity that comes your way, you try to be nice to him, make him notice you, or in other words you attempt to create an impression for a B next time. But alas, deep down in your heart you have a feeling, a feeling that is forbidden in one of the Beatitudes which says: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

MAE A. GILPATRICK

Alumni Notes

1930—Announcement has been made of the marriage of Miss Helen Marie Quirk, a former member of the class of 1930, to Loring P. Litchfield of Bridgeport, Connecticut. The wedding took place at St. Mary's in Providence on June ninth. Mr.

Litchfield is a graduate of Brown with the class of 1928, where he was captain of the Varsity swimming team and a member of Alpha Tau Omega. After a honeymoon trip in the south, Mr. and Mrs. Litchfield will live in Woodbridge, New Jersey.

Senior B

ALL OUR YESTERDAYS

H. M. TOMLINSON

“**A**LL Our Yesterdays” is a semi-autobiographical novel, a searching dramatic picture of life in England from the Boer War to the present. The scenes shift from the waterfront of the Thames to a newspaper-office; from the jungle in the Orient to France and the trenches.

It is the story of a man who sees the storm of 1914 form in Europe's sky, dimly aware as he goes about his work that his life and youth are in

danger by the strange happenings; that there are millions more afflicted in the same way.

Tomlinson is a master of description. Every little word is important. Many critics claim that the chapters dealing with the World War are the best thing he has ever done.

Read the book and think about it, especially his closing: “Only that day dawns to which we are awake.”

DOROTHY THORNTON

The Class of Senior B's knows how
 We're sure you will agree,
 The proper way and the snappy
 way
 To say its A B C's.

A is for Arnold always ready to play,

Also for Abby, who paints through the day.

B, oh yes, for Bertha—little but oh my!

For Brickley too, well fashioned, though shy.

C is for Ciassulo, most often mispronounced,

Also for Clifford in History—we announce.

D is for Donnelly, whose friendship we prize,

For Darby, too, with the laughing brown eyes.

E is for Escobar, with the snappy personality,—

Also for our marks—Excellent—Ask the faculty.

F is for Feeley and Falciglia where intelligence lies.

There's Flynn too, with the Anchor we surmise.

THE ANCHOR

- G is for Gore, yes, you have guessed
—She's the girl who makes our
socials a success.
- H is for Helen who caused us much
worry,
But now we're elated about her
recovery.
- I is for Interest we clearly display
In chapel, in classroom, in social,
in play!
- J is for Jolly, we, the Senior B's!
Also for Joke, we are easy to
please.
- K is for Kee and our girl friend Kate,
Also for Kohl, for she's our
fashion plate.
- L is for Leonard, who reads books by
the score,
For Loughran, too, with triangles
galore.
- M is for McCormick, our president
sublime,
Also for the M's and Mac's that
come in the line!
- N is for Nissen, I'll just leave a—
(space)
Also for News which spreads in
great haste.
- O is for Orme, a comedian rare;
With O'Brien's poetry it's hard
to compare.
- P is for Perfect. We'd rather not
boast,
We'll let the other classes give
us the toast.
- Q is for Quality, nought but the
best,
Also for Quiet, though we work
with a zest.
- R is for Ryder at art, she's a bear—
Her blackboard designs are quite
beyond compare.
- S is for Sullivan so dainty and sweet,
The class minus Shields and Sin-
iscalchi would be incom-
plete.
- T is for Thornton and Todsén and
Tall,
You'll agree if they slipped
they'd have quite a fall.
- U is for—No, not for any of the
illustrious—
We got our A's by being indus-
trious.
- V is for Vitamins, which we all
should eat,
Also for Victory which over-
comes defeat.
- W is for Walker for whom we all
care,
Also for Wisdom, we're getting
our share.
- X is for X-aminations, please save us
a shock!
Also for X-it when it's three by
the clock.
- Y is for Years which too swiftly
elapse,
Also for You—put yourself on
the maps!
- Z is for Zealous that you should all
know,
The February class of '31 will be
sorry to go.

MARGARET NISSEN

APPEAL

Oh, robin, in yon maple tree,
Continue, please, to sing to me—

Of spring, of youth, of morn, of love
Of sweetness, freshness, God above,

In tones so sprightly, clear, and true,
So filled with gladness, life anew—

Oh, robin, in yon maple tree,
Continue, please to sing to me.

