

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



**VOL. 2**

**APRIL, 1922**

**No. 7**



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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

# Providence College Alembic

VOL. II.

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## Easter



HE new grass glistens

With April showers,  
The air's sweet scented  
With new flowers;  
A holy tremor  
Strikes the Earth—  
His feet she kisses—  
Her new Birth.  
A song of gladness  
The angels sing;  
Alleluia  
The risen King  
Alleluia.

—*John P. Walsh, '24*

## SOME CONTEMPORARY POETS



ET us suppose the various conceptions of the intellect to be personified and then they become the actors on that mighty stage, the mind. If we but mention poet or poetry the action would undoubtedly be as follows: Enter Mr. Poet, accompanied by Highbrow, and escorted by Aloofness; Appearance, Intellectual; Costume, Monstrosity. Such then has been the nature of the character that he has failed to elicit applause from his audience composed of Appreciation and Enjoyment.

In other words, Homer and Virgil are a puzzle to the student. No one wants to go to Hell with Dante. Milton is practically unread, and even the actors are unwilling to tread the boards with Shakespeare.

We cannot, it is true, expect the person with the average education to read, admire and appreciate those masters who have wooed and won the Poetic Muse. It is a mental impossibility for which they are not culpable. Indeed the real meaning of these masterpieces is obscure, even to those among us, who are termed "highly educated." The key to the treasure-house of these master-minds is obtained only after long and assiduous study.

There is, however, a lesser class of poets which the average educated person of today can interpret, enjoy and profit by. But alas, how often the materialistic and commercial tendencies of the age plus the insatiable love for enjoyment and mirth have ostracized poetry from the lives of the present generation. Sad for them! If they only realized it there is a beauty and a charm in poetry which furnishes a delight and amusement more lasting than can ever be obtained by sense gratification. Poetry is heavenly, is spiritual. It is sublime.

Several of our modern poets, however, have recognized this inability of poetry to reach and interest even a great percentage of our collegemen and they have endeavored under the guise of dialect and simplicity of subject-matter to win the populace to poetry.

Thus Eugene Field, famous for his "child" poems, and lighter verse writes:



"I'm glad that Easter Sunday's here,"  
 Said Mrs. Henry Gray;  
 "My bonnet new and other gear  
 I'll wear to church today;  
 A vein of glory will pervade  
 My hymn of praise and prayer,  
 For when my toilet is displayed  
 How Mrs. Bliss will stare!"

"I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown,  
 With all her quirks and smiles,  
 Of all the women in the town  
 She apes the coarsest styles;  
 She bought her bonnet way last spring  
 And wears it now for new,  
 And as for that old Thompson thing,  
 I vow, I hate her, too!"

"There go those awful Billings girls,  
 They paint and powder, too,  
 They pad and wear cheap bangs and curls,  
 They do—I know they do!  
 You needn't laugh—I boldly say  
 And stake my honor on it—  
 I'll paralyze them all today  
 With my new dress and bonnet!"

It doesn't take much learning to realize that the poet has not had a "pipe dream." He has taken an every day happening, a most common occurrence and presented it in a pleasing and interesting manner.

There is another master of the present day who has tried to make the poet appear human. This gentleman is Edgar A. Guest. He proceeds to say:

He brought me his report card from the teacher and he said  
 He wasn't very proud of it, and sadly bowed his head.  
 He was "excellent" in reading, but arithmetic was "fair."  
 And I noticed there were several "unsatisfactorys" there;  
 But one little bit of credit which was given brought me joy—  
 He was "excellent in effort," and I fairly hugged the boy.

"Oh, it doesn't make much difference what is written on your card,"  
 I told that little fellow, "if you're only trying hard."

The 'very goods' and 'excellents' are fine, I must agree,  
But the effort you are making means a whole lot more to me,  
And the thing that's most important when the card is put aside  
Is to know, in spite of failure, that to do your best you've tried."  
"And some day you will discover when a greater goal's at stake  
That better far than brilliance is the effort you will make."

This will offer mild consolations to many a student. It's "easy sailing" for the "first in the class." The "plugger", though often borders on despair. Let him rejoice at the encouragement here given him.

The hyper-critical will argue that the sentiments of the above quotations are not sufficiently lofty to warrant their being termed poetry. They will contend that they are merely verse. Be that as they say, the purpose of this school of authors is to convert the minds of the prejudiced to poetry. If they accomplish this task alone, they are worthy of the highest commendation. These authors, however, have other poems which are strictly in accord with the strictest definition of poetry. By interweaving their wit and simplicity of style in volumes with their priceless literary gems their admirers may, unconsciously, be led to an appreciation of real poetry. The seemingly bitter poetry is sugar-coated with humor and simplicity in order to make the dose less difficult to take.

For you who are the lovers of true poetic beauty it can likewise be demonstrated that this is an age of poetry.

It has been said that poetry possesses a spiritual atmosphere. There is, then, no greater assistance to a poet than the Catholic faith. It is the prism which beautifies his ideas, colors his sentiment and guides his intellect. This is evidenced in the true poetic conceptions and soul-stirring emotions of our Catholic poets. Their poetry seems to have for its purpose the betterment of the universe. There is perhaps no school of verse which raises the soul so lofty and creates a yearning for the beautiful so well as the work of the Irish bards. "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms." Who can read the lines of this expression of love, with feeling and concentration and remain unmoved? If there are any they must have the soul of an oyster. Surely you will not deny that this is real poetry. Well, then, there lives today a man—Denis A. McCarthy of Boston—who seems to have caught the message of Thomas Moore. His books are replete with that grace and easiness

of style which characterized the poets of the "Emerald Isle." He proclaims:

I've known the Spring in England—  
 And, oh, 'tis England's fair!  
 With Springtime in her beauty,  
 A queen beyond compare!  
 But all the while the soul of me,  
 Beyond the poor control of me,  
 Was sighin' to be flyin'  
 To the fields of Ballyclare!

