

RHODE ISLAND
LIBRARY
COLLEGE

THE ANCHOR



APRIL, 1933

Vol. V

No. 3

RHODE ISLAND COLLEGE OF EDUCATION



RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME
BAKING POWDER

When good baking's sought—
Rumford is bought.

L-92

Compliments of

NARRAGANSETT
HOTEL

Thomas Hazard
Gardiner

LOUIS OLIVER

Class Photographer

FOR

1932

Phone 4010-4011

BUY THE BEST
BATCHELOR'S

UNEXCELLED

PALE—GINGER ALE—GOLDEN

Batchelor's Bottling
Works, Inc.

WOONSOCKET, R. I.



The Anchor

Vol. 5

APRIL, 1933

No. 3

General Staff

EDITORIAL BOARD

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>Marjorie A. Johnson, '33	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>Mary Giblin, '35
<i>Assistant Editor</i>Fred B. Hutchins, '33	<i>General Business Manager</i> .Elizabeth Laurence, '34
<i>Circulation and Subscription</i>Anne M. Shea, '34	

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

<i>Art</i>Anna Flynn, '33	<i>News</i>Helen Smith, '33
<i>Book Review</i>Fred B. Hutchins, '33	<i>Alumni</i>Katherine Lamb, '35
<i>Circulation and Subscription</i>Mary Colton, '35	

ASSISTANTS

<i>Art</i>Gertrude Hanley, '35	<i>Production Manager</i>Doris Burns, '35
<i>Advertising</i> { Laura Bye, '35	<i>Staff Typists</i> { Dorothy Anderson, '35
	{ Katherine Murray, '34
	{ Marion Sullivan, '35

LITERARY ASSISTANTS

Elizabeth Spenser, '33	Evelyn Corcoran, '35
Elizabeth McCaffrey, '34	Elizabeth Maguire, '36

FRESHMAN CANDIDATES

R. Aline Harrison	Lillian Reich	Rita Kavanagh
Elizabeth Maguire	Marguerite Vermette	Rose Wolosilwicz
Jane Maguire	M. Virginia Cunningham	Josephine Shea
Angelina Phillips	Mary Low	Lionel Coutu

THE LAST LAUGH

Mark Twain had finished his speech at a dinner party, and on seating himself, a lawyer arose, shoved his hands deep into his pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly inquired of those present:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be so funny?"

When the laughter that greeted this sally had subsided, Mark Twain drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?" —*Selected*

Dr. Grace E. Bird attended the annual meeting of the New York Branch of the American Psychological Association at Yale University, April 1, 1933, where she gave a report of her research, entitled "Annoyers and Satisfiers in the Lives of One Thousand Students."

(N. B. The answers to these questions are on another page in THE ANCHOR.)

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

(Twenty-five points for each question)

1. What was the Mississippi Bubble?
2. What is foolscap paper?
3. Distinguish between the words *emigrant* and *immigrant*.
4. What is a heteronym?

(Answers on pages 22 and 23)

An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes; a pessimist looks after your feet.

Where are the kings of England crowned?
On their heads.

A "samovar" is an Indian holy man.

A "buxom" widow is a flirtatious one.

BENJAMIN JOWETT: AN APPRECIATION (Concluded)

(In the first installment of this essay we traced the career of Benjamin Jowett through the first thirty years of his life, treating his religious orientation and describing his earlier efforts at University Reform. In the succeeding issue we spoke at some length concerning his work as a teacher, as a philosopher, and as a Greek scholar, bringing his life up to about the year 1860. It is from this point that we proceed.)

The most disagreeable experience of his life was probably the clamor caused by the publication of *Essays and Reviews*, a book consisting of a collection of papers each by a different author written on religious subjects from the liberal point of view. Its appearance in 1860 created a stir that can hardly be imagined today. We often think of *The Origin of Species*, published in 1859, as the storm center of the middle eighteen hundreds, and indeed, it was; the height of the excitement over *Essays and Reviews* can be appreciated then when we learn that Dean Church, writing to Asa Gray early in 1861, observed with reference to Darwin's volume:

"The book, I have no doubt, would be the subject still of a great row, if there were not a much greater row going on about *Essays and Reviews*."

Imagine, therefore, how violent was the storm that raged over the shy and sensitive Greek professor and the other contributors. His own essay, *The Interpretation of Scripture*, does not seem to us to be especially pernicious, but to the sensitively conservative High Anglicans then in control of the English Church it was nothing less than heretical. The contributors to the volume were excoriated in the press, conservative reviewers abused them with such extravagant vituperation, that it seems ridiculous, to us today, yet it was only too embarrassing

at the time. Two of the essayists were prosecuted by the Privy Council; as for Jowett, an effort was made to have him tried for heresy by the Vice-Chancellor's Court of the University; the suit against him collapsed only on a technical difficulty, urged by the defense, to the effect that owing to some slight but crucial circumstance the Vice-Chancellor's Court was lacking in jurisdiction over the case. Even as the affair did terminate, he was the object of many antagonistic moves: his salary as Regius Professor was not forthcoming for several years because the opposing faction blocked the negotiations for endowing the Greek chair; and the attitude of his colleagues generally made things for a time very disagreeable for him. This he said he minded more than any amount of public attack. His whole attitude moreover during the controversy was such as to make the more sensitive of his antagonists heartily ashamed of themselves afterwards, being characterized by unselfishness, even by disinterestedness; through it all he was thinking of its effect on the Church, and on Religion. Writing in 1861, he exclaims:

" . . . I am astonished at the carelessness about truth which there is in the Church of England. If it goes on, it will lead to utter unbelief among intellectual men. . . ." To Dean Elliot he writes:

" . . . I am sorry that the Clergy are so determinedly set against all the intellectual tendencies of the age. . . . The real facts and truths of Christianity are quite a sufficient basis for a national Church, but they want to maintain a conventional Christianity into which no one is to inquire, which is always being patched and plastered with evidences and apologies. . . . Unless you admit some freedom of thought, men of ability will be absolutely excluded, and the Church of England will become more and more the instrument of bigotry and intolerance. . . ."

Three years later he complains to his friend Stanley, then Dean of Westminster Abbey:

"What is Truth against an *esprit de corps*? The Bishops think that they are fighting a few clergymen who must be put down. They are really fighting against Science, against Criticism, against the Law, or at least against the spirit of the Law, against the Conscience and moral perceptions of mankind; things which I believe to be invincible even when arrayed against that figment of theologians, the catholic church. The Bishop of Oxford certainly puts clergymen in an awkward position by bringing them back to the letter of their obligation. Does he consider in what a much more awkward position he puts himself and the Church by wholly, without a rag to cover him, giving up the very pretense of truth of fact?"

The next year he laments:

" . . . I sometimes think that the state of religion in England gets worse and worse. The very idea of the truth is becoming ridiculous, and, more and more, religious teaching is losing its moral character. . . . "

Finally the controversy subsided; but its effect on Jowett, however, was never to be entirely erased. After the struggle over *Essays and Reviews*, he seems to have become more resigned, more settled, at times even somewhat bitter. It was not that he valued security more than the realization of his ideals: on the contrary, in fact. As he writes to John Nichol in 1866:

" . . . You know as well as I do that to have written a good book is worth a great deal more both in real usefulness and distinction than to have gained many professorships. . . . "

It was rather that he felt the futility of attempting to enforce on an institution reforms, or liberalism, or anything else, if it did not desire it, if it did not finally feel a

need for it. A different tone infuses his letters after this period.

Among Jowett's friends at this time were the Tennysons; some of Jowett's sentiments on poetry expressed to them, call to our mind some of the contemporary ideas with reference to the nature and function of the poet. For example he writes in 1864:

" . . . When old things are beginning to pass away and new things to appear, I think the poet's function is very plain and clear. . . . " To another friend he writes later in the same year:

"I sometimes wonder that a poet does understand that he ought to be a prophet. . . . "

These sentiments are strikingly consonant with some of the theories now in vogue.

