

# The Anchor



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# The Anchor.

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Vol. III

Providence, R. I., December, 1930

No. 2

## “Greater Love Hath No Man—”

“There’s Old Jonah going a-court-  
ing agin,” laughed the village wit.  
Under cover of the din that followed  
this sally, Sam Snody crept away from  
the boisterous crowd of idlers and  
gazed after his old friend, Jonah  
Gray. Hot tears stung his lids,  
but he made no move to brush them  
away. He always winced at the crude  
jesting made at the expense of his  
friend. Nevertheless, he suffered in  
silence, for life had crushed his fight-  
ing spirit. When one has been trod-  
den under foot by two domineering  
women for a score of years, it takes  
a miracle to summon enough courage  
to stand up for one’s self, let alone  
one’s friends. Regaining outwardly  
his usual serene composure, Sam be-  
took himself to his humble home—a  
place that spelled a strangely comfort-  
ing place since Death had taken his  
womenfolk.

Meantime, the unconscious object  
of this sally, Jonah Gray, commonly  
known as “Old Jonah,” wended his  
way slowly to a weather-beaten house  
on the summit of Crag Hill. Care-  
fully opening the gate to prevent it

from slipping from its creaking hinge,  
he walked briskly up the walk, well  
aware of the loving gaze bent upon  
him from behind the parlor shutters.  
He had scarcely lifted the knocker  
when the door was opened.

“Evening, Miss Nellie, how’s your  
Mistress been today?” asked Jonah as,  
assisted by capable hands, he struggled  
out of his worn overcoat.

“Fair to middling, Mr. Jonah, fair  
to middling,” replied Nellie Greene,  
the devoted servant of the Porter-  
Baines family. “Miss Samantha’s  
waiting for you in the parlor.”

With a quick nod, Jonah left her  
and entered the parlor. He paused  
on the threshold to view the scene  
which never failed to catch at his heart  
strings and make a lump rise in his  
throat. There in the firelight glow sat  
his Samantha knitting a soft shawl.  
Feeling his gaze, Samantha lifted her  
eyes to meet his. They smiled and  
exchanged greetings. Then Jonah  
took his seat on the other side of the  
low stool. Lighting his pipe, he re-  
laxed and settled back to watching  
the knitting needles fly. The clock



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chimed eight. Life for Jonah Gray had just begun. It would end when that same clock tolled ten.

As Samanthly and Jonah enjoyed that quiet communion of loving souls, Sam Snody had been thinking of them. He had been musing on the tragedy of his old friend. Life at twenty-one had promised Jonah a sweet dream of bliss with Samantha Porter-Baines, only daughter of the aristocratic family of the village. But sudden reverses ending in the suicide of his father and the invalidism of his mother had thrown the dependence of the family of five upon his young shoulders. Through all the years of toil, Samantha had remained ever constant and ever at hand with a word of cheer that would have been extended to something more material only Jonah's pride forbade that. Sam shook his head sadly when he thought of Jonah's pride that had often stayed a generous soul during those trying years. Then when the brothers and sisters were old enough to help him, Jonah entertained fresh hopes only to have them rudely dashed to earth by their selfishness in marrying and moving away. Life would have crushed his spirit if Samantha had not stood by. Now that his life of sacrifice was over, Jonah could not afford to support her decently although she managed to live on a mere pittance eked out by sly donations on the part of Miss Nellie.

"Something should be done," thought Sam as he puffed furiously. With an ejaculation, he put down his

pipe. Then he gazed around the room, looking lovingly at each familiar object as though giving it a mute farewell.

When the hour of eight chimed out, Sam started up nervously. He went to his desk, took out some writing materials and labored painstakingly for an hour or more. Laying down his pen, he read the pages carefully. He sealed it and addressed the envelope. This completed, he wrote a short note and put both letters in the pigeonhole. When this was accomplished, he took one last lingering look at the room and withdrew. His footsteps echoed bravely along the silent corridor.

When "Old Jonah" betook himself to Samantha's house next day, he felt secretly exultant. He could not lay the cause to anything in particular. Just as he was lifting the latch, Lawyer Brown accosted him.