I've known the Spring in England—  
 And now I know it here;  
 This many a month I've longed for  
 The openin' of the year,  
 But oh, the Irish mind of me.  
 (I hope 't is not unkind of me.)  
 Is turmin' back with yearmin'  
 To the fields o' Ballyclare!

These lines can be nothing but the conception of a truly poetic soul. There is also another lover of the Poetic Muse who has won a place among her successful suitors. Joyce Kilmer. Alas! that God, in His goodness saw fit to number his death among the tragedies of the recent war. The value of the Catholic faith to the poet can be truly realized by comparing the works of Kilmer before and after his conversion. Afterwards he sings:

Bright stars, yellow stars, flashing through the air,  
 Are you errant strands of Lady Mary's hair?  
 As she slits the cloudy veil and bends down through  
 Do you fall across her cheeks and over heaven too?

Jesus Christ came from the Cross, (Christ receive my soul!)  
 In each perfect hand and foot there was a bloody hole.  
 Four great iron spikes there were, red and never dry,  
 Michael plucked them from the Cross and set them in the sky.

And oh! since we are living in such beauty are we going to sit idly by and forego the advantage of this great prerogative? We hope not. An hour spent in reading real poetry is a wonderful cure for melancholy

a source of enjoyment, and an appreciation of mankind. It shall be an hour never to be regretted. And hark!

From the beautiful mountain of Make-Believe,  
Through the fruitful Valley of Dreams,  
Where the blossoming shore slopes lower and lower,  
And is lost in the tide that gleams,  
Flows the wonderful river that wends its way,  
With a song that is all sublime,  
As it glimmers in glory and tells a sweet story—  
The rippling River of Rhyme.

O! boatman, take me a voyage far  
To the Kingdom of Poesy;  
Dip your magical oar in the tide once more,  
And I will your passenger be,  
Till the river reaches the region fair,  
In that beautiful, bountiful clime,  
Where life is a boon and the world's in tune,  
At the end of the River of Rhyme.

*Lewis M. Nugent, '24*

## THE LADY OF HEBRIN HILL

**S**HE lived in a miserable little hovel, far on the outskirts of the town. A small, dilapidated, one-room shack that snuggled, half ashamed-like against the foot of Hebrin Hill. The wild dense evergreen shrubs and the tall overshadowing pine trees almost hid it from view and lent it a rather cozy appearance,—from a distance. But close to, one could see the gaping cracks that had been chinked with straw and mud to keep out the wind and rain.

It had long been a source of wonderment to the town folk how this feeble old lady managed to keep body and soul together. Not far from her cabin was a niggardly little garden from which she somehow seemed to eke enough for her meager wants. On pleasant summer days it was a familiar sight to see her trudging along in a tattered black dress and gingham apron and black shawl thrown over her head with the fringed ends draping down over her stooped shoulders, in one hand a stout stick which aided her unsure footing and on her arm an old wicker basket in which she gathered kindlings or berries and sometimes, herbs.

Now and then a kind-hearted villager would venture that way with a basket of goodies or a roast of some sort, but whether these neighborly acts were prompted by sympathy or merely curiosity is a question. No one knew very much about the Lady of Hebrin Hill, and even the Oldest Inhabitant's recollection was little better than hazy concerning her. She was the town's one big topic of conversation and never a visitor was allowed to depart without first being shown the little hut of the Lady of Hebrin Hill.

Everyone in town had his own pet theory of the little old lady. Most of the children called her "The Witch-Woman" and scampered away to safety whenever they came across her in the woods. Some held that she was disappointed in love and had chosen that way to forget. But most of the town contended and firmly believed that underneath the floor of her cabin was gold, much gold.

This belief had been substantiated by the report of two boys who

had come running into town, wild-eyed and breathless, with the story that they had crept up to the window of the hut and had seen the old lady with piles and piles of gold all about her, clutching it up in her two hands and letting it stream through her fingers. It later developed that the boys had been frightened when they had crawled within ten feet of the cabin and had turned and fled back to town as fast as their feet could carry them. Still they swore that they had heard noises, like coins falling on one another, and that fact was in itself sufficient for the town folk. "The Old Lady of Hebrin Hill was fabulously wealthy,—and she was miserly!"

\* \* \* \* \*

When a stranger comes to town it is an event that always calls for a paragraph or two in the *Gazette*. But when an especially well dressed stranger drives up to the only hotel in town in a powerful roadster and demands the best room in the house,—well, it's a matter of more than passing interest and the whole town turns out to catch a glimpse of him.

It was the self inflicted and bounden duty of the Hotel proprietor to acquaint his guests with the history and traditions of the town and you may well believe that he more than outdid himself in the present instance. Aided and abetted, when the occasion demanded, by his fellow townsmen who had congregated in the hotel lobby he wove ingenious and fantastic tales about the old lady and the tumbled down shack, and ended up by offering to take the stranger out to Hebrin Hill in the morning.

Next morning, to the envy of the whole town, the Hotel proprietor proudly piloted the stranger through the principal street out towards Hebrin Hill.

"Be there right soon," ventured the guide as they neared the location of the cabin.

"Let's pay the old woman a visit," suggested the stranger.

"No, sir, not me!"

"Well, I intend to anyway; come along if you like."

They proceeded in silence until quite near the cabin. The stranger's guide seemed reluctant to go farther, but prompted by curiosity, and probably thinking of the story he would bring back to town, he followed.

Going up to the tottering door of the hut the stranger knocked. There was no response. He knocked again and called, "Is there anyone in?"

"Come in," came a feeble voice.

They opened the door upon such a scene of utter dejection and poverty that it hardly seemed possible that any one was living there. A small bare room with one corner, screened off to hide what was probably a make-shift bed, a small bare table in the center, and over near the window the huddled figure of the Lady of Hebrin Hill, seated in a broken down rocker, the only chair the house afforded. It was poverty in the extreme.

The stranger advanced into the room, followed by the wide-eyed and wondering villager.

"Am I speaking to Miss Sarah Littleton?" the stranger asked.

