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MEN'S STORE

It's More Fun to Know

By
Paul F. Connolly, '34

In almost every field of entertainment, the entertainers themselves grow weary of performing; singers never want to sing off stage, and often grow temperamental over singing on the stage; dancers usually are bored with their routine and despise doing it; acrobats don't feel like vaulting fences when their act is finished. But the magicians will do tricks as long as anyone will watch them.

To put it in the form of a Chinese proverb; "It is truly written: it is fun to be fooled, but it's more fun to know." Any prestidigitator enjoys seeing people actually marvelling at some simple trick.

When I was a lad of thirteen, I went to the home of a Mr. Charles Warner to convince him that I was sufficiently adept at sleight of hand to perform for the Rotary Club in F—— well, never mind the town. After doing several tricks I asked Mr. Warner if he were married.

"I am," he replied.

Would he print his wife's first name on a piece of paper? He would, and he did, covering the paper carefully with his hand so that I might not see it. Then, acting upon my instructions, he burned it and gave me the ashes.

I rolled up my sleeves, a habit with magicians—even thirteen-year-old ones—and rubbed the ashes on my forearm, and there, in bold black letters was the word ALICE, his wife's name. The old gentleman was truly astounded and every time I have seen him since he has asked me to explain the "miracle."

The explanation is absurdly simple, and just to spite the cigarette people I'll tell it here. Before going to the Warner home, I looked him up in the directory, discovered his wife's name, and printed it on my arm in soap. The ashes clung to the soap, and the result was the "miracle."

There are invariably many little incidents occurring which keep the magician alert and amused. The great Harry Blackstone was entertaining at Tony Pastor's theatre in

Chicago many years ago. Blackstone was just a young fellow. It was his first important booking, and he felt highly elated and very confident as he strolled the streets of Chicago, on his first day there. He entered a drug store, ordered a soda, and when paying for it, made the half-dollar vanish under the clerk's nose. To Blackstone's great astonishment, the soda clerk calmly leaned over the counter and produced the half-dollar from the great magician's ear. The clerk was a clever amateur magician and after the incident he and Blackstone became close friends.

One of the most amusing anecdotes of all is the little known one concerning Silent Mora, a very clever performer of the present day. Mora purchased a new trick which enabled him to produce two goldfish from the air. He knew little about the feeding and care of goldfish, however, and just a few moments before his performance, the goldfish died. Poor Mora was in a tight spot. He had to use the trick, but he knew it would go "flat" when performed without live fish. He thought rapidly for a few moments. The inspiration came. He instructed his assistant, who would be holding the goldfish bowl when Mora dropped the fish in it, to give the bowl a circular movement which would send the fish around, making them appear to be alive.

Everything went as planned. Mora dropped the fish in the bowl. The assistant gave it the rotary

motion, and the fish went around . . . tail first.

In the previous article, I related the details of the near failure of Harry Kellar's watch trick. Howard Thurston does a somewhat similar watch trick, but he had an experience with it which was much more terrifying than Kellar's.

Invited to give a special performance at the White House, Thurston had a watch which was, in outward appearance, a perfect duplicate of President Coolidge's famous time piece.

Thurston strode before the many distinguished guests in the East Room, and boldly requested the President's watch. Mr. Coolidge obliged without the slightest change of expression. Jay Kling, Thurston's assistant, received the watch from the President in a small bag with a secret compartment in which was the duplicate. Thurston reached into the bag, removed the watch, and dangled it before Mrs. Coolidge's eyes.

"Are you sure this is your husband's watch?" he asked.

"I'm positive," she replied, and the magician congratulated himself on having obtained such a fine duplicate. He placed it on a piece of iron lying on the table, and grasped a heavy hammer in his right hand, poising it menacingly over the watch.

"One," he cried, and everyone fell silent.

"Two," he cried dramatically, and an air of suspense filled the room.

He took a firm grip, cried "Three!" swung his arm back for the crushing blow, when suddenly, at the apex of the swing, his wrist was seized in a vise-like grip. It was Jay, the assistant, who, with a white and drawn face, whispered: "You've got the wrong watch!"

Whatever terrifying thoughts filled Thurston's mind at the moment, he showed none of them, as he calmly told the audience that he had been accused of substituting another watch. He took the watch, walked leisurely down to have the

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EASTER

*The Angel sits on the Stone
And mildly to Magdalen speaks
Saying "The One you seek
Is risen and is not here
But gone before in the mist
To meet the few, the all faithful,
In Galilee as was writ
Where hope is renewed, is reborn,
And blood no more will be spilt
On door-post or cross for the way
Is clear and the passing over
Does not exist any more."*

JOHN L. LACROIX, '33

The Boar of the Borgias

By

Joseph D. McGuiness, '34

A MAN lay sprawled on his cot, whistling to himself softly. He lacked all those characteristics which mark a man in the death house. His face was pale but unlined, his eyes were clear and honest and his limbs were without a tremor.

"What's this fellow in for?" I asked.

"Murder," was my brief reply. "That's John Trevor," with a note of respect. The warden turned to me, and noticing my look of confusion he explained, "He poisoned his best friend with an Italian vase."

"Let's hear about it," said I, as I grasped the warder's arm and passed on. This is the story I heard:

"John Trevor, John Cole Trevor, that is, was considered a lucky boy. His family was wealthy and indulgent. He attended school here and abroad, and while in Italy, he took a liking to Renaissance art, and especially the work of gold and silver-smiths. He also gathered a library of Humanists and became a devoted student of Machiavelli. His hobby carried him into some odd places, and the finds he made were extraordinary from the antiquarian connoisseur's point of view.

One day in an old castle in Salzburg, he came across a magnificent liqueur set. The decanter of silver was fashioned like a rampant boar. The execution of the work was superb, the muscles of the animal stood forth almost quivering with life, and the ferocity of the countenance was well-nigh incredible. Surrounding the figure was a pack of snarling dogs, enameled in various colors. These formed the glasses. The mouth of the boar was the lip of the bottle. As the liquid curled around his gleaming tushes it made a curious sound like a subdued menacing growl. The head and shoulders were a delicate filigree, making the hasty pouring of the liquid impossible.

While showing his find to a friend, Trevor happened to press rather heavily upon the eye of the boar. To his surprise, it gave way,

disclosing a tiny hole in the side of the eye socket. Trevor said nothing at the time to his friend, but when the guest had departed, he made a thorough examination of his treasure. He punched, and probed and tapped and was about to give up, when his sleeve caught in one of the tusks. He impatiently pulled it away, but to his surprise, the top of the animal's head came with it, disclosing a tiny space in which lay several lumps of a gummy black substance. These he carefully removed with a forceps and placed in an air-tight box for future analysis. Then he examined the eye-sockets and gave a

GOSSIP

*Said Mother Nature to weary Earth,
'Your troubles are over 'cause April's
a-comin'.*

*Lift your head; return to mirth!
There soon will be flowers, and brown
bees hummin'."*

*The weary Earth dropped her cloak of
fear,
And whispered a thought in each human
ear.*

*"April's a-comin," was all she said;
And thus came Spring in Winter's stead.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35

low whistle of surprise. The tusks were like the fangs of a snake.—hollow. The fiendish cunning with which this had been fashioned burst into his brain. The glare of its explosion almost benumbed his senses. So that was it. Whew! Were the head piece of the decanter filled with a deadly poison, it could be administered without fear of discovery, for its flow could be controlled at will. When the eye was depressed, air was admitted to the poison sac, and it flowed out through the tushes and into the liquid. When the hole was closed, the poison could not flow. Thus friend and foe could be served alike from the same vessel, and yet some might die and the others could live. The filigree served to make the

pouring slow enough for the poison to circulate through the drink.