MARY E. O'BRIEN

THE ANCHOR

Elizabeth Roarke and Eleanor Miller;
And Sandy, true daughter of Mr.
Sandman,
Wins renown as worshipper of Mor-
pheus;
But the eternal interrogation point
Undoubtedly finds its personification
In Angela Valone and her inseparable
Flo.
Yea, these are all the Junior A's,
The "Ne Plus Ultra" of our college.
We've kept our name, We've beat the

Sophs,
We've taught the Seniors many
lessons,
We've set the Freshmen good ex-
amples,
We've won the hearts of our Pro-
fessors,
We've been such wondrous brilliant
students
That we are proud to be *the* Junior
A's.

EVELYN EARNES

BIG SISTERS"

Farewell to thee, Fair Sisters,
Our kinsmen, oh, so dear,
You've truly been our friends
And filled our days with cheer,
You've feted us with parties,
You've banished all our Fears.

And as the parting hour
Looms up with fatality,
Let no touch of sadness
Mar its sweet serenity,
But take this new milestone
With true courage and dignity.

A record long and laudable
In memory's hall is writ;
In receiving and guarding the
ANCHOR

All classes did outwit,
And our loving pride in you
In a closer bond did knit.

We are proud to be your kinsmen;
These our wishes, receive,
We lift our voices in praise
To the glorious past you leave,
We give our hearts in prayer
Future successes to achieve.
Farewell!

EVELYN EARNES

Junior B

Behold the Junior B Class! We believe that for once the last should
be first and that the first should not occupy the front!

Who She Is

Winn, Mary M.
Walsh, Blanche A.
Walsh, Beatrice A.
Valchuiso, Theodora
Trudon, Alma M.
Sutton, Hortense F.
Sullivan, Catherine F.
Struck, Madeline L.
Steadman, Isabelle R.
Spencer, A. Eleanor
Skahan, Helen F.
Shea, Anna H.

What She Is

A most helpful classmate
The class giggler
Just right
Our studious girl
The class weathervane
Graceful
Our pianist
Full of pep
The girl who rises at 4:30 A. M.
Dot's shadow
"Mustard-seed"
"Speedy"

THE ANCHOR

Scott, Bertha L.
 Saulino, Jennie F.
 Regan, Gertrude M.
 Presser, Sadye
 Pease, Marjorie J.
 O'Neil, Madeline M.
 O'Brien, Helen J.
 O'Brien, Dorothy G.
 Noya, Edith F.
 Mulholland, Mary L.

 Massie, Christine C.
 Mainey, Mary M.
 Mahoney, Margaret D.
 Magee, Charlotte E.
 McLear, Dorothy A.
 McElroy, Dorothy M.
 Lewis, Eva E.
 Lee, Grace
 King, Louise K.
 Keough, Harriette
 Kent, Doris L.
 Kendrick, Irene A.
 Johnson, Evelyn L.
 Jalbert, Harriet I.
 Hogan, Kathleen M.
 Herold, Etta I.
 Hallington, Esther M.
 Goggin, Mary C.
 Foley, Veronica A.
 Fleming, Mary A.
 Duckworth, Alma C.
 Donahue, Anne C.
 Dolan, Mary V.
 Del Deo, Lucy
 Corrigan, Anna I.
 Cooke, Helen M.
 Collins, Dorothy M.
 Clough, Marion E.
 Coleman, Catherine T.
 Cheeca, Elena F.
 Casey, Jeannette L.
 Carlos, Mary T.
 Capaldi, Marguerite C.
 Campbell, Dorothy E.
 Arrighi, Clara C.
 Boardman, Leonard E.

