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VOL. V.

MARCH, 1925.

No. 6.

CONTENTS

Ode to Thomas Moore.....	<i>W. Harold O'Connor</i>	206
In Behalf of the Constitution.....	<i>Robert E. Curran</i>	207
Reverend John A. Jordan, O. P.....		210
Winds.....	<i>John J. Hayes</i>	211
Nerve.....	<i>W. Harold O'Connor</i>	212
Lacrymona's Death Song.....	<i>John V. Rubba</i>	217
Defensio Antiquitatum.....	<i>Edward M. McEntee</i>	218
What's in a Name.....	<i>W. Harold O'Connor</i>	220
Lady of My Dreams.....	<i>J. C. McGonagle</i>	222
Cedric Caps the Climax.....	<i>John L. McCormick</i>	223
The Observer.....	<i>T. Henry Barry</i>	227
Residuum.....	<i>John J. Fitzpatrick</i>	230
Editorials.....		234
College Chronicle.....	<i>Walter F. Reilley</i>	237
Alumni.....	<i>Earle F. Ford</i>	239
Exchange.....	<i>James C. Conlon</i>	240
Athletics.....	<i>Vernon C. Norton</i>	243

Published monthly from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence R. I. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized January 13, 1921."

Ode to Thomas Moore

The voice that sang thee, Tara's Halls,
Is long since hushed and still.
The bard who chanted 'neath thy walls
Has passed beyond thy thrill.
The mystic music of his verse,
Has ceased to tell thy praise.
But oh! the magic of his words
Will never cease to raise
Above the fears, the woes, the tears,
That now so softly fall,
Hope, that again the sweet refrain
Of Tara's harp, shall call
The rulers of the Emerald Isle
To rest within thy walls.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

In Behalf of the Constitution



THE Constitution of the United States is a compendium of the organic principles in accordance with which Federal sovereignty is habitually exercised. That is to say, it is the basic, fundamental, ultimate and supreme law of the land. No law is valid that does not conform with its decisive decrees—no matter if that law be passed in the remotest village of the undeveloped West or in the frozen fastness of Alaska. To the farthest-flung borders of the United States its sovereignty extends, and to the distant possessions beyond. It is the inexorable rule—the unifying principle that guides and directs the destiny of our land; inseparable from it as the soul from the body, departing only with life itself.

The majesty of its present power; the uncertainty and dependence in which it was born—what an antithesis! Conceived amidst the atmosphere of the conflicting elements in the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia in 1787, it endured the tortures of the disciples of Monarchism on the one hand, and of Democracy on the other. Franklin would alter it thus, and Hamilton would twist it back; the while the whole assemblage debated upon the form it was to inhabit. At times it seemed it would die in its inception — the wreck of discord, of obstinacy, of passion. At length, a cleverly devised compromise settled upon its existence; it was to live—a creature before unknown, unseen, and but incompletely thought of. It was to be an experiment; the marvelous embodiment of almost indefinite compromise; inclining far to the radical sentiment of the times, but held deep and fast in the restraints of conservatism.

In such a form it appeared before a profoundly disaffected populace, of varying sympathies, of local prejudices, always and everywhere responsive to the alarming cries of the demagogues who flouted its aristocratic features and declaimed against its authors. The victory-crazed Colonies would have the full measure of their reward in pure, pure democracy! "It is yours by right of conquest.

Your blood, the blood of your fathers and sons purchased it for you. This—this is not Democracy but aristocracy.” Thus the extremists fumed and inveighed against the judiciary provision with its life tenure of office. And a recollected, far-seeing, and none the less patriotic Constitution supporter replied with arguments that appealed to both head and heart. “Look at the condition of the States— anarchy either reigns or threatens everywhere. The lawless and the violent go unpunished. The States themselves are on the verge of war—fratricidal, ruinous war. Commerce is at a standstill. Government? There is none whose mandates are respected! Think! Think of what will ensue if this plan for stable, liberal, safe and sane government is destroyed by those who think not of the consequences and care less. Reject this plan and you repudiate the efforts of the greatest minds among you; your sincerest friends; patriots with a glorious record. Reject it and possibly you undo at one blow the dearly won revolutionary gains. Accept it and you have peace, prosperity, security—a country—a lasting reward of your trials and labors.” Hamilton and Adams and Washington took the day! The Constitution was established; and from that day to this it has ruled supreme.

But it was destined to pass through an eventful history. No sooner did it begin to function than it was attacked on all sides as indefinite and inadequate to provide for the exigencies of government. The Federalists presented it with the gift we call today “Implied Powers.” The Jeffersonian Republicans would hem it in with “Rigid Interpretation.” But opposed though it was, its advance was but briefly retarded. It would require hours to criticize fittingly the admirable accuracy of the great Marshal’s constitutional interpretations and definitions. So I hasten on to that time when, for four years, its very life was in imminent danger of extinction—the period of the Civil War. The real issue was clean cut; whether the Constitution as interpreted by the judiciary was to be obeyed; or whether a State or collection of States could countermand or override its decisions. Many other issues clouded that period of furious rebellion, but that battle was being waged about the foot of the great constitutional edifice; to throw it down to earth, to humiliate it, to mortify it, was the purpose of one force; to strengthen and ennoble it—to establish

it in the position of undisputed power it holds today, was the aim of the other.

We live now under the influence of that preserved Constitution so absolute and so sovereign. We respect it for its checks and balances, the means by which it has guaranteed for us the complete and undisturbed enjoyment of liberty and happiness. We realize well the heavy price of its purchase and protection and are for this reason all the more inclined to appreciate the value of its possession—never to be lost, mutilated, or alienated. And since it is the life-giving principle we ought to regard it as sacred never to be tampered with by careless or sacrilegious hands. When it shall lose its proud power, we weaken correspondingly as a nation; if it dies, the United States of America dies. Therefore, it is our intelligent duty to look with stern disfavor upon frivolous attempts to alter its appearance by the proposal of every species of amendment. It will ultimately redound to our benefit to despise those who, realizing the enormous power it envelops, would throw their pet political and social conceptions within the pale of its influence. And just as surely as the intense labor of our forefathers to preserve it in its entirety was fraught with correspondingly valuable rewards, so the present endeavors to pound it out of shape, to throw it off center, will ultimately rock it from its pedestal to a lamentable destruction that will carry with it the glory of a nation that was!

. *Robert F. Curran*, '25.

Rev. John A. Jordan, O. P.

The beginning of the second semester witnessed the resignation of Reverend John A. Jordan, O. P., as Vice President of Providence College, which position he had held since the College was opened in 1919. Before that, Father Jordan had been head of the Latin and Greek departments at La Salle Academy.

Father Jordan studied at Boston College, later entering the novitiate of the Order of Friars-Preachers at St. Rose Convent, Springfield, Kentucky. After his ordination he entered the field of teaching, specializing in Latin and Greek. He was stationed in the West for a number of years, finally coming East to take charge of the classics at La Salle.

Upon assuming his duties as Vice President of the College, he inaugurated the present courses in Greek. Despite the fact of his teaching a decidedly unpopular subject, the course became popular through the personality of its professor. Father Jordan possessed a profound knowledge of his subjects, and what is more important to the student, he was markedly able to convey that knowledge.