In 1870 Jowett was elected to the Mastership of Balliol; and it was from this vantage point that his *magnum opus*, his *Translation of the Dialogues of Plato*,* was published in 1871. The result of years of painstaking labor, this masterly translation, with Introductions, Analyses, Notes, and Critical Essays, forms the chief basis of Jowett's literary reputation. Always a purist in his diction, he sought to infuse into his translation that noble purity and expressiveness that are associated with the Greek language. A second edition appeared in 1875, and a third definitive edition in 1892. Jowett also translated the works of Thucydides and the *Politics* of Aristotle, but his position as a writer rests upon his translation of Plato. For, indeed, he felt a peculiar affection for Plato, a spiritual affinity with him, even, that was lacking in the cases of the other two figures.

Soon after his election to the Mastership, there took place an event for which he had long been working. That is, the Religious Tests were abolished: heterodox and orthodox were henceforth to be received on equal footing. Twenty years before he and Stanley had advocated it, and at last their aim

* In the College library, call number 885 P69 D.

was realized: such was Jowett's experience with "the law's delay."

Another achievement for which he had labored came to fruition at about this time. He had long advocated opening a branch College at Bristol; the people at Bristol could not be brought to the Universities and, therefore, the Universities had to be brought to them. In connection with this project he wrote in 1874:

"There are two things which distinguish a University from a mere scientific institution: first of all, it is a seat of liberal education, and, secondly, it is a place of society. The distinction which I will draw between liberal education and merely technical education is this: the one comprehends the other; it is the other with something added to it, and carried on in a higher spirit; it is the one pursued not merely for the sake of getting on in the profession, or making a man an engineer, or a miner, or a doctor, but for the sake of the improvement of the mind. No man will be a first-rate physician or engineer who is not something more than either, who has not some taste for art, some feeling for literature, or some other interest external to his profession. And as a man in order to know one thing well must know other things, so if he is to have any real knowledge of the world, he requires to have some association with classes besides his own. The great charm of Universities, which gives them such a hold on after life, is that they form a society in which mind is brought into contact with mind, and there is conversation and enthusiasm for knowledge and united help in study."

In 1876, the College was opened and professors appointed.

His incumbency as Master was marked also by the opening of the New Hall in 1877; by the appointment of a University Commission in 1877; and by the opening of the New Library. At about this time, too,

he began to advocate women's education. He, moreover, bore in mind his work in teaching; some things he says at about this time are of interest:

"Teaching should be in good taste; should keep up the attention and call out the sympathy of the pupils; should be adapted to the character of the Lecturer and also of the pupils; should reproduce the mind of the teacher through the mouth of the pupils; should create independence in the mind of the pupils; should create a spirit of emulation in the pupils; must be original and suggestive, and at any rate clear and lively. The Lecturer should always be thinking about his lecture; and in spoken lectures he should recapitulate every quarter of an hour. Good teaching should make it easier to acquire knowledge, and it should test the acquisition of knowledge."

These achievements and successes, however, were counter-balanced by sorrows; the years after 1875 saw the death of many of Jowett's closest friends: A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster; A. C. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury; and Lord Airlie, Professor T. H. Green, and Hugh Pearson; Professor H. J. S. Smith, Arnold Toynbee, and William Spottiswoode—he was bereft of all these within a very brief period. And the loss of these friends, depriving him of companionship and support, coupled with the cares of the Vice-Chancellorship, which he occupied from 1882 to 1886, so weakened his constitution that his latter years—from 1886 onward—were a period of illness. In his declining years, he was grieved by the deaths of Professor W. Y. Sellar, Robert Browning, Dean Elliot, R. L. Nettleship, Lord Tennyson, the Duke of Bedford, and John A. Symonds—all valued friends, and some of them his pupils. These bereavements left their mark, but still he remained cheerful to the end. He had suffered for years from a weakness of the heart, and his

decline was protracted; death came in October, 1893. He was buried close to his pupil and friend, Green, in Oxford; Jowett had said at Green's death, *Sit mea anima cum illo*; it was his last wish to be buried near him.

Some apparently contradictory qualities were united in Jowett. Painfully sensitive and shy, he always appeared at a disadvantage in the presence of a stranger or of an uncongenial spirit; and yet withal, in spite of this timidity, he undoubtedly possessed indomitable tenacity and courage. He would be the last to abandon his post, whether opposing or supporting a plan. Of a decidedly tender and sympathetic nature, certain concomitant qualities often obscured his sympathy from the eyes of all save a few friends: these looked on him with a fond amusement mingled with awe, regarding him, underneath a certain playfulness, with a veneration and love such as few men have inspired. Some reproached him with having forsaken his ideals for practical success: but in his view the ideal and practical were not to be separated, but were complementary: ideals without practice he saw to be barren; practice without ideals, purposeless. Some, perhaps thinking of his embarrassing, even devastating, taciturnity at times, were wont to charge him with a lack of emotional development; but the statement which he made with reference to Greek literature might equally well have been applied to himself: "Under the marble exterior," as he writes in the Introduction to the *Phaedrus*, "was concealed a soul thrilling with spiritual emotion." And this soul a few friends saw.

I have referred above to Symonds' comparison of Jowett with Socrates; another pupil, wishing at the time of Jowett's death to express his feelings towards his teacher, could find no better words than those with which the *Phaedo* closes:

"Such was the end, Ehecrates, of our friend, concerning whom I may truly say that of all the men of his time whom I have known he was the wisest and justest and best."

These words would have rejoiced his heart.

MY TRIBUTE TO THE TEACHER

J. W. Crabtree, Secretary, National Education Association

There will be no moratorium on education. A moratorium on education would mean a moratorium on civilization. This is one of the reasons why teachers will continue the schools, pay or no pay. The nation, as it becomes aware of the services and sacrifices of teachers and of the great significance of their courage and farsightedness, will show the appreciation that it has shown to its soldiers who sacrificed their lives for their country.

In the crisis of the seventies, I was amazed, as a boy, at the sacrifices made by the pioneer teacher of that day. Since then, I have observed that whether in time of famine or in time of plenty, the teacher has lived not for self, but for the children and the community. I have noticed that the selfish man or woman seldom remains long in the profession.


When the terrible days of the World War came upon us, who led in food conservation? Who led in the sale of liberty bonds? Who led in collecting food, clothing, and funds for the Red Cross? Who kept the schools going, whether funds were available or not? And what of the teachers of today? They are serving in a worse crisis than ever before. Their responsibility is greater. Environment is more destructive in its effect on children. The teacher-load is almost doubled. In spite of all this, the teacher is again leading in welfare activities. There may be a delay in pay—a month or six months—or the pay may be

cut off for the year, yet the work of the school goes on!

Who is it that removes gloom from the lives of children who come from homes filled with sorrow and suffering because of the depression? Who is it that inspires children with courage and ambition? Who

teaches them to look forward to better days? Who is it that is saving civilization in these dark hours?

All honor, therefore, to the teacher of 1933! Your courage and your devotion stand out as the safeguard of our democracy and as the hope of the nation!



BOOKS

"LITERATURE IS EXPRESSION AND NOT INVENTION"— LEWISOHN

By this time, if you have indulged to any extent in the Russian literature we recommended in a recent issue, you have no doubt acquired a European viewpoint (to a certain degree) on morals, philosophy, and life in general. But you have hardly begun.

The most fertile field of literature in Europe since the Dark Ages has been France. It has by far a more substantial and prodigious background than any other country on the continent; it teems with a colorful and romantic history which astutely has been made permanent in its literature.

In order to acquire a perspective, it is necessary to glance back for a brief space to the sixteenth century when François Rabelais became such an emblazoned figure. There followed in rapid succession Montaigne, Pascal, Racine, Molière, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau. Here we shall pause a little longer to remind you of Honoré de Balzac (1799-1850), whose "Père Goriot" is a classic story of a lovable old man and his two selfish and arrogant daughters. He was a realist, a describer of nature and life as it actually appears. Victor Hugo (1802-1885), whose "Notre Dame de Paris" is thought by many to be the world's greatest novel, and Alexander Dumas (1803-1870), best known for his "Three Musketeers," belong

to the Romanticist group.