Our poet
 The best treasurer ever!
 Conscientious
 Efficiency personified
 Our big kindergarten teacher
 An arguer
 A chatterer
 Our dainty classmate
 A marvelous vice-president
 "The teacher who looks different
 without her glasses"
 Our rosy-cheeked beauty
 In search of "greener fields"
 The Japanese artist
 One faithful Glee Club member!
 In search of "natural" positions
 "Sorry!"
 Fond of dancing
 Class comedian
 Witty
 One of the "glasses brigade"
 "Teacher"
 The history shark
 Everybody's friend
 The basketball player
 A marvelous 2A teacher
 "Etta Tariff"
 Unruffled
 Good-natured
 Persistent
 "An actress in an actor's part"
 The tennis star
 The "management shark"
 Full of life
 The quietest ever!
 Our publicity agent
 "Blondy"
 Seldom heard
 Our Bayside teacher
 Popular and competent President
 Another one of the "glasses squad"
 A most pleasing secretary
 Sweet
 Lost without Marion
 Mrs. Zooker's little girl
 Last but not least—our Baby!
 Our "one and only!"

C. COLEMAN

Sophomore A

"Disraeli"

by *André Maurois*

PICTURE, for a moment, Victorian England during the latter half of the nineteenth century. There you see her—comfortable, proper, complacent, yet withal the bluff, hearty England she has been for centuries. Her ladies were feminine to the last degree; her statesmen, (who accepted with becoming dignity), the grave and portentous the responsibilities of their office. Against this imposing background, a young M. P. one day arose to make his maiden speech in the House of Commons. He was slim, dark, and decidedly Jewish in appearance. He wore a bottle-green coat, a white waistcoat, and as a noble finishing touch to so a bizarre a figure, his jet black hair was carefully arranged in—ringlets! Such was Benjamin Disraeli.

This remarkable person is presented to us most delightfully by M. Maurois. He has given us a picture that lends life—color—a touch of romance—to that part of English history that has always impressed me as being singularly dull. He gives us Disraeli—not as you would find him in history books, but as he really was—the dreamer, the man of action, who, in later life, adopted somber garments for propriety's sake, yet whose ideals were always in keeping with the bottle-green coat of his young manhood.

We are led, entranced, to follow the story of this man whose heroic struggles overcome every obstacle,

and who finally found himself holding the position which had been the ultimate end of all his dreams and aspirations—that of Prime Minister of England. It was an absorbing tale—almost like a page taken from the Arabian Nights, and told in that vivid, sympathetic style so characteristic of Maurois.

As for Mary Anne, she is delightful. Though hardly the sort of a wife one would expect Disraeli to choose, she is all that could be desired. She called her husband "Dizzy." and worshipped him openly. She made appalling social blunders; yet, to me, perhaps the most beautiful phase of Disraeli's life is the deep and enduring affection which existed between them. Throughout the story, we may encounter a different Disraeli at every turn, but Mary Anne is always just Mary Anne.

As a book for definite historical statistics, you will find "Disraeli" sadly lacking. That is what makes it so fascinating. It does not tell us mere fact; it makes the past and its people live. We catch the spirit of Disraeli, and that, after all, is quite as important as his political doctrines. It may be intelligent to know the doctrines; it is interesting to know the man. Throughout, the style is vivid, light. Every picture is real—painted with delicate feeling—in short, an excellent portrayal of one of the most intriguing characters of history and of his age.

CATHERINE MARTIN

Sophomore B

The Record

"Hitch your wagon to a star,
Keep your seat and there you are!"
'Tis on thru the ages the world slowly
rolls
With hundreds and thousands of
millions of souls
And each human soul has chosen a
star,
A goal he must strive toward, be it
near or far.
High up in the heavens we sit for
always
With eyes on these stars, helping
guide all their ways,
We find looking down to a college so
fair
A number of persons together are
there.
On charts we make records of folks
that we see
And here is our record of R. I. C. E.
New people are choosing their goals
every day
And now we must record the Sopho-
more B.

There is Hannah Bergel, a girl of
small size.
You'll find, if you know her, that
she has sharp eyes.
She loves horse back riding. That is
what we hear.
Does she ride a horse as she rides an
idea?
If by any chance she can follow her
star
We'll be very sure that she'll go fast
and far.
And who comes next to her in alpha-
bet line?
Why, R. Caparaso, with intellect fine.
How Ruby loves French, and Biology,
too.