A thorough scholar, Father Jordan, devoted his years to a mastery of the literature of the Latins and the Greeks, in a day when such mastery is rarely found. Those who were fortunate enough to study under his guidance will long reflect his influence. Still a young man, **Father Jordan goes from Harkins Hall to become the President of Aquinas College at Columbus, Ohio.** It is needless to say that the students of Providence College, and his many friends, wish him all possible success in his new responsibilities.

Winds

At midnight's mystic hour,
 When God seems nearer to earth,
The winds exulting in power,
 Hail the day's re-birth.
They come from lands full far away
 To frolic with spirits glad,
Wisest winds from old Cathay;
 Wicked winds from old Bagdad.
And then we hear the wind's sweet song,
 Shrill as a fairy fife,
Sounding the story of ages long;
 Chanting the riddle of life.
What wond'rous lore the winds could teach,
 If men could understand.

John J. Hayes, '27.

NERVE



OF COURSE all this might never have happened if Frank Kearney had not been sent by the office manager to talk insurance to "Big Jim" Feeley on this particular day, or if Kearney's 1910 model Ford Special hadn't developed a case of brass tacks in the rear tire—but then our story isn't concerned with the ifs and buts of the question; so suppose you read it yourself and form your own conclusions, logical or otherwise.

For three months Frank Kearney had been carried along (it would be false to assert that he had been employed) by the Ajax Life Insurance Company, but at any rate he drew his weekly stipend of \$30 every Saturday night; whether or not he earned it is, of course, an entirely different matter. For the fact was, that Frank, or as his fellow workers called him "Girlie," lacked nerve. To tell the truth, if you saw him trying to sell a policy to a prospective buyer, you'd wonder if he ever had any nerve. He had it, but it very seldom came to the surface. At any rate, "Girlie" Kearney was never cut out to be an insurance agent.

"Girlie" did sell one policy during the three months he had spent with the Ajax Company, but it wasn't really his fault. He couldn't very easily avoid writing out the policy when an applicant came in to buy \$200 worth of insurance and found no one else in the office at the time.

After considering his remarkable sales record, "Girlie" was not greatly surprised on the morning of April 1st, when the manager, Joe Sullivan, approached him and gently stated that unless "Girlie" could bring in a policy for \$5000, at the bottom of which policy the heavy scrawl of James Feeley was attached, the Ajax Life would be forced to sever its business relations with one Frank Kearney, definitely and permanently.

"You can have until Saturday night to produce Feeley's application for a \$5000 policy," Sullivan informed him. "Otherwise—" "Yes, Sir! All right, Sir! I'll do my best." But it was with failing courage that Kearney stammered his reply. For it was known in every nook and corner of Milton, Maine, that "Big Jim" Feeley had not the slightest use for insurance agents. He did, however, delight

in showing them the door of his office, with the polite remark, "Close that door from the outside and do it quick!"

Usually if the salesman in question knew "Big Jim," the door did close from the outside—and closed quickly—for the simple reason that no man likes to be bounded off a cement sidewalk by a six-foot-four giant.

Every man on the Ajax force had tried to sell to Jim Feeley with varying success, that is, some of them had walked out of his office, while a few more stubborn had tried the other method.

Yes, that much was certain; Big Jim had no use for insurance, but the man who tried to sell it to him usually needed its protection. So the prospects of "Girlie" Kearney looked very black after he had heard the orders of Sullivan. It didn't help to make him any more confident when he received a long list of "don't's" from those of the force who sympathized with him in his undertaking.

Two days in which to sell a \$5000 policy to a man whom all the companies in the city had vainly tried to sell even a \$100 order. impossible!

However, "Girlie" made up his mind to have a fling at the job so he left the Ajax office with a "do or die" (mostly die) look on his face.

Big Jim's lumber mill was situated about five miles from Milton proper, so Kearney decided to make the trip in his Ford. After he had drawn a few smiles and witty suggestions in his attempt to crank the thing it finally began to sputter like an abused asthma patient and "Girlie" left for Feeley's office.

The trip to the lumber mill was uneventful and Kearney soon found himself standing before a large glass door upon which was an imposing sign informing him that this was the private office of James E. Feeley, lumber dealer.

"Girlie" Kearney was nervous, almost as nervous as a healthy man could be. He was utterly lacking any plan of action. In fact, he had been so engrossed in his misfortune that he had neglected even to think about the only possible solution of the difficulty.

For a few minutes, he paced up and down before the door trying to think of something to say when he faced the irritable Mr. Feeley. He could think of nothing suitable, however, so at last he rapped softly on the door and left the rest to chance.

"Come in," a big voice boomed forth through the glass.

Girlie shivered at the thought that he must face the owner of

that voice. But after a moment's hesitation he opened the door and entered the office.

His first confused glance gave Kearney a picture of a rather large room in the center of which a huge red-jowled man of perhaps sixty years, sat before a desk, blowing great clouds of smoke into the air. The office, like the man who occupied it, gave no sign of pretense; it was blunt and unembellished.

Without bothering to remove the cigar from his mouth, Feeley looked sharply at the intruder and growled, "Well!"

"Er—Very well, thank you, sir," stuttered Girlie. "Er—that is, I'd like to take up a few minutes of your time, sir."

"Humph! s'that so! Well, I didn't think you came to give me some of yours. Come on! Out with it!"

"You see, sir, I represent the Ajax Life Insurance Company and I—"

"Oh you do? So Joe Sullivan thinks a jelly-fish like you can talk insurance to me after his crew of able-bodied men have fallen down on the job? I suppose he'll be sending a woman around next. He might just as well have sent one this time. What're you gaping at? Say, you young ninny that's my correspondence you're rolling into a ball. What're you scared of? I'm not going to hurt you. I never touch children. Don't stand there stuttering at me. This isn't a school for stammerers. Close that door after you from the outside and do it in a hurry."

Under that avalanche of remarks Girlie backed slowly out of the door, completely whipped before he had spoken twenty words.

He carried with him a vivid picture of a red-faced volcano that belched forth with unceasing regularity, smoke and sentences; the heat of which left Girlie limp and perspiring.

Even after he had closed the door a final sentence came flying after him, "You haven't the nerve of a ten-year-old kid."

"No," muttered Girlie to himself as he cranked his Ford, "I guess I haven't."

It was a despondent young insurance agent who drove away from Feeley's office that morning; and it was the same despondent agent who drove back toward Milton, late that afternoon.

Girlie had spent the rest of the day trying to figure out just what he could do to earn his living but he had reached the conclusion that it required nerve to win success, and nerve was what one Girlie Kearney had not.

He had reached a point about two miles from Milton when suddenly a loud report broke in upon his musings to warn him that Ford tires are not puncture proof.

Girlie heaved a sigh of resignation and got out of the car. After gazing at the offending object for several minutes he took out his tools and began the task of removing the tire which had collected several long brass tacks.

He had almost finished his work when a large blue limousine came speeding along, reached a point opposite Kearney's machine and gradually began to slow down. Kearney laughed as he saw the two rear tires of the big car flat against the surface of the road.

Misery loves company and Girlie was no exception to the rule.

His smile faded, however, as he heard some one exclaim in an irritable voice, "Why in blazes did you have to get a puncture at a time like this? You know I've got to be in Milton by five-thirty or forfeit \$200. Here it is five-twenty, now. We'll never make it."

