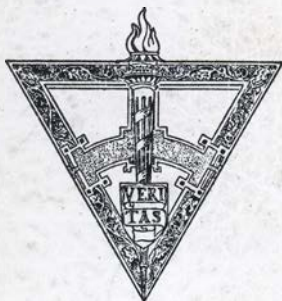


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



MARCH 1923

VOL. 3

MARCH, 1923

No. 6

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"The Silver Crown"

(To Father Noon on His Silver Jubilee of Ordination)

HE preached from temple steps, from grassy mound
Unto the multitude along the street.
He walked for miles till tired and sore of feet
And one desired only to touch His gown
That her sickly body might be sound.
The temple and Jerusalem's sacred street
Have passed away; yet Jesus we may greet
For in His holy Priesthood still He's found.

An *Alter Christus* walks with us today,
Whose whitened hair becomes his silver crown
He many harvest fields of souls did reap
Administering unto his humble flock.
And as his Master, he leads the way,
That we may not sow seed on ground of rock.

J. Edward Duffy, '25

THE INDUBITABLE THOMAS



THE Cross had bowed to the Crescent; the Christian to the Mohammedan. The Holy Land of God, resanctified by the blood of valiant men, was again in the desecrating hands of the infidel. More than this, the youthful and vigorous West had been degraded by its contact with the ancient and decadent East. The Crusading spirit had done its work, for it had shown the world that whole nations as well as individuals can give up all things for the sake of Christ. But the Crusading spirit was dead now. In its place there had arisen a spirit of pride in the flesh, which owed its origin to the luxury of the East, and pride in the intellect, which owed its origin to the sophistries of the East. Christian virtue was threatened by pagan practices and Christian doctrine by pagan philosophy. The knight had withdrawn before the onslaught of the dervish and it looked as if the knight's ideal of the lady would be supplanted by the dervish's dream of the houri. To combat with spiritual lance the pride of flesh and intellect there arose the Scholastic system of philosophy.

Scholasticism is traditionally regarded as a barren thing which wasted its strength in useless controversies on questions impossible of solution. The medieval "historian" delights in telling us that "dunce" is derived from Duns Scotus, a great Schoolman. That the Pre-Reformation Scholastics were addicted to futile controversies is undeniable. But it was because they did not follow the Scholastic principles that their controversies were futile. Philosophic discussion is based on philosophic distinction, and it was failure to distinguish the different methods of attaining truth which the different sciences require that led the Pre-Reformation Scholastics astray. But we do not judge democracy by American politicians—I hope. Why judge Scholasticism by the alchemists?

In St. Thomas Aquinas, "easily the prince of the Scholastic Doctors," the blood of kings was united to an angelic soul and a mind of unrivalled scholarly power. So high was the position intended for him in the worldly sphere that his vocation was tested by the Pope; so

well-grounded was his soul in the love of the Lord that it survived the most violent attack on its integrity; so unshakeable were the conclusions of his intellect that they are still valid today. Every half-baked philosopher from Francis Bacon on has belittled their strength, yet they still constantly revivify a spiritual edifice which houses 300,000,000 people.

The philosophy of St. Thomas was systematized that it might champion Christian virtue. It is not rash to say that every system which has attacked its foundations has also attacked the foundations of Christian virtue. Luther had no use for Charity; Kant made Faith unreasonable; modern philosophers tell us that Hope—the acknowledgement of the Charity of God—is unnecessary. Their doctrine is most simple. It is in fact the doctrine of Averroes, against whom St. Thomas contended successfully. The most logical of all heretical philosophies is materialism. But materialism is too brutal, too ready to acknowledge that man is only the slime of the earth. So the fashionable philosopher today is some kind of a pantheist. He explains his animality by ignoring it. Everything is God, and therefore everything is good, as the Christian Scientist says. To the pure all is pure, as another and very powerful society teaches its elect. Individual responsibility for the goodness or badness of our acts, belief in which entails belief in Hell and the necessity of the Charity of God, has been removed by "development". I am amply refuting any such theory when I say: home was never like this. The rod that was spared spoiled the children who are now pantheists.

The "historian", who sums up Scholasticism as a system opposed to the freedom of reason and the realities of life, is very enthusiastic about the "practical" modern world. St. Thomas held that love and hunger are the only two realities of life. No modern enumeration can equal his in adequacy or brevity. It is true that the achievements of the modern world have gone a long way toward satisfying hunger. If properly coordinated these achievements would satisfy all hunger. But the fields of Russia are fertilized with human bones today. For only love can coordinate, and the modern world has an inadequate idea of love. Love is a desire for what is good, and has as its proper object its Creator. In the natural sphere it is a desire for society, order, truth and beauty.

Destructive criticism is at best an evil. Moreover, a constructive criticism of the modern world is far more interesting. For the discerning critic of his world sees therein an ignorance of the things of God on

the part of sensuous men, and a universal cry for a norm of life; a breakdown in society consequent on the mutilation of the family, and many great attempts to repair the social fabric; the failure of the coercive power of the law, and the realization of the need of its directive power; a disregard of the search of truth for its own sake, and a respect amounting to awe of the least learned; and a dance-mad, movie-mad, risqué-mad Broadway on which Shakespeare is played to packed houses. Truly it is good now to be alive, but to be young is very heaven.