Trevor became successful, as a man of his talents usually does. He was a banker, had a house on the Avenue, a thirty-room shack in the hills, a yacht, a box at the opera, a shooting lodge—in short all the panoply of a wealthy man. But like all wealthy men, he desired more wealth. He became greedy for money and the power money could buy. His obsession grew and like many another greedy man, he began to play the market.

One of his friends, Arthur Barnstable, had a seat on the Exchange. From him Trevor received many tips. Some were good, others were not so successful. Trevor lost his timidity and begged for something on which to plunge. He pleaded and pestered Barnstable until the latter gave in, and told him of a deal that would make him a billionaire. Trevor sank all his capital in Wolf & Hartson common. But, like a simoon in the desert, just as sudden, just as dangerous, a panic hit Wall Street. Barnstable unloaded in time, but Trevor was caught with an immense block of worthless stock. The falling prices were slowly squeezing the breath and blood out of him. He saw his fortune dwindle away before his eyes. He tried again and again to stop the irresistible decline.

He tried to borrow from Barnstable, but his friend was adamant. He did suggest, however, that Trevor borrow from the assets of his bank. This Trevor did, and distributed fake notes endorsed by Barnstable to cover his appropriation of 300,000 dollars. But to his consternation, and Barnstable's amusement, the market did not change. It sank, lower and lower. Trevor was frantic. He scurried here and there in an effort to get out of his predicament. Instead of helping, Barnstable merely laughed. Trevor became desperate and infuriated against Barnstable.

He sat in his ornate office chair, and brooded over his difficulties. He wakened enough to sign some

papers that his secretary placed before him, and then lapsed into his fit of introspection. His glance flitted nervously, apprehensively from the deep-pile carpet to the leather furniture, to the tastefully tinted walls, but ever present before his glance, threatening, soul-congealing, was the picture of a black-robed judge sentencing one John Cole Trevor to twenty years for defaulting with \$300,000 of the bank's funds.

The very thought of it had lined his face, whitened his hair, and stooped his shoulders. There was no chance of escape. He was ruined. The market had crashed. When the notes came due in three days, Barnstable would prove his signature a forgery, and the bank examiners would finish him up.

But his mind kept on functioning, darting here and there for a loophole. "Barnstable, Barnstable" repeated his brain. "Barnstable, Barnstable" dinned in his ears. Barnstable, the cursed cause of all his misery. It was Barnstable who had suggested Wall Street; it was Barnstable who had suggested Wolf & Hartson; it was Barnstable who had suggested "borrowing" \$300,000. And then Barnstable laughed. Damn Barnstable! Damn him! Damn him! he shrieked.

His secretary poked her head in the door, "Did you call, sir?" she asked.

"No, no," it's all right," muttered Barns. This would never do, he thought to himself. He pulled himself together, and tried reading the life of Caesar Borgia.

He was reading a description of Borgia's cunning and diplomacy, when suddenly a thought struck him. "Suppose—just suppose Barnstable were to die," he murmured to himself. "Oh but that's nonsense," he thought, brushing aside the idea. "Still, were Barnstable to die in a clever, subtle way, in a way worthy of a Borgia—"

* * * * *

Two evenings later, John Trevor gave a quiet dinner in his apartment—he had sold the house—for his closer friends. Arthur Barnstable was the guest of honor. The food was excellent, and the con-

tents of Trevor's cellar helped keep the conversation light and easy.

"Oh Mr. Trevor, you darling banker," gushed the lady to Trevor's left, "don't you think this depression will soon be over?"

Trevor looked up from his plate at which he had been staring. "Oh yes," he answered absently.

"I guess you hope so pretty badly," sneered Barnstable. "Speculation at your age is a vice."

Trevor frowned but when he answered he was smiling ruefully; "I guess you're right."

The irrepressible lady at his left burst forth again, "Oh Mr. Barnstable," she cooed, "won't you tell us how you got out of the crash in time?"

"Why, it was easy," said Barn-

CHALLENGE

*The world calls,
And God calls,
And the chooser must beware;
For one path has its pitfalls,
The other demands great care.*

*The world calls,
And God calls,
Yet which ever path we choose
We'll not be judged by our power,
But by the way it was used.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35

stable. "When people start buying in blocks of a hundred thousand shares,"—his eyes travelled in Trevor's direction, "either of two things will happen. She either goes up or down. Now she couldn't go up any longer, so I got out before she came down."

Trevor was inwardly seething. To have his worst enemy sit beside him and mock him—it was too much.

Finally the diners repaired to drawing room. Many had never seen the decanter before, and expressed their admiration. Trevor invited them to choose glasses according to their tastes—snapping,

barking, crouching, springing, growling dogs were to be had. Then Trevor personally filled their glasses with some Napoleonic brandy that made the mouths of

the men water, and the women giggle. The purling of the liquid in the boar's mouth fascinated them all. They needed no urging to "come again."

Were one observing closely, one would have noticed that Trevor's index finger stole up the neck of the bottle and rested on the boar's right eye, whenever he filled Barnstable's glass. About an hour later Barnstable excused himself, saying that he was feeling unwell. The other guests trickled off and Trevor was left alone.

Trevor felt relieved, and yet was not. He fidgeted from room to after another, and tossed down more straight Scotch than was room, perkily smoked one cigarette good for him.

He found himself unconsciously reaching for the decanter. With a cry he flung it from him. But when he realized what he had done, he hurriedly picked it up. Finally he retired, only to tumble and toss, pursued by boars which spewed forth promissory notes for 300,000 dollars, and gulped down portions of a puny Barnstable.

When he finally did drag himself to the bank the next day, he discovered that Barnstable had been found dead in bed of heart failure. He donned a doleful countenance with an effort, but once in the privacy of his office, he indulged in a war dance and a happy grin. All his troubles were over! Hur-ray! Barnstable was dead. Even if the police did suspect something, they were powerless. Didn't all the guests drink the same thing, out of the same bottle. Suspicion? Preposterous! Still the still small voice of conscience persisted, and strive as he would, Trevor could not stifle it.

The auditors came, checked up on the assets, saw the endorsement of Barnstable on some of the notes, and said nothing. Trevor presented a claim for \$300,000 to Barnstable's estate and the incident was closed.

But he was still bothered. To kill a man was one thing, but to ruin his family was another. And yet, to fail to do so would invite suspicion. If anything, he began

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Seeing Red--and Other Things

By
Men Who Know

ON RED

Sitting in a popular cabaret one evening, in bored caprice, I fastened my attention upon scarlet table-tops—particularly the one which was spread before me. The vulgarity alone of this choice, caused me to wonder, and no, great amount of speculation was necessary to convince me that this sanguine hue had been used for a very definite purpose. I grant you that the sleepy "Sancho" who managed the place was probably quite ignorant of the fact that red both attracts and tires the eye three times more quickly than its nearest rival—yellow. This scientific fact evidently had not entered his head, because there was no doubt in my mind that the reason for caparisoning the tables in scarlet was to divert the guest's attention from his food to that food's blatant resting place. I had heard numerous reports about the lack of quality in the nutritious morsels served there, but no sooner had I set the menu aside, then I, like many another, fell under the spell of the blushing tablecover. My food was neglected—nevertheless, there was wisdom in that negligence: a blind man ate there and died of ptomaine poison. Red in this case eked out the lion's skin of popularity for this restaurant, where the crimes of its cuisine fell short.