"I couldn't help it, sir. I didn't see the tacks," replied the chauffeur as Big Jim Feeley stepped out of the machine.

"Don't I know it, you idiot! I'm not blaming you. Shut up and get to work on those tires."

"Yes, sir!" and the chauffeur bent to his task.

"Two hundred lost all because of a few brass tacks," growled Feeley as he stamped up and down beside the car. "If someone would only come along now to get me into Milton before five-thirty."

"Perhaps I could help you," offered a quiet voice behind him.

"What's that?" asked Big Jim, turning quickly; "Oh, it's you is it? And how could you help me, Nervy Ned?"

"Well, I can try to get you in Milton in ten minutes if you'll get into the boat here," replied Girlie.

"Milton in ten minutes! In that oversized tin can? Don't be foolish." But Feeley edged toward the machine.

"Well, come on, what're you waiting for? Start the thing up; we can try it I suppose."

Girlie jumped forward started the car and grabbed the wheel. He jammed the spark and gas down to the limit and the old Ford gave a convulsive leap forward. It settled into a bounding, jarring speed which left Feeley breathless before they had gone two hundred yards.

The road was rough and Girlie knew it. But Girlie could drive

and he knew that, too. As a result, Big Jim Feeley was treated to the most exciting ride in ten minutes that he had ever had or hoped to have.

Always just missing fences, posts and walls, Girlie had Big Jim praying to himself throughout the trip. Feeley firmly vowed that never again would he get into a Ford roadster with a mad driver.

Finally they reached the main street of Milton.

"Where to?" shouted Girlie as they sped up the street. "The b-b-bank!" gasped Feeley, and then he grabbed convulsively at the wheel as a small child darted suddenly across the path of the machine; as a result of his action the wheel twirled out of Kearney's hands and the car headed directly for the panic-stricken youngster. "You idiot," shouted Girlie as he wrenched the wheel about to avoid hitting the child. He jammed down the brakes but although he missed the child, he could not stop the machine and it crashed head on into a telegraph pole. Girlie hurled himself across the car in front of Feeley and both plunged through the windshield. Girlie's body shielded Feeley from the flying glass; and also served to break his fall. As a result Feeley received no more than a few bruises while his companion was badly cut about the head and shoulders.

The usual crowd gathered about the scene and those nearest the two men heard Big Jim say slowly as he stumbled to his feet, "And you're the man I said lacked 'nerve.'"

They rushed Girlie to the City Hospital and two days later the nurse in charge said to a much bandaged form on a cot there, "Mr. Feeley to see you, sir."

"All right; come in," said Girlie. "Oh, it's you, is it? Well?"

"Yes, well," answered Jim, "Thanks to your nerve; and after that ride I've decided to take out some life insurance. Do you want to take my policy?"

"Why, yes sir! Certainly, sir!" stammered Girlie.

"Well, I'll sign for anything up to \$10,000, young man. Oh! and by the way, there's a reporter waiting outside to get your story of the accident for the papers. Shall I let him in now?"

"No! No! Don't let him in here," gasped Girlie quickly.

"And why not?" queried Feeley.

"Because I haven't the nerve to face a reporter!" was the answer.

Lacrymona's Death Song

O, pale-faced Moon! O Evening Star!
Where is my brave, my Caritu?
He's sped—his spirit roves afar
O'er sunny plains with Manitu!
No more he hunts the nimble deer
On yon blue mount, or in yon glen,
Nor homeward brings the golden ear,
Nor traps the hare in yon fair fen.
The fragrant pines and rolling hills,
The prairie wide, the lake so still,
The silent rocks, and singing rills,
His lifeless breast no more will thrill.
The feathered chiefs, and braves, who dance
With measured step round yon red fire,
And chant with doleful dissonance—
Ah, me! but mourn around his pyre.
O Caritu, my spirit pines,
And as the twilight fades away,
The tear flows fast, and grief entwines
My heart, as ivy's creeping spray.
True one! I'll meet thee once again,
Where life, and love, and joy abound,
And golden corn, and prairies green,
A boundless Happy Hunting Ground.

John V. Rubba, '27.

DEFENSIO ANTIQUITATUM



OW and then, there arises above the levities of the twentieth century, a hue and cry from some modern educator "Abolish the Classics." By the word classics, one may understand—the art, drama and literature of ancient Greece and Rome as conveyed by the most effectual means—the original tongue. Of course, in the mind of the average person, some such muttering as this is only of passing significance. But to the college man (more especially classical students) the matter is worthy of no little consideration.

Agitation in regard to this subject is by no means of modern origin. History tells us that it dates back to pre-reformation days. It is, however, a novel thing that lovers of the classics have assumed a defensive attitude in view of the fact that for fifteen centuries Latin was the cultural language of Europe. This fact, we may attribute to one of the following causes: either to the proselytising atmosphere about us or to the ultra-progressive spirit of America. However, as our friend Sallust says: "*Nos eam rem in medio reliquemus.*" First and foremost, I conceive it to be the paramount object of an education to teach a student to think. No other studies have accomplished this end to such a degree as Latin and Greek. I need not weary you in illustrating my point, it is an acknowledgement which even the opponents of the classics must admit. They give one a certain exactitude of mind, a sharpness of perception, and a liberal view of things. They are as the plowshare breaking through an untilled surface. From a moral standpoint, one is inclined to believe that those virtues of patience and persistence are well exemplified in the classics, for what requires more patience than a page of Livy or more persistence than thirty lines of the *Olynthiacs*. These studies seem to elevate us above the materialistic, into the world of the sublime, into the realm of an older civilization.

To be sure, no modern Socrates will ever call upon us to decline *porta*. It is not for this purpose that we study the classics. It is because Latin and Greek make English more intelligible. I

fear no contradiction in stating that over one half of our language is derived either directly, or indirectly, from the Latin. Greek, though not so common, is a help to many professions. Not a few of our scientific studies owe their terminology to the Greek. The classics are the root of language and etymologists tell us that the only efficient way to know a word fully, is to know its derivation. It is preposterous to compare the value of the classics with some modern tongue, for modern tongues trace their origin to the classics. I propose then, by means of these classics, one may obtain a better foundation in grammar, and a richer and more versatile vocabulary. Language will mean more to him than a mere combination of sounds and syllables. He will acquire a taste for good literature.

Finally, is it not true that the Greeks possessed the noblest literature that the world has ever seen? Were they not leaders in all forms of art? Can anyone deny that the great Latin civilization is ancestor of our own? Does it appear improbable that the same problems, social and political, which confronted the Latins of old, might prove to be of practical value to this great nation of ours? Why, then, should we hesitate to study their language and customs, feelings and emotions? Wiser heads have told us that in no way can we become better acquainted with these than by studying them as they are best reflected in their original medium.

May I say, in conclusion, that we should hesitate to term a man "truly educated," who has not a knowledge of the classics. Let us feel proud, then, that Mother Church has so nobly preserved these studies in her medieval monasteries and still teaches them with undiminished vigor in her colleges and universities.

Edward M. McEntee, '28.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?



FEW nights ago I sat before a frost-coated window, and taking a bit of wood I began to write my name in large imposing letters on its whitened surface. The letters stood out in bold relief against the background of my improvised writing tablet.