For a moment there was no answer. It was the first time she had heard her name spoken in many, many years. Finally she answered in a scarce whisper, "Yes."

The stranger continued. "I am Gerald Strong, but that matters little. I have, here, something that will interest you. It concerns George Martin."

"George Martin?" At the mention of the name the Old Lady half rose from her chair, tightly clutching the arms with her hands so that the white showed through the wrinkled brown skin at the knuckles.

"Yes, George Martin. I was his attorney. Some years ago, twenty-five or more, he became quite wealthy, through some oil holdings in Mexico. He was on his way here to find you when the accident occurred which made him an invalid and confined him to his bed for the remainder of his life."

The Old Lady sat very still. She seemed scarcely to sense what was being said.

"A week ago he died. Since then I have been trying to find you. By his will you are the sole heir to his estate."

The woman sank back into her chair as though dazed. "George, —he did not forget?"

"No, I was with him a great deal. He often spoke of you. You were constantly in his thoughts."

"He—is—dead?"

"Yes."

Folding her arms across her breast and bowing her head so that the

sunlight fell on her silvered locks, the woman whispered, "And—so—am—I."

It was several minutes before the attorney and his companion realized what had happened. It was true. Her hands were cold. Her breathing had stopped. The life blood no longer coursed sluggishly through her veins. She had gone, perhaps to meet George Martin.

\* \* \* \* \*

When she had been buried, among the evergreen shrubs at the foot of Hebrin Hill, underneath the sheltering pine trees, the villagers made a search of the old shack that had been her home. There, tucked away in a far corner, they found her treasure. Not the gold which they had expected. No. Something far greater in value. A tiny packet of letters, tied 'round with a blue ribbon—the letters of George.

*Francis Lucien Dwyer, '24*



FOREMOST in the battle always placed  
Amfortas clad in blessed mail,  
Bears flower of the seed encased  
In drop o'erflower from Holy Grail.

A bud of black or amethyst  
On shield of iron or of gold,  
Is borne by warriors in the lists  
Of Mary's field of flowers untold.

—*Francis S. McAvoy, '24*



## SAY IT WITH JOBS

**I**T is the consensus of opinion that a nation's most difficult task is fighting a war, but experience proves that this is easy as compared to picking up the pieces after the war has been fought and even won. A war brings a sort of artificial prosperity to a nation and this prosperity covers a multitude of troubles. In time of war a government spends money like water. This provides work for everybody and prosperity comes to the people also. On this account, it might be said that the people are more contented in war time than in peace time, when a government looks to her income before spending any money. Such satisfaction as this might be compared to a man who is on a prolonged "drunk." He experiences supreme joy while the "drunk" lasts, but his state of inebriation soon passes away and he "pays the piper." The "hangover" is upon him.

The people are the man. The war time conditions are the drunk. The hangover is the present unemployment situation.

Once upon a time it used to be "Everybody works but father." How times have changed since then! Father still continues to sit around all day smoking his pipe, but now he has the companionship of the rest of the family. This fact is due to the present unemployment situation. The forced unemployment of men and women who are willing to and can work is an inexcusable evil. "An evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit." What are we to infer as to the consequences of this evil? Conscientious employers can help diminish this evil by establishing some sort of unemployment insurance. There are few who could be called conscientious and the better employers who would be willing to consent to a plan of this kind would, if they attempted to carry the burden alone, "go under." They need assistance to carry this burden, and this assistance must come from the commonwealth. The state can arrange for the absorption of the shock by the whole community, and the state can formulate plans for a new start. All that is needed now is the cooperation of the people.

Unemployment has lowered the standard of living of hundreds of thousands of families and, in some cases, has reduced to a state of al-

most poverty, families whose sole support depended upon the employment of the husband. The cry that this state of affairs is common to a period of business liquidation such as is going on at the present time is only a means, among politicians, of avoiding the issue. Congressmen who became indignant because a factory was shut down and a few hundred men thrown out of work as the result of foreign competition now regard the unemployment of a few millions with utter indifference. The warm debate in the senate on the bill to counteract unemployment by an increased expenditure on public works which was described by its author as "the only proposition before congress at this session to do anything for labor," showed that the Senators were disposed to leave the solution of this question to Fate.

It is clearly the obligation of any government which acknowledges, as the American government always has acknowledged, some responsibility for the economic welfare of its citizens to consider some measure or measures which will lighten this involuntary unemployment. The consequences of such a state of affairs form only an obstacle to the creation of a contented, prosperous and loyal body of citizens.

*Gilbert E. Robinson, '24*

## I HEARD MY GASKET COFFIN

**A**S I lolled back in the soft cushions of the taxi-cab, I gave myself up to contemplation. I was returning from the annual banquet of our fraternity, and from the dull throbbing pain beneath my belt it was obvious that I had partaken *not* wisely, but too well. Taken all in all, it had been a gloriously successful evening. Abundant, well-cooked food, and excellent cigars, put us in a very receptive mood for the exceptionally fine speeches we heard.

To say that the evening had been wholly joyous would be wrong, for there was one touch of sadness that caused us to ponder upon the uncertainty of life. One of our members, just in his prime, and with everything to look forward to, had suddenly been called to meet his Maker.

I rehearsed all the events of the re-union banquet in my mind, and was only roused from my lethargy when my chauffeur opened the door and announced the fact that we were home.

Having settled with the driver, I slowly mounted the stairs to the front door, and with my latch-key admitted myself to the house.

My man, Hines, was still up and waiting for me, and had set the table for a light lunch before retiring. This was an abominable habit I had formed, this habit of eating just before going to bed, and it often resulted in curious visions. I observed that Hines had taken exceptional care to make the lunch attractive, so I thought that the least I might do would be to partake of something, so I selected a wedge of mince pie and a glass of claret. I demolished the pie and sipped half the glass of wine and then put on my slippers and smoking jacket and gave myself up to my "old dudeen" and silent reveries. I thought of the good pal we had lost when our member had died, and I dwelled some time on his good qualities. Reminiscences carried me back to my boyhood days, days we had spent together, sometimes quarreling, to be sure, but always loving each other. My thoughts were in this trend when I caught myself nodding. My eyelids began to get heavy and droop, so I wearily dragged

my feet up the stairs, and sought my chamber. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was off to sleep.