Nothing attracts more comment today in the realm of connotated words than that much used, much abused color—red! Whatever the gender of its victim may be, this color stamps the indelible stigma of *declassé* upon it. No matter how modest the cut, a girl who wears a fiery gown is frowned upon by prudes and dubbed "fast." Likewise, he attired with a flaming cravat could draw no more abuse from an angry bull than falls his lot from the scornful crowd. The Classicists of old attired sin in red when they personified vice in the "Scarlet Woman." Today, the male of the species, the jolly rotund gentleman in the red suit, is the tinsel God of childhood—Santa Claus. Now, Christmas, the season

of peace, takes for its symbol the scarlet of holly, but ever dawning upon the horizon in the host of anarchy, flaunt the pirate banners of Communism dyed the self-same hue. Peace and chaos born in the same dye vat. Thus, the extremities of worldly existence in all their allegorical splendor are alike in this—they have chosen RED.

The principal building of the town where the one horse died is the little red schoolhouse on the hill where all juvenile troubles begin. Blazing upon every street corner in the big city is the bright stop-light—nemesis of hurrying motorists where traffic troubles begin—and sometimes end.

The Oxford dictionary says that

THE END OF TIME

*Slowly the mill of time
Grinds out the years;
Men are born, and die,
Crushed in the gears.*

*Ever the fire of hope
Burns in each heart,
Waiting until the day
The mill fails to start.*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35

red symbolizes power. The Cardinals of the Church wear it to their honor, and the highest judiciaries of Britain for Justice. sake. In Paris, the debutantes of the season, it is whispered, will favor red for sports wear. In America, we have the weightiest wearer of all—the chain stores.

Buckingham Palace has hangings of scarlet for days of State, yet in America the most patronized department store is painted that color for everyday usage. London wears it to hail the King; Woolworth wears it to proclaim the possibilities of one potent dime. Red paint is applied in quantities to the five and dime storehouses; fire trucks are smeared overall with its scarlet veneer; and yet, they create only a mild sensation compared with the fair wielder of a lip-stick at a parish bridge party.

In the winter, the epidermis reddens from the frost; in the summer it is blistered crimson by the sun. In the nineties, red rum was the curse of the time-honored saloons; today, the less vicious red Christmas candy holds an indigestible appeal for young and old at Yuletide.

Red has indeed lit the torch of the centuries with blood and war, with conquest and defeat. Generals, statesmen, and charmers of history have felt the weight of this fated power. Philip the Fair wore red armor into defeat. Pontius Pilate judged Christ to his own judgment in the scarlet silk cloak of Procurator. A red cap, snatched at random by an anarchist, drew the fire of the French Revolution. England sent her troops to the war that wrecked her empire attired in the stern scarlet. Imperial Russia collapsed when the red flag of Bolshevism appeared upon her horizon. A red lantern summoned Paul Revere to kindle the American Revolution. Cleopatra's red lips sealed the fate of the world, and hid a mouthful of bad teeth.

Mabel Walker Willebrandt made her name immortal by defending those so-called "Red Wine Bricks" to escape a liquid clause and aid a liquid cause. George Brummell, the original gigolo, the king of fashion, the charlatan of haberdashery, whose fame reached notorious recognition, owes much to his flaming locks. I do not say that his success was due to his red hair, but you must agree that his titian curls brought him luck, for in Calais where he died, an exile in disgrace, he was surrounded with a collection of appealing damsels—all of them with burning locks.

Down, down, down,—from the "Burning of Rome" to the "Tiger Rag," in every era, in every walk of life—when the Church wished to symbolize her martyrs, when our country designed her flag,—when our chorines yearned for popularity—RED was the answer.

As I come to the end of my reverie, my thoughts are scattered like leaves before the wind, and I

am reminded of the theatre which I attended the other evening. It was the finale number, and the Master of Ceremonies called from the dance-pit, "And now the favorite of Manhattan—our own 'Texas' Guinan!" Boredom vanished, my eyes blurred, the music started, and the air seemed charged with a magnetic excitement. A tense silence filled the place, and with a low tiger-beat, a supple figure of scanty costume emerged from the shadows, singing in a throaty contralto something about a penthouse, and stars, and paradise. What she sang or how mattered little. The spotlight picked her out in a white circle of light, as she swayed and swaggered before me—the female of the species who makes the pulse of time beat faster—**THAT RED-HEADED WOMAN !!!!!**

Gordon F. Harrison, '35.

IS THIS THE BEST POSSIBLE WORLD?

On proposing this question to various people, we find that the majority of their answers resolve themselves into two main categories. If the person happens to be feeling good, he contentedly admits that "This isn't such a bad world after all." On the other hand, if he happens to be feeling morose, he pessimistically avers that "the world is going to the dogs."

It is evident that such opinions are worthless, since they are based on prejudice and have, consequently, no foundation in reason. As philosophers, it is our solemn duty to assume an unbiased attitude toward this interesting and perplexing problem. Accordingly, we shall rely solely on the analytical power of cold calculating reason to chisel out the exact form of a tenable and correct solution.

Let us turn to Leibnitz, who advanced the following line of reasoning. He postulated that this is the best possible world because the most perfect of all causes, God, must necessarily effect the best possible world. Indeed, the most casual glance about us convinces us that there is a most stupendous

and amazing order in the universe, which we can but feebly comprehend. In his fumbling search for knowledge, man has always been guided and inspired by his realization of the fact that there exists a marvelous system of co-ordination in the world.

A moment's reflection, however, takes us from the exalted heights of happy speculation to the solid ground of cold reason. Is it required that the most perfect of all causes, God, must of necessity create the best possible world? Such an assumption places a restriction on God, insofar as it obliges Him to create this world rather than any other. This limitation of God's freedom of choice is obviously ridiculous.

Again, in creating the best possible

AGE TO YOUTH

*"You would leave the beaten trail
And seek a shorter way around?
Many another has tried and failed—
There is no short-cut to be found.
Stick to the beaten path. You'll find
It's the shortest road to success;
All the side roads stop abruptly—
Far away from Happiness."*

HERBERT F. MURRAY, JR., '35

sible world, God would have had to exhaust His powers. Such a presumption is met with instant suspicion by even an untrained mind. Assuredly, God did not exhaust His infinite powers in creating this finite world. The most smashing objection to Leibnitz's doctrine is the testimony of common knowledge. We can easily conceive of a better world. Such a world would know nothing of ignorance, or its close associate, lack of fellow-feeling among men. Sin, injustice, poverty, sickness and worry would be nonentities.

Shall we conclude, then, that this is the worst possible world? Schopenhauer, the pessimistic philosopher, thought so. He found only sorrow and corruption in this world. For example, if he were to look at a pretty animal in the full vigor and strength of early life, the sight, far from pleasing him, would

arouse in his mind a feeling of sorrowful resignation. Corruption, he reasoned, was necessary that the generation of this creature might take place. This beast would in turn become foul and corrupt. The world might be considered as an agent of evil powers, disguising its finite and corruptible pleasures with a deceptive gloss, which lures men on to seek satiety in the creatures of God. The world is a place in which worry, pain, and sorrow are constants, and happiness only a temporary relief.

Let us consider this doleful description of the world, and ask ourselves if it is justified. In the first place, such a description is patently unbalanced, and is therefore misleading. Again, it questions the infinite wisdom and goodness of God by asserting that He would produce such a world of hopeless existence.

Moreover, it is comparatively simple to conceive of a worse possible world. Imagine an orderless, chaotic world—a world on which the light of day should never shine, nor the warmth of the sun ever reach. Imagine yourself a deaf, dumb and blind individual, lacking both arms and legs. Suppose that you were living with the horrible knowledge that mankind was irretrievably condemned by the sin of Adam. Obviously, then, this is not the worst possible world.