Rational life consists in thinking accurately and acting according to our reasoned thought. Any system of education which does not adequately prepare for that life and any system of philosophy which does not adequately explain that life have no place as such in the order of reality. "A sane mind in a sound body" is best achieved when the college builds on a foundation laid in the home. Education is truly itself only when it is a thorough knowledge of the principles of Scholastic philosophy—which alone explains rational life—and of its conclusions—which alone direct life rationally. For Scholastic philosophy is nothing more than clear thinking on the profound phases of all things, and a thorough knowledge of it cannot fail to produce clear thinking on all phases of all things.

James F. Keleher, '24

Try It



WHEN your days are dark and dreary
And your life is one big trial,
When your heart is sad and weary,
Cast your cares aside and smile.

While the clouds that float above you
Hide the sun's bright rays of light,
And you think your pals don't love you,
Just continue with the fight.

Smile at trouble; forget sorrow;
Make your mind up that you'll win.
And you'll find a glad tomorrow
If you bear it now and grin.

Charles A. Gibbons, '24

UNUSUAL

(A Serious Comedy)

In One Act



SCENE: *The room used as a study by Paul Young and Gerald Ohlmstead, seniors at Gaylor University. It is of small dimensions and adjoins the sleeping quarters of the two students. A door at the right opens into the sleeping quarters. At the back of the stage is a door leading into the corridor. A desk occupies the left-hand corner of the room and the monotony of the left wall is relieved by a window and a small fire-place. The walls of the room are bare, except for two or three prints, haphazardly hung. Two chairs complete the set.*

Time: Shortly before midnight.

The curtain rises, revealing a semi-darkened room. Seated at the desk is Paul, reading in the light of a small desk-lamp. He is smoking and apparently enjoying life.

Off-stage: (A deep masculine voice, singing rather poorly)
"Once again, Once again, Once again, ."

The door from the corridor opens. Gerald enters noisily.

Paul: Yes, Once again?

Jerry: What's the idea of the Stygian effect? Lets have some light. (*Goes to wall switch, turns on light, throws hat and coat in chair*).

Paul: (*Blinking in the bright light*). Well, Once again?

Jerry: (*Ardently*) Yes, Once again! Oh! Paul, the most wonderful, beautiful—

Paul: (*Interrupting*)—Loviliest, heavenly, sweetest, most divine girl you ever saw.

Jerry: (*Slightly peeved*) Well, you don't have to get so sour about it!

Paul: You're hopeless. Sometimes I think your head is an absolute vacuum. Any sweet young thing with a "come hither" glance

and a half-way decent 'line' can make you fall for her as easy as——

Jerry: (*Sweetly*) Yes Papa, please, Papa, Give me one more chance and I'll do better. (*Pause*) Really, though, this is serious.

Paul: A-r-r-r-r-r-r-r.

Jerry: Oh, come now Paul, I'm not as bad as all that.

Paul: No, this makes the third one this week and today's er, Wednesday. (*Jerry draws up chair opposite Paul*).

Jerry: (*Sighs*) Paul, have you ever been in love?

Paul: Once.

Jerry: Only once! Well that accounts for it.

Paul: Shut up and go to bed, I want to read. (*Resumes reading. Jerry closes his eyes. A look of sublime content floods his features. He utters poignant sigh*).

Jerry: (*After a Pause*) I was introduced to her in the drug store.

Jerry:....(*After another Pause*) She said, "Good evening, Mr. Ohlmstead." (*Pause*) Such a voice! (*Pause*) Her name is Helen.

Paul: (*Suddenly*) Helen what?

Jerry: Helen Sawyer, Do you know her?

Paul: Yes.

Jerry: Tell me about her—quick!——I'll never forget her eyes, so winsome and sort of sad——.

Paul: That's the first intelligent thing you've said tonight. (*Puts down book*).

Jerry: What?

Paul: Sad.

Jerry: Sad?

Paul: (*With emphasis*) Sad!

Jerry: How do you mean that?

Paul: Just the way I said it. Now listen to me. Get this through your fool head. The less you see of Helen Sawyer, the better off you'll be.

Jerry: (*Jumping up*) The hell, you say! So! Now I see. She's the secret love, eh? Threw you down and now you want to keep me from——.

Paul: (*With resigned air*) E-e-e-e-enough! You're all wrong. But you'll be better off if you forget about her.

Jerry: Why?

Paul: Because.

Jerry: Engaged?

Paul: No.

Jerry: Married?

Paul: Yes and no.

Jerry: She isn't—er-er, she's, er, she's alright isn't she?

Paul: Certainly, you numbskull! How long have you known her?

Jerry: (*Pensively*) It seems like years and years.

Paul: How long?

Jerry: I talked to her for three minutes!

Paul: So much the better.

Jerry: (*Irritably*) Why?

Paul: Oh, calm yourself. I'm only trying to prevent you from making an infernal ass out of yourself. Sit down and I'll tell you all about it.

Jerry: I won't believe it anyway. I think——.

Paul: Glad to hear it. Maybe you'll think differently when I get through.

Jerry: Oh, alright. I'll listen. (*Sits down*)

Paul: Its rather a long story. You remember Hal Rayfield?

Jerry: No. (*He is in a decidedly ugly mood*).

Paul: Guess all this happened before you transferred here from the U. or A. Makes a little bit longer story but I'll try to be brief.

Jerry: By all means.