And now, to begin in earnest, we present a contemporary of those just mentioned, Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804-1869). He was one of the most brilliant French essayists. It has been said of him that he was the keenest and greatest master of criticism in world literature. He was a clear-sighted and generous advocate of literary freedom. Shortly after he had begun to write in 1827, one of the most significant events in his life occurred—his meeting with Victor Hugo, and his love affair with the latter's wife.

He fashioned many brief biographies, some poetry and a novel; then began his "Les Causeries du Lundi" (Monday Chats), in a newspaper about 1850. He completed them in fifteen volumes. Here we find his best writings, his essays. He continued these journalistic bits in thirteen volumes entitled "Nouveaux Lundis" (New Monday Chats), until his death. All told he produced not far from one hundred volumes during his career.

It was Sainte-Beuve who made criticism a fine art, flourishing with exactness and precision—the result of years of research and profound erudition. His style grew along with his rapid writing and never once was it necessary for him to sacrifice thought to mere beauty in prose. His style was an inevitable outgrowth — spontaneous and

without effort. He never found it necessary to correct anything he wrote, for his improvement was unfaltering.

He said of himself: "I analyze, I botanize. I am a naturalist of minds. What I would fain create is literary natural history." It is far from easy to compose critical works and at the same time produce them with an attractive style that is quite as fascinating to peruse as one of Anatole France's novels. Sainte-Beuve is, and will no doubt always be, the epitome toward which all critics strive—a genius and a master of the first order.

France seemed to shine resplendent and actually pour out art on all sides during the florid nineteenth century. There are countless names with whom you should become familiar. It is not an easy task to select the most prominent of the period. With the exception of a few, each one selected for this paper depicted some different form or style of letters for which he became famous.

There has never been anyone quite like Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867) as a writer of analytical power and emotional expression. He is known throughout the world as the Edgar Allan Poe of France, because of the pronounced influence the American writer had upon him. All that Baudelaire ever wrote has been compiled in one tiny volume entitled "Poems and Prose." Every fragment is a study in moods, imaginary to extremes and obviously produced by a far-seeing mind. There is a certain richness and sensuality that is distinctly evident, told in exquisite language.

Baudelaire was of the Decadent School. He mourned the corrosion of the body with the deepest sorrow and did not concern himself with the soul, which he painted as ugly. Victor Hugo after reading two of the poems, wrote to Baudelaire: "You have dowered the heaven of art with one knows not what deathly gleam; you have created a new shudder!" The phrase became fa-

mous and for years afterwards succeeding writers tried their best to "create a shudder." But long since has the school of Decadence and Aestheticism been buried and the great movement of Symbolism has taken its place. In almost every phrase of his poetic prose, Baudelaire runs the gamut of emotions, sometimes reverently sublime and other times nefarious and unpleasant, as in his famous poem, "The Corpse." Many of his sonnets are particularly beautiful and expel a mystical and opiated philosophy that at times might cause his readers to consider him a literary curiosity. Baudelaire should be attacked with a healthy mind and a healthy imagination; it would be foolish snobbery to ignore such a compelling figure.

Recently we told you of Turgenev, the great Russian, whose primary purpose in writing was perfection of style; he was a friend and contemporary of one Gustave Flaubert, both being of the same school.

It was the year 1856, Mid-Victorian and snobbishly dignified. Paris had received a shock! A novel had been published that was an audacious attack upon the morals and manners of the hypocritical society of that period. Even the great Thackeray with all his wit and satire had not dared to lay open the seamy side of that proper and conservative age of superficiality. But Flaubert had done it, and his name was whispered with ignominy and horror. Steps were taken to suppress the book. But there were some who dared to secrete copies into their homes and become enraptured of the fragile beauty and the tragically magnificent "Madame Bovary." Time elapsed. Eventually the book took its high place in spite of obstacles. It made refulgent the name of Flaubert.

Emma Bovary has come down to us as one of the most famous women in fiction. She is human, with all the warmth and weaknesses that make people what they are; but she, like so many others, found herself her own

enemy. From the very beginning of her clandestine affair with Rudolph, she was catapulted downward, a victim of indiscretions, and in the end, suicide. It seems doubly tragic when we find that she realizes Rudolph has never loved her at all, and through her own foolishness and lack of will-power she had ruined her husband, her child, and herself. She had dared to defy convention and unluckily suffered ill consequences.

The unfaltering flow of the lyric prose is difficult to match in any language, for Flaubert succeeded grandly in his purpose, to create a work of exquisite and perfect style. He had a deep contempt for vanity, great creative force, that gave each word a distinct place and never made his writing suffer by the inclusion of any hackneyed or meaningless phrases.

Flaubert wrote other works, among which are "Salambo" and "The Temptations of St. Anthony." He is by far one of the greatest writers to whom France can lay claim.

One who stands his ground bravely with those flourishing during this period is Ernest Renan (1823-1892). He was an advocate of positivism, which was a French philosophical and religious system originated by Auguste Comte (1798-1857) called also Comtism and the religion of humanity.

Small wonder then that Renan's "Vie de Jesus" (Life of Jesus) was such a sensation. It brought upon its author's name a veritable storm of rage and calumny, almost unendurable. He suffered the loss of his professorship in the College de France, together with numerous penalties, yet at the same time he became one of the most celebrated men in the world. He treated Jesus as a figure of history as he would any other famous person. It was the story of a Jewish young man who lived, preached, suffered, made mistakes, performed courageous deeds, said foolish as well as wise things

and performed only the wonders of a truly great and valiant soul.

Renan beside being an expert stylist was a true scholar who had made imperishable achievements in the field of learning.

There has been a deluge of biographies of Jesus since Renan's but his alone stands the test above them all and can easily be termed one of the few sincere documents of the Great Teacher and Philosopher.

It is to men like Renan that all our gratitude is expressed. He too, like his predecessors, helped throw open the portals of reform in thinking. Few people had ever before dared to question church dogmas or the character of Jesus of Nazareth, but when Renan thrust forth his publication as a criticism of the New Testament, the effect stirred and angered both church and public, for it was written in such a manner as to be comprehensible to everyone. The book is beautifully worded and resounds with veracity and artistry.

France continued to be experimental and pour forth liberalism. The day was yet to dawn when stiffness and stuffiness would disappear, but it was rapidly approaching.

No doubt the book of Alphonse Daudet's (1840-1897) that you will want to read for its agitating essence and beauty of youthful abandon is his widely known "Sapho"—the story of a modern courtesan, and a striking picture of life in the Montmartre section of Paris—especially among the artists. The character of Sapho stands firmly beside those of Becky Sharp, Manon Lescault, and Emma Bovary.

Daudet's struggle was not so difficult as might be supposed. It is the old story of the author who began practically penniless, but with the aid of his brother who shared his meagre finances, and the friendship of influential people he succeeded.

He has become an artist of no little repute and has contributed a lasting share to the art of expression.

The great day broke when Emile Zola (1840-1900) presented "La Debacle" (The Downfall) to an already breathless reading public. He had no consideration regarding whether or not the public would accept him, and each piece of work was characterized by methodical systematization. He introduced naturalism which went one step farther than realism; it was realism with something else added, and that indefinable something made it almost disagreeable. But Zola was experimental, observing and bringing forth facts; he rejuvenated the old form of novel. He exaggerated nature in every respect and defined this as "adding the personal expression to the sense of the real." He went beyond his bounds in further manifesting the ugly, trivial, and hideous, for the odious and horrible, which often makes his works nauseating and unpleasant.

"La Debacle" is a gruesome example which almost becomes a frightful nightmare, a phantasmagoria dripping with blood and stained with corruption. It left completely isolated, all beauty and finish. It launched itself in the form of maddening reality, cutting deep gashes, torturing and painful. It ripped open the brutality and repulsiveness of war—the uselessness of the eternal conflict between man and man. Its range was sweepingly dramatic, pathetically agitating and frantic. It was something new and shocking; it was accompanied by the realization of the devastation and stupidity of war; it neglected all morals and manners, preciseness and decorum. Its characters breathed with the sufferings of subsistence and the endurances of living. No stiffness or lyric quality is even touched, nothing but red blood, surging deep and strong. It is by no means perfect in every sense; it is as we have said before—experimental. It was Zola's experimentalism that made him firm and massive. Naturalism as he interpreted it has vanished, but its effect is plainly visi-

ble in many writers since that time, who are in a number of respects more agreeable to read but who lean far away from Zola in greatness.