We have considered two extreme doctrines and have found them wanting. Hence, following the maxim, "Hold to the middle course," we make bold to say that, although this is neither the best nor the worst possible world, yet, taking into consideration the purpose for which it was created, we may call this the best possible world. God created this world as a testing ground on which man's worthiness to enjoy His eternal friendship should be determined. It was therefore necessary that man should find a reflection in nature of the perfections of God, in order that he might be duly inspired to work for the salvation of his immortal soul. It was further required, that the reflections of God's infinite perfections in nature

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EDITORIAL

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BEER BACK

Such an epoch-making event as the return of beer and the possible repeal of the 18th Amendment cannot pass without comment in these staid and placid columns. Our very youth betrays our lack of experience in matters convivial, but we take our cue from an elderly acquaintance whose general appearance indicates no such lack.

On being informed that the country might expect at best the return of beer, the alcoholic content of which could not exceed 3.2 per cent., he said with explosive fervor, "Bellywash for schoolboys." So then we may expect a mild and healthful beverage if we feel the urge to quaff the Brown October Ale, and not the heady brew which our forebears were wont to fortify themselves to meet, what are facetiously called the stern realities of life.

Which remind us that we have often

encountered the term "three bottle man." What we want to know is: what was the bottle, how big was said bottle, and what did the one who earned the sobriquet get other than a big head?

Perhaps some of the worth-while customs associated with beer will return to our national life. We are inclined to believe that the evils assuaged by the anti-this and anti-that will never return, as pictured, to our routine of existence. There were many fine old legends and traditions established and perpetuated by the students of old English and German universities. We could do worse to establish them in our schools. It would be an indication that as a people we are wise enough to accept philosophically the frailties of humanity.

COST OF EDUCATION

During the past year the American people, usually affable and gullible, have been forced to look closely at the budgets of home, city and country. A casual study showed the tremendous expenditure for education. One statistician claimed that if it were possible to outlaw war and do away with education, taxes could be cut three-quarters. We heartily support the desire to outlaw war, but we are absolutely opposed to any curtailment of the functions of our schools.

Cities and town throughout the country have felt this depression as they never before felt an economic crisis. Many have found that they could not keep schools open, and pay the salaries of teacher. While these conditions are deplorable, we cannot conceive of any justification for closing schools for any extended period. Every possible effort should be made to give all future citizens, the opportunity of enjoying an education in keeping with our tradition and progress.

Practical plans for curtailing expenses should be employed. But no one should be sacrificed; it would be a national crime to countenance preference and castes. As time goes on the competition in living

itself is becoming keener. Today as never before man is realizing the bite of competitive existence. Lives may be shattered if through curtailment of scholastic work students are not able to keep their place in the political, economic and social scheme.

It is said that educated men are drugs on the market. This can never be true. Education is valuable if it serves only as an inner satisfaction. However, the depression has proved that there are educated men suffering by virtue of the fact that they are white-collar men with no white-collar jobs available. This should not discourage us too much, however, because, with the return to prosperity, there will be an accompanying regard for men with ability to take over those positions which require education and training.

REGIMENTATION

Without desiring to ape the political orator, we say with conviction that America stands at the crossroads. The proposed regimentation of American citizens at nominal wages for the execution of a Federal project is defended on the ground that it is an emergency measure. Let us remember, however, that the emergency of today is the commonplace of tomorrow.

The old order changeth and the shibboleth of Liberty, Freedom and self-reliance no longer attracts the masses. Even as their numberless brethren of the past, what they want is security, and as one French Revolutionist explained it, "Logic is lost on a hungry man."

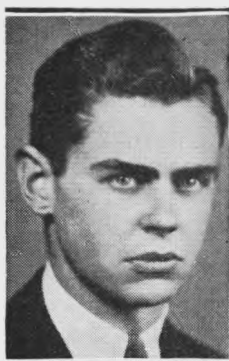
Moses learned this lesson when his followers longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and likewise in our case if the Manna of Federal subsidies does not bankrupt the nation, we may yet weather the economic gale. But we cannot help thinking that it is times like these that destroy human rights it has taken centuries to establish.



MERELY PLAYERS

*"All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players"*

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.



The publishing of any advance information of a critical or quasi-critical nature concerning a play without having seen it and only having read the manuscript often offends those who are connected with

it. But in this article which will be devoted to a consideration of the Pyramid Players' presentation of Lord Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu" we shall strive for impartiality and trust that our estimation of the play will not impair your view of its production by this praiseworthy group.

Returning to the beginnings of this play we find that it was first produced in 1839. At that time William Charles Macready was one of the greatest actors of the English stage, and a great interpreter of Shakespearean roles. During that period in addition to great Shakespearean actors there also flourished a goodly number of pretentious imitators of this variety of drama, and among them was Bulwer-Lytton. "Richelieu," although it did not contain the dramatic qualities or the literary excellence of "Macbeth" and "Othello," was one of the author's greatest plays and was written for Macready.

There was a peculiar feature concerning the plays of that period which is to be noted in reference to this drama. As works of dramatic art they are mediocre, but as opportunities for a pyro-technical display of the actor's ability they were unsurpassed. It is said in more than one source of dramatic history that Macready is best remembered for his Richelieu and

other similar roles than for his successes in such parts as Hamlet, Lear or Macbeth.

But Macready was not the only man to gain fame through this role. On this side of the Atlantic Edwin Booth, perhaps unsurpassed by any succeeding actor, included "Richelieu" as one of the outstanding plays of his repertoire and played it as regularly as "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." And with Lawrence Barrett it was considered his greatest role.

With the decline in Shakes-

LAMENT

*Come, Muse, from out thy spacious bourn
Which gave the ancient minstrels flower
and fern;*

*Reach me some symbol of a newer day
The country green is now the city gray.*

*For God made the country and the man
the town;*

*The smiling countryside betrays the city's
frown;*

*Stranger monsters fill the earth and
Beauty's face*

*In shame is hidden since her fall from
grace.*

*The misty morning filled with noxious gas
Where soulless robots to and backward
pass;*

*Who loves the fragrant breath of fallen
hay*

*When noisome demons swarm the crowded
way.*

*The stars of morn and night unnoticed
pass*

*For night is day and day is night; the
mass*

*Is now become enslaved by brick and
steel,*

*And man bears scars not even time will
heal.*

*Beware the light! For as the reckless
child*

*In ignorance of danger is beguiled;
Mankind may find he stole the sacred fire
To light him this, his own funeral pyre.*

Walter J. Shunney, '33

perean drama "Richelieu" seemed to have been almost forgotten. Today, with the exception of Walter Hampden's repertoire (and he does not use the original version) it has been relegated to the library shelves and is more often read and studied than played. This is not due to any great dramatic or literary flaw in the play itself but rather to the changing tastes of our times which have destined the immortal works of the Bard of Avon to an almost equal obscurity. The modern drama is not concerned with lyrical phrases or great dramatic moments but rather with an increased tempo of action and that element which we refer to as sophistication. So it is evident that the altered tastes of the times have wreaked untold havoc upon classical drama.

It is true that there are defects in this play. In the period in which it was written there was but little dramatic originality. At best the playwrights of that age were but imitators of Shakespearean drama, and not always good imitators. It was an age in which all literature was given over to high sounding phrases and stilted expression. To us it seems florid and exaggerated and perhaps rightly so. The audiences of those days were concerned not so much with what it saw but rather with what it heard, and defects in staging or in the course of the play's action passed unnoticed. But today audiences are more concerned with what they hear. And in this respect "Richelieu" is no exception. It is a play for an ear-minded audience only, but as such it is no exception.

Bulwer-Lytton has been accused of using these same lofty expressions under the title of poetry. To that charge there is no adequate answer; it is completely true and it is for this reason as well as to

(Continued on Page 18)

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

THINGS YOU DIDN'T KNOW TILL NOW



It is our firm belief that there are many happenings concerning various activities of some of the boys around this institution that should be brought to your attention.