I become suddenly conscious of a presence in the room—and what were those candles burning for? What was I doing with my shoes and clothes on—was this a joke someone was perpetrating? What was that mumbling—it sounded like the Rosary—I tried to rise—I couldn't—suddenly it came to me as a flash—I was dead—I was in my casket—these people were at my wake. Well, this was a new sensation—being dead.

I was aware of a soft sobbing just outside of my coffin, and then the soft words of my loved ones, my fiancé, and my friends. I longed to cry out and console them, but it was as though I were paralyzed and spellbound. I saw the seared, tear-stained, grief-stricken face of my mother above me! She stoops and kisses my cold forehead! Oh! That I might embrace her!

I am walking among hills in green meadows and an angel is by my side. The way is long, yet I tire not. Through vast forests of golden-hued oaks, through verdant fields, by babbling brooks, through quiet vales, ever onward, until my guardian says, "We are here."

We stop before a dazzling light. It has the outline of a huge door. It is of hammered gold, shimmering silver, and precious stones; rubies, red as blood; opals, like limpid pools; emeralds, of God's own green, diamonds, of scintillating splendor, and all reflecting the rays of the sun in one vast riot of dazzling beauty. I am before the Gates of Heaven! A great fear assails me. Will I be saved? The gate swings open and I get a glimpse of the Great Reward. Cohorts of angels and cherubim chanting the praises and graces! Beautiful music and pleasant sounds are wafted to me through the open gates.

A voice addresses me, and I am aware of the presence of the recording angel. A great tome is brought forth and the angel turns to the page whereon my name is inscribed. There recorded, was all the misdemeanors I had ever committed, and O, what a lengthy list! Petty little things I had long forgotten, deeds that I had thought unknown, all had been entered in the book. The bird that I had shot while trying out my new air-rifle, the seven marbles I had won dishonestly from a school-mate, and so on down through the long list of errors. Verily, my chances of getting through the Pearly Gates were fast dwindling.

I asked of the recording angel, "Are there not some good things that I have done?"

The page was turned, and there, woefully small, compared to the list of misdemeanors, was the list of the good things I had done. Here I had spoken well of an enemy, here I had withstood temptation, here I had a few acts of charity, and so on down the list.

Oh! If I only had my life to live again I would try to lengthen the list, but vain regrets had come too late.

I next beheld the recording angel with a pair of scales weighing my deeds, the good against the bad, and I trembled to learn the result. Ah! The good side raises the bad! I shall get in! But no; with sinking heart I behold the angel putting more of my misdeeds in the pan of the scale. The scales balance, then sway, and my hopes are dashed, as the bad outweighs the goods. So be it. Kismet.

With lowered head and heavy heart, I tread despondently away, the music of the celestial home growing fainter and fainter, 'til at last it is barely discernible. I am standing alone on the brink of a precipice, pondering on the misspent life I have left behind, and the unending punishment that is to be meted out to me. Suddenly, by some unseen force, I am precipitated into the abyss below—hurtling through space, I cry out for assistance in vain. I am falling, down! down! Down! Down! Will it ever end? I see the ground rushing up to meet me—Closer! Closer!—

"You're all right now, sir," I heard Hines' quiet voice saying. "I heard you call for help and I rushed in just in time to see you land on the floor."

It was only a dream, but Jove, what a dream! From that day on, I resolved to try and square my accounts so that the scales would balance, not to bar me, but to admit me, to Paradise.

*John Palmer, '25*

## "AND NO PLAY"

**I**RRESPECTIVE of its past achievements, modern university professors are today seriously debating the usefulness of athletics. Some of these men contend that athletics have interfered so much with scholastic studies that they should be stricken altogether from the college curriculum. Others want athletic contests confined entirely to the students. While these eminent gentlemen probably have good grounds for such a stand, it can easily be seen that such a remedy would be too drastic. Theodore Roosevelt said, "Athletic sports as carried on by our colleges are admirable for developing character."

Consider the history of athletics. Apparently the first competitive athletic sports were those played in Greece, two thousand years before Christ. With the fall of this nation, athletics entered on a period of decline. Up through the centuries athletics were neglected until the year 1812. In that year, the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England, first inaugurated modern athletics, followed closely by Oxford, Cambridge, Eaton, and Rugby. Directly following our Civil War, American Universities took up this new addition to college life, and since 1880, athletics have become secondary only to scholastics in our schools.

Today one reads in almost every paper of the commercialization of college sports. These articles, as a way of proof, point to the large crowds gathered at the annual game between two of our greatest universities. But to these critics, we can only say, "Go to one of these games and you will receive the answer of the crowds being there in the cheers of the thousands packed in the stadium." Take away these crowds from the contest and how much enthusiasm would the players have? It is the very crowd that makes the game. Without an inspiring, enthusiastic crowd, what a listless half-hearted game it would be. And it is safe to say that most of the popular interest in general athletics in the United States gathers about the annual meets of collegiate teams.

It is true, today, that the general public rates a college's standing

by the quality of its athletics. This of course is wrong, but in the press of today what publicity does a college get unless it is through the sporting page. It is undeniable that championship teams mean more students and consequently more contributions to the endowment fund, solely because of the fact that the college is advertised through the sporting page. Take for instance the case of Center College. With fewer than on hundrd undergraduates through most of its existence, Center College has given the country two vice presidents, a supreme court judge, eight senators, thirty-seven congressmen, ten governors, fifty-two state and federa circuit judges and twenty-six college presidents. eYt it was not until its wonderful football machine, swept all before it, that the average person heard its name.