I stepped back for a moment to view the result of my skill. Yes, there it was with all its intricate ornamentation and pleasing scroll work. It is a beautiful thing—one's name—plain though it may appear to those who use it as a mere handle by which one may be tossed about in life.

"What's in a name?"—some great writer once asked. Ah! but there is much in a name; much more than a few meaningless vowels and consonants jumbled together to form a word that is pleasing or displeasing to the ear.

Do you doubt? Step up here to my side and we will take a short walk through the streets of our city.

See; here comes a man now, perhaps he can tell us "what's in a name;" he has the appearance of one who has served in the World War. Notice the deep furrows in his forehead. They seem to shout out the name, "Belgium."

Let us stop him for a moment. Ask him what the name "Belgium" does mean to him. Look quickly; observe the startled glance of fear and horror pass swiftly across his face, see the faraway look of awe as he relates his story of the invasion.

Do you really believe that "Belgium" can ever again be a mere name to him? I think not. To him that word is a synonym for suffering and devastation; yet, is it not a name?

But let us go on a little further. Notice this white-haired gentleman coming toward us. Hear the ring in his voice as he greets the policeman on the corner. No one could mistake that brogue. He is Irish.

Watch his expression closely as I ask him what he thinks of Daniel O'Connell. Pride, pleasure, love—and perhaps a tinge of sorrow—are manifest in his countenance and in his voice, as he hastens

to assure us that, "He was the greatest patriot that ever lived, Sor! —'Tis sad we have not a few of his kind in the ould country today, Sor!" You will agree with me that O'Connell means more than a mere name to him, will you not?

Note the tone of voice in which the school boy calls across to his chum, "Come on over, Jack." There is a world of meaning in that simple "Jack!" Confidence, trust comradeship—are throbbing in that simple monosyllable.

Love, hate, joy, sorrow, awe, trust, patriotism and veneration; all these and more are in a name. A man may die but his deeds and his name remain engraved in the hearts and minds of those who have known him.

The State may perish but its name passes down through the corridors of time. Someone speaks a name, and in the memory of the listeners there is formed a picture of days gone by; days when it was not a mere being of memory—but an active reality.

And still gazing at my cognomen on the frost-coated pane I stand, maintaining that a name is a beautiful thing, because of, "What is in a name!"

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

Lady Of My Dreams

I gazed into her big, brown eyes,
This Lady of My Dreams.
To her, indeed, I'd tell no lies,
This Lady of My Dreams.
I kissed her once; I kissed her twice,
This Lady of My Dreams.
She kissed me, too—all in a trice—
This Lady of My Dreams.
I pleaded for her favors kind,
This Lady of My Dreams.
She shook her head—she had a mind—
This Lady of My Dreams.
And then away from her I fled,
This Lady of My Dreams.
For Mother'd sent me straight to bed,
This Lady of My Dreams.

J. C. McGonagle, '27.

Cedric Caps the Climax



HE course of true love," said the philosopher, "never runs smoothly." Being not merely a philo-sophia, but a *sapiens* as well, I courageously venture to supplement this statement by declaring that the truer one's love is, the rougher the road that poor Cupid must traverse, and, inversely, when fair Venus is not satisfied with the bargain, she can easily find an excuse for avoiding it. In proof thereof, I venture to deduce the mournful experience of one Cedric Aumerle Tillotson, and present it herewith for the delectation of all concerned.

Friend Cedric was the "pride and the hope" of an aristocratic, albeit somewhat reduced family, whose progenitors were alleged to have landed on the Mayflower—or was it on the "Jolly Roger," Captain Kidd commanding? Furthermore, the youth rejoiced in the possession of a semi-invisible moustache a la vogue, a cigarette cough, an unenviable college career (but no diploma), an abnormal development of the ego, and finally a wholesome aversion for all forms of exertion both physical and mental. In addition to these accomplishments, Cedric thought himself to be in love with Miss Alta Belle LaCharme. Now Alta's ancestors had come over several centuries after Governor Bradford, Myles Standish, *et alii*, had made America safe for hypocrisy. To heighten the contrast, our heroine's devoted *pater* had amassed his millions by dint of hard work, and he had a wholesome contempt for the idle.

Through the efforts of the two ambitious mammas, however, (Ma La Charme aspiring for social advancement, and Dame Tillotson seeking to repair shattered family finances) our cuties, Alta and Cedric, had been persuaded that they were simply made for each other. Not the least of Alta Belle's virtues in the eyes of Master Cedric, was a gorgeous red Jolls-Joyce coach, a recent gift from the aforementioned devoted papa. Consequently Cedric had pressed his suit (both figuratively and literally) with all the vigor of his ennuied soul. At length, in a moment of weakness, the ordinarily sensible Alta had uttered a faltering "yes." Directly and inevitably proceeding from this fatal error rose the first (and only, thank goodness!) act of our little drama.

It was a brisk afternoon in early autumn. (I know the best

correspondence courses in short story writing say a paragraph should not begin thus—but that's where my originality crops out.) Well, to continue, it was a brisk afternoon in early autumn. The two love smitten goslings in our heroine's gorgeous juggernaut, were returning home from an exciting interview with the jeweler. During the course of this session all the diamonds in stock had been critically examined and the most suitable at length selected to adorn the fair finger of the adorable Alta. This important business completed, Cedric relaxed in the luxurious profundity of the Jolls-Joyce upholstery, while Alta Belle dexterously guided the big car through the maze of city streets.

Cedric was exhausted by the unaccustomed labor of the afternoon. Furthermore, he was somewhat dismayed at the contemplation of devious financial manipulations which must be gone through with before he could commence to reap large returns from his prospective wife's fortune. These two conditions served to plunge him into a state of unwonted taciturnity. Lost in meditation he scarcely noticed the change as the city was left behind and the motor purred softly over the broad highway leading to the fashionable suburban settlement, where the Tillotsons and the LaCharmes strove to uphold the pillars of society.

Finally financial considerations seemed to grow distasteful to the immaterialistic soul of Cedric. Or, perhaps, the fresh country air commenced to revive him. Anyway, he flicked a half-smoked cigarette through the open window of the car, and bestowed a benevolent smirk upon his fiancée.

"Do you know," he remarked, apropos of nothing at all, "I think that engagement ring is simply great. You ought to be mighty proud of it." Alta Belle smiled slowly in response to this remarkable statement.

"Sometimes I really think," he continued, not noticing the contradiction in his words, "sometimes I think you are finer than any girl I ever met before. I scarcely deserve to have you for my wife."

Possibly Cedric intended this for a compliment. More awkward ones have, perhaps, been uttered. At any rate he intended it for one of those sweet nothings upon which some persons believe love to be nourished. But it struck a deep chord in the girl. The smile faded from her lips, while a strange, wistful mist veiled her eyes. Unconsciously the youth had voiced a secret, dreadful thought

which had first occurred to her only that morning. It had loomed like some huge bugaboo in her inmost heart, until, summoning all her courage, she had striven to banish it. The excitement of the afternoon had temporarily relieved her mind, but now the thought recurred again, more hideous than before.

"Huh! What's that ahead?" exclaimed Cedric, little dreaming the trend of the girl's thoughts which he was thus interrupting. "Must be a herd of cattle. They're taking up the whole road, too. You'd better pull up at the side until they pass."