Paul: Hal was a fine chap. Without a doubt the most popular fellow on the campus. Wasn't so well off either and was working his way through college.

Jerry: (*Curtly*) Never mind the details.

Paul: Well, he was popular, as I said. It was natural that he should meet the reigning belle of the town, in this case it was the Helen you think is your soul mate.

Jerry: Stick to the facts.

Paul: Patience is a virtue. To continue. The two of them went about quite a bit together. Love at first sight I suppose, if you believe in that sort of thing. Anyway in the course of time they became engaged.

Jerry: (*Painfully*) But I thought you said that she wasn't——

Paul: Don't interrupt, please. Things went along fine and it looked like the ending of a fairy story, you know, "Happily ever after" stuff. Then came the epidemic of the "flu." Hal was hit pretty hard. Folks hundreds of miles away. No one to take care of him and not much money. He was sent to the hospital. The place, of course, was overcrowded and he was discharged before he had fully recuperated. *(Paul pauses)*.

Jerry: Go on.

Paul: Well, to make it short, he suffered a relapse. No room in the hospital so he was taken to the girl's house. Got worse and died in about a week.

Jerry: But that was two years ago, hasn't——.

Paul: Hal and Helen were married before he died. She wished it. She hasn't forgotten him and I believe she won't. Still thinks he comes and talks to her when she's alone.

(A half-audible "Oh" escapes from Jerry).

Paul picks up his book, finds his place and resumes his reading.

Paul: *(After a pause and without looking up from his book)* A most unusual girl. One in a thousand. I should say.

(Jerry sits for several moments in silence. Finally gets up, walks to the wall switch, puts out the light, and crosses the room towards the sleeping quarters. Reaching the door he turns).

Jerry: Guess I'll go to bed, Good night, Paul.

Paul: Sweet dreams.

(Paul is left alone in the darkened stage. He continues to read in silence. Sounds of his room-mate getting ready for bed proceed from the next room. Presently everything becomes quiet. Paul rises from his chair, noiselessly tiptoes to the bedroom door, listens awhile and then goes back to the desk. Taking a key from his pocket he unlocks a drawer and brings forth a large picture, regards it intently).

Paul: *(In a scarcely audible tone)* Ah! Dear Helen, love is a queer game. Poor Jerry. I've reduced the field by one more. June—Graduation—and then—perhaps, who knows?

(Curtain)

Francis L. Dwyer, '24

A REAL SHORT STORY

"The Girl Was Beautiful"

THERE ought to be enough interest in this introductory line to please the most epicurean. What need to say what kind of a beauty she was—blond, peroxide, sage tea or brunette: use your imagination and suit her delineaments to your favorite movie actress. You can imagine her as being intelligent though beautiful, or just ordinary beautiful dumb-bell. Make her a stenog., a sales-woman, society belle, or mill hand: what's the difference, she's beautiful isn't she? It isn't necessary to state whether she chews gum, tobacco, life savers or sen-sen; whether she smokes a T. D., corncob or gold-tipped perfumerized cigarettes. That's none of the reader's business. Maybe she can cook, sew and wash—I wouldn't lay a bet on it—but who expects such things from a beautiful girl! Just state the fact that she's a knockout, and leave the rest to the imagination of the reader, who can't expect the Follies for a dime.

"She Loved and Was Loved by a Handsome Man."

(Notice how the plot thickens. Be yourself: you know that no girl so beautiful could ever love any but a beautiful man. He may be a fifteen-a-week cake eater or cream puff fiend: but what matters that so long as she loves him? No man is perfect. If he hasn't these dreadful faults, he is bound to have some minor ones: he may fail to pay any board at home or throw his grandmother down the cellar stairs once in awhile or get drunk, gamble his week's pay or not work at all. So long as he wears a loud tie and socks and his hat is in style or ultra stylish, never describe the individual traits and characteristics of the hero. The heroine will reform him: this always happens in real life so what's the use of writing all this stuff in the story? Beware of describing his looks: your readers have their own idea of a handsome man, and if your description doesn't agree with their ideal, your story loses interest).

"Her Parents Were Opposed to the Match"

(Now to work on the tear ducts. Imagine these hard-hearted parents causing distress to this beautiful daughter. What ingratitude

after she has let them work and take care of her all these years! Picture the cruelty of these two old-fashioned fogies who fail to see the beauty of the hero's looks, dress and polished manners straight from a book on etiquette which he found. Imagine such narrow-minded parents opposing this match because the hero is a loafer, philanderer, charlatan or has a bad reputation! It's terrible! Pardon me while I weep a few salty ones. There, that's over. Something has to be done to get this couple out of their predicament, and win the parents' consent to the match. Let's see. The solution must be reasonable, logical and according to Hoyle. Stick by me, Lady Muse: solve this riddle for me! The Author should now go into a trance and dope out the message that Conan Doyle's Moonbeams bring to mind).

"The Hero Gives Father a Bottle of Hooch and Wins His Consent"

(This solves the hero's problem, as well as father's, who has been worrying for a month over the coal shortage. Father can now keep himself warm with a wee nip of fire water, and naturally will give a gulp or two to the hero to warm him up. The reader will readily appreciate the extraordinary self-sacrifice of the hero in giving up such a priceless possession. It was a noble act, even though it didn't cost the hero a cent to get it: he cracked a bootlegger on the skull and took it. Of course, this hasn't the finesse that our Senators and Congressmen employ, but our hero is not in a position to exchange his piece of lead pipe for a political club, and so must use the more praiseworthy, though cruder, method he did. The chief thing to be considered is that the reader will realize the ingenuity of the hero in getting out of this predicament).