But there is another and a fundamental reason for athletics in college. It is the physical exercise derived in playing them. Science long ago confirmed the fact that the body assists the brain. That the intellect can rarely attain or long retain a commanding height when the body does not function properly. What does this mean? Does it mean to devote all the time to athletics and let the intellect take care of itself? tI is a sad fact, but many men in college today seem to take this attitude. The brain should never be overworked nor should the body be subjected to such abuse. One should strive to tread the via media. Mix athletics and studies. One needs the other.

The advantages of Study are obvious, but the benefits derived from sports are too often overlooked by the too serious minded. All games require quick decisions. A game like baseball calls for the use of every power. It requires mind to play, emotion to enjoy, will to decide, and muscles to act. According to Professor Stagg and Walter Camp, the two foremost authorities on sports, "Football as it is played in American colleges, far surpasses every other game in its demand for a high combination of physical, mental and moral qualities." Some men say, only a few play and the majority watch. But here again we take advice from a well known professor of medicine, who says, "Play if you can, but if you can't, then attend these games, for they inspire enthusiasm, and enthusiasm itself is healthful." There are such a variety of athletic games in a college today that there is no one who can plead inexperience in every branch. The man who says, "I can't," on the field says, "I can't," in the class room.

In every red-blooded boy who attends school there is a certain

amount of animalism which must find an outlet. Before athletics became a part of college life these boys found that outlet generally in hazing. Today athletics seem to be substituting itself for the lawlessness exhibited by students in class rushes and hazing affairs.

Backed by the erudition of scientists and physicians athletics is today firmly rooted in college life. Its necessity has been proven while we have also seen the disastrous results following the ignorance and indifference to its rules and principles. It is safe to say that unless scientists find a complete reversal of modern theory necessary, athletics will go right along in that glorious path it has blazed since its inception in America after the Civil War.

*William J. Conner, '24*

### The Ass

**A**MONG the beasts of burden  
 Man has styled me dumb.  
 My name is placed a common  
 Epithet on some  
 Of human kind, whose brothers  
 Laugh at such a game.  
 But mine they can't defame.

Of all the beasts of burden,  
 A privilege was mine  
 To carry on my humble  
 Back—a King Divine.  
 And for such slightest duty  
 A recompense most fair  
 To me the Master gave—  
 The service stripe I wear.

*—Jack Creaby, '24*



## NOT FIREPROOF



WEST HAMPTON, Ohio, is a typical mid-western town. Its greatest claim to distinction is that it is a regular stop on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Like hundreds of other towns, it has its Main Street, its Post Office Square, its Town Hall, and its Courthouse, not forgetting our one best (and only) hotel, the Imperial. The main industry of West Hampton is the Consolidated Rubber Co., which gives employment to two-thirds of the population. West Hampton is a pretty little town. It is neatly laid out and practically all the homes are cottages, and have pleasant gardens surrounding them.

I have had a good chance to observe human nature in following my profession of Medical Doctor, for the simple reason that a doctor in a small town is at once a judge, a jury, and a counsellor. He even sometimes fills in as a weather prophet. Human nature is the same whether the scene be Broadway at 6:00 p. m., or the quiet foothills of the Ozrks, and that brings me around to Marie Donahue.

Marie Donahue is a fine girl and the prettiest girl in West Hampton. She drifted into our town from out East somewhere, and took a position in the office of the Rubber Works. About that time Jack Donnelly came home from college and took a job as assistant to the Superintendent of Production. Naturally they met, and, as Jack is a nice boy, they kept company for awhile. A few moonlight nights and then the inevitable result.

They were married one fine day and Father O'Malley said they were the handsomest couple he had ever joined in the Holy Bonds of Matrimony. After their honeymoon they moved into one of Bell's houses off Main Street in a quiet neighborhood, just made for newly-weds.

Things went along smoothly with the Donnelly's for awhile. Jack was making a good salary and could give Marie anything she might desire. Then something went wrong. It's odd how things happen in

these modern days of speed. Cliff Barton was a more or less questionable quantity to most of us old-timers in West Hampton. Three years before he had arrived from the Chicago branch to take charge of the Pneumatic Tire Division. He was a fairly good-looking fellow, dark-complexioned, and about thirty-five years old. Instinctively I disliked him. A quiet fellow, he was, nevertheless, a good mixer, but I guess there was something about him that struck a wrong note in my system.

One night there was a ball at the West Hampton Country Club. Jack and Marie were there, and were having a fine time. They made a striking appearance as they glided through a waltz. Marie was dressed in some sort of filmy stuff, its jade color setting off to perfection her wavy, golden-brown hair, and flawless complexion. Jack, too, looked well in his conventional evening clothes.

I noticed Cliff Barton, also, and I afterwards remembered that he was paying strict attention to Marie when he got the chance. Jack got a call from the Works about ten o'clock to the effect that he was needed at once; there was a break-down of some sort or other, and, as Fate decreed, he requested Barton to see Marie home.

I guess that was the beginning. Marie foolishly flirted with Barton, and Jack had the ill-fortune to have to work overtime for a week or two. At that, I suppose the flirtation would have died a natural death, as far as Marie was concerned, had not Jack come home rather unexpectedly one evening when Marie was entertaining Barton and a girl friend. It was perfectly harmless, of course, but Jack, seeing Barton's infatuation for Marie, became enraged and the trouble started.

Things went from bad to worse, and all the woes of matrimonial strife were theirs. They became merely boarders under the same roof. It seemed they could not get along. They were incompatible, and finally, Marie, though she really loved Jack, could stand it no longer, and, disregarding all advice, took steps to procure a divorce!

Shades of Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Aragon!

I am only a small town doctor, but I am humbly grateful that I have not yet felt the influence of the ultra-sophistry of the times. To my mind, there is no need of delving into the whys and the wherefores, the pros and the cons of divorce; perhaps I am old-fashioned, but to my mind, it is plainly apparent that divorce is an evil, and the greatest evil of the day.