The advice was sound. A few rods ahead some thirty steers under the guidance of three stalwart young farm hands, were lumbering noisily along the thoroughfare. There was no space to turn out, as wire fences lined both sides of the road. Alta Belle brought the big red car to a standstill, awaiting the approach of the animals. The bucolic youths, trailing in the rear of the herd, cracked long whips and shouted at their rapidly advancing charges. A burly beast, evidently the leader, stalked majestically a few paces in advance. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks, and the milling cattle halted behind him. Scarcely a dozen yards intervened between them and the motionless auto. The bull's thundering bellow sounded loud in the ensuing silence. Then slowly, cautiously, yet with portentous dignity, the ponderous animal advanced. He sniffed the front tire with tantalizing deliberation. His appraising gaze wandered over the polished red machine. There was a gleam of fire in his eye. Behind the herd the farmers stood motionless. Thieving fear had robbed them of volition. His leisurely inspection finished, the bull gave another thundering snort.

"W-w-what's the m-matter with the b-h-b-beast?" gasped the frightened and chattering Cedric.

At the sound of the trembling voice the steer raised his ears. For the first time he seemed to notice the occupants of the car. Soberly he placed his front hooves on the running board, and thrust a moist, inquisitive muzzle through the open window. With a shout the rustics came to their senses.

"Hi! Sit still! Keep quiet!"

But it was too late.

"Wow! let me out!" shrieked the frantic Cedric.

Suiting the action to the word with a precision that would have warmed the cockles of Hamlet's heart, the dapper youth dived head-

first through the opposite window and sprawled in the drainage ditch at the side of the road. Our charming heroine was no less frightened, but lacking the somewhat remarkable agility of Cedric, she huddled in the farthest recesses of the car, and struggled with weak and trembling fingers at the obstinate door latch.

The bull had by this time thrust his massive head far into the coach, and with dripping tongue outstretched, was vainly endeavoring to reach the girl. His huge shoulders were tightly wedged in the window frame, while the car rocked perilously back and forth with every lunge.

Such was the scene that unrolled before the startled eyes of State Trooper Steve Burnett as his trusty motorcycle whirled him over the brow of a near-by hill. It was a situation to arouse the chivalrous heart of any good Irishman, and Steve was nothing if not Irish—and chivalrous. Emergencies are commonplaces to State troopers. With them the extraordinary becomes routine. Steve dashed to the rescue. By this time one of the cattle drovers, more quick-witted than the rest, appeared on the scene, having climbed the fence, run around the herd, and regained the highway near the beleaguered car. In his hand he carried a long blacksnake whip.

"Quick!" panted Steve, and, seizing the whip he advanced stealthily to the side of the bull, whose every attention was concentrated within the coach. Sliding the pliable end of the whip around the two legs of the beast which were resting on the ground, he hastily fashioned a running noose. The other end of the whip was as quickly secured to the motorcycle. Leaping into the saddle, Steve stepped on the gas, the slack took up with a jerk, there was an instant's terrific strain on motorcycle, whip and bull. Then with a resounding "kerplump" the beast fell like a ton of bricks. . . .

The cattle had been driven onward. Trooper Burnett (he had such remarkably level, smiling eyes) had promised to call at the La-Charne home later (ostensibly to secure data for his report). Cedric commenced to pick his dripping person out of the ditch. Alta Belle had reached a momentous decision.

"This is hardly a fitting place to say good-bye, Cedric," she said quietly. "Stand on the running board so as not to get the cushions wet, and I will take you home. After you change your clothes you had better 'phone to the jeweler and cancel that order."

J. L. McCormick, '27.

OBSERVER

PROBABLY the most important problem which the leaders of sociological thought in this country must contend with, and solve, is that concerning the prevalence of crime and the abundance of criminals. No longer do the vicious ply their nefarious practices singly, but they have become united and organized into powerful bands whose activities cover several States and threaten the security of many people. Often they are immune from arrest and punishment by the protection of officials of the law friendly to their cause. It is this protection, this immunity from punishment, which prompts others to take to the field of crime as a means of accruing wealth. Statistics have been quoted to show that far more criminal acts are committed in the course of a year in some large American cities than in an entire European nation, while this European nation has a larger proportion of convictions than has the American city. Here lies the key of the situation. There must be fewer legal loop-holes for the escape of the alleged criminal, and the punishment must be in proportion to his crime. Primarily, of course, the law must be enforced to the letter. The percentage of dishonest officials is very small, but these few can work havoc with any attempt at law enforcement. Then there must be suitable and complete punishment for the convicted offender. Insignificant jail sentences will never deter criminals from their path of crime nor will the wholesale grants of pardon prevent the increase of homicide. That the spread of crime must be stopped and that the penalty for crime must be paid, should be the two ideas uppermost in the minds of those who are responsible to the people for the maintenance of civic order. Any mercy shown criminals is capitalized by criminality at the expense of the community. The criminal tendency is too dangerous to be trifled with; crime must be firmly suppressed and the criminal fully punished.

Less than a generation ago there was a great deal of cruelty and unnecessary harshness in very many American prisons. Prac-

tices that would make a barbarian blush were in vogue, and the rank and file of those in detention were treated with as much ceremony as cattle going to slaughter. Quite naturally such practices could not last; civilization does not relish the presence of savagery in its midst. Through the medium of the press the people became cognizant of these conditions and stopped them. For the most part, prisons today are conducted in a manner which, while severe, as it should be, is, nevertheless, humane. Like most things, however, this idea of prison reform can be carried to excess. One is not sent to jail to be coddled, or to be wept over by the personnel of feminine societies, the softness of whose hearts is equalled only by the softness of their heads. We are subject to altogether too much lamentation concerning the plight of the inmates of our penitentiaries. One who is in the habit of seasoning his justice with mercy deserves commendation, but in prison welfare-work, common sense is the most essential virtue. Some people are too prone to commiserate with a convict over his temporary loss of liberty; they never give a thought to society outraged by the criminal act of the transgressor, or to the immediate victim of the crime. If a prison sentence is to be of any worth, the sojourn in jail cannot be made easy. Subject to much sympathy, a convict soon convinces himself that he has been outraged by the State; or else he becomes of the opinion that his crime was not so iniquitous, after all. Imbued with spirit he becomes a potential danger to the community. Men and women are sent to prison to pay the penalty for crime; and the full sense of their wrong-doing can be impressed on them only when they have realized, through actual experience, the penalty such crime involves.

In this age men are too apt to become cynically critical of those great men of national fame who have gone before us, and to whom we owe the great and successful nation in which we live. True it is that on the birthdays of our national heroes we may read handsome editorials eulogizing them and their wonderful deeds. But at other times it comes to our notice that many are too unreasonably iconoclastic in dealing with those to whom we today pay respect for their deeds of self-sacrifice in the founding and maintenance of our country. No one will deny that they were human, so there is no necessity for dragging out of the dark recesses of the past any real

or fancied failing these heroes may have had. It is because they did what they have done in spite of their failings, that we honor them. Their lives are inextricably linked with the history of our country, and one cannot become familiar with the story of our national progress without a familiarity with the biographies of these men. Very few will ever arise to the heights of fame which our heroes have attained; to attempt to besmirch their name or belittle their achievements is the act of a small mentality or an envious personality. A lack of appreciation for the deeds of our great national figures is due not only to a lack of sympathy for them in the difficulties with which they had to cope, but can also be attributed to a scarcity of knowledge of what they have done and of the debt which the nation owes to them. Honoring these men to whom honor is due, we honor our country, the product of their zeal.