Zola was a type between the classic and romantic, and he remains valuable for his merits of composition and imagination.

Anatole France (1844-1924) wrote with perhaps more careful elaboration and polish than any of those who were before him with the exception of Flaubert. His edifying philosophy derived from Montaigne and Renan is alone of great value to its readers, and his thoughts are finely textured and durable, fitting into any age and era.

What is considered by many to be his most charming and lovable story is "The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard," which relates the affection of an old man for the daughter of his boyhood sweetheart. It is told with lyric restraint and grace, and does things to your inner being. This is another that you should not fail to read. Two more of his famous creations are "Penguin Island" and "Thaïs." If you ignore this great satirist and stylist, you will leave a wide gap in your intellectual and literary pursuits.

Then there were the Impressionists, one of the best of whom was Pierre Loti (1850-1923), whose real name was Louis Marie Julien Viaud. He spent the years of his youth serving in the French navy, and his voyages to the Pacific unquestionably gave him his love for the exotic which he brings forth so admirably in his works.

He published his first story in 1876, and then produced his poetic and dreamy piece of impressionism, "An Iceland Fisherman." But he is known to the great majority for "Madame Chrysantheme," a work of fragmentary beauty written in diary form, rich with the color of the Orient. His prose is naïve and clear, and his sketches infuse a warmth and sympathy for the strangers in far-off countries. The descriptions are deli-

cately carved like rare lotus blossoms, each flowering differently yet all springing from the same root and combining in a large and cameo-like cluster. He merely touches with a lightness and gentility all that he speaks of and completes his thoughts intelligently. There is nothing deep or ponderous in anything he wrote, but you can hardly spend a more enjoyable and worthwhile few hours than perusing his books. His importance in the world of French letters is without question.

We could continue and tell you more and more about important writers of France, but there are two modern figures who deserve attention and a high place for their meritorious efforts. The first is Romain Rolland who is still living and writing and has composed countless tomes. His greatest is "Jean Christophe," the story of a musician of genius. It is in ten books included in three volumes: Jean Christophe, Jean Christophe à Paris and La Fin Du Voyage. This great character contained many of the qualities of Beethoven whom Rolland continually had in mind while writing the story. He says that he has been extremely influenced by Wagner, Tolstoy and Shakespeare. His writings still flourish, and he continues to produce work of exceptional quality.

The second literary figure is Edmond Rostand (1868-1918) whose "Cyrano de Bergerac" began a revival of the romantic drama in 1897. He was the son of a prominent Marseilles journalist and economist. The first play he ever wrote (which contrary to the general rule was a success) was "Les Romanesques" (The Romancers). This play is perhaps the one with which most of us are familiar, either having seen or participated in amateur productions of it.

One of his best-loved and best-written dramas, "Cyrano de Bergerac"—a heroic comedy, roused the public to demand more of this kind of thing. The play which

makes splendid reading, contains a copious supply of chivalry, love and the spirit of the years following those of knighthood. Some critics have credited the lyric beauty of the blank verse as coming near to that of Shakespeare. The atmosphere is entrancing and captivating; it will propel you back into the romantic days when ladies leaned over their balconies to lend an ear to their lover's sonnets; when minstrels roamed the streets and the theatre was in its early stages. "Cyrano" awoke the people not for a brief spell, as so many dramas do, but it is still with us, undoubtedly to remain. What better proof than this is there of a work of art? You'll read the play, and no doubt re-read it, for it is such that it can stand perusal time and again.

In the meantime, for the usual respites, the following modern publications may meet with your approval:

John Galsworthy's—"Flowering Wilderness."

Mary Austin's—"Autobiography."

Burton Rascoe's—"Titans of Literature."

W. Somerset Maugham's—"The Narrow Corner."

Ernest Hemingway's—"Death in the Afternoon."

William Faulkner's—"Light in August."

Violet Hunt's—"Wife of Rossetti."

FRED B. HUTCHINS, '33

**NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE
STUDY OF EDUCATION
1933 YEARBOOK**

Reviewed by Professor Eugene Tuttle

The annual publication of the National Society for the Study of Education is entitled "The Teaching of Geography" and is the result of extensive study and research by a committee of seven nationally prominent geographers, members of the society. Among these is Professor Robert M. Brown of our college faculty. Studies contributed

by forty-four specialists in geography throughout the country make the book national in scope. Among these contributors is Miss Mary T. Thorp of the faculty of the Henry Barnard School.

In consideration of the diversity of material and points of view which would naturally result from such a wide range of contributions, the volume has been remarkably well unified by the committee, under the direction of the chairman, Professor A. E. Parkins of George Peabody College for Teachers.

The proposition for such a volume was made in 1924 but was delayed because of complications caused by strong tendencies to transfer geography to other branches of the curriculum. This situation is the result of so-called fusion of some subjects and the creation of a new subject called social science. It is natural that the specialists in the subjects of the fusion are not friendly to the proposition to submerge their subjects in any such combination, and thus to lose the identity of the several subjects which have had prominent places as major units in the curriculum. The uncertainty relative to the fusion idea apparently diminished, and in 1930 the Society arranged for the study to be made and the Yearbook to be published. The case is well summarized by Professor Brown in Chapter XII. He says: "The contribution of the historian cannot displace the contribution of the geographer, but the facts of history may be made to aid the contribution of the geographer."

According to Dr. Parkins, the yearbook is not intended to be a ready reference for devices and short-cut methods. Large and important aspects of the teaching of geography, ranging from elementary schools through college, are discussed by specialists in the several fields. No revolutionary development is apparent in any of the contributions. The problem of one-or-two-

cycle handling of subject matter is scarcely mentioned, although this appears to be a conspicuous question for the textbook publishing houses. Organization of subject matter in the form of units and the idea of unit mastery is implied by the illustrations used in the discussions, but no section is devoted specifically to this important phase of the organization of the subject and the technique of teaching.

Considerable attention is given in two chapters to a recent development of so-called levels of complexity in the teaching of the subject. These levels correspond closely to the age or grade of pupils, and the higher levels are suitable for secondary school and college classes. The importance of geography as a subject for college classes is discussed in two contributions in which it is made clear that the subject gives a practical basis for a more intelligent understanding of human relations and economic problems from a world point of view, a generally recognized need for the young people of today who soon will be directing the affairs of nations in business and government. It is indispensable as a background for the interpretation of history, political science, sociology and literature. It is stated that eighty per cent of American colleges have courses in geography for both cultural and practical values.

Chapter I is of general interest. It gives a brief review of the history or evolution of the textbooks which have been prominent in schools for over one hundred years. Such names as Warren, Swinton, Harper, Frye, Tarr and McMurray are familiar to earlier generations and even today some of these names are prominent in the field of geography. Also of general interest is the extensive place and importance of geography in commerce, industry and government described in chapters V and VI. Trained geographers are found employed in nearly all public and private enterprises of con-

siderable size and importance. Geographers have extensive duties at Washington in the national government, in the Departments of State, Commerce, Agriculture, Interior and in the countless bureaus and subordinate offices. Such practical fields for the professional geographer emphasize the desirability for intensive and broad courses in the subject in both the public schools and institutions of higher learning.

Of particular interest to the classroom teachers might be mentioned the lists of references and textbooks in Chapters XXVI and XXVII and the studies of specific classroom exercises in Chapters XXIX and XXX. These studies not only show results obtained in the experiments and investigations but are suggestive of devices, exercises and materials that may be used to good advantage and give warnings of processes that should be avoided. Among the topics discussed in these chapters are some which will bring surprise because of the very simplicity which has been taken for granted in the usual classroom procedure.