If study will do it, we know she'll get
thru.
If Ruby in class unprepared should
appear
The teacher would never believe what
she'd hear.
Then M. Constance Cunningham,
proud as can be,
The president fine since they've been
Freshman B.
If this well known girl should have
nothing to say
In class, or class meeting, or on the
highway,
The surprise all would get would be
overcome
When they should hear silence from
small Ruby Dunn.
Miss Dwyer, we find, is a contrast
indeed
To the talkative ones who her name
precede.
But outside of class we find her
tongue yields
A merry response to her friend,
Helen Shields.
If we could record or relate what
they've done
You'd surely declare that they have
had fun.
Miss Harriet Ellis with serious mien
Is one of the ladylike girls we have
seen.
She is a tall girl and after we list her
We come to a girl who might be her
sister.
In tallness her match we find in Kay
Farrell
Whose voice may be heard clearly
raised in a carol.
Veronica Flemming, we find will
come next

THE ANCHOR

And she is one person who never
seems vexed.

While Helen Fitzsimmons seems al-
ways to wear

A smile on the face 'neath her shiny
dark hair.

If all in the state had the same quiet
mirth,

What a cheerful bright spot there'd
be on the earth.

Come in, Berenice Greenway, with
fairy-like voice.

What nice thing has happened to
make you rejoice?

Oh, when will they train you to talk
low and loud?

We would like to hear you but you
are so proud.

How will you ever call out to a class,
Or in that sweet tone scold some
laddie or lass?

Well, E. Adelaide Harson, thrice wel-
come indeed.

Pray where are you going at that rate
of speed?

We hope that you get there, we
know that you will,

Because you just cannot sit down and
keep still.

May you reach your goal and be
happy and gay

As you have been, and are, and will
be always.

Oh, what is that tooting, that sorrow-
ful moan?

Why, Isabel Hancock, and her saxo-
phone!

Between this ability and her gay
smile,

With peppiness, study, and interest,
and style,

We'll vouch for young Isabel travel-
ling far

In friendship with everyone, nearing
her star.

Here comes Edith Hawkins with
reading and pen

Her nose in a book, or her "scrib-

bling" at hand.

Now Edith, we know, if you want to
go far

On that road to success, the highway
to a star,

We're telling you now just as we've
heard it said,

You must get all that nonsense right
out of your head.

Ah, here's Mary Lyons, a friend tried
and true.

She'll help out in anything you try
to do.

Now she's quite an artist, as well as
a friend,

We call upon her for—things with-
out end.

Yes, Mary, we know that you're sure
to succeed,

Your face and your pleasant smile
are all you need.

Well here's Connie Morin, a gay
little sprite,

But greatness has nothing in common
with height.

So Connie is going to follow her star
No matter how fast it may pull her
small car.

A most merry contest we're sure we
would see

If she and Ruth Mumford had a
talking bee.

We're sure that Ruth's motto is
"Silence is gold!"

If she ever argued we'd like to be
told.

And next comes Miss Peltine,
"Louise" to us all,

The quietest, pleasantest one you
could call.

If you would like anything done, and
done well

Louise is the very girl that you should
tell.

The last of the Helens we find in Miss
Scott.

Who doesn't know "Scotty," then
surely knows "Dot"

THE ANCHOR

Who's next in the line—Miss Slocum,
we mean.
These two little girls have the brains
that are keen.
They'll both be successful, be they
near or far.
We hope that our travels take us
where they are.
We are down where the end of the
line begins
For next are the names of the "lovable
twins."
Perhaps the great shock of existence
we'll be
When Esther appears without Gene
Stanley.
As yet they are still as great friends
as before
May they so continue—forever and
more.
And that is the class of the Sopho-
more B,

So careless, and merry, and joyful,
and free.
The gladness they have—may it ever
abound
And may it be pleasant to have them
around.
Oh teachers—and others in R. I.
C. E.
We wish you great joy till nineteen
thirty-three.
Now, we who sit here and help guide
all the stars
And help all the people who hitch on
their cars
Will gladly applaud when they all
reach their goals
And on thru the ages the world
slowly rolls.
So choose now your star and be ready
to start.
For thirty-three's class has been
placed on our chart.

EDITH HAWKINS

Freshman A The End Without A Beginning

IT was night, and a beating storm raged without. The intermittent flashes of lightning lit for a dazzling moment the dreary ground floor workshop of Pierre LeBois. With the aid of these flashes and a flickering candle we were permitted to see the lone occupant of the room. His form, once tall and stately was now bent and decrepit from days of close confinement and continuous work. He was bent intently over his work, which appeared to be machinery of some kind.