Those in pursuit of an education can never hope to attain their end unless their scholastic knowledge is supplemented by a knowledge of the history of their country. To be in possession of a mere list of isolated facts is not historical knowledge. We must know the reasons for the historical data we have gathered, by whom they were accomplished, and the motives underlying the act. This can be obtained nowhere but in the biographies of the men concerned. To know the lives of national characters is to know our country; and until we learn of the hardships of our nation's incipency and of the difficulties that have been since surmounted, we cannot become fully acquainted with the greatness of this land. Unfamiliar with what this Republic stands for, no one can become imbued with that national ardor so necessary for the further successes of a nation.

T. Henry Barry, '25.

RESIDUUM

ATTA, VISTIC—ATTA, VISTIC!

If a Pithecanthropus Erectus met a Monkey in the Zoo,
Would the Pithecanthropus Erectus with the Monkey bill and coo?
If the Pithecanthropus Erectus calmly said, "How do you do?"
Would he be fully understood by the Monkey in the Zoo?
If that Pithecanthropus Erectus held a conversation quite prolific
With the Monkey in the Zoo, would it prove that man is neolithic,
And home brew?

Should that Pithecanthropus Erectus and a Salesman of Bananas
Try to designate the difference in their manners,
Would the Pithecanthropus Erectus understand the fruity salesman?
And how about the Monkey in the Zoo?

If the Pithecanthropus Erectus and the Salesman and the Monk,
Can understand each other, then Progress is the Bunk!
But Neanderthal remains!

Thus the question problematic: Is Man acrobatic or pneumatic?
Periphrastic—or gymnastic? He is surely not a mystic!
No! He's atavistic—atavistic—atavistic!

All our data is complete—and the answer we repeat—
Modern Man is just a Gink with an Anthropoidal Kink;
And the Chin of Andy Gump is perhaps some Camel's Hump!

Henry C. Nyl, '25.

He placed the watch in the firm grasp of the vise. Taking his large pocket knife he industriously whetted the blade until it had attained razor keenness. With a vicious gleam in his eyes he thrust the blade into the golden case. He observed the jagged hole and after peering intently into the vitals his countenance bespoke complete satisfaction. He waited exactly two and three-quarters minutes, then shouted with ecstasy, "Ha! Another indubitable proof of the old theory: You can't get blood from a turnip."

The fog that hung over the harbor
Toward the sea had started to drift;
The reason for this is quite simple—
The fog was too heavy to lift.

Some day I'm going to get bolder,
Before I am many weeks older.
Though I may die, I'm resolved that I'll try
To smoke cigarettes in a holder.

Ned—Gee! But I'm hungry.
Sleepy room-mate—Don't eat that cake I saved for lunch, will you?

Ned—Of course not. Where is it?

I had resolved to cut down on my expenses by doing away with all forms of money-spending which did not show an immediate return. Among other things, I resolved to stop tipping people who did not render a direct personal service, or who were amply remunerated for their work.

With this thought in mind I entered a bootblack shop to get a shoe shine. While the Italian was industriously putting a shine on the board-toed oxfords, I kept repeating to myself, "Here's where I start saving by not tipping."

The man looked up at the books I was holding and asked: "You go to da college?"

"Yes," I replied. "I am a Junior."

"What you study in those college," he queried?

"Oh! English, French Psychology—"

"The psycholog," he interrupted with a smile. "I know those psycholog."

"Yeah!" I answered indifferently.

The shoes were shined and he tightened the laces. He picked up the everready whisk-broom and expertly flecked invisible specs of dust from my trouser legs. This was followed by a careful brushing of coat collar and sleeves.

I gave him ten cents for the shine and a ten cent tip, all the while calling myself a proper chump for being so foolish.

The Italian smiled and softly murmured, "That is the psycholog."

"Aw, what's the use," pondered the guest as he picked up an odd-shaped spoon from a maze of silver service.

Our dumb friend Oscar thinks that a nut-pick is something to use in preference to a comb.

Who said art was the ability for taking infinite pains? Modern art seems to be the ability for giving infinite pains.

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHY

Just because you believe that you perceive many objects in the world do not arrive too hastily at the conclusion that these objects are in an extra-mental state, i. e., that they really exist. When you look out of your classroom window, absorbed in the beauties of nature, you may see a tree, a horse, a load of hay, a stalking tom-cat, etc. But that does not mean that these objects really exist. Oh, no. I will prove it thus.

Everything you see is merely an apparition which corresponds to a formula of said objective subject, or subjective object, which you have in your mind. There is nothing real in existence, not even a tax collector. If a freight train collides with your person, to the detriment of said person, you rashly and erroneously conclude that said train had a very real and very ungentlemanly existence and habits. But no. The freight train is a mere figment of the mind, and

the collision is a nervous calamity caused by the mental clashing of the mental train and your person.

Syllogistic proof:

Things do not exist in the world if there is zero (nothing) in the world.

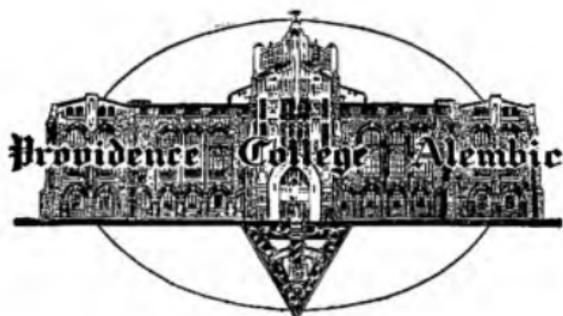
But there is zero in the world.

Therefore, nothing really exists.

The worth of this syllogism depends on proving the minor statement, "But there is zero in the world." We can prove this empiracally, *a pesteriori*, and from experience. This method is rendered easy by a consultation of the local weather-man's records. You will see that the weather has been and still is about zero, i. e., nothing. Now if the weather is zero or nothing, the climate is nothing, i. e., there is no weather, whether you see it or not. If there is no climate, nothing exists, for things depend on the climate. You have heard: "If we had the climate, we could raise sugar-cane." The world is divided into the torrid, frigid, and temperate climates. If there is no climate (as we have proved) it cannot include these three, and there Kant be anything in existence.

Therefore, we are forced to conclude synthetically and analytically that nothing has a real existence; that there is zero in the world; that, when you say: "O John, look at the Pithacanthropus Erectus toe-dancing," you are only deceiving yourself. You do not see anything, for nothing exists for you to see. See?

B. T. Henry, '25.



VOL. V.

MARCH, 1925.

NO. 6

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At every turn we are told of the marvelous age **SPEED!** in which we live. The advancements of the present era over the conditions of the past have become a strained subject for discussion. In every phase of human endeavor we are far superior to those who have lived before us. Their lives were hampered by an absence of wonderful inventions—and a science that is well-nigh perfect. They did not have the automobile, the airplane, the radio, to make facile their business of existence. To us it would seem that life for those who lived in the century previous to ours was just one inconvenience after another. Nearly all labor was manual; transportation was slow and tedious, and amuse-

ment, as represented by the theatre, lecture hall, and concert stage, was dull at best. Such is the general conclusion to our ultra-modern viewpoint.