Common errors in understanding the vocabulary; e. g., glacier, plateau, ocean currents, etc., and also difficulties in reading maps and graphs are considered in four sections with many suggestions stated and implied. The study by Miss Thorp in Chapter XXIX is suggestive of devices and materials to use and concludes with a table indicating grades in which the several subjects should be stressed. This chapter is also important in its recognition of drill as a specific feature in the teaching of geography, as noted in the table just mentioned. The use of pictures, field trips, museum and radio, with sample results that may be expected, receive brief attention. These chapters are well worth careful reading by classroom teachers.

The volume is in general valuable (1) as a source of suggestive material for research or study by specialists in geography, (2) as a basis for organization of courses of study and (3) as a collection of miscellaneous suggestions for supervisors and classroom teachers.

VOX STUDENTI

COIFFURES

Someone once said that a woman's crowning glory is her hair but to me it is a crowning trouble. The baby with his fuzzy tuft of hair does not realize the satisfaction fond parents enjoy when his down lengthens into stringy silk or rambling ringlets. Then there is the little girl doted on by a loving grandmother, who insists on darling's hair being combed back and held taut by a grasping bow, perched right on top of the head. What a contrast to the Dutch cut, with its neat row of bangs across the forehead.

Little boys and girls grow into young women and young men. How they change!

No grandmother now can tie up the errant locks. The hairdresser cuts and curls, dips and swirls until the result is a decided improvement on the cause. Straight strands are gently coaxing or firmly pushed to lie in shining waves close to the head.

Wiry curlers, applied during the nocturnal season to hug the hair while my lady sleeps, transforms her into a crinkly, curly-headed person, when morning rolls around. What patience is needed, however, when the much-wired head sinks into the soft pillow, only to jerk up again while an unruly curler pokes into the back of a tortured ear. But tomorrow, little curls will peep out from under that special hat, like

tender little shoots edging up through the earth.

So youth gaily parts one way, then another, but alas, for maturity. Men who once had difficulty in keeping the hair pressed down, now have difficulty in keeping it on the head at all. Bit by bit, it recedes gently from the forehead and a turnip-like surface appears. But what nobility this gives to man, for is not a high forehead a sign of intelligence?

One sees a quiet, aged woman with rapidly thinning grey strands, calmly viewing the changing styles with a diffident eye, because she knows that she will never change with them.

Thus life goes on, with boyish bobs, long bobs, madonna-like coiffures and many kinds which have no set name. Each type suits someone somewhere. As an author once said, "Here today and gone tomorrow," so we may say of the hair today, "Haircut tomorrow."

ELIZABETH F. SPENCER, '33

COMRADE

Success seemed imminent. The youthful fervor and enthusiasm which had won the plaudits of the critics for his first, immature book were continued, and additional time and care in rewriting had eliminated the literary weaknesses so noticeable in his earlier efforts. His few friends who had been permitted to read the author's proofs agreed that it would be the most amazing and effectual book of the year. True, the monetary return would most probably be inconsiderable (the class of readers for which it was written and the attendant inexpensive production making the likelihood of profit negligible), but the effect in stirring the American people—the working class—to a more complete realization of their economic and social condition under the capitalistic system was certain to be extraordinary. The dramatic and figurative representation of the

need of a complete and immediate Communist régime had been cleverly calculated to arouse the laborers to action. The heavy, remote logic by which the radical principles were proved sound and inevitable promised to appeal most eloquently to the rationality of the readers. Finally, the optimistic description of the future America, a socialistic Utopia, could not but persuade even the most obdurate that revolutionary change was not only necessary but decidedly desirable as an act of patriotism. The author's strong belief in Communism, his willingness to sacrifice everything for the cause, radiated from every page of the text and were forcibly expressed in the final paragraph, combining a eulogy of the equal comrades of the future and a typical diatribe against the present-day capitalist.

And now, this—just a week before the book was scheduled to go to the press. The final proofs had been read, a few last changes in quality of stock had been made, arrangements for distribution and sale were in order—and to interrupt all, this perplexing message from the publisher. What could it mean?

The youthful litterateur waited nervously, speaking anxiously with the friend who had accompanied him. What could have happened? Had there been a legal interdict against the publication of the work? Money could do everything, even that. Did the publisher fear he wouldn't be paid, or was he afraid of loss in future orders? No, that was absurd. It seemed the appointed time would never come. But yes, there, the door was opening. Would he please step into the office? His friend, too? But—yes, yes, of course.

The publisher seemed very happy to renew their acquaintance. His apologies for the delay were profuse; he trusted the gentlemen were quite well; would they care for cigars? Quite evidently he was about to make a proposition in some way beneficial to

himself. Accordingly, the nervous youth challenged him directly. The proposition was simple enough. The book was ready for the press, and work would go on as scheduled unless the offer was accepted. The offer was that of an important member of the firm who, chancing to glance through the final proofs, had realized the possibilities of the theme in its present form as well as on the stage and screen if properly capitalized. He wished to buy—to the extent of eighty thousand dollars and a share in the royalties. The publisher suggested immediate acceptance, pointing out that otherwise the book could not possibly make money. It was an unusual opportunity for a young writer.

The effect of the announcement was but to increase the youth's already intense emotional state. At first, pride and joy in success obliterated the real vital problem calling for his solution. The sharp demand for an answer, however, made the dilemma clearly apparent to him. Still he hesitated, nervously pacing the floor; seeking anxiously not so much for words to express himself but for a definite decision to clothe with those words. He sought more time by arguing that he was a Communist first; a writer seeking literary opportunities, second. The publisher countered by suggesting that he could accept and still be a good Communist, but he failed to convince even himself. The argument that capitalism might not be so obnoxious to the young man with an eighty-thousand-dollar bank account was a little more appealing.

The boy was struggling as perhaps he never might be forced to fight again. The value of the offer was not lost on him; he could envision only too clearly in his present state the advantages of that money. But his ideals, his life work, his principles, his friendships—all shattered. It was difficult.

"No," he cried at last, "I can't do it. It would be a sacrilege, I tell you, a sacrilege.

Every man must have some principles, some religious tenets which he holds inviolate, to which he must be loyal. Mine are those of the 'cause' and I can't betray them." His boasts of how he would act in just such a situation came back to him together with a realization of the enormity of his decision. "Why, I'd—I'd be actually capitalizing on Communism," he concluded.

"And why not?" broke in his friend. "Do you forget the words of Ibsen?" His levity was unnoticed.

The publisher eagerly noting the insincerity of the youth's answer pressed his advantage. He presented his case assiduously, playing upon the natural appeal of the offer, showing how the money would help overcome any prejudices, estimating the size of the royalties. The attempts at refutation became more scarce and tended towards the monosyllabic as the argument became more and more persuasive. Finally, the executive concluded with a flattering appeal to the boy's vanity. Surely the lad possessed literary genius—and where in the Communist state could that be properly fostered! Only by accepting this opportunity could he hope to realize the immense possibilities in the field of literature which lay before him.

The boy still demurred. He attempted to justify himself by a defense of his principles.

His opponent interrupted, "I shan't waste time discussing the worth of Communism with you." He seemed irritated by the boy's obstinacy. "The fact that you, one of its leaders and strongest members, hesitate like this to make such a decision, fundamental to your theory, should point out to you the futility of such an unnatural scheme of government." The resounding rap of his knuckles on the desk indicated the finality of his trump.

It proved sufficient. The youth stood a moment longer facing the man and then

went to the other side of the room where he dropped into a chair, allowing his head to fall upon his arms on a desk. The publisher rubbed his hands together joyfully, beaming with the air of one who felicitates himself on striking a happy bargain. The friend no longer wondered who the interested third party might be. The boy at the desk raised his head, still hesitant, as an ironic smile waited in his friend's eyes.

CHARLES B. WILLARD, '34

ON THE FUTILITY OF ACQUIRING A VOCABULARY

O Muses, what mockery is in your inviting smiles; what unhappiness and grief attend your train, bearing woe unto your faithful followers! Many and long were the nights I spent in pursuing your divers paths with the will-o-the-wisp of final attainment and mastery flitting before me. Of what avail all this effort? How weak and useless are my arguments, carefully couched in Ciceronian phrases, before the devastating colloquialism of my sister's "O yeah!"