*"Then Mother is Won Over by the Gift of a Book of Poems
by a Mad Poet"*

(This gift shows the intellectual superiority of the hero's mind, and pays a flattering tribute to mother's, even though she is non persona with anything heavier than Dorothy Dix or Beatrice Fairfax. What woman could resist such subtle compliment to her nobler nature? Anybody can see that the answer is "None", and the logicalness of the thing is painfully apparent. Now that this tense situation is relieved with the sweeping away of all opposition, the next thing to do is to bring the story to a fitting climax).

"And So They Were Married and Lived Happily Ever Afterwards"

(Zowie, but that ought to strike the right chord. Everybody expects a story to end this way, so why disappoint them? Of course,

the readers (emphasis on the married ones) know that this is how marriage always works out, so this trueness to nature will be appreciated. It isn't necessary to say that the cause of their happiness was a divorce: nobody would believe it, for people aren't so easily fooled. The scandals and divorces in the newspapers are only newspaper talk to fill up space. People are too intellectual, after reading Shakespeare, Voltaire, *The Menace*, etc., to believe in such a myth as a million divorces in the United States, so don't fake an ending that would not be true to life. Never let it be known that hubby beats his wife regularly every week: such exhibitions of affection are too sacred to reveal. Neither mention that wifey stood off ten creditors and packs hubby's lunch and makes him walk to work so that she could buy a fur coat. However, always mention a fur coat or wrist watch or necklace in the story, whether the principals are getting three squares a day or not, for these luxuries are the spice of the story and absolutely necessary for a happy life).

Leo J. Boppell, '25

Spring of Life



LIKE a bright star that appears for a while in the heavens,
 Whose glory delights all earth's creatures as earth-bound they look to the sky,
 Which, though soon gone, still remains in the mind of seeker,
 You still will remain in my heart, ever glorious,
 changeless, set high.

J. F. K.

135 BEDSIDE

AS everyone knows, New York's polyglot Eastside abounds in "tough" neighborhoods. The neighborhood in which Clancy's Alley was situated was probably the "toughest" on the whole East Side. It was on this very byway that little Jakey Goldstein was born; so you see Jakey could not be other than a fighter. To Mommer and Popper Goldstein little Jakey's advent into this topsyturvy Old World was an occasion for great celebration. It was true that they already had Rachael and Pearl, but a boy! Oy gevalt! And little Jakey grew to be the golden apple of his loving parents' eyes.

When Jakey was twelve his father died; leaving three children, a worried widow, and a second-hand clothing business. In consequence Jakey proceeded to get a job as errand boy, which position presupposed a pair of ready fists and a fighting heart. And the youthful marauders who tried to snatch Jakey's bundles soon learned that the little "kike" was no "softy" despite his 125 pounds of slightly-built body and pale, delicate skin. Through much practice he became an adept at giving trouncings, and this admirable quality, being noticed by his friends, he was finally persuaded to enter an amateur boxing tournament. He took part, unknown to his mother, and after three wild swinging rounds, he won the decision over a fellow novice slightly more crude than himself in the art of self-defense.

It was that same night after the bout that he met Johnny Kelly. *The Johnny Kelly*; known to sports from coast to coast. The fat, slightly bald little man, who despite his Celtic patronymic was just as much Hebrew as Jakey. Yes, the Johnny Kelly who was the good Tammany man and delivered his ward to the Big Chief every election, who owned four big restaurants, and who managed pugilists as a hobby, came to Jakey to ask him to become one of his boxers. Poor Jakey could not comprehend it. Remember he was but seventeen, the age when Youth is an ardent hero-worshipper. Kelly came to Jake, but he did not say, "Fight for me and you'll wear diamonds," or "I'll make a champ out of you in a year," like most loud, blustering managers would have said.

No. Instead he smilingly said, "Kid, you got the natural knack of hitting hard, and maybe you might become a good scrapper with some training. Do you work? Well then, come down to the gym tomorrow night and let me watch you work out." And Johnny shook hands on it with Jakey. Young Jake went to the gym. His workout seemed to please his new manager. And every evening thereafter Jakey trained in Kelly's gym, doing his roadwork by carrying bundles every day.

It came time for his first professional bout; a four-round affair over at one of the Jersey clubs. Now Jakey's mother had no idea that her only son was going to choose professional pugilism as his life's work. She naturally thought that he was boxing at the gym for the sport of the thing. And Jakey was afraid to tell her, so he coaxed Johnny Kelly into coming up to his house and explaining to his mother the coming bout. Kelly gently, but courageously, broke the news. "My Jakey a fighter! Oy! Weh ist mir! He wants he should get killed already!" After many placating words on the part of Johnny and Jakey, the motherly Mrs. Goldstein was consoled, but when Kelly casually mentioned that for the sake of luck and precedent, Jakey was going to box under the name of Larry Sheridan, she burst into renewed lamentations and her anguish seemed to know no bounds. "A Irish name! Oh well, the Irish and the Jews were always good friends. And you say, Jakey, you will get some money for fighting?"

"Sure, Mommer, and some day I'll buy you an automobile and a swell place up in the Bronx. Wait and see, Mommer."