However, Marie was only human, and the situation seemed to her

a most trying one. She had always been a good Catholic girl, but with the free and easy laws prevalent nowadays in regard to matrimonial matters, there is a subtle influence, a devilish appeal, in a divorce that in some time of stress may sweep aside the strongest of morals in order that superficial happiness may be attained. Then to cap the climax Marie took up her residence at the Imperial.

Poor Jack was nearly crazy by this time, but when he tried to make up with Marie she rebuffed him, and ignored him. Perhaps he had gone too far in his jealousy. Then later, when she repented, he would not see her.

I guess the good Lord decided it was about time to stop all this. Marie's sister, back in Maine, died suddenly, leaving a two-year old girl, as pretty a child as you could wish, with her chubby face, and laughing brown eyes. Well, little Mary arrived in West Hampton, and Marie took her to live with her at the hotel.

There wasn't much excitement in our little town for a spell after this, till one morning we woke up to find two thousand dollars in Liberty bonds and four hundred in cash missing from our only bank. Then shortly after, there was another robbery. This time it was the Post Office, to the tune of several hundred dollars. There was the usual bustle and loud talk over these two robberies, but even an imported detective, after a month's diligent investigation, couldn't produce the transgressor. I reckon they would remain a mystery to this day, if it hadn't been for the big fire.

About two o'clock Saturday morning I was awakened by a loud pounding on my door. I slipped into some clothes, and opened the door to confront Martha, my housekeepers. She at once burst out with, "Oh, Doctor, the hotel, the Imperial, is on fire!"

Startled, I rushed out and ran down Main Street. There was already a gathering around the Square, all striving to aid our small fire department in their valiant efforts to stem the blaze. I took my place in the ranks.

Suddenly, I noticed Jack Donnelly rush up to old Jim Courtney, the proprietor of the Imperial, and shake him roughly, and heard him say, "Where's Marie? Courtney, Courtney, where's Marie?" But old Courtney must have been stricken dumb, temporarily, for he made no answer. Jack looked wildly around for a moment, knowing that if

Marie were out of danger, she would be near-by. Then, suddenly, he darted away with a terrible cry, heading straight for the blazing structure! The hotel was a six-story affair, of semi-modern construction. The fire had made most headway on the north side. I don't know whatever possessed me to do it, but, suddenly, I too, dashed madly into the Imperial. Jack was not in sight, but as I passed through the room which served as an office, I tripped over something. Turning quickly with a catch in my throat, I sensed, rather than saw, that it was Cliff Barton! A flashlight lay near-by on the floor, and the door of the big office safe was wide open! There was no need of any detective there. Barton had been overcome while at his nefarious work. Somehow, I got him out of that office and out into the air. Then, oblivion for a moment.

When I came to, Jack and Marie were standing near-by with the baby, Mary. It seems that Marie had awakened when the fire had got under way, and with Mary in her arms, had reached the second floor. Then she was overcome by the smoke, and if it hadn't been for Jack, things would have been far different. Jack picked her up as though she were a child, and carried both her and Mary to safety.

Folks made quite a fuss over Jack and me for awhile, but I think the finest part of it all was the reunion of Marie and Jack. They were more devoted now than ever before, and I guess that's because little Mary has a new playmate, Jack, Jr. *E. Francis Ford, '25*

## “SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER”

Communication:

Dear Walrus: Will you please tell me, why is a male flapper? The kind that shaves his eyebrows and carries his tweezers where a fellow carries cigars. The kind that has patent leather hair and patent leather brains, wears shoe-string ties and quarter-inch collars. His trousers have bell bottoms and he keeps his handkerchief where a tough guy conceals extra aces. Speaks French when ordering sachet and talks German when he wants cologne. And he keeps away from cigarettes by means of a twelve-inch holder. Why is he?

Sincerely,

C. S.

If I were a psychologist I would say that a male flapper was just a reversion to a primordial type. Among the lower animals it is the male that displays the brilliant plumage, multicolored fur, stripes and crests. But I am not a psychologist, so I say that it is a reversion to something more fundamental than type. But as "Potash" would say, "You only see them in that kind of a place." You won't find them in the lecture hall, on the field, or in the gym. As far as one can see, plumage in our corridors consists in four buttons, brogues, and a "softer" hat.

\* \* \*

The press is wonderful. Did you read how the Sociedad Protectora De Los Animales wants to save the Plesiosaurian, an antediluvian monster, rediscovered in an Andean lake in Patagonia. They say that it should be left in its native heath, invoking law No. 2786. And then there was that Antigoniish "ghost." That was interesting. News from everywhere. But did you read about Ghandi? What does 5-5-3 mean to you? Do you turn to the editorials? Yes, the press is wonderful. But it is not for amusement only. It is for information, not about the exceptions, murders and divorces. The majority of people don't spend their time doing that kind of thing.

A few years ago there was a popular slogan which said, "See America First." And then came the deluge, or as a purist would say, the anti-deluge. Volstead led the Senators and US out upon dry land. Then some cruel punster cried, "See America Thirst." Which it might be said in passing is something which is not seen but heard. Few do it, and everyone talks about it. But there is a paraphrase of that slogan which has a serious and deeper meaning. One which should be a tocsin to all Americans, "Save America First."

Today the Irish question is in the ascendancy and many of us are of Irish extraction. It is natural then that we consider the question from a racial standpoint. But we must abstract ourselves from these hereditary influences and consider this question as an American—from an American viewpoint. Then no doubt we will still remain in complete sympathy with the Irish aspirations. But it will be the sympathy of an American. The Irish want freedom. If they come to America for it, let them sink themselves in it here. We have it, although to some there is a serious doubt of it being anything more than a name. If that is true, "Save America First."

\* \* \*

There are some who say that Diogenes was not looking for an honest man, but one with whom he might be honest. Honest men are not rare, but they conceal their honesty under a cloak of convention and false etiquette. We do not need more honest men, what we need is more honest men to express their honesty. We need more men with whom we can be honest. A few men do not know the truth. Many know the truth but they are not honest in expressing it. Don't be afraid of truth telling. God and a truthful man always constitute a majority.