Indeed, even the Homeric adjectives, realistic onomatopoeias, and vague metaphors of the *Odyssey* in all their dactyllic solemnity quail before the simple, expressive slang of youth. How empty seems my high-sounding appreciation of the beauties of a sylvan sunset, when my younger companion sits down on a stump and sighs, "Gee, ain't it swell!" My eulogy becomes an elegy.

All this I might endure. My spirit might rise even from these crushing blows with its customary elasticity. I might try to justify my bombastic utterances and continue in my search for new expressions and strange words had not my pet pursuit and hobby been blasted by the heartless gangster. Ah, yes! He has undermined our cities, corrupted our government, stolen our last vestige of self-respect and now—now he has taken from me the pride and joy in the art of coining curses. The most cleverly de-

vised of Shakespeare's oaths, even if combined with Xenophon's most impious revilement, pales and loses force if compared with Louis Beretti's "You chiseler." Why even now as I give vent to my grief, in thus promulgating my esoteric cogitations, I hear the mocking echo of my brother's voice—"What am I supposed to do, break out with the measles?"

DANIEL H. O'GRADY, '35

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF RECREATION

Recreation is defined as a diversion, a refreshment. One can see from this definition that recreation involves a new experience, one in which different stimuli will result in different responses. It is a change needed in one's life to make it a happier and more joyous one, and to unfold the irregular loops of its path.

One needs recreation in life because without it he would become a machine. It helps him to forget that which has already been experienced and enables him to refresh his mind for that which is to come. It is often remarked that one does not want to forget certain things of his past life. The forgetting which is done by means of recreation is not a complete forgetting so that one will no longer recall the experience, but is simply a forgetting for the moment. When one engages in genuine recreation, he has no aim to achieve. There is no definite goal to attain. Those surroundings and that atmosphere needed for the success of some project are not characteristics of recreation. The atmosphere is light; the surroundings are novel. With these provisions, the mind is in a state of rest.

The change, which allows that part of the brain which has been constantly working to produce an end, permits one to divert his attention to an experience of an entirely different nature. This experience is one that requires less mental effort. It has the

nature of a habit which is more or less mechanical. It is not so tense and does not call for serious concentration. Thus, recreation affords a period of rest, comfort, and joy.

One should always allow himself time for recreation, because it will give him new

energy with which to go about his work. It will create for him a new aspect toward that which he is to accomplish in his life's work. His mind will be free from all false perceptions and will function more freely through that path to which it is directed.

ELIZABETH M. MERLUZZO, '36

EDITORIALS

A CRYING NEED

"We must all hang together or we'll hang separately"—"United we stand, divided we fall"—these sayings are significant catch phrases used during important crises in our American history, but their use and truth are directly applicable to every-day situations.

Be it a country's welfare, a business venture, or a college function, its success depends on the degree of coöperation it receives from the parts of the whole. The peak of success was never reached with dissension in the ranks. All of us are able to see this with startling vividness on an international or even national scale, but when it comes to narrowing it down to a more immediate unit, it is beyond our power to place it within our scope.

Many an undertaking of one nature or another has gone down to utter failure because we've been too willing to say "That sort of thing never works here," rather than "What have I done to help it to success?" A change in attitude is a vitally needed thing.

Of course, a degree of altruism is necessary, because certain things needs must be sacrificed for the good of the whole. This sacrifice fades into nothingness in view of the fruits of the labors, however. This spirit in many colleges seems to come with

the receipt for the first-term tuition bill. Why is it, then, that we of this College, who have so much given to us, cannot find it in our hearts to give such a comparatively small return of hearty support. After all, a fair give-and-take is far more gratifying as an outcome than an eternal taking and never giving.

Let us not be forever on the defensive. Let us approach every new undertaking with open minds and willing spirits. Let us look back of the thing and see that its failure is often due not to its inferior nature, but to our attitude toward it. Let us start today to give a little more of ourselves for the good of the whole college, and not leave it to the few whose load is already too heavy to bear.

WHY COULDN'T WE?

Being members of a progressive college, we are continually on the lookout for new ideas as to how to expand our student activities, increase our finances, and provide more and better means of social entertainment for our students. Our dramatic productions and dances have helped greatly in attaining these ends, but what we need now is something new and different, something that we have never tried before, something that would claim the interest of every student in the college. Why couldn't we have a Stunt Night? Other colleges have experi-

mented with this idea, and it has become a college tradition. Traditions are what make college life interesting, and we need more of them.

Now, how to go about such a plan?

We have ten clubs in the college. Each club could work out one stunt of its own that would take about fifteen minutes to present. Through the Student Council, a date would be set aside as Stunt Night, and on that evening each club would present its own stunt. To handle all details, a central committee, consisting of one member from each organization, could be elected. As competition provides for further interest and a livelier spirit of excitement, the events of Stunt Night could be in the form of a contest judged on originality, presentation, and entertainment. A small fee of fifteen cents could be charged for admission. For what worthier cause could this be contributed than to replenish the treasury of the Athletic Council?

College Stunt Night? Why can't we have one?

DOROTHY H. KING, '33.

ANSWER TO PROPOSAL

It would be a decided retrogression, not an improvement, if the format of THE ANCHOR were to be changed from the present booklet to a four-page, newspaper set-up. The following points should be considered carefully by the staff of our paper before any change whatever is made:

1. When other colleges of our professional type can have magazines costing twenty-five cents an issue, having no advertisements, enjoying the support of their student bodies, why should we have to change our magazine into a newspaper in order to get the support of the student body?

2. The price of a single copy could never be changed to five cents an issue as was

suggested in the proposal, and even if it could the number of subscribers would not increase so as to be felt in any marked degree. Thus, the change would not improve the financial condition of THE ANCHOR.

3. The number of issues might be increased from four per year to ten or fifteen per year, but after working so hard to make our publication a better magazine, why should we suddenly change it into a newspaper?

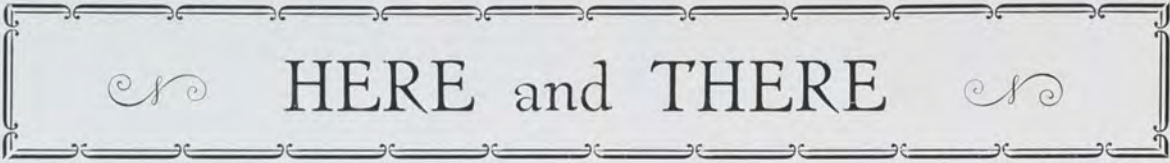
4. We have made THE ANCHOR grow, and, to quote what Dr. Alger said last June, "At last we have grown up." We are now "twenty-one." Why, after reaching maturity, at the cost of a great deal of work, should we return to childhood?

5. Because of more frequent publication we might have articles of more timely appeal and greater interest, but the excellent literary work submitted by the students would no longer be needed and our contributors would lose, not only the incentive for writing, but also the accomplishments which they have already gained through writing.

6. It is interesting to be able to say that of all the magazines and papers received from other colleges, it is only the magazines that are examined. Many of the newspapers do not appeal because of the poor appearance they make even though they contain very excellent material. The same would be true of a paper published by Rhode Island College of Education.

The proposal made in the last ANCHOR would be an excellent one if we could support both a literary magazine and a newspaper. Since this is impossible at present, the matter should be dropped until some other time when we may be able to finance both. As it stands, the proposal means the lowering of the standard that we have worked so hard to obtain.

LAURA M. BYE, '35



HERE and THERE

TRIBUTE TO PADEREWSKI

Infantry Hall—a fluttering of programs and the low, expectant murmur of voices—“tuxedoed” ushers dashing in and out among the crowds while evening gown brushes against ordinary cloth coat.

Young and old were surging into the hall—the young, wearing a look of excited expectancy—the old, with a different sort of reflective anticipation—that of a glorious repetition of past performances. All were waiting for one thing—the appearance of a great artist.

Suddenly the prevailing restlessness ceased. Then amid a tumultuous burst of applause, the audience rose to pay tribute to one of the greatest musicians of the time—Ignace J. Paderewski.

The lithe old man bowed graciously in acknowledgment, seated himself at his instrument, and with great precision started to play.