Thus Jakey Goldstein embarked on his fistic career. His bout at the Jersey club lasted less than two rounds. A crushing left hook, full on the "button", wafted Jakey's opponent into dreamland. That was only the beginning. Jakey went through the ranks of the lightweights like wildfire. He became the idol of the fans. Whenever they saw his old gray cap and bathrobe winding down the aisle from the dressing room, they knew that they were going to receive their money's worth. And you would always find Johnny Kelly in Jakey's corner, his chief second; and when Jakey would doff the old gray cap, Kelly would put it on, for like all athletes, boxers are extremely superstitious. They had had that old cap since Jake's first match, and to leave it at home would be to court disaster.

It looked as if the smiling Johnny Kelly would realize his ambition, to be the manager of a lightweight champion. The World loves

a winner, and Jakey was a consistent winner. He was the *rara avis* among boxers, a natural hitter. And that knack of hitting was concentrated in a left hook—a hook that traveled a foot, found its mark, and then—the ten count. Jake's clambering through the ropes was as meat and drink to the gallery gods. How they would clamor! "Let's go home early, Larry! Feed him the chloroform, Sherry! Come on Larry, the old left—and lights out!" And Larry usually obliged. The old timers sat at the ringside, breathing resin-dust, and told one another, "The smoothest lightweight since old Joe Gans." Fast, clever, hard-hitting and possessed of a boxing brain, Jakey, (or Larry if you choose) soon fought himself out of opponents.

There was but one foeman worthy of his prowess left, and he was Frankie Beldon, the champion. The sports-pages shouted for a championship bout, and after much delay the match was made. The agreement called for both champion and challenger making 135 pounds ring-side, the lightweight limit. Forfeits of \$1,000 apiece were posted for weight and appearance. For some time Kelly had noticed that Jakey was getting heavier, so he had planned on Jakey winning the lightweight title and then stepping up into the welter class. But as it was now, Jake would have to make 135 ring-side.

Jakey trained faithfully in a little Jersey town, working out daily with a corps of able sparring partners, for he was intent on buying his mother that place in the Bronx, and to do that he had to win. True, he had made a lot of money in his bouts, but to his mind not enough. As the training siege wore on it became apparent that Jakey would have difficulty in making the weight, and that he would have to "dry out" right up to the time of the bout. This worried both Jakey and Kelly, for if Jake did not make 135, no title would be at stake.

The night of the bout came. The Garden was "sold out." They were "hanging from the rafters." A fine card of preliminary bouts had put the big crowd in excellent humor. Then someone shouted, "Here he comes!" And up the isle came Larry Sheridan with his old gray cap and faded bathrobe, preceded by Johnny Kelly and his two fan-swinging assistants. Tonight was Jakey's night. He climbed into the ring. Bedlam broke loose; for Larry was a native New Yorker, and all the East Side was there to see him beat Beldon. Somewhere near the ringside, in that expectant mass of humanity, Jakey Goldstein's mother sat. She was going to see her boy box for the first time. It took a

month of pleading to get her to come, but she was there to please Jakey, and oh! how she hoped her boy would not get hurt.

Exercising the champion's privilege, Beldon entered the ring last. A weighing machine was put into the ring. It was set at 138, allowing three pounds for ring attire. Jakey jumped on the scales. The beam remained steady. He had made 135 ringside. Beldon weighed in well under the limit. Joe Considine, the announcer, megaphoned that "the final bout of the evening will be one of fifteen 3-minute rounds for the lightweight championship of the World, between Champion Frankie Beldon of Cleveland and Larry Sheridan of New York." Referee Patsy Lannigan, resplendent in all-white costume from shoes to silvered lock, and himself former featherweight champion, called the men to the centre of the ring to instruct them. A mere routine.

They returned to their corners. The bell clanged. They walked to mid-ring, touched gloves, and the memorable battle between Beldon and Sheridan was on. Body gleaming white, wide, well-rounded shoulders glistening, Larry boxed superbly: feint, jab, sidestep, making Beldon miss, he countered to the body with a right hook. Feint, shift, and that stinging, piston-like left jab. He won the round on points. The second round came, and with it the hurricane! Larry rushed from his corner, jabbed his left to the face, whipped his right to the ribs, and then feinting with his head and body—the left hook! Flush to the jaw. Beldon spun around as if shot—and fell, sprawling. The Garden was in an uproar. The referee was tolling off the seconds. The ring-wise Beldon took a nine count; arose groggily and clinched. The crowd was bellowing for Larry's left. "Come on Larry—the *Left*—the *Old Left*—and lights out!" But the bell came, ending a fierce round. For five rounds Larry outpointed the champion, but his target was elusive. He was unable to get an open chance at the right spot. Then came the sixth. Larry danced to mid-ring, but suddenly the springiness seemed to have left his legs. And Beldon caught him coming in: one, two; a wicked uppercut to the heart and a terrific over-hand right to the jaw, and Larry went down. At the count of nine he was up, but from then on it was a terrible nightmare for Jakey. Beldon battered him from pillar to post; eyes glazed, knees trembling, Jakey "took" it. And it was then that he showed his courage. Arm-weary, gasping, he held his feet, and it was only his wonderful ringmanship that saved him from the ignominy of a knockout. Just before the bell for the tenth round, with

his seconds working like mad, he noticed that Johnny was not wearing the old gray cap. It had fallen off during the excitement of that furious second round. And this seemed to dishearten him the more. And what a beating he took! But the pity of it was that Jakey had beaten himself. He had left his strength in the steam room; he had sapped his stamina making 135 ringside. He had overtaxed, broken down his youthful body.