Folks had wondered about old Pierre. He was rarely ever seen outside his dingy shop, which served as home also, and was situated about a half mile from town. When he did come to town on one of his infrequent

visits, his attitude was so aloof and forbidding that no one dared approach him. These village folks had long since grown accustomed to seeing his dim light burning far into the night, but had never ceased to wonder and speculate as to its purpose. What could he be doing? What was his object in staying up so late? These and many more were the questions that puzzled the villagers.

Little did they realize what was going on behind those closed doors. Day after day, night after night old Pierre was steadily plodding at his task. It was a clever invention for a more quiet running airplane. His fondest hope was that this invention would do much toward safer and more efficient flying.

THE ANCHOR

These simple village folks were far too timid to investigate the motive of his strange actions, but not so the two strangers who had just arrived from a near-by city. Why they were there and what their purpose in coming was, no one knew.

These two had been far from idle during their brief stay. Already they had visited Pierre after making inquiries regarding this queer old man whom they had chanced to see on one of his rare visits to town. They knew what he was doing and also knew the value of the thing, but were far too wily to let that be known. What a wonderful thing it would be to own that valuable machine! Why try to bargain with an eccentric old Frenchman who regarded it as his own particular contribution to science? Such were the thoughts of the two strangers.

On this particular night Pierre worked with renewed vigor, for was not his work near its completion? Was he not soon to present to the world his masterpiece and life's work? With shining eyes the old man worked busily putting on the finishing touches. A sound was heard. Was it a noise or the storm? Pierre's head came up from his work with a jerk. With a wildly beating heart, he listened. He heard no more, but in turning back he caught a fleeting glance of a face at the window. It disappeared in an instant, but a vivid flash of lightning had revealed it in its every detail.

Where had he seen that face before? He sat down limply, trying to still his rising fears that he might think clearly. Ah! now he remembered! It was one of the young gentlemen who had visited his shop the other day. His suspicions were at once aroused. He thought rapidly. Why had they been so interested in

his work? Could it be.....

"Not a sound, old man!"

Pierre swung around to be confronted by the two men who had been his guests a few days before. Pierre took them both in at a glance and perceived they were apparently unarmed. Such was true, for they anticipated no struggle from such an old man, and expected to take his prize without resorting to violence. Time was limited. Pierre's mind was working rapidly. Necessity had whipped his sluggish brain into action. His machine was all too evidently their object. They would take it from him. His life's work was going to be ruthlessly torn from him, and these men rather than he would receive the credit. Ah, it could not be so!

With a sudden inspiration Pierre thought of his wrench. It was still clutched in his hand, as he had been using it when the sound was heard. If he couldn't give the world his work neither could they. With a quick, deft movement, he summoned all his strength, and hurled the wrench violently into the vital part of the engine. An explosion followed, and when the smoke cleared away, the men stood gazing at the ruins of the machine. Pierre saw nothing of this. When he realized what he had done, the shock and despair completely overcame him, and he sank to the floor senseless, never to regain consciousness.

The two men fled, thwarted in their purpose. The simple minds of the villagers saw no connection between the sudden disappearance of the two strangers, and the death of old Pierre LeBois. He had merely been killed by the lightning in the storm of the night before.

MARJORIE JOHNSON

A Freshman's June Thoughts

WHEN I took my entrance examination to Rhode Island College of Education, several Seniors in academic array were auditors. Despite the turmoil seething in my mind I found an opportunity to envy those Seniors, and to wonder vaguely whether or not I should ever have a chance to wear a college cap and gown.

My next experience with these insignia came in January when the cap and gown ceremony for the departing Seniors was held. Like all the other Freshmen, I was very much excited. I found much of my interest directed toward the gowns of the Faculty. The various colors on the hoods were beautiful, and I won-

dered about the significance of each one.

Again in May, when the class graduating in June donned the badge of learning, I was thrilled to my very being. How proud of their accomplishment the Seniors receiving this honor must feel! And yet, I wonder whether perhaps every other feeling is eclipsed temporarily by their anxiety for fear their caps will not be put on straight.