It is said that Paderewski played as never before. Although lacking in accuracy, he amply offset this by the great artistry which was revealed in his work.

The well-known “Moonlight Sonata” was conveyed to us just as the composer would have wished it—now with a soft, mellow tone—that of a man who had lived long enough to look back upon life and to give thought—now, with the vigor and joyousness of youth that persisted in spite of the years.

The audience sat spellbound, appreciating to the fullest extent the small details of finish necessary to the great artist, and the color and animation with which he played—an animation tempered by that reserve which comes with long experience.

The most impressive thing, however, was the great sincerity and apparent love for the classics with which he played, and the fact that such a great personality was revealed through his performance. It was not only the work of a great musician, but that of a great man, and the greatest tribute that can be paid to a man is a tribute to his manliness.

ELIZABETH MCGUIRE, '36

EAST PROVIDENCE HONORED

East Providence High School gained permanent possession of the Rhode Island College of Education Dramatic League Debating Cup when it closed its third victorious season recently, its negative team having defeated Hope High and the affirmative defeating Central.

Each high school in the contest entered an affirmative team and a negative team to debate the question, “Resolved, that the United States should cancel the war debts contracted with our allies.” In the seven years during which our dramatic league has sponsored these interscholastic debates, the cup has been won once by West Warwick and once by Central Falls, twice by Hope and three times by East Providence.

In the six contests in which the East Providence teams participated this season, the decisions of the judges were unanimous. The affirmative side was upheld by Harry Woodbury and Miss Betty Bourne with Arnold Briggs as alternate, while Miss Belinda Taylor and Albert Paine with Edmund Barker as alternate represented the negative. To these boys and girls we extend our hearty congratulations.

E. ROSS, '33

ART CLUB EXHIBIT

The Art Club, one of Rhode Island's most interesting institutions, situated in the heart of old Providence, was the setting of an exhibition of artistic conceptions by four contemporary members of the club. Miss Anna F. Carmody's contributions were in oils and water colors, while Miss Frances C. Crumb featured canvases done in oils. One of Miss Crumb's canvases which I found particularly appealing was entitled "Cats." Three gray cats, each showing the graceful, yet powerful lines of the cat, were blended into the picture against a foreground of bright rug and a background of green shading to purple, the hills in the distance assuming the same property of curvature which was formerly seen in the curves and humps of the cats' sleekness. Miss Bernice E. Jamieson presented a rather varied group of water colors, lithograph drawings, oils, tempera colors, and block prints. A fairly large percent of Miss Jamieson's lithograph drawings had Old Quebec as the subject.

The fourth, and to us at the College of Education, the most important of these modern artists, is Miss Lillian E. Swan, who presented two groups: one in oils; the other, a group of four compositions in water colors. Five of her canvases particularly interested me: "Poinsetta"; "Calendulas"; "Lilies"; "Self-portrait," a remarkable likeness of the artist done in the light and bright colors so necessary to her blond type; and "Francis," a portrait, as I afterward learned, drawn entirely from memory, depicting Frances Crumb, one of the artists also exhibiting in this group.

As I rambled through the galleries, I met our artist-teacher herself and after greeting each other, she accompanied me on the tour around the galleries and explained to me the various technicalities of the canvases.

Permit me to digress for a moment and

return to my previous theme—the subjects of the canvases done by Miss Swan—and to compare the technical steps used in creating "Calendulas" with those used in "Lilies". Calendulas, as we know, are composite flowers, each part a tiny flower. In creating the background for these flowers, the artist made use of tiny little brush strokes that carried out the scheme which nature gave to the flowers themselves. Consider now the lily, a flower constructed entirely in a different manner and requiring a different treatment. In her canvas entitled "Lilies," the artist makes use of lights and shades to bring about the desired effect. While discussing the block prints of Miss Jamieson with Miss Swan, she acquainted me with the fact that Miss Jamieson is one of three Rhode Islanders whose prints have found their way into the group of prints, selected from over ten thousand and entitled, "Fifty Prints of the Year." The other two from Rhode Island are Miss Gladys Wilkins and Miss Eliza Gardiner.

Miss Swan is, of course, a member of the Club, and through her company I was able to see the fascinating old place. The upper part of the clubhouse, consisting of the galleries, is open to the public, but the remainder of the building is for members only. Along with the galleries on the upper story, we find sitting rooms for members only, but the truly fascinating part of the Club is the lower floor. First I visited the green room. This rather long room had in its very center, a huge and decidedly inviting fireplace to sit by, in the most comfortable of rockers. Three or four of the Club members were seated around the fire with embers glowing in the grate and giving just the right atmosphere in which to drink tea and talk. Tea, I understood, is served every afternoon at four for any member who wishes to partake of it. The green room gave into the dining room—this done on

blue, with blue and white check table cloths, each table being laid for four. Around the room were silhouettes of various members of the Club. From that room we went to a small room, quite different from any of the others, known as the cabaret. There, too, was a fireplace, and beside it a closet containing glasses of every size. From the ceiling were suspended bottles, empty, to be sure, some encased in wicker and others not so, each one heavily laden with dust and giving to the room the atmosphere of a cabaret of Old France. Around the walls of this room are silhouettes of members of the Club of the older groups.

I ventured to press my guide and friend, Miss Swan, for a personal interview. In the course of the interview she told me that the exhibitors were a group of experimental artists who did not aim to draw nature photographically. In other words, their aim is to subjectize nature, not objectize it. She said, "Art is created by making use of line, mass, color, and space until a synthesized and plastic unity results. The artist may then be said to have created plastic form." In speaking of the criticism given by the Providence Journal, which read as follows: "Miss Swan, energetic experimenter, turns to new problems of color relations. Painting in a high and intense key she manages some exciting if not altogether comfortable chords." Miss Swan said that to the layman this criticism might seem uncomplimentary, but she regarded it as a compliment, for according to Robert Henri in his book, "The Art Spirit," "An artist to be alive must be a disturbing, searching, and experimenting individual—always looking for the new but not discarding that of the old which is good."

That Saturday afternoon in February, 1933, will linger long in my memory as one of the most pleasant I have ever spent. There was rekindled in my spirit the spark

which has long been smouldering there—a love of art for art's sake.

FRANCES M. LYNCH, '33

CAVALCADE

"Cavalcade," a glorious, heart-rendingly beautiful picture of British family life, has met with unusual acclaim.

The Fox production of Noel Coward's London stage success was as appealing as though it had traced history back to the late nineties. The story is an exact repetition of events which actually transpired three thousand miles across the Atlantic. Noel Coward's rueful chronicle of the state of the empire in twentieth-century Britain, leaps from English stage to American screen with a success that can only be described as magnificent.

One of the climaxes of the picture is a scene in which it is announced to a London music hall audience that Mafeking in South Africa has been relieved. Another is supplied merely by the sight of a family watching sadly the funeral procession of Queen Victoria. These and other episodes result in a most thrilling screen drama.

Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook are ably supported and augmented by an all-British cast for this essentially British story. Some of the actors and actresses came from England to recreate their stage rôles in the screen version.

"Cavalcade" has to do with the Marryot family of London and their servants. The story takes us back to 1899-Boer War time. Robert Marryot is about to take leave of his charming wife and two small sons to fight the war in Africa. Downstairs, Alf, the butler, is also making plans for his departure. British women must be brave. Eventually the war is over, and both master and butler return safe and sound. The years elapse. "Alf," who has been a loving husband, has bought a "pub" and drinks the

profits. He is cruel to his wife and vicious to his little daughter, who is fast becoming accomplished in the art of dancing. "Alf" meets his death near his "pub" when trampled by fire-brigade horses.

More years elapse. Marryot is Sir Robert now—knighted for his gallantry in the Boer War. His son Edward marries a girl who had been his childhood chum. They begin a honeymoon—on the "Titanic." Then it is 1914. Father and younger son fight for England in the World War. Sir Robert comes out of it unscathed, but ironically enough the news of the son's death is received by his grief-stricken mother on the very day of the Armistice when Ellen, formerly the maid in the Marryot household, is visiting and telling Lady Marryot that her daughter, a famous actress and really beloved by the deceased Joie, is quite good enough for the Marryot scion.