And when the bout was over and Referee Patsy Lanigan had pointed a handful of stubby fingers toward Beldon's corner, little Jakey Goldstein, supposed to be a rough, heartles pugilist, broke down and cried like a baby. He had lost his chance to become champion. He had disappointed his friends, but above all he had disappointed his mother. That big house in the Bronx would have to wait. And who are we to say that Jakey's tears were not manly? Johnny Kelly bundled Jakey into a taxicab and they rode home in silence. Jakey was heartbroken, and Johnny Kelly was thinking. He was thinking of what happened to Joe Gans and "Honey" Melody because they had wrecked their bodies making an unnatural weight.

A month later there was an important middleweight bout at the Garden. Jakey and Johnny went; and someone spotted Jakey and pointed him out. There was a shouted demand that Jakey climb into the ring and be introduced, so finally he clambered through the ropes and the ovation he received will long be remembered. And after it was all over, Jakey left the ring with eyes that somehow refused to stay dry, because you see, Jakey knew it was his last appearance in a ring for some time to come. Tomorrow he was leaving for a sanitarium in the Adirondacks. The ghostly spectre of tuberculosis had outpointed Jakey, but it had not knocked him out. Johnny Kelly and a few intimate friends were the only ones that knew it; knew that Jakey had burned himself out making 135 at the ring side.

By right our narrative should end here, and be entitled *The Near-Champion*, but it refuses to.

Jakey went to the Adirondacks, and once there the hardest battle of his career began; his fight for life. He had gone down to 115 pounds, and the doctors said, "Make 135 bedside, and we'll let you sit up in a wheel-chair." They closed up Jakey's left lung, the one affected, and they made the right lung do all the work. And Jakey, like the gamester he was, fought doggedly, Fat Johnny Kelly used to

come up, put on Jakey's old gray cap, and tell him funny stories until banished by the doctors, for Johnny felt partly responsible for Jakey's condition, so he did all he could for Jakey and his mother.

Breathing the dry, pine-scented air of the mountains, combined with the best of care, slowly brought Jakey back. He had made 135, bedside. Two years saw his complete return to health. He and fat, smiling, slightly bald Johnny Kelly are managing the biggest stable of boxers in the country. Doubtless you saw in the papers the other day, where Eddy Daly won the lightweight title from Frankie Beldon? Well, Eddy Daly's real name is Hyman Kaufman, and Jakey Goldstein, (or Larry Sheridan if you prefer) taught Hyman all he knows about the game of "hit and get away," for Jakey and Johnny are Hyman's managers. Johnny is satisfied. He always wanted to manage a lightweight champion. And Jakey?

Well, if you are out in the Bronx sometime, just ask to be shown Goldstein's house, and if you go in, you will probably find Jakey's mother holding Jakey junior in her ample lap, and telling Mrs. Abe Glutz what a "no-good gonnect is that grocer, Max Horowitz."

James H. Lynch, '25

Silver Plated



Y tongue aches to utter the words

My brain tries to supply.

Each time I speak the same tired sounds

Come forth. I often try

To change my speech.

Fine words are there within the bounds

Of my mind's grasp. But each

Time I send them out

They stumble—fall. I doubt

My tongue will change its simple ways.

Always it clothes my thoughts in homely phrase.

Francis Eldy, '24

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"



ILBERT K. Chesterton wrote in his recent book, *What I Saw in America*, that the future of Democracy lies in the Catholic Church. We have never before read a more concise and exact proof of this statement than the concluding paragraph of Mr. Keleher's Article in the February issue of the *Alembic*. It is practically a complete summary of what the Catholic Church stands for—and won't stand for. From its very inception the Catholic Church has been the Champion of the oppressed, the defender of the right and the Great Teacher. When one considers the intellectual turmoil which exists in the world today, we, her children, are happy to know that in Her we have a safe anchorage and an infallible guide. Yes, Catholicism is and always will be the bulwark of democratic institutions. All brothers under the sheet, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

* * *

When an Englishman visits America, he generally leaves a few tracts behind him. Henry W. Nevinson, if he is an Englishman, ran true to form. His particular tract on the shifting sands of our dry shores is *Farewell to America*. Evidently Mr. Nevinson is no hand-shaker. He knew what he was saying goodbye to, and he said it without any mental reservations. He kissed the marble cheek of our super-hygienic bathrooms, America's pet complex, which makes physical bathing common and a mental bath indecent exposure. He uttered no sigh at parting with our slabs of pie, ice cream, oysters, trolleys, Main Streets, Houses *one hundred years old*, "*They Satisfy*" signs, and free verse. We wish that we could do the same. But all that we can say is *Good night!* In the morning we face them all again. However we can sing: Gdeenland must be Heaven 'cause there are no billboards there, or, Just An Oyster Can. But we sing only with our mouths. We quite

agree with everything in the brochure except the parting shot. "England is America's spiritual home." America may be down and out, but as yet her soul is not among the damned.