We do not write this letter in order to place any of the students in precarious conditions or even to embarrass them, but solely for the good of the entire student body. There is, we presume, no possible way of your knowing anything about these matters unless you are to be told, so we have taken it upon our shoulders to let you in on a few things that we have discovered.

Such a thing as having Bartholomew Skipp, a football player, who is supposed to be what we know as a man's man and who boasts about his rugged constitution, serving tea to the boys in the afternoon at his home is terrible. Such a thing, to say the least, should not be.

Another thing should be remedied and that is whatever it was that resulted in Eddie Moran's disastrous failure to pass a chemistry exam. We are unable to tell you just what happened to the poor kid, but at any rate we were working diligently on his paper and from all appearances was getting some things accomplished, when all of a sudden he jumps up and runs out of the room when only half of the exam had been done. We don't know what it was, but it is a matter that should be looked

into. The easiest way to find out, we think, would be to ask the Nashua lad what was the trouble.

Then if you remember correctly (we always do) it was but a few weeks ago that that clever trio sang "Ave Maria" at the disputation. With the audience all pepped up for a regular "Hot Cha" number it sure was a surprise to hear the strains of "Ave Maria" come out. They hummed "I Love You Truly" beautifully though. It was the first time that we have ever heard of our corpulent captain being nervous before a performance, though. No doubt, you have heard that song about Crosby, Colombo and Vallee. We think that they might well change that to O'Malley Maguire and Griffin. Three cute kids.

Tom Trainor, that Junior Beau Brummel, told us a fast one the other day to which we wanted to ask "Vas you dere, Sharlie," but politeness got the better of us and we refrained. Maybe someone should take the kid down a peg. He was telling us all about the night that he went out with some girl from the Normal School and she looked up into his great big blue eyes and coyly remarked, "We're both juniors this year, aren't we, Hawky?" If she knew Trainor as we know him around here she would never have hinted to him that she wanted him to take her to the Prom. Joe Wright says that Tom is getting to be a stay-out-all-night, anyway. There lies the explanation of his failures. If we haven't done anything else this year we have at least put you hip to him and a good reprimand would do him a lot of good...

Will Moriarty, from some nearby town (we forget just what one it is) gets very impatient in the Biology lab on Wednesday after-

noons. We were wondering what was the cause until we found out the secret. His lessons will be neglected, and you'd be surprised if you knew why.

We implore someone to tell Frank Keane, the Concord speed-boy, to go easy on the stories that he has been telling about his achievements. Why, can you imagine anyone having the nerve to tell us that he went out to dinner and gained 17 pounds in one night! That is outrageous. A fellow who has reached his third year in college attempting to tell such a story as that! He might get "Marble-head" McKenna to believe it but no one else.

Mr. Dillon told us the other day that a certain person, who denied it to us, was reading a notice put up on the bulletin to the effect that a course would have to be repeated "in toto" and he interpreted it as meaning "in the fall." We won't mention the lad's name for he insists that he didn't say any such thing—but we wouldn't put it past him.

"Ken" Quirk, '34 "Brud" Callahan, '33

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Omer Landry, '36 Pete Gobis, '35

We have been of the opinion that it is a sin or at least an error to tell fortunes but Joie Wright, that popular little football leader, has been indulging in such things. Of course, this is just a confidential letter, so no one will know who told you these things so we have no fear; and as we said, it is only so that someone will straighten some of the boys out on various matters.

You might have read in our column last month the story of Maguire and O'Malley concerning their singing ability. If you recall we started off saying that it was only what Matt told us. Since the last edition we have been talking with "Brushhead" and he gave us a different viewpoint on the subject and now we are not quite so sure that O'Malley is the better performer of the two. (Everyone admits that Papa Griffin is the best of the three.) Joe tells us that even years before he was known as a brushhead he was quite a man with his vocal organ and it is his tender (or tenor) voice that is the cause of the trio's popularity. We

are mighty glad that the elongated Pittsfield lad straightened out on that matter.

The following has nothing to do with any student in this school but we are practically assured that next year John Brown is going to enter here and we are giving you a tip to keep your eyes peeled for him for he sure is a pip. When we use the name John Brown we are not fooling for it is young John who now spends most of his time bothering Tom Griffin. John just now is only "the boy next door who minds the children" but we expect great things of him in the future when he becomes a P. C. student.

WE ALSO WANT TO TELL YOU THAT WE PAID TEBBETS THE TWO DOLLARS WE OWED HIM.

We understand that Eddie Koslowski is well thought of by all members of the faculty because of his politeness and the like. Well, if some of the faculty members had seen him do what we saw him do the other night they might not have such great admira-

tion for him. He started off well, he was very courteously aiding his girl friend to sit down at the table but the poor sap pulled the back right off the chair. Polite, pooh!

Eddie Reilly also has something of great importance about Kos that he could tell you. It has to do with the same evening when Kos stole something from his best friend. If it was anything else that he stole it would be different.

Maybe Lambie Burque doesn't get a little burned up when one mentions a certain person's name! Perhaps he should be given a little advice on how to take it.

We have noticed a couple of firm friendships that have developed in the past few weeks, but as far as we can see it is all for the good, so you will not be forced to break up these combinations. Eddie Keegan and Guess Who seem to be hitting it up together and Perrin and DeLisi were seen strolling down the pathway arm in arm the other day.

Someone told us so we will tell you about Frankie Holden, who

(Continued on Page 18)

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ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33

NEW CAPTAIN



Closing a brilliant season with a decisive victory over Brown, our Friars completed one of the most strenuous schedules in the history of basketball activities at Providence. Having re-

viewed the season in our previous issue we shall make no more than passing mention at this time. Suffice to say that it was a season made up of only three defeats out of a 16 game schedule. These were administered by Dartmouth, Yale and St. John's.

At the conclusion of the Brown game the letter men were unanimous in their choice of Eddie Koslowski, rangy center, as captain of next year's team. Eddie has played brilliant basketball since he came to Providence and his election as leader for the season of 1933-34 is indeed a worthy tribute to his athletic endeavors.

Thus as we bid adieu to basketball for another year, we present for our readers another all-opponent team. The selection was indeed most difficult in view of the wealth of material which made up the opposition during the past season. However, after much deliberation and consideration the following team survived:

- L. F.—Lazar of St. John's.
- R. F.—Garabedies of Boston Univ.
- C. —Connelly of Yale.
- R. G.—Miles of Yale.
- L. G.—Quirk of Springfield.

Now we must turn our thoughts to sports of a more appropriate

nature for we see by our calendar that spring has arrived, and in the spring a young man's fancy turns to —baseball, tennis and golf. The first mentioned has long been a major sport at Providence, but the latter sports have come to the front only during the last few years.



Henry Alves and Danny Galasso, '35, were named Varsity tennis and golf captains at a meeting of the golf and tennis teams recently. Alves, who is a graduate of Taunton High school, has gained an enviable reputation both in high school and college as an excellent court enthusiast. During his senior year in high school he led his team mates to numerous victories, and last year as a member of the Friar tennis squad he was instrumental in numerous Dominican victories.

Galasso hails from Port Chester, N. Y., where he was a member of the golfing team during his four years at Port Chester High. He holds the honor of winning the Westchester County amateur-professional tournament of two years ago. Last year he was a member of the first golf team ever formed at Providence and his election was well received by the members of the student body.