\* \* \*

You have read something or heard something, and having read it or heard it you said, "I wish that I could have said that." Francis Thompson, a Catholic poet, in writing of the precocity of the age, said, "An age that is ceasing to produce child-like children cannot produce a Shelly. Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief. . . it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,  
And a heaven in a wild flower,

Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And eternity in an hour.

It is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death."

Could you have written that! If you couldn't the next best thing is to read it and things like it. The above paragraph was not all that Thompson wrote. If you are curious you might find something in his works that you would like to have said.

\* \* \*

"Their wit was brighter because blasphemy was forbidden and dirtiness was impossible." The author of "The Glass of Fashion" wrote that about the conversation of the Victorians. It could also be said about their books. Can it be said of ours? There is a certain type of book which has become quite popular, in which the author says "everything." These books are for the most part biographies, but strange to say, the "everything" is said more about others than the author.

\* \* \*

"The average college man stops short of mortal sin."—Maurice Francis Egan. Young men think nothing of the little dishonorable things, the petty lie, discourtesy, vulgarity. He overlooks such small things. Yet these are the things which influence our characters. Discourtesy to a superior or to an equal is one of the greatest breaches of good breeding. It is an indication of a supreme egoist. Vulgarity is cropping up in the theatres, books, and magazines of today. Sometimes it does not stop short. Education and breeding teach you to distinguish between vulgarity and genuine wit. But there is a tendency among uneducated college men to give ear to these vulgarisms. They encourage the great (mentally) unwashed. Speaking of mortal sin, Octavus Roy Cohen would say, "That is something I do everything else but."

*The Walrus*

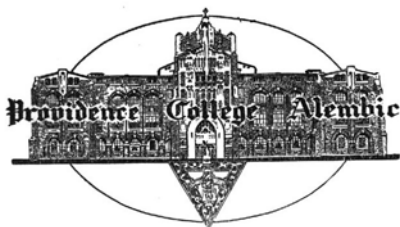
## Divina Commedia

**A** DOWN the slopes of unrelenting time,  
Titanic rocks of jealousy and hate,  
Through mountains of materialistic prate,  
Never swerving from thy course sublime;  
Thy murmuring waters like some olden chime  
Whose mystic tones upon our hearts vibrate;  
Hast thou majestic stream in measured rate  
Serenely flowed through every land and clime.

To-day we hail thee and thy soul divine,  
Immortal song from Tuscan hand supreme;  
That through the ages long with fervent line,  
Presaging thought and bold transcending theme,  
Hast stood to mortal hearts a living shrine;  
Imperishable fruit of Dante's dream.

—John P. Walsh, '24





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Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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*EMMAUS* "But their eyes were held, that they should not know him. And He said to them: What are these discourses that you hold one with another as you walk and are sad?" That was said on the first Easter. The charge has been made that many secular colleges are "incubators of agnosticism." That you have an active belief in God is evidenced by the fact that you attend this college.

"Our great commission is to

*WE TAKE EXCEPTION* carry the gospel to the end of the earth. The cross follows the flag." This statement was made by the Rt. Rev. Charles Bayard Mitchell, D. D., of Minneapolis, in a speech before a Methodist Episcopal Convention held recently in Pawtucket, R. I. Christ gave a commission to carry the Gospel to the ends of the earth, it is true, but Christ did not specify the flag to precede His Cross or His Gospel. Moreover the American Flag is not a tool for professional proselytists. "The Cross follows the Flag." (Capitals ours). The proud Scot never willingly bowed beneath the Roman yoke. The humble Scot knelt before the Cross. The Poles and the German tribes were never subdued by sword or lance. Monks led them to the path of civilization. Getting nearer home. Did Peré Marquette make his famous voyage for empire or for Christ? Flags follow the Cross. In our American navy only one flag ever flies above the Banner. That flag is imposed with a Cross.

"Our high schools are hot beds of hell," said the Bishop.

#### *As Others See Us*

"I Confess," a secular magazine devoted to what are apparently authentic personal experiences, pays a singular tribute to Catholic training in an interesting article, "If I Had a Daughter," signed by a person calling himself "An Old Bachelor." He writes: "I have arrived at one definite conclusion. If I had a daughter my dominating thought would be to safeguard her during the critical, formative period of life. To that end, and to keep her from the besetting temptations which are found on every side, I would intrust her in full confidence to the guidance of the noble sisterhood of a Roman Catholic convent.

"I come from strong Scotch-Presbyterian stock, but with girls I am a Roman. If one were to possess a bud which he would have come untainted to the fullness of blossom beauty, he would select his garden. My daughter would blossom in a convent.

"There is something about the Catholic Church's teaching and training that fits girls for successful wifehood and motherhood."—From the *Columbia*, the official Knights of Columbus magazine.

What about the son? What about the formative period of his life?

I come from strong Irish Catholic stock, and with boys and girls I am not Roman, but Catholic. Every child is a bud which will blossom into a beautiful flower, if it is cared for. A good and dutiful son is God's greatest gift.

There is something about the Catholic Church's teaching and training that fits boys for successful husbandhood and fatherhood.

Strange to say the Bishop had nothing to say concerning Catholic Schools.

"Divorce not only wrecks the lives of two adults, but brings death and damnation to the children involved." The Bishop still speaking. We are silent. The Catholic Church does not recognize that institution. Divorce is one thing which may follow a flag but never the Cross.

"The Catholics count as theirs all whom holy water has touched. Counting the Methodists by families we outnumber the Catholics two to one." On this point we can say nothing. An old lady once told us that she had dissolved an apparition of the devil by sprinkling it with holy water.

Our team makes its initial bow at Andrew's Field on the fifteenth of April. On to Andrew's Field. Be there to see your team win. On to Andrew's Field. Don't be among those who stay at home and wait. Be among those who tag along and cheer. On to Andrew's Field.