Ah me, three more years! Yet if each goes as quickly as this first happy one, it will not be long before I shall be pinning my collar to the back of my gown, and bending my head low to receive that long desired emblem—a mortar-board.

AVIS G. MARDEN

Hemstitching

ALWAYS **5c** A
YARD

WORK GUARANTEED

HELEN et JOSEPHINE
FASHION STUDIO

303 Jackson Bldg., 511 Westminster St.

D. A. RIGNEY

HOME MADE

Ice Cream

721 Hope St.—Cor. Brook and
Benevolent Sts.

L. Vallone

Sand and Gravel

Cranston, R. I.

On Sale Everywhere

THE
NEWS-TRIBUNE

Daily and Sunday

THE HOME NEWSPAPER

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS

Come to

**Senior
Commencement
Dance**

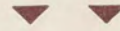
Narragansett Hotel June 24

McCarthy Caterers

690 North Main St.

DExter 2969

Caterers for all occasions



*Dances, Banquets and Parties
a specialty*

Chiffons, Rajahs, Ragalias, Crepes, Evening Frocks

A beautiful array of summer frocks

Moderately Priced

BROOKNER

ALICE BUILDING

2nd FLOOR

10% off to Students

MRS. GREENWAY

Permanent Wave Specialist

GENUINE Nestle Circuline

A Mild Method which leaves the hair
in good condition.

\$5.00 to \$7.00 to the girls from
the college.

GAspee 6753 26 Arch Street

**Fraternity, College and Class
JEWELRY**

**Commencement Announcements
and Invitations**

Official Jeweler to the Rhode Island College
of Education

L. G. Balfour Company

Manufacturing Jewelers and Stationers
ATTLEBORO, MASS.

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS

*Fashions for Every Intriguing
Event of the Vacation
Day!*

Whether you're dashing off to a distant swanky resort, or picnicing near home, tea-ing on the country club veranda or cutting a splash in water togs... whether your tennising, golfing, motoring, dancing or dining you'll find every 1930 summer fashion.....every fashion accessory, here!

SHEPARD'S

Bryant-Stratton

College of Business Administration

Founded 1863

Providence, Rhode Island

Where a State-Authorized Bachelor Degree in Business is earned in two years.

State-accredited courses for teachers—Business Administration, Executive-Secretarial. Also one year courses.

67th Yearbook on request.

Write

Director of Admissions
Bryant-Stratton College
Providence, R. I.

Telephone GAspee 2978

Asia Restaurant

Special Luncheon 11 a.m to 2:30 p.m.

Table D'Hote Dinner 5 to 8:30 p.m.

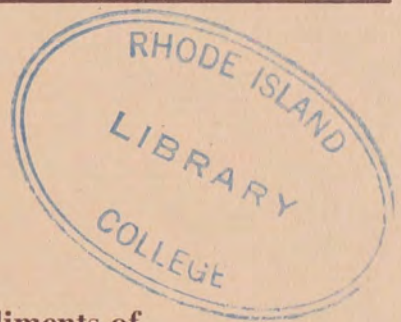
**American and Chinese
RESTAURANT**

CABARET MUSIC and DANCING

Noon to 2 p.m., 6 to 8 p.m., 9:30 to 12 p.m.

162 WESTMINSTER ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Compliments of

St. Clairs

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS

Secret Satisfaction

Only those who have savings accounts know the secret satisfaction of having ready cash. In fact, it is often more fun to know you have the money than to spend it.

Anyone can have this pleasant sensation by putting a little money each week—not enough to really miss—in a savings account at our nearest office.

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

Resources More Than \$150,000,000

Member of Federal Reserve System

Five Providence Offices—Branches in

E. PROVIDENCE
WOONSOCKET
PASCOAG

PAWTUCKET
BRISTOL
WARREN

NEWPORT
WESTERLY
WICKFORD



Digestible Hot Breads

are *always* assured when leavened with Rumford. Piping hot homemade rolls, crisp golden corn bread or bran muffins round out the breakfast and start the man of the house on a successful day.

RUMFORD

The Wholesome

BAKING POWDER

PATRONIZE THESE ADVERTISERS