In contrast to the past, we of today, have every conceivable object by which a human life can be made convenient—and pleasant. What once were luxuries are now commodities. Wealth is apparently widely distributed, and smug well-being seems to be the keynote of the times. More money than ever before is being spent by the public, and by the same token it is logical to suppose that more money is being earned and collected by the same public. Despite this, however, there seems to be a tension beneath this ease of living. Aided by all these marvelous inventions, couched in luxury, his work and play developed to their highest possible peaks, modern man is living an artificial life. He is working too hard, and in trying to relax, he is playing too hard. As his business has become extremely efficient and perfectly systematized, so his diversion has become as efficient and systematized as his business. He is become a slave to his work and his play. Speed is the watchword—do it and get it over with, there is something else to be done.

A consideration of the latter and the present century—a comparison of their modes of life, is apt to leave one meditating on their respective values to man. Who knows but what the gentleman of yesteryear enjoyed life more fully than we of today? True, he could not get from one place to another with the same despatch that we do, nor could he attend the movies whenever he chose, or listen to the radio, but maybe his days were more placid than ours. Perhaps there is a psychological connection between the speed of our vehicular traffic and the panicky hurry of our minds and bodies. If such is the case, then a reason has been found for the cry of "super-production." It is a matter of opinion whether it is more pleasant to ride fast in a taxicab, at the same time breathing carbon-monoxide, or to ride less fast in a Concord buggy, at the same time holding the reins over a well-bred horse.

COLLEGE It has been said that a humorist holds nothing
HUMOR sacred. Mayhap that is true. There have been
 enough examples in the past to substantiate the aphorism. There appears to be something in the nature of a funny man which prompts him to strive for a chuckle re-

ardless of the expense which that chuckle causes. He sees something funny in everything; he is continually on the lookout for something in a person, or thing, or situation which will tickle his funny bone. It matters not the character or position that his humorous stimulus holds just so long as it serves its purpose of creating a laugh. And it is surprising to what extremes these seekers after the comic will go for inspiration.

Of late it has become increasingly evident that there is an absolute disregard for all that should be holy among the writers for college publications of the humorous type. It is all very well for a man to be a non-believer, but when he intrudes his personal scorn for Christianity into the periodical which he is editing, it somehow seems to be venturing beyond the limits of decency. The same is true of the young men who are responsible for the publication of the various magazines which confine themselves to a selection of college literature. Man's Creator cannot be classed with a movie actress. The suggestive and risqué have been indulged in by these same magazines until they have lost their novelty—and now blasphemy takes their place. If such is a free expression of the artistic, then better to have stilted, prosaic, homely, inartistic literature, which would, at least be respectful to Him who made all things.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The condolences of the student body are extended to the Dowling brothers of the Senior and Sophomore classes, on the death of their father, which occurred in Woonsocket recently.

On Thursday evening, March 5, the annual Senior dinner was held at the Arcadia Grill. The members of the faculty present were: Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., Rev. Vincent F. Keinberger, O. P., Rev. Justin P. McManus, O. P., and Rev. Mark Della Penta, O. P., all of whom gave very interesting talks.

John E. Cassidy, president of the class of '25 was toastmaster. During the evening the following members of the Senior Class contributed to the program: Martin Spellman, vocal solo; John Baglini, vocal solo; Fred Fratus, piano solo; T. Gregory Sullivan and John J. Fitzpatrick, specialty.

The dinner, from every standpoint, was a decided success, due to the untiring efforts of the following committee. Francis R. Foley, chairman, Charles H. Young, Jr., Edward F. Dwyer, Edward H. McCaughey, James C. Conlon.

On the evenings of February 19 and 20, a three-act farce *A Pair of Sixes* was presented by the Philomusian Players of Providence College, in the college gym. The cast was as follows: John Williams '28; Clyde McGonagle '28, Frank Carr '28, Paul Bagley '27, Frank Kelley '28, Joseph Slavin '28, Sidney Osborne '27, Joseph Barron '28, John Schneider '27, Francis White '27.

The music was rendered by the Philomusian orchestra, directed

by John G. O'Connor '27, assisted by Joseph Rocco'27 and Napoleon Bernier '27, obligato violin; Robert Grant '27, piano; E. Peter Burns '28, trumpet; Joseph P. Reilly '28, drums. The success of the presentation was well attested by the applause given by the largest audiences which have ever filled the hall.

At the start of the year a Freshman Debating Society was formed and gave evidence of being a work which the Freshman class could point to with great pride. Until a short while ago the society had lived up to expectations. Of late, however, there seems to be a lack of interest on the part of the Freshman class, for which there is no apparent reason. Members of the class of '28, it is your duty to support this society.

During the past month there has been cause for rejoicing in the student body upon the arrival of the Rev. Fathers Gaston Level and Patrick Heasley. To the new professors the students extend their best wishes for continued health and happiness.

Walter F. Reilley, '26.

ALUMNI

It has been the intention of the writer to acquaint the readers of this department with the news and activities of our alumni. Due to the fact that our alumni is still a small body, and that the greater number of them are still pursuing their studies in the graduate schools of the various universities, it has been most difficult to keep in touch with them. Up until the present, the means of communication has been indirect at best, and consequently the Alumni section of the *Alembic* has not been as interesting and comprehensive as the writer desires. It is for this reason that we are inaugurating a new policy which we hope will stimulate the alumni to a greater activity. It is the hope of the alumni editor that many of our former students now studying elsewhere, will find time to write the department a note, or card, informing us of their progress and scholastic intentions. It is only in this way that a record of the classes can be kept.

Francis Barlow and John Shunney, both of '24, stood well up in their class at the mid-years. They are studying at Georgetown Law school.

Addis O'Reilly and Jim Higgins are bringing fame to the class of '23. Addis is among the leaders at Yale Law, while Jim is equally high at Harvard Law.

Earle F. Ford, 25.

EXCHANGE



MAGAZINE covers present a fertile field for study and investigation. Indeed, to place it vulgarly, we are curious to know where some of the designs and color schemes of magazines have their origin. Why do certain editorial staffs permit the covers that bind up their achievements to go forth into the world of intelligence? Some magazines we receive possess covers embellished with as much ornamentation as the space will permit; we receive other magazines whose fate it has been to have artists listed among the staff. These artists strive to be artistic, as all artists should, but many, by their commendable effort to be artistic, execute designs which border on the ridiculous. Again we have that desirable class of covers, rich in color, with dignity of design, which in their entirety, present a very neat and cultured appearance. There are, too, a few magazines that abhor extravagance and go to the opposite extreme in using a very inexpensive paper for the cover, which consequently gives the magazine a very cheap appearance. Now, of course, we realize that we should never judge a book by its cover, or a gentleman by his clothes, or as our old acquaintance Mr. Shakespeare more elegantly states in "*Macbeth*," "There is no art to find the mind's construction in the eye." Conceding all this, we still hold that it is repugnant to pick up a book or magazine with a cheap, tawdry cover.