"Well, Jonah, I see your old friend has gone West. He left this letter for you along with a note for me. They're dated last May, but the paper seems strangely"—

"What!" stammered Jonah, "are you telling me that Sam Snody is dead?"

"Didn't you know?" asked Brown. "He died last night. Was having his well repaired and some one must have left the boards off the hole. Anyway, he fell in and was drowned. Well, he won't be lonely any longer."

With this, Brown left Jonah staring after him in stupefaction.

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Collecting his wits, Jonah entered the house. He greeted Miss Nellie absently and walked unsteadily into the parlor. Alarmed by his unusual actions, Miss Nellie followed close behind him. Miss Samantha looked up quickly, sensed his agitation, and dropped her knitting at once.

"Sit down here, dear, and tell me," she implored soothingly.

Jonah dropped into the chair wearily and said: "Sam Snody's dead. Fell into his own well. Not like him—never careless. Left me a letter."

After many ejaculations from Miss

Nellie and words of sympathy from Samantha, Jonah bethought himself of the letter. Slitting it clumsily, he read its contents. Then he handed it to Samantha who read it while Miss Nellie peered over her shoulder.

"Left you all his money!—never knew he had such a tidy sum," exclaimed Miss Nellie excitedly.

"Now you two darlings can get married."

"I hope the Great Friend above will understand," murmured Samantha, laying her hand lightly upon the bowed head of "Old Jonah."

EVELYN EARNES, '31



### *Interlude*

Inside a hundred hearts may wrangle,  
Inside a hundred tones may jangle,  
But here is peace. The still, calm sea,  
Silver, alive, but peacefully  
In long black lines rolls in. Waves  
    sway,  
As white runs down their length of  
    spray  
Obliterating all the black,  
And rushing in, they half sigh back  
At yonder moon behind a rack  
Of black and silver clouds that ride  
Above a light far out the side  
Of that black point that juts to sea—  
The music stops; and laughing din  
Recalls me to the dance within.

A. WILSON WHITMAN,  
*Graduate Student*







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Many of the basic and general causes of individual distress have already been indicated. We may here consider other and special causes together with possible remedies. Our present organization of profits—motivated industry contains a competitive compulsion which forces the individual producer to risk top speed when the way ahead appears to be clear. He is burdened with enormous investments of capital in specialized fixed forms involving correspondingly great risk. When he sees ahead what appears to be a clear road of profitable business activity, he takes on additional workers and speeds up to the limit of his production capacity. He is not so much concerned with the injury to his workers which will result from a severe check upon production as he is with the bond which he has given to the lenders of capital. It is this bond to capitalists and stockholders which constitutes a special inducement to high speed production at a risk to labor's ultimate security. A "bond" given to labor promising continuity of employment would be an inducement to a more moderate speed and at the same time the greatest assurance of the minimum risk to capital. A more moderate regular speed in production would bring greater ultimate profits than the alternating spurts of high speed and low speed characteristic of business cycles. The policy here indicated is gaining increasing recognition and support.

Another complex and difficult problem found in the present highly de-

veloped productive organization is the increasingly intensive advertising of a rapidly increasing quantity and variety of economic goods as a means of utilizing the productive capacity which has been developed. Although it is true that in certain respects this tendency will help to stabilize industrial enterprise, the excessive increase in variety of demands tends to make the adjustments and balances in the industrial mechanism more delicate and more subject to maladjustment. One may well hesitate, however, to accept the view that there should be any general restriction upon the gradual expansion of both the variety and the quantity of goods produced.

The special tendency which we have just noted serves to emphasize again the problem of economic balance. The major conclusion of the Hoover Committee on Recent Economic Changes is that the outstanding problem of industry today is the problem of economic balance. Of primary importance in furthering the attainment of this balance between production and consumption are the various agencies which control the credit supply. The complexity and difficulty of the problem of control of the credit supply are somewhat appreciated when we observe that the controlling agencies extend all the way from the rank and file of the producers of capital, through the banking houses which manage our credit system, to the organizers of industry who are the actual users of the capital.