The Varsity tennis schedule is practically the same as last year, with our Jesuit rivals from Worcester, Holy Cross, being the only addition. Included in the schedule is the match scheduled with Brown

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for April 29, and we look forward to seeing the Friars score their first tennis victory over our friendly rivals on the hill. Along with Alves as members of the ten-Louis Fitzgerald and John Gorman, nis squad will be Rene Barrette, who were members of last year's team. These veterans, aided and abetted by members of last year's freshmen squad, including Hart, Herbert, Kelley, McGovern, Fiorillo, Gagne and Bob Carroll, present an array of tennis material which should make a name in the college tennis world.

The golfing schedule is as strenuous as any attempted by even the well seasoned player. It includes matches with Fordham and St. John's, two colleges which are well known for their friendly rivalry with Providence. Along with these major contests come meetings with Brown, Boston College and other leading colleges in the East.

Complete schedules of the tennis and golf teams will be found on this page.

BASEBALL!

After two days of indoor practice, Coach Jack Flynn called outdoor sessions for all the Varsity baseball candidates, and was greeted by a turnout of veterans who will make a strong effort to retain the Eastern collegiate diamond title won during the past two campaign.

Prospects for a successful season this Spring are exceptionally bright, with the presence of lettermen for every position except third base, which was left vacant by the graduation of Bob Dion last year. Left field, filled so capably by Captain Sellig of the championship 1932 team, should cause little worry to Coach Flynn, as he has Ed Koslowski available to work in that garden, with Captain Tom Griffin remaining to take care of the centerfield berth. The withdrawal from college of Danny Connors and Bill Lomax last year, both Varsity pitchers, will be offset somewhat by the encouraging work of Charlie Rennick and Charlie Burdge, who served so capably with the Junior Varsity nine.

Eddie Janas, senior classman

who has served in a relief infield role for two seasons, apparently has the edge on the other aspirants for the third base vacancy, although he will meet stubborn competition from John Madden of Pittsfield, Paul Healey of New Bedford, Frank Holden of Jefferson and Joe Wright, football captain-elect, and Johnny Morrison, both of Staten Island.

Once a third baseman is chosen, Jack Flynn will be able to rest easily as he looks ahead to an ambitious campaign against major opposition, for the remainder of last year's air-tight inner defence is again available and ready for service. Perrin looks good for first base, although he will have to move at a lively clip to hold Leo Marion, sophomore from Putnam, from breaking into the starting array at that position; Corbett at second, and Eddie Reilly at shortstop, both holdovers from the teams of the past two seasons, will have a wide edge over all other infield candidates. Reilly and Corbett saved many a game for the Friars in the past two campaigns, and we venture to predict that their play this Spring will stamp them as the leading keystone combination in Eastern college competition.

The offence of the team will probably center about the outfield trio, although Coach Flynn looks for an all-round attack from every member of the Varsity, as every player showed to advantage at bat toward the close of the 1932 campaign. Captain Tom Griffin, the most timely hitter on the squad, who has been troubled with an ankle injury in the past, is now in top condition, and his presence in the starting lineup every game will add to the team's offence considerably.

The big war club of "Chief" Marsalla will again be toted into action this Spring, and the Burrillville slugger is making no secret of the fact that he is ready for a banner year at the plate. Chief has been the home run king of the New England colleges for two years, and if he continues his hard hitting tactics this Spring many a league scout will be ready to sign him for

SPRING SCHEDULES

Varsity Baseball

Boston University	April 8
Dartmouth	April 22
Massachusetts State	April 27
Springfield	April 29
Lowel Textile	Lowell, May 2
Holy Cross	May 6
Boston College	Boston, May 10
Georgetown	May 11
Brown	Aldrich Field, May 13
Yale	New Haven, May 17
New Hampshire	May 25
Brown	Aldrich Field, May 27
Boston College	June 3
Alumni	June 6
Harvard Graduates	June 8

(COMMENCEMENT DAY)

Holy Cross	Worcester, June 10
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Freshman Baseball

Nichols Jr. College	Dudley, April 27
R. I. College of Pharmacy	May 2
Pawtucket High	May 4
*Yale Jr. Varsity	New Haven, May 6
Brown Fresh	Aldrich Field May 10
Nichols Jr. College	May 15
St. John's Prep	Danvers, May 17
Dean Academy	Franklin, May 20
Brown Freshmen	May 24

*Junior Varsity game.

Varsity Tennis

Clark University	Worcester, April 26
Brown	April 29
Boston University	May 3
Springfield	Springfield, May 5
Boston College	Boston, May 10
Worcester Polytech	May 13
Connecticut	May 17
Holy Cross	Worcester, May 20

Freshman Tennis

Moses Brown	April 29
Brown Freshmen	May 5
Boston Col. Fresh	Boston, May 10
Classical High	May 13
Connecticut Freshmen	May 17
Dean Academy	Franklin, May 20

Varsity Golf

Fordham	New York, April 21
Boston College	April 28
Mass. I. of Tech	May 2
Worcester Polytech	Worcester, May 9
Amherst	So. Hadley, May 11
Tufts	May 15
Brown	May 17

professional competition next Summer when he completes his college play.

Although Ed Koslowski, basketball captain-elect, will have somewhat of an edge in the tussle for the left field vacancy owing to his previous experience as a Varsity flyhawk, yet he will encounter some serious opposition from such capable players as Franny Dromgoole, football and basketball star, Pete Gobis, Frank Keane and Bill Noon.

Most coaches are troubled with the task of finding a man for a certain position, and though Coach Flynn will have his worries along that line this Spring, he is also faced with the very perplexing problem of finding a position for a certain young man named Leo Marion. Marion served as first baseman with the Junior Varsity nine last Spring, and during the Summer played on the Cape, where he was ranked as the best first sacker in competition there. With Perrin still on hand for the first base post with the Friars, Flynn is puzzled with the placement of Marion, but whatever the decision, we feel certain that the lanky Putnam sophomore will break into the first string array somewhere, as he is a natural fielder and a fine left-handed hitter.

Ed Quinton, one of the East's

leading hurlers, heads the pitching staff, which includes such performers as Al Blanche, Burdge, Rennick, Page, Tucker and Shapiro, as the standouts. The first two will undoubtedly bear the brunt of the work this Spring, as they did last year, but we look for some fine pitching from Rennick and Burdge, and if Page, whose southpaw slants won him wide recognition three years ago when he starred in the Boston scholastic ranks, ever hits his real stride the Friar mound staff will be one of the best ever.

The other end of the battery will be the same as of last Spring, as the receiving staff has remained intact, with Ollie Roberge, all-round performer; Dick Burns, rangy football star; Johnny Clark and George Tebbets on hand for the work. Experience behind the plate undoubtedly win the starting assignments for Roberge and Tebbets.

FRESHMAN NOTES

This Spring the Junior Varsity team will give way to a freshman team in keeping with the new athletic policy of the college to promote freshman sports. Just what the outlook for the yearlings will be in the coming season is doubtful at this time, as Coach Flynn has called out only the battery men of the first year group.

However, if the array of moundmen and catchers is to be a criterion of the strength of the first year team, we look for a well balanced nine. Ed Eldredge, former Dean Academy ace, Tom Finneran of Somerville and Kents Hill, Joe Conley of La Salle and Joe Malvey of Aquinas in Columbus, Ohio, are the outstanding freshmen fingers to report to date, while John Reid of St. Joseph's High in Pittsfield, Frank Sweeney of Worcester and



Jack McCabe of Pawtucket High head the catching staff.

Although the remainder of the squad is of an unknown quantity at this time, yet the presence of such clever players as Omer Landry and Dan Gilroy, former St. Raphael Academy stars; Louis Dursin, slugging first sacker from Mt. St. Charles Academy; Bill Heelan, star infielder from Tech High, and Paddy Morrison, clever second baseman from Staten Island, gives reason for the belief that the cubs will win the majority of their contests.