Thus the story ends, with the ageing Marryots striving to face a new year and a new era with hopeful optimism.

LOUISE M. DUNN, '33

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

Carried back to the days of Shakespeare as if on a magic carpet, the audience was stirred by the splendid portrayal of *The Taming of the Shrew* by members of the Dramatic League, Wednesday and Thursday, March 22 and 23, last.

Both the costumes and settings, as well as the skill of the dramatization, were features which aided in the complete orientation of the audience.

Every member of the cast so lived his part and transferred that spirit to the rapt listeners, that between the curtain's rise and fall no sound except the excited breathing of some member of the audience living the part with the actor was to be heard.

Joseph Itchkawich, as Petruchio, and Helen McGill, as Katherina, both veterans in the dramatic field, playing opposite each

other in the leading rôles, gave forth just the spirit which Shakespeare must have desired in the actors of his day and age. Helen McGill, as the fiery, unconquerable shrew, finally bent to the will of the mighty, wily Petruchio, in most convincing manner.

The lines, from the leading part to the most subordinate part, were all well read and well dramatized, with no apparent prompting from the back stage area.

Lucy Rawlings, as Bianca, beautiful and agreeable, decidedly served as a contrast to the haughty and wilful "Kate."

Rosaline Gomes, one of our newer dramatic "finds," in the rôle of the dwarf, Biondello, awakened the knowledge of the audience to the truly great skill needed to portray such a part.

Hearty congratulations are extended to every member of the cast and to their patient, efficient, and hard-working director, Professor Adelaide Patterson, who is to be thanked for the success which all dramatic performances of the League of Rhode Island College of Education merit.

FRANCES M. LYNCH, '33

Dr. Alger attended the conventions of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association and the American Association of Teachers' Colleges, in Minneapolis, February 24 to March 1. Dr. Alger stated that the yearbook of "The National Society for the Study of Education," compiled by Professor Brown and a group of associates in that work, aroused an important question around which much discussion centered, "Shall we teach geography as a separate subject or should we combine it with history?" Dr. Charles H. Judd of Chicago was insistent that children synthesized better on comparatively narrow lines than on those involving more detail.

Dr. Alger was particularly interested in the meeting of the American Association of Teachers' Colleges. At this meeting a re-

port of a Commission authorized by the United States Government showed that there is a decided trend toward the growth of more teachers' colleges. At present there are one hundred thirty-nine state teachers' colleges and only fifty normal schools reporting to the United States Government. The report also stated that twenty of these colleges were restricting admission. This number, since then, has greatly increased. All New England colleges are now restricting admission. Our college was one of the first to take this step forward.

Another vital question was: "What shall be in the course of study?" The Commission reported that the first two years should be made up largely of required collegiate work and the last two years largely of work selected to meet the needs and interests of students preparing for special types of teaching. Our college has followed this plan very closely. There was a general approval of our plan of having two types of training. One for study and demonstration, and one for actual practice in teaching. There are still many teachers' colleges where the total number of children in the training schools is less than the number of students in the college.

Dr. Alger stated that there were many favorable comments on the name of our institution. The title of our degree was also stressed as being very appropriate. In many colleges the degree is still given as the Bachelor of Science or of Arts in Education.

One of the questions included in this year's report of an investigation was: "Were students refused admission on the basis of low scholarship?" The results of the investigation showed that in fifty-nine institutions students were refused admission on that basis. Seventy-eight said they were not, and five did not answer. Another question was: "Were students refused admission on the basis of speech defects?"

The response to this question showed that in forty institutions, students were refused admission on this basis. Sixty-five said they were not, and thirty-seven did not answer. In answer to the question: "Was admission regulated according to demand?" the results showed that in twenty institutions admission was regulated according to this basis, and one hundred eleven said it was not. Two did not answer, and in nine institutions it was partially regulated or under consideration.

Dr. Edward S. Evenden of Teachers College, Columbia University, who has been conducting the survey, reported that there are only two States that require for certification for teaching in any school, four years of college study, including a definite preparation for teaching. These two States are California and Rhode Island. There are still twenty-six States in which the minimum requirement for teaching is only one year beyond the high school. Some colleges are now giving three years of preparation for teaching following two years of junior college work, or five years in all beyond the high school, although this is not yet a definite requirement for a teacher's certificate.

It was also stated that the average education of teachers' college faculties was found to be fully equal to the average for other colleges.

HELEN C. SMITH, '33.

1. The Mississippi Bubble was a speculative device organized by John Law in Paris for paying off the national debt of France. Profit was to have been derived from the French possessions in North America. The "bursting of the bubble" caused the financial panic of 1720.

2. Foolscap is a writing paper, generally folded, 12 inches by 15 inches, to 12½ inches by 16 inches. It is called by this name because of its former watermark, the outline of a fool's head and cap.

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8		9	10	11	
12				13						14			
15			16						17				
		18						19					
20	21				22	23	24		25		26	27	
28				29				30		31			
32			33						34		35		
36		37						38		39			
40					41	42	43		44				
		45		46				47					
48	49		50					51				52	53
54		55						56			57		
58								59					

—Courtesy of Providence Journal.

- ACROSS**
- 1. Steal
 - 4. Portions
 - 9. Seat in church
 - 12. European fish
 - 13. Vegetable
 - 14. The milkfish
 - 15. Oddities
 - 18. Seaweed
 - 19. Play on words
 - 20. Draw
 - 22. Genus of grasses
 - 25. Girdle
 - 28. Piece of land 10 meters square
 - 29. Minimum
 - 31. Through: prefix

- 32. Answer the purpose
- 33. Made of burnt or baked clay
- 35. Symbol for nickel
- 36. Foe
- 38. Take great delight
- 40. Unit of force
- 41. Correlative of neither
- 44. Furnishes a crew for
- 45. Systems of sewers
- 48. Exclamation
- 50. Alcoholic liquor

- DOWN**
- 1. Tear apart
 - 2. Poem
 - 3. Befit
 - 4. Long Stick
 - 5. Bird of the cuckoo family
 - 6. Long narrow inlet
 - 7. Rocky pinnacle
 - 8. Cut suddenly
 - 9. Ached

- 10. Female sheep
- 11. Existed
- 16. Vase
- 17. Large open vessel
- 20. Placed cargo aboard a vessel
- 21. Subtle sarcasm
- 22. By
- 23. Cereal seed
- 24. Kind of tree
- 26. Flaxen fabric
- 27. Reverse side of a coin
- 29. Ballad
- 30. Thrice; prefix
- 33. Came out into view
- 34. Goddess of

- retributive justice
- 37. Finish
- 39. Vessel or duct
- 41. Baseball teams
- 42. Ahead
- 43. Biblical character
- 46. Military assistant
- 47. Yawn
- 48. Pronoun
- 49. Mischievous child
- 52. Part of a play
- 53. Affirmative
- 55. Parent; colloq.
- 57. Eye: Scotch

3. An emigrant is one who goes out from his native country to another. An immigrant is a person who enters a country other than his native country to take up his habitation. A person is an *emigrant* as he leaves his own country, and he becomes an *immigrant* when he enters his adopted country.

4. A heteronym is a word having a different sound and meaning than another, but the same spelling; e. g. "lead," a metal, and "lead," the verb.

Billy Lossez

and the

PROVIDENCE-BILTMORE
ORCHESTRA



Playing Nightly for Dancing

Weekday Evenings at 9:30

Saturday Evenings at 9

VENETIAN ROOM

Wayland Manor Dining Room

Table D'Hote Dinners a Specialty

Club Breakfast

Business Men's Luncheon

A La Carte Service at All Times

Catering to Private Dinner Dances and
Bridge Parties

Under New Management

C. E. BROWN,

Wayland Manor.

Dining Room . . . City

Patronize

These Advertisers

*"A Distinctive Place to Meet For
Good Things to Eat"*

EAST SIDE
Pheasant
COFFEE SHOPPE

151-153 CUSHING STREET

Hold your class dinner here. Private Dining Room available also exclusive use of Main Dining Room after 8 P. M.

AMPLE PARKING

Compliments of

A

FRIEND