## What About Our College Spirit?

(Editor's Note:

*This discussion was written in October, 1929. We are requesting the writer to give us, in our next issue, her estimate of progress or lack of progress made during the past year. After the second paper has been published, we shall be glad to throw open our columns to a discussion of this matter.*

*In the meantime let those of us who give evidence of being here merely for the sake of getting-by devote some attention to this thought. No one really loves anybody or anything until he has done something for him or for it. In other words, we may talk until Doomsday but the ugly fact will remain that we are not in love with our College until we spend ourselves in the service of the College. Getting-by is not an exhausting philosophy for a student. Heaven help the classroom with a teacher who holds such a philosophy!)*

Every inch of floor, every inch of wall and every inch of ceiling belonging to "R. I. C. E."—I love. Running through my veins, surges a respect, pride, devotion to this College; an inheritance, a compounding of emotions, that makes the college mine, part of me, as it has been ever since I was a few minutes old. My Mother, a graduate of Rhode Island Normal School, pledged my future to "R. I. C. E." when I was greeting

the world with my first uncontrolled cries.

To be one of the student body as I am today is the realization of a hazy dream—and it is not uncommon, when being asked the name of my college, for a lump of pride to gather in my throat as I answer, "Rhode Island College of Education!" To the inevitable, "Do you like it?" my only answer is an extra smile, a brighter gleam in the eye, a sincere, "I love it!"

Needless to say, I was confronted with rather queer elements of the spirit of the place when I first wormed my way into cliques of my class. I was shocked and deeply indignant as I heard untrue, unkind, unfair criticisms of the College I respected. How could such things be true when I had to work so hard to be able to attend it? I hesitated not in expressing my opinions, and as I began to know my classmates better, I dared to take issue with them. Incidentally I may say that I was regarded as a queer specimen picked up outside the city limits.

I could not be content to accept the statements I heard. "R. I. C. E." was all and more than I dreamed it to be. Only in one way was I disappointed. There seemed to be a lack of contentment, deep and abiding love, and class spirit among the students. No one seemed interested in anything but "getting by." I missed



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the fellowship, the cooperation, the common bond of class and school spirit to which I had always been accustomed. It wasn't a problem I could shake off when I left the campus, get away from, or even evade for a while. It actually haunted me. I had to satisfy my own questionings.

First, I looked for actual extra interests for the college body. I found few and these were "far between."

The Glee Club—surely it offers wonderful opportunity to any lovers of music. It could have been the birthplace of College spirit! Our Christmas Carols, our Song Contest, our "Gym" Meet—these constitute the head line excitements for the year. The struggling ANCHOR, the Ricoled—both would like to burst into larger, more glorious bloom, but there are some of us stepping on every effort of the leaders of these things, trampling upon and destroying every sprout which dares to push its head through the ground of interest.

What, then, will help lift the spirit in and about "R. I. C. E."? First of all, I believe, there must be respect. Respect, above all, for our College, for her teachings, her doctrines, for what she is in the State. Next, we must respect each other, our hopes, our ambitions. We must create a common sympathy, an understanding, a willingness to work with and for the other fellow.

I wonder if I am wrong in believing that this spirit lacking in old "R. I. C.

E." can be built up by certain of the following interests and achievements?

The Cheer Song—was there ever a lovelier sentiment expressed in a cheer song than in ours? I think not. Take any noted college cheer song—somehow ours combines everything essential for a good song, yet how many of us sing wholeheartedly, sincerely, and proudly, "True and loyal, Hers forever we'll be"? Most of us, I'm afraid, stand on one foot and, from sheer memory void of all emotion, sing along with the crowd. Why can't we stand erect, and sing from our hearts? Just to make it even a bigger part of us, I long to see, at the mention of singing the Cheer Song, one, perhaps two, students spring up, smilingly take places in front of the student body and direct with vim, and interest—a rousing good chorus, followed by a good, snappy, college cheer led by a vigorous, happy, animated cheer leader. Is it detrimental to the quality of a teacher to be full of enthusiasm? To me it seems a great asset.