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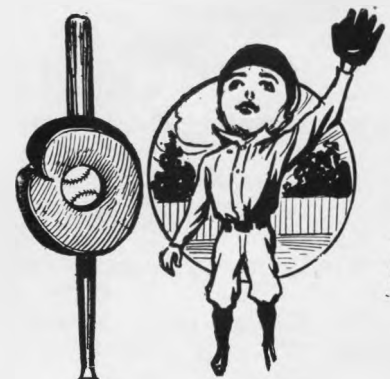
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The Boar of the Borgias

(Continued from Page 5)

to look more haggard than ever. One of his acquaintances jokingly remarked that he looked as if he had killed a man. Trevor promptly fainted. Everything he touched reminded him of Barnstable. His business acquaintances roughly and blunderingly consoled him. His correspondence and business affairs continually mentioned him. The furnishings of his office shouted his name aloud. Barnstable dead was far more peace-disturbing than Barnstable alive. Every time he entered his drawing room the boar greeted him with a knowing leer; and the dogs had ceased to snarl, they now smiled in derision.

It was a week or so later that a young man he had met in Italy, browsing around, called on him for tionalities, until, his tastes over-a chat. They observed the conven-powering his manners, the young man impulsively rushed over to examine the boar.

"Say, this is beautiful," said the youngster. "It looks like a Cellini. May I," he asked, stretching forth a tentative hand to examine the piece more closely.

"Damn it, no!" suddenly shouted Trevor, turning white. Then, re-gaining control of himself, he said ruefully, "Excuse me, Dick, my nerves are all jangled by Barn-stable's death, go ahead."

Dick picked the decanter up curiously, hefted it, and then, noticing the filagree, he broke out, "Gee! that's funny. It looks as if a prohibitionist designed this. How do you get a drink out of it?"

"Well, the idea is that by the time you have your drink poured, you're thirsty enough to appreciate it. Allow me," and he poured out two glasses of the same Napoleonic brandy that Barnstable had drunk. The recollection of it made Trevor's hand tremble slightly, but he concealed his emotion.

"I wonder," murmured the youngster, "if those eyes are to-paz." Seizing the decanter he brought it to the light.

"What are you doing," growled Trevor. "Hay! watch out there! That thing is valuable!"

"Oh! don't worry," answered Dick. He poked the right eye. It fell into its socket.

"Hey!" shouted Trevor, alarmer, "put that thing down." His face was pasty white, his limbs twitched uncontrollably as he fell into a chair. His eyes were popping from their sockets. His lips were blue and bubbly. He was in the grip of mortal terror.

"All right," snorted Dick, and

then catching sight of his host, "Why what's the matter? I haven't hurt this old thing, really I haven't. Say! I'm sorry—"

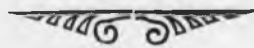
"Look! look!" screamed Trevor. And look they did. An inky black bubble was foaming on the lips of the boar. It swelled like a balloon, increasing steadily.

"Oh! my God!" groaned Trevor and he suddenly sprang forward. Quick as he was, Dick was quicker, and he swung Trevor out of the way. Just as he reached the de-canter the bubble, now the size of a toy balloon, burst, spattering Dick's face. Dick unconsciously stuck forth his tongue and tasted the deposit on his face. "Aconite," he yelled, "W-w-why that's what Borgia used. Wow! are you lucky! a piece from Borgia's collection. Gosh! what's the matter?"

Trevor was slumped in a chair unconscious.

Dick summoned a doctor who diagnosed Trevor's condition as severe shock. When Dick told him

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of what happened, the doctor hummed and hawed.

"Let's have a look at this thing," said the doctor.

Together they examined it, and Dick's knowledge of Italian craftsmanship soon revealed the secret of the boar's head. The doctor looked grave, when the working of the thing was explained to him by the excited Dick.

"You mean poison could be administered to some on the others would not be affected?"

"Exactly," asserted Dick.

"Hm! Ummn," mused the doctor.

* * * * *

When the police arrived a day or so later, Trevor took their presence very calmly. He made no fuss, merely walked into his den, and poured himself a drink with his finger on the head of the bottle. He would have gotten away with it, had not Dick happened in at that time, and struck the glass from his hand. Although the evidence was very slender, Trevor was taken into custody.

At the trial, the doctor testified that he had considered Barn-

stable's death peculiar, since the latter did not have a weak heart. When he discovered that Barnstable might have consumed some wolf's-bane, he performed a thorough autopsy, and found slight traces of poison. He communicated his find to the police.

Dick testified to the strange behavior of his friend when he touched the decanter.

At this, Trevor's nerves gave way and he babbled and screamed like an idiot. When he had recovered, he took the stand and confessed everything. He was not essentially a criminal at heart, and the crime had been weighing heavily upon his conscience. He was glad to unburden himself.

He told of his hobby and how he had studied the life of Borgia and identified it with his own; how he had discovered the secret of the boar's head; how he had analyzed the black particles and had found them to be solidified aconite, a form of wolf's bane, and a favorite poison of the Borgias, since it induced the symptoms of heart failure and left no external traces.

He told of his adventures on the markets; how Barnstable had tricked, cheated and humiliated him in the guise of friendship; how to revenge himself he had prepared a solution of aconite in readiness for Barnstable; how when the deed had been done, he had emptied the sac, but had not washed it; how when Dick laughed into the mouth of the boar, the bubble formed and betrayed him.

The jury and court were horrified. They brought in a verdict of guilty with a plea for clemency, saying that he had been deranged. But Trevor rose and in a very moving and dignified address to the court, set aside the clemency recommendatoin and asked for the chair.

It was unusual, but the court complied. The black-robed judge solemnly sentenced John Cole Trevor to death for murder in the first degree. And there he is," concluded the warder.

Just then a procession appeared in the further end of the corridor. The jailer nodded to my questioning look. They unlocked Trevor's

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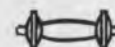
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cell and led him forth. They marched him slowly through the green baize door. Trevor seated himself calmly in the chair. The executioner busied himself for a moment with buckles and electrodes, and then stepped back. The current went on. The figure in the chair stiffened convulsively and then slumped. A smell of ozone and scorched flesh tainted the stuffy atmosphere of that grisly room. The jailers wheeled out the remains of the last of the Borgias—the unfortunate Machiavelli.

It's More Fun to Know

(Continued from Page 3)

President identify it. On the way, Jay slipped the duplicate into his hand, the President identified the real watch, Thurston substituted the duplicate which he eventually smashed with the hammer.

The real watch was discovered in a loaf of bread and returned to the President, who had all the while remained calm. Thurston retained his reputation, and the government continued to function.

Songsters who yodel of "good fellows getting together," and comics who speak of "Greek meeting Greek" must admit that the most interesting meeting of all occurs when magicians get together. Rabbits spring from empty hats with a rapidity equal to that of their far-famed propensity for multiplication; girls, wearing expressions of amazing nonchalance (and very little else) allow themselves to be pierced with long, sharp, savage-looking swords; from the grey mists of nowhere appear brilliantly-hewed flags. But it is when the hour has grown late and the tricks are laid aside that the meeting really becomes unusually interesting. It is then that the tall gaunt, sinister gentlemen sit, half-hidden among the eerie shadows, surrounded by the mysterious implements of their art, and tell weird stories of their travels; stories that make Virgil seem unimaginative, tales of adventure, of Occult mysticism, of Voodoo magic, of the Powers of Darkness.

Yes, it is fun to be fooled, but it is truly much more fun to know.

Seeing Red—and Other Things

(Continued from Page 7)

should be made sufficiently attractive, that they might serve as a constant source of inspiration to him. We find proof of this in the wonderful and changing order in nature.