* * *

In the poem of *Etiquette*, by Emily Post, the origin of the word etiquette is given. In the reign of Louis XIV, when the gardens of Versailles were being laid out, the gardener was wroth because his newly seeded lawns were being constantly trampled upon. To warn the trespassers off, he put up warning signs or tickets—etiquettes—on which was indicated the proper path. But the courtiers disregarded these directions and so the gardener complained to the King and Louis issued an edict commanding everyone at Court to "Keep within the etiquettes." We are indebted to the French, not only for the word, but for a great many of our rules of etiquette. Frenchmen are famous for their politeness. Many Americans pride themselves on their rudeness. Indeed it is a fashion to be rude, even to those who naturally command our respect.

Eating peas with a knife is its own punishment, but rudeness has no fitting punishment, except it be the scorn of all men. Richard Duffy, who contributed the Introduction to the volume, wrote that to many etiquette and politeness connote weakness and timidity. Their notion of a really polite man is a dancing master or a man milliner. They admitted that the French were the politest nation in Europe, and they were equally ready to assert that the French were the weakest and least valorous, until the war opened their eyes in amazement. Many of us are not French, moreover we are not polite. To be polite it is not necessary to change your nationality. As Mr. Duffy puts it, the he-man, out West where men are men, the rude hero type is passing. At best it is a straw hero. Likewise the villain of the piece who had an abundance of manners and a paucity of morals. Crudeness is not a criterion of virtue. But it is more than likely that goodness and courtesy travel together.

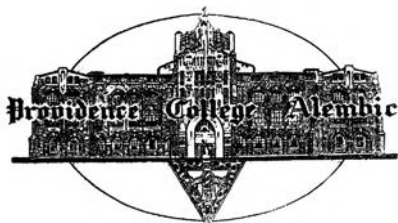
The next time you ride on a Smith Street car, and a lady embarks, to go from there to some other place, say from X to Y, and if all the seats are occupied by cravers after information—do not stop to ask yourself, "What is wrong with this picture?" Get up, and throw the book out the door. One shouldn't read a book with wrong pictures illustrating it. By the time you return the lady will have your seat.

Filii Domini

IN these days when virile men are needed
And rogues or fools preempt the leader's place,
"A man's man" is a noble title
And few to earn and keep it have the grace.

But I know a far nobler title,
That even rogues and fools have never scorned.
Your wisdom that is twofold, knowledge, virtue,
Makes you by "God's man" best adorned.

J. F. K.



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No. 6

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**FATHER NOON'S
SILVER JUBILEE**

Permit us to extend to you on the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination our best wishes. Although we cannot say that we have followed your career with increasing interest since your ordination in Rome twenty-five years ago, we can say that looking backwards we are amazed that one man could do so much in a quarter of a century. Your work having been almost exclusively devoted to teaching, may we remark the felicitous date, March 7, the feast day of the Patron of Catholic Schools, and your brother.

We repeat our expression of good wishes and we hope that you may celebrate many more anniversaries.

*WHAT I SAW
IN AMERICA*

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton saw much in America that escapes the astigmatic eyes of the natives. And he puts it down in his book in such an interesting manner that it appeals even to the Americans, although otherwise we have had a surfeit of what Englishmen think of us. For next to being marooned with a single volume, a child of your own, the worst thing is to be cast up on a desert isle with a book telling you what other people think of you. But Mr. Chesterton's book is not written at us. The remark made after a previous visit to our shores, that the M. A. after his name stood for Master of Antithesis, still holds water.

Youth



HE innocence the child has as a birthright,
The wisdom that the man holds as a prize,
I gaze upon with awe and with enchantment
That all great distance to the mind supplies.

So I sing youth, the glorious happy springtime,
When living is a newly learned craft,
When life is joy, and joy is keen, enduring,
When pain is but a lightly tossed-off draught.

For youth finds beauty in a girl or in an ideal—
Truth is to him a temple built to Fact;
God is to him as close as his mother;
Man is still good, however bad one act.

J. F. K.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

On Thursday, March 7, Fr. Noon *Fr. Noon's Jubilee* observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. During his twenty-five years of service in the Dominican Order, Fr. Noon has been a very active worker and his rapid rise on the ladder of success only helps to show his many abilities.

March 7 was also observed by the students and faculty in honoring that renowned philosopher and patron of the Dominican Order, St. Thomas Aquinas, whose feast day it was.

On the afternoon of March 25, the Providence Debating team will meet that of Holy Cross *Debating Society* College at the Elks' Auditorium. The question to be debated is: Resolved; That the president and vice-president of the United States should be elected by a direct vote of the people. The negative side is to be upheld by the Providence team, the members of which are: Addis O'Reilly, '23; Justin P. McCarthy, '24 and Raymond Roberts, '23.

In order that the whole student body may *Literary Contest* have a chance to participate actively in the first Commencement of the college, *Alembic* announces that a gold medal will be presented to each of the three students who shall submit (1) the best article; (2) the best short story; (3) the best verse to the moderator before April 15. The winning compositions will be published in the June issue, and the medals will be presented at the Commencement exercises.

The condolences of the faculty and student *Condolences* body are offered to Vincent Ryan, '25, on the death of his father, and to Joseph Tarby, '26, on the death of his mother.