A women's basketball team—how securely this would bind us one to the other. A few outside games—an interest—a chance to fight for our College, her name to place at the top—it's what we crave—what we need!

Chapel? Why talking in Chapel, studying in Chapel—all would be abolished—if something critically or challenging were in the air continually! It's because of the sameness, the monotony that we talk!



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I sincerely believe the development of these suggestions, with the addition of more as time necessitates, would enkindle into flames a poor little spark of contentment which, at present, is being unmercifully smothered.

No one person, no one group, is particularly at fault; we are all too busy, I guess, to realize this yawning gap that will finally, I'm afraid, prove detrimental to the best interest of ourselves and our College.

Perhaps I shall be severely criticized for mentioning these things, as I have. My only defense in such a case is that I speak straight from my heart, each word prompted by a deep love and respect for what I believe to be the finest of all colleges. I long to see spreading among the discontented, some balm of college spirit, fellowship, and devotion, one to another, and finally, to our entire Alma Mater!

*Contributed by an Underclassman.*



### *Pensiveness*

The moon is a great big ball,  
But it is made of gold.  
The sky is a blue balloon  
Yet, not mine to hold.  
The stars are a fairy's diadem—  
So I have been told.  
And life is a toy closet  
Sad, that I'm growing old.

MARION L. MILAN, '31

# EDITORIAL

## Cooperation

One of the chief purposes of this magazine is to promote interest in college events by gathering and publishing news of the College. The staff is eager and willing to give to its readers a magazine which will rank high among the college publications of the country. This will gain both popularity and recognition for Rhode Island College of Education. However, in order to do this, we must ask the students for co-operation and support.

A large majority of the student body have paid their sixty cents (\$.60) for the year. Others have promised to buy single copies, but there is a small minority who feel content to read their neighbor's ANCHOR. "Let someone else worry about its success" is their attitude. Mind you, it is only a small minority, but it is

just such people who are the greatest handicap to the success of this magazine. Look around you, and you will see these people criticize the publication destructively. They mock and sneer at any who have that worthy attribute—"College Spirit." And in this minority are included some who hold high offices in student life! Certainly, they don't set an inspiring example for their classmates. Are you among this group? If so, brush away that wave of slackness and redeem yourself by buying every issue of THE ANCHOR. Extra copies may be obtained in the Editorial Room at any time for the regular price of fifteen cents (\$.15).

Who is the one who can not save fifteen cents (\$.15) in sixty days?

EDITOR



## Christmas

There is an enchantment about the Christmastide that almost takes one's breath away. A mysterious excitement pervades the air. The stars can easily be seen to dance in the sky if one has only the imagination. It is not difficult to understand the medieval superstition that the cattle speak on Christmas Eve.

The strangest feature of Christmas enchantment is the love for fellowmen

that is kindled in every heart. This is, without doubt, evidence of "Peace on earth, good-will to men" that was promised us by that heavenly choir over nineteen hundred years ago.

Students of the College should try at this season to capture the Christmas spirit and, like Scrooge, plan to retain it throughout the months to come. Life is so sweet for the rest of the year if we do so.

M. L. H.







## “Angel Pavement”

By J. B. PRIESTLY

*Publishers—Harper & Brothers, 1930*

Tucked away in the center of London lies a nondescript, gloomy little street known as Angel Pavement. Were you a resident of the City itself, you would probably be unaware of its existence, for though it is an old street it has never been important. Its buildings are of good repute but rather crumbly in appearance. They have that air of polite shabbiness common to streets unfrequented by crowds. Located on the first floor of No. 8 Angel Pavement is that eminently respectable establishment of Twigg & Dersingham, dealers in inlays and veneers.