Man should be tempted, within his powers of resistance, by placing him in a position where he must choose between God and the creatures of God. These requisites are found in the world as it exists today. Hence, we feel justified in holding, that with respect to the purpose for which it was created, this is the best possible world.

Joseph B. Leonard, '33



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Merely Players

(Continued from Page 9)

quicken its tempo that Arthur Goodrich rewrote and condensed the play for Walter Hampden. He eliminated much of Bulwer-Lytton's excess verbiage without destroying the theme of the play. Hardly one-third of the original text remains in the new version yet it retains the story, heightens the action and renders it more understandable. In three concise acts it accomplishes what was formerly done in five. And yet none of the lyrical beauty of the play is sacrificed; in fact it is aided by this condensation. To emphasize this point I quote a passage from this play picked by Clayton Hamilton in his introduction to Mr. Goodrich's work. In Act I, Scene 2, of the Bulwer-Lytton play Richelieu speaks of his niece, Julie, and the king's passion for her as follows:

Out on you!

*Have I not one by one from such fair shoots
Pluck'd the insidious ivy of his love?
And shall it creep around my blossoming tree*

Where innocent thoughts, like happy birds, make music

That spirits in Heaven might hear?

In Mr. Goodrich's play this passage reads:

Poor Julie!

She needs protection then, So is our king

Philandering again? I spend full half My time checking his infidelities.

In addition we quote perhaps the best known lines of both versions. In Bulwer-Lytton it is as follows:

Beneath the rule of men entirely great

*The pen is mightier than the sword.
Behold*

The arch-enchanters's wand!—itself a nothing!—

But taking sorcery from the master-hand

To paralyze the Caesars—and to strike

The loud earth breathless!—Take away the sword!—

States can be saved without it!

But in Goodrich it is more direct, and the lines are more pertinent to the thought expressed:

*The pen is mightier than the sword.
So frail*

It seems; yet, wielded by the master hand,

It strikes to paralyze embattled Caesars.

So—take away the sword. States can be saved without it.

These passages, picked at random by Mr. Hamilton, may serve to show the superiority and clarity of the Goodrich version.

Remembering the excellent performance in Macbeth last year we anticipate an even greater one on April 28. This play is a departure from the customary Shakespeare and as such it represents an undertaking by the Pyramid Players which deserves our loyal support and attendance.

Checker-Board

(Continued from Page 11)

spends more time looking for French books than he does reading them, and Joe Adamick visited Worcester not so long ago. What went on we will let you endeavor to find out because we haven't discovered the details as yet.

"Sport" Adamick, when being teased by "Shirt" Healy the other afternoon also borrowed a line from Greta Garbo. Big Joe said (sotto voce and very dramatically): "Go away, I want to be alone." He gets off some corks. An evening spent with him would be an education for anyone.

We doubled up with merriment the other afternoon and we think that if you had seen the exhibition you would have put a halt to it. We are referring to the hurling exhibition that Tom Coffey put on out on Hendricken Field the other day. There never before has been another like it. Coffey complained that he got no co-operation from Malcolm who happened to be umpiring but Mal replied that co-operation ceases when the ball is thrown behind the batter.

Speaking of baseball we would like to have someone know just what P. C. has done for our slugging right fielder, the Chief. Being asked whether he was to go out for practice, he answered that

he would if the weather was "permissible".

Mr. Dillon was quite astounded the other morning in class when Joe McLaughlin, Soph Philosopher, insisted on giving pink elephants as an example of a productive active image. It seems to us as though that would be more of an after image for you get the image after at any rate.

A prof was also told just what a certain student thought about his poetry book. It reminded us of some adjectives used to describe the Latin Comps in the earlier part of the year when he went to make a purchase.

In a couplet that was handed in by our most illustrious student in the last poetry exam, there is found matter for investigation. It went like this,

*On the rocky coast of Gloucester,
In the dashing waves I lost her.*

We thought this one was better though,

*The sea was raging on the cliff,
As I was sailing with my quiff.*

Very good poetry. There are some smart boys in the school.

We won't tell you about Le Blanc and the dog.

Some one told us the following. Whether it is authentic or not is a question, but we are inclined to believe that it is. The class was Religion. The subject was white lies. The priest gave the following example. He had just given an exam and a tough one at that. Hogan was down in the smoking room and a fellow who had taken the exam came along with a gun and inquired as to the whereabouts of the professor. The priest said to Hogan, "If you knew I was up in Room 31, what would you tell the fellow if he asked me?" "I would tell him you were up in Room 31," replied Hogan. More respect is in order.

"Butch" Sullivan has been seen driving up and down North Main Street lately. Dan Higgins asked us to tell you to make "Butch" do more studying from his books.

If you ever get talking with George Cusack you could ask him what he is doing out to Van's every night, and also where he found his slicker when he lost it recently.

Bingo Doyle wanted us to tell you that the theme song for the boys around Hanaway's is "Peg of My Heart". It should be.

Matt O'Malley was seen exploring College Road the other night looking for his roommate. It happened to be on a Friday and then Matt thought. He solved the problem in one word. Kitty.

In our final burst of confidence we want to tell you about the redoubtable Mr. Phelan. We have been inquiring of several boys from Fall River lately as to whom Phelan chums around with in his home town and they all answered the same. We would like to become acquainted with Alfie and Danny H.

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WHO'S WHO HEREIN

Perhaps it smacks of punning but we cannot refrain from announcing that there is perhaps as much kick in the Editorial in this issue on Beer as in the beverage that Congress has so belatedly attempted to make legal to rally the scattering tax forces of the nation. The Editor has dipped into the history of colleges to say a good word for beer drinking collegians, but we fear that his attempt to compare Heidelberg with American institutions is a little facetious. When in Rome one may (perhaps must) do as the Romans do, but not when in Rome, New York.

In our last issue we were horrified to find that the splendid playlet by Charles E. Mulhearn, '33, had been so mangled that it didn't make sense. Where the accident occurred or who was to blame we are not prepared to say, but we do know that it was no fault of Mulhearn, as most of the readers of his other works would immediately assume. He is preparing some more work for a later issue, and we hope to see his efforts unhandicapped by any such unfortunate incident as that which met his most recent offering.

Gordon F. Harrison, '35, is familiar to most of the business men of the city. He is probably known to them as the impudent young fellow who drives them in a corner and harries an ad out of them. To the students he is more than that and we print what we believe is one of his best essays to stand witness that he can do more than solicit ads well. The accompanying essay by Joseph B. Leonard is in a different vein but is just as engaging. He presents the accepted scholastic view on the world we live in, and answers, succinctly and adequately, the chief arguments drawn against that view.

We know what to expect from Paul F. Connolly. (If that line appeared in the Checkerboard it might be subjected to various interpretations.) He promised to write something more on magicians when he submitted his copy last month and he has kept his word. The second and final installment of his work on the art of Houdini, etc., is as interesting as was the first. And that Connolly knows what he is talking about, no one need tell a P. C. man. He has proved his right to be heard long ago.

Some time ago we sent out word indirectly that we were ready to print our cover in four colors. It really is not our fault that we are still confined to black and white. The cigarette war which is still on has made it impossible for our friends to increase their appropriations to us and until they have settled their dispute we will be fortunate to carry the well drawn ads which do appear on our back cover. Incidentally, we change the colors on the back page, we shall offer some varieties on the front, too.

George Tebbets, who was unfortunately injured the other day, will no longer work actively on the baseball matter presented by the Athletic column of the Alembic.



*B*y the way, you know friends sometimes offer me Chesterfields, and about the only thing they say is, "I believe you'll enjoy them!"

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