Without a doubt, the most active society *P. C.-K. C. Club* in the college is the Knights of Columbus Club, and the *Alembic* takes this occasion to note the many activities the club has undertaken. At their monthly

meeting held recently, it was decided to establish in the college an employment agency for the benefit of those students who may be desirous of obtaining work. It is the hope of the committee in charge of establishing the agency, that the entire student body will give this agency their utmost support, and that the many benefactors of the college will not hesitate in telling the committee of those instances where work may be obtained by students.

Another committee was appointed to look into the advisability of donating an annual prize to the Alembic, to be awarded to that student having the most worthy story, poem or article in any publication during the scholastic year.

Eternal Promise

I see the buds in early Spring,
 And listen to the robins sing;
 In Summer bright the roses bloom,
 Dispelling worldly cares and gloom.

In Fall the petals disappear,
 And Nature bright turns sad and drear.
 Then Winter comes with hoary hand,
 And strips all beauty from the land.

In childhood life is full of song,
 In youth there's nothing e'er seems wrong.
 While manhood brings it's care and tears,
 The toll of Death is passing years.

As day, bleak Winter passes by,
 And once again fair Spring is nigh;
 While Death is but a nightly stay,
 That brings us an eternal day.

V. J. Simpson, '25.

EXCHANGES

BOSTON
COLLEGE
STYLUS

The "Magic Pool pleases immensely. A certain air of mystery hovers above it which renders the story very interesting and captivates the reader's attention.

The satire which reigns throughout, showing the futility of reform, if this reform does not first take place in the reformer, is well adapted to the wave of so-called reformers who would put the ban on whatever liberty we may enjoy. It is especially true about the Eighteenth Amendment, for it is evident that many "are manufacturing their own corn juice privately and secretly." The King, here representing the House of Representatives and the Senate, enacts a law prohibiting the use of alcoholic beverages while he himself is indulging in it more than his own subjects. How astonishingly true also is the conclusion showing "the futility of telling stories with morals attached."

"Obregonism in a sister Republic" is a very clear and philosophical exposition of the situation in Mexico. It shows how the present state of unrest which exists throughout this republic is but the outward expression of what had been fomenting in the heart of all the citizens since the beginning of the Obregon administration. As the author says: "Obregonism is branded with a stigma which its leaders cannot efface or cover with the cloak of an empty or vain appeal to an unjust law." But the people have suffered oppression long enough and are awaking to the realization that they got rid of one evil in Carranza only to fall in the clutches of one still worse: Obregon. The style is simple, the phraseology well mastered, and the author undoubtedly reaches the end which he has proposed to himself.

PRAIRIE
BELLS

Our latest addition to the exchange list surely has merits but nevertheless it looks more or less like a High School magazine. The Exchange Department is very well developed and the criticisms sure strike the spot. "Dogberry's Page" has its charms and its witticisms show original humor. The Alumni Notes are interesting and told in a novel way.

CANISIUS MONTHLY Another new exchange. A very hearty welcome to P. C. Both prose and poetry departments are exceedingly well developed. "The Unprofitable Servant" is a good description of the selfish, egotistic and greedy man who sees nought but himself in everything he does. The verse is well mastered and flows harmoniously.

"The Hopper of the Copy Mill" is marked by original humour which renders its lecture of greatest interest. Every line brings a hearty laugh. The satirical trend of thought strikes squarely the "I know it all" people who claim that they alone can know the truth about everything.

What about a page or two for an Exchange Department where could be inserted helpful criticism?

COLLEGE DAYS Still keeps on the same high standing. "Poet-Priests" deserves special praise. The author has a very deep knowledge of the poets she is criticising. Each poet is clearly described in a striking touch of the brush. Accuracy is the dominant feature of the article.

Seems that a "quarterly" ought to allow more space for criticism in the Exchange Department.

FORDHAM MONTHLY The critical comparison of the "Theater of Today and Tomorrow" brings about a very logical conclusion and shows that our theater is not "going to the dogs" but rather "approaching the apotheosis of dramatic literature".

"Two Goings" is a very profound expose of the thoughts which fill a son's heart at his mother's departure. The free verse adds particular charm to the poem and the rhythm is very harmonious.

Lucien A. Olivier, '23

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

- Alvernia*, The, St. Francis College, Loretto, Pa.
Anselmian, The, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.
Ateneo, The, Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands.
Beacon, The, R. I. State College, Kingston, R. I.
Brown Alumni Monthly, Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Brown Jug, The, Brown University, Providence, R. I.
Boston College Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.
Canisius Monthly, Canisius College, New York, N. Y.
Chimes, The, Cathedral College, New York, N. Y.
Business Spirit, English High School, Providence, R. I.
College Days, St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minn.
Fordham Monthly, The, Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.
Gleanor, The, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.
Holy Cross Purple, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
Labarum, The, Mt. St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, Iowa.
Loyola, The, Loyola High School, Baltimore, Md.
Micrometer, The, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Pioneer, The, Isidore Newman Manual Training School,
New Orleans, La.
Prairie Bells, St. Mary's College, Richardton, N. D.
Purple and Gold, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
Regis Monthly, Regis High School, New York, N. Y.
St. John's Record, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.
St. Joseph's Chronicle, St. Joseph College, Philadelphia, Pa.
Tech, The, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.
Maroon and White, La Salle Academy, Providence, R. I.
Timepiece, The, Tufts Medical College, Boston, Mass.
Viatorian, The, St. Viator College, Bourbonnais, Ill.
Xavier, The, St. Francis Xavier, New York, N. Y.

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