When Mr. Priestly's story opens, the affairs of Twigg & Dersingham are in deplorable straits. Mr. Dersingham, in his reserved public-school manner, is frankly worried. His business is failing. Smeeth, the head cashier, who is very apt to take the responsibility of the firm on his own frail shoulders, is even more disturbed. In the midst of this disquietude, the massive figure of Mr. James Golspie looms on the horizon. He sweeps into Angel Pavement like a gust of wind. At the moment of his arrival begins the metamorphosis of Twigg & Dersingham. His presence affects the business, the employees, almost every one even remotely connected with the firm, for his dynamic force is not to be withstood. His influence is inevitable, it is incredible; yet it is the active power which predominates in “Angel Pavement.”

Mr. Priestly has given us an intensely alive and interesting story. With the pertinency and precision of a surgeon, he has laid open a critical six months in the lives of a chosen few of the many who throng London's streets and suburbs. He has severed from the whole a slice of life. When we finish the book, we feel not as though we had come definitely to the end of something but rather as though we had been privileged by knowing certain characters for a time that was all too short. We know that just as we shall continue our daily existence so will they—we live on together.

Mr. Priestly has a gift of presenting everyday people in an unusually sympathetic and vital manner. The interesting point is that each of his characters is universal—so remarkably ordinary that thousands like them throng our city streets every day. Mr. Smeeth, for instance, is the serious-minded cashier who finds positive happiness in his little figures and neat calculations. Strangely enough, this drab precise man has that rare gift of thoroughly enjoying and appreciating classical music. How incompatible are these ideas yet how true, for Mr. Smeeth, beneath his matter-of-fact, workaday personality is somewhat of a visionary, a builder of air castles that never materialize. The inner selves of other employees of the firm are unfolded as the story continues. Turgis, of the careless appearance and seedy clothes allows his im-



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agination to dwell on pictures where Love smoothes away all sorrow and exalts life to a place of sublimity. Miss Matfield, cold and superior as she seems, dreams of glorious adventure with a touch of the romantic and

unexpected. "Angel Pavement" is an absorbing book—excellent for its character studies, its pictures of life, the depth and clarity of the author's understanding. We urge you not to miss it.

Other works by Mr. Priestly are:

Old Dark House  
Apes and Angels—Essays  
Balconinny and other essays  
Too many people and other reflections  
I for One—Essays  
English Comic Characters  
Fools and Philosophers  
George Meredith  
(English men of letters series)  
Benighted  
English Humor  
Farthing Hall (with Hugh Walpole)



## Suburbs

Lakes o'er which the tall trees bend,  
Pools by banks of bushes penned,  
Green groves glossy,  
Mere-marge mossy  
Past we wend.

Lawns of hamlets, half-hid nooks,  
Woods of birches, brawling brooks,  
Willows weeping  
Sleek lawns sweeping  
Past we wend.

Homes where hearts on hearths are  
warmed—  
Hearts all day the city stormed,—  
Wife's sweet meeting,  
Children's greeting  
Past we wend.

Now the lights begin to glow,  
Peeping through the shadows, show  
Children playing,  
Children praying,  
Past we wend.

Golden-haired and apple-cheeked,  
Gurgling, gleeful, dimple-tweaked,  
Sent from heaven  
Just for leaven,  
Past we wend.

Onward through the shades we sweep.  
Leaving each his joys to reap:  
Hearth-side pleasures,  
Home's sweet treasures.  
Past we wend.

A. WILSON WHITMAN,  
Graduate Student.





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point the way toward an even greater demand for the carol.

Such songs as these have had two distinct lines of development. First, they are traditional, handed down by word of mouth long before they were collected and printed at all. They were preserved thus, too, at such times as they were frowned upon by a sterner generation. Folk carols are distinguishable for their many slightly different versions, as folk memory cannot be relied upon to transmit songs exactly. Stanzas are added, displaced, or altogether lost; the sense is often not clear; sometimes only rhyme schemes are remembered and they are filled out to fit the taste of the particular singer. Most of these popular songs relate stories connected with the Nativity, but they do not attempt to interpret it. As might be expected, legends of the Wise Men and the Shepherds are favorite themes. Only a few folk carols celebrate the secular revelry connected with the Yule-tide and often these have some quaint religious turn, as when "Bring Us In Good Ale" is sung to the tune of an Annunciation hymn. These songs springing from the hearts of a people make up for their lack of art in their sincerity, freshness, and spontaneity. "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," "Christmas Day in The Morning," and "The First Nowell" are among our favorite traditional carols.