THE VIATORIAN

The mid-year number of *The Viatorian* has a very poor cover of a wishy-washy blue. Fortunately the cover is no index of the contents. Why misrepresent your literary material with such a cover? The magazine has a store of good reading, but you have destroyed the entire appearance by attempting to have a plethora of printing in such a paucity of space. Have you been stricken with an economic plague? The most noteworthy article, *What About Our Supreme Court?*, was cleverly written and convinced us that there was need for the proposed improvements in the Supreme Court, as offered by the writer. *The Fool* was one of the best short stories we have re-

viewed. The somewhat novel plot was well executed, and intensely interesting. There was a certain amount of humour despite the tragic ending, a rather uncommon thing. The author's phraseology was worthy of a writer of merit with the exception of the employment of *consensus of opinion* when the word consensus alone would serve. The former is rather inelegant and its usage is frowned upon by students of English. The editorial *Borrowed Books* was a well chosen topic. The opening sentence reads: "It is an odd fact that people who could not be prevailed upon to steal anything else will steal a book." We believe that most of our friends who borrow books interpret the loan in the sense of an eternal lease. We have reason to believe that there would be a state of direful consternation among some of our poets if their poetic licenses were ever suspended.

PURPLE AND GOLD

A fine magazine from start to finish, including the cover. We notice, however, that the Sophomores and Seniors are the only contributors. Where are the Freshmen and Juniors? Can it be that they do not possess any literary accomplishments? Of the two short stories—here we pause—for we notice that the author of *Behind The Scenes* bears a very illustrious family name, and since we have no desire of stirring up a family insurrection over a mere short story, and judging from past experiences, it would be wiser and more politic to present the laurels to the author with the ingenious name. But our sense of justice prevails, for the scales tip to *The Fourth Generation*, a better story, both from the standpoint of quantity and quality. We find an unusual article entitled *Apologia for the College Professor*. We wonder what was the motive behind all this. Most college professors need no *apologia*. The author tells us even college men who have rubbed elbows with professors for three or four years are inclined to think of them as absent-minded theorists who live in the clouds. "A college professor can utter words which nobody can understand, even though they do mean something." This, fortunately, has not been our experience. College professors, we believe, are gentlemen celebrated for their profound gravity of thought, and renowned for their exceptional ability, this ability being brought about by the fecundity of their intellects, to clarify in simple terms, the greatest intricacies ever propounded. *Suggestions For Reading*

were instructive, but why not review a few non-Catholic writers? The versification shows that the young poets aim at real verse. *Morn and Eve* pleased us, and the following comprises the first six lines:

“O sweet are the woods in the morning
In the beautiful month of June,
O sweet is the day at the dawning
When the heavens are all atune
With the song of merry warblers,
That ceases all too soon.”

James C. Conlon, '25.





OUR NEW FOOTBALL COACH

Two months of careful deliberation and consideration on the part of authorities at this institution resulted in appointment of Archie Golembeski as coach of the football team for the 1925 campaign. Rev. William D. Noon, O. P., president of the institution, announced the selection of the former Holy Cross luminary during the latter part of last month. The new mentor, an all-Jesuit end in 1922, succeeds Fred H. Huggins, whose services were not reengaged for a fifth season.

Selection of the Purple veteran has the unqualified endorsement of alumni and students. He is a welcome successor to Mr. Huggins. Recognized and conceded to be on a par with any gridiron star developed at Holy Cross College in the past decade, Mr. Golembeski has a striking background of football experience to rely on for inauguration of a new chapter in White and Black gridiron history. He was regular end for four seasons, twice being considered for all-America laurels.

Athletes at this institution who have favorably impressed the fans of the East with their remarkable strides in team play in intercollegiate competition, believe the selection to be as universally approved as appointment of Jack Flynn as coach of the baseball team last spring. Providence College now boasts a pair of mentors worthy of the consideration of athletic councils of any institution.

Mr. Golembeski has resigned as assistant coach of the Holy Cross football team, in which capacity he served since his graduation three years ago. The indelible stamp of commendation has been given our selection by athletic authorities at Holy Cross. A

new football era will begin with Coach Golembeski's active direction of the gridiron candidates.

A new departure in athletic programmes is expected to become effective under direction of the new coach. A few weeks of spring practice are being planned. Captain-elect Henry Reall has indorsed the idea, believing a few workouts will give the candidates and coach, an opportunity to become acquainted. Coach Golembeski comes here with the support of every alumnus and student. His record warrants it. He is well qualified for the position and equipped with a thorough knowledge of present-day football. Arrangement of a game with his Alma Mater will bring a student's eleven against one developed by the teacher.

BROWN UNIVERSITY'S LOSS

The passing of Elmer Duggan, phenomenal southpaw of the 1923 and 1924 baseball teams of Brown University, from the collegiate to the big league diamond, recalls the thrilling games of the first annual series between Brown and Providence College. Conceded to be the greatest strikeout king of modern collegiate baseball, and believed to be the foremost twirler of the 1924 campaign, the popular pitcher was twice selected to oppose the White and Black nine.

Victory did not crown his efforts in the first memorable 20-inning record-breaking battle but success came a week later in regulation time. He was defeated 1 to 0 in the extra-inning contest but conquered his foe in a second struggle 2 to 1. His performance of holding our players to five hits in 20 innings and of striking out 29 batters during those tense chapters is a feat that stands out in college baseball.

The loss of Duggan to the Brown team will be keenly felt. His failure to return to the neighboring institution for his third year in collegiate diamond competition was quickly followed by the announcement that he had been signed by the management of the New York team of the American League. He has already favorably impressed the Yankee coaches during the training season, just as he similarly and indelibly impressed his audiences while twirling for the Bears.

A BASEBALL FORECAST

Post-season football comment, rekindled by the announcement

of Archie Golembeski's appointment as coach of the 1925 gridiron team, has practically dissolved away, being displaced by pre-campaign discussions on the coming baseball year. A schedule of 21 games, 17 of which will be played in Providence, has been arranged by Manager Timothy J. Sullivan.

Peering through the records of the past two seasons, we note a total of 19 victories, 20 losses and one tie game. Eleven wins were credited to the 1924 diamond machine built up by Jack Flynn. These triumphs constitute tradition. A 1 to 0 victory over Brown University in the incomparable 20-inning battle is to be written down in the asset side of the ledger. The debit side has its share, eight defeats being recorded thereon last season.

The past is memorable. The future is to be considered. Providence College success on the diamond during the coming campaign began more than six weeks ago; specifically, when Rev. William D. Noon, O. P., re-engaged Jack Flynn to develop the White and Black's fourth baseball combination, an announcement that was heartily indorsed by all.

Coach Flynn planted the germ of success last season, his first as mentor of a college baseball nine. Providence College furnished the fertile soil. The germ spread. It was contagious, the squad developing expected symptoms in its first contest under his direction. It was a 6 to 3 victory after the 8 to 1 opening game defeat. The success germ held the White and Black in its gripping power for 10 more games. It was well cultivated.

Now the mentor is preparing again to sow the seed of success so that his players, led by that peerless captain, Johnny Halloran, may continue in the role of conqueror more often than in the cast of the conquered. Baseball success, however, is not measured principally by the win and loss column. A team that succumbs fighting until the last out is the successful one. Providence College, under Jack Flynn, battles to the end. Nineteen scoreless innings were followed by a 20th stanza victory. The White and Black won because it fought with the never-say-die spirit, exemplified most superbly in the battery.

To forecast the most successful season in the brief span of athletics at this institution is to express the firm sentiments of faculty members, alumni, students and followers of Providence College.

Vernon C. Norton, '25.



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