The second line of development has been as a conscious artistic literary effort on the part of clerics, musicians,

and poets, even the kings themselves fostering carol-making at court. It should be remembered that for us the word "carol" has a narrowed significance, meaning especially Christmas songs, alike sacred and secular. Earlier it was used of a song-dance of spring or love where joy was to be expressed. These individually written songs range all the way from very crude attempts to the most exquisite poetry. Only a few of the best authors can be mentioned here. Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Robert Herrick, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Herbert and Francis Quarles were among the first. Later came William Morris, Christina Rossetti, and Swinburne. The latter's "Three Damsels in the Queen's Chamber" is one of the loveliest carols written in imitation of the old. In our own day, Walter De la Mare, Eleanor Farjeon, G. K. Chesterton, and Rose Fyleman, are carrying on the tradition.

Varied are the subjects of the carols we choose to sing today. As in the days of old, we never tire of the Nativity, the Lullabies, the Childhood of Jesus, the Shepherds, and the Three Kings. If in a lighter mood, we welcome the Wassail songs, the celebration of the Holly and Ivy, or the famous carols of the Boar's Head. But whatever the subject, the spirit of Christmas singing is that of the first carol recorded to have been sung over the fields of Bethlehem on that first Christmas night, "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, goodwill to men."













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he beckoned each instrument to enter with a nod of his head, as he encouraged a flute fortissimo with a wave of his hand, or hushed the horns into a pianissimo with another wave of his hand or shake of his head. I have come to the conclusion that the conductor is an even more important element than the members of the orchestra, for without him there would be no unity, no evenness of time, no undisputed medium of expression or interpretation.

The last selection was a composite one, "Pictures at an Exhibition," by Moussorgsky. The "Promenade," with which it opened, by means of a constantly changing rhythm and harmony pictured the composer as "walking now right, now left, now as an idle person, now urged to go near a picture; at times his joyous appearance is dampened; he thinks in sadness of his dead friend," whose art is being exhibited. The effect produced by the weird harmonies of the "Gnomes" proved the music to be most realistic; the "Tuileries" portrayed a picture of "children disput-

ing at their play," so realistic that you could almost hear the children's voices in the notes; "Bydlo," a "Polish wagon with enormous wheels, drawn by oxen," was not so vivid in my mind as the "Ballet of Chickens in the Shells," just such rollicking, light-hearted music as children would enjoy, and which left us with laughter on our lips. So the selection continued through the last part, "The Hut on Fowl's Legs," portrayed by such weird, fantastic, fearful harmonies that it produced a momentarily quickened pulse-beat on the part of the audience as we see the witch riding in her "mortar of glowing iron" and "turning her victims into stone."

To me there is nothing so marvelous as a good instrument played by a master hand; and when we can hear so many masters working lovingly over their beloved instruments, all influenced by the same artistic, interpretative emotion conveyed to them by their conductor, it is the time for us to take advantage of the opportunity by attending such concerts as the Boston Symphony Orchestra give.

AVIS MARDEN, '33



### *Junior B Dance*

The Junior B Class of the College is completing plans for the "Junior B. Hop" to be held in the College gymnasium on Friday evening, January 9, 1930. The dance will be the first event of the new year, and promises a joyful time for those who attend. The gymnasium will be made

unusually attractive with decorations characteristic of the "New Year Season." The social committee of the class in charge of Hop includes Dorothy Mooney, Chairman; Maude Busher, Betty Black, Anna Sullivan, and Rita Sullivan.







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"May I see a bottle of the violet perfume?"

The saleslady took a particularly attractive bottle.

"This is the ten-dollar choice."

"Oh!" Myra considered. This was a needless extravagance. Why she had always given Sally something useful. Violet perfume would not help very much in a home where Budget was the sacred law of living. But Sally had missed so much fun, poor child. And the mildest scent of the violet perfume would make her last year's dress seem fresh and lovely again.

"I'll take it."

Myra was aghast at her daring. She handed the perfume back to the saleslady.

"Oh!" Aunt Harriet's precious book had mysteriously loosed from its wrappings and slipped from her arm.

"I'll do it up with the perfume, madam, if you wish," the saleslady broke in.

"Would you? Could you do them up separately and have them sent?"

The saleslady was gushing. The sale had been a large one, and she felt at her charming best.

"Of course, madam. Are they presents? Why don't you insert your card, and we'll send them for you?"

"You're a wonder!"

Myra's troubles were over. She gave the cards and addresses and walked out.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the week after Christmas. Myra stopped long enough from

gathering remains of some belated Christmas tree ornaments from her Oriental rug to answer the mailman. She was rewarded with two letters and the bills which always accompany the first of the month. The first letter was from Sally.

"Dear Myra:

"I can't thank you enough for my beautiful present. Peter is as proud of it as I am. It looks charming on my mahogany end-table, with the bronze book-ends that Peter's mother sent me.

"Do you remember Bertha Ball who went to school with me? She returned from Havana last week and brought me an ounce of 'Nuit de Noel.' My three presents have made me the happiest girl in the world. 'Pendennis' is better than ever in its fascinating setting."

The other letter was, strangely, from Aunt Harriet.

"Dear Myra:

"Thank you for my lovely present. I received many but none gave me so much pleasure as yours. How did you guess that violet perfume was my one sentimentality. When I made my debut, Alfred Barber sent me violets. He joined the Massachusetts troops that very week and was never heard of again.

"I am getting old, Myra, and I haven't seen as much of my relatives as I should. I would like to see Marion. I suppose she is quite grown up now.

"I expect to go West this Spring and shall probably see you then. Expect me sometime in March."

MARY LOUISE HALL, '32





## Anchor Line

### MERE CURIOSITY?

Nibbs: I said something to my wife, the other day, and she hasn't spoken to me since.

Henpeck (eagerly): Can you remember what you said?

### IN GRAMMAR CLASS

Teacher: Give an example of a concrete noun.

Sarah: A sidewalk.

Teacher: Now give an example of an abstract noun.

Sarah: Vanilla.

### A RISING MARKET

The stockbroker was very ill, and at times delirious. In one of his lucid moments he asked the nurse what the last reading had shown his temperature to be.

"One Hundred and one," replied the nurse.

"Good," said the patient. "When it gets to 101½, sell."

### MONEY'S WORTH

"What's this?" asked the Scotchman excitedly, glancing at the headlines of the newspaper. "Edinburgh Express wrecked near Dundee?"

"And my wife was on that train," he said as he turned to walk away.

"Well, aren't you going to get a paper and read the details?"

"Oh, I'll wait for the later edition and get the football news at the same time."

### HIS ERROR

"The nerve of you all, usin' my massage cream for shoe polish!"

Fred: How many have you dependent on you?

Jim: None to mention.

Fred: I thought you had a large family.

Jim: I have a large family but they are the most independent bunch of people you ever saw.

Judge: I understand that you prefer charges against this man?

Grocer: No, sir. I prefer cash, and that's what I had him brought here for.

Hubby: You must think I'm as big a fool as I look.

Wifey: Well, if you aren't you have a great deal to be thankful for.

Daughter: I was awfully lucky at the party last night.

Mother: In what way, dear?

Daughter: We played a game in which the men either had to kiss a girl or forfeit a box of chocolates. I got ten boxes.

College Dean: What course do you wish to take in history?

Student: Something in about 500 words.

Teacher: Johnny, What's the difference between a battle and a massacre?

Johnny: A battle is where a whole lot of whites kill a few Indians, and a massacre is where a lot of Indians kill a few whites.

Hazel: Mother, I'm afraid father's mind is affected, else he wouldn't be repeatedly jumping over that empty shipping case.

Mother: No, dear, it's perfectly all right. Your father vows that no midget Austin car is going to run him down so long as he's able to make the jump.

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Secretary-Treasurer .....	Esther Carroll, '32

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