Speaking of animals, Brown has its Bear, Yale its Bulldog, Princeton its Tiger and Annapolis its Goat, not forgetting the Army Donkey. But Providence College "ain't got no animal." Suggestions are in order for the species we shall adopt. It has been suggested that we adopt the Irish terrier as our official mascot. It can be anything except what has already been adopted, and of course snakes, lizards, and toads, are excluded. If anyone suggests the ass it will be considered a personal affront to the Editorial Staff.

## Memories



WHEN the first beams of moonlight come over the hill,  
And valley and hillside is silent and still,  
When nature is sleeping and all is serene,  
Then I drift back again to the land of my dream.

Oh, sweet are the memories that then come to me,  
As back o'er the years in spirit I flee.  
I seem to see old friends, long gone from my sight,  
And I hear voices singing that once breathed delight.

These friends of my childhood have left me and flown  
To a Land that is happy—the ne'er ending Home—  
But I'm sure that I'll see them again when I go,  
Down the pathway of dreams to the sweet long ago.

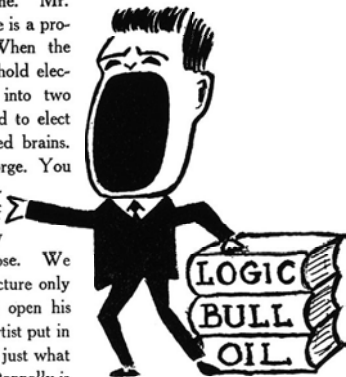
—Frank Casey, '24

## READ 'EM AND WEEP

The College Looking-glass. By a Gentleman with a Brick. Illustrations by Brutus O'Brien: Foreword: Two heads are better than one, your own and its reflection. Truly the hardest trail ever conceived for us Latter Day Saints. It is to go into the privacy of your sanctum and look into a mirror; to enthrone yourself before a looking glass and then to pull the throne out from under. Sometimes the image is dim. The mirror cracked and begrimed. A little soap of humility and water of self denial will make both bright again. If the reflection you see is wholesome, clear, and distinct, don't pin a medal on yourself, thank the Donor. If it is ugly, unclean, and even black, don't look in it again, until you take a bath, shave, and get a haircut. Be careful not to use an unclean mirror. A dirty glass cannot give a clean reflection. That is underrating yourself. The greatest and most disgusting vanity is false humility. Give yourself credit. Don't make excuses for what you lack. People don't care much for *lackers*; they like *havers*. What you haven't got get. But never be satisfied. Satisfaction is the guillotine which beheads ambition. There is nothing more revolting than a satisfied looking-glass gazer. Don't be dazzled by your own reflection. Remember the sad story of Narcissus? He fell in love with his own image. There was a woodland pool that he used to hang around giving himself the once over. He and himself got to be pretty close pals. One day he found a copy of Vanity Fair which Venus had left in a sylvan hook, and he read that propinquity gets the kiss. He hied himself to his private spring and attempted an auto-embrace. He was too successful. Alas this was several weeks before Archimedes' little experience, so poor Narcissus sunk to the bottom and he never came up. Today's crop is not so adonical, so there is not much to be narcissical about. But while there's monkeys' glands there's hope. Pardon the interruption. Go on with the story.

*Great Men Have Surely Great Responsibilities*

*George Donnelly:* President of the Junior Class. A first rate man in a second rate game. Mr. Donnelly is in politics. He is a professional dark horse. When the Junior class conclave to hold elections they were divided into two camps. One camp wished to elect beauty. The other wanted brains. They compromised on George. You may draw your own inference. Mr. Brutus, the staff artist, caught Mr. Donnelly in a very uncharacteristic pose. We consented to publish the picture only to prove that George can open his mouth on occasion. The artist put in bull and oil because that is just what George lacks. However, Donnelly is truly a great man, but few know it because George never tells anyone.

*Nature Fashioned Him Pachydermateous But Not Pugilistic*

*Frank McCabe:* Sophomore President. The above quotation from the Koran does not apply to Frank. He is not only pachydermateous but also pugilistic. He can rise to every occasion, except the alarm clock. As a speaker he is notorious. He can talk on any given subject for any length of time. He is famous as the war president of the Athletic Association. He brought it to safety through the Battle of Who Ran, by the simple expedient of letting the Bull loose. Whenever you meet a Sophomore he will brag about Frank. And members of other classes will, too. He is a credit and a liability to the college.



*The Littleness in Which the Greatness of Human Life Is Hidden*

*Hugh Hall:* President of the Freshman class. Most men are born radicals and die conservatives. But Hugh was born conservative. Except for his manners he is a Maurice Francis Egan type of gentleman. Do not misunderstand me; I do not mean to say that Hugh has bad manners; he has none at all. But he is young and green. Dennis McCarthy said that anything green is growing. If Hugh had started in life Minerva like, a full-grown Sophomore, we could have forgiven him. But he started in as a Freshman. Hall is fatherly to his wards, the Freshmen, and he is a gentleman at all times when he is not acting in his official capacity.

*It's the Little Finger That Makes the Ball Go 'Round*

*McCaffry:* Captain of the Baseball team. Mac is still in the Junior class. He is warm of head and heart. We could have said soft but no one could get mushy over Mac. Mac's children will have no trouble in following in their father's footsteps. Size 11. As Darwin would say, an engine is as strong as its missing cylinder. But Mac is alright, sometimes. He doesn't talk much, but when he does he doesn't say what you would expect.



*I Have No One But Myself to Blame*

**McGee:** Captain of Football. Joe eats life savers; this means noting except to the inner ring. Some say Joe is a little wild; he is not wild; he is mad. He makes others mad when he plays the Steinway in the Gym. But without Joe the Orchestra would go on the rocks. As for the football, baseball, basketball, hockey, put an' take, etc. What's a team without Joe?

*Mr. Fogarty We Have Always With Us*

**Mr. Fogarty:** It is characteristic of Mr. Fogarty that everyone calls him Joe. Many have made fortunes in oil, but Joe will make his by oil. In the retort punnic he is superb. As Editor he is elegant. As President of the K. of C. Club he is marvellous. As President of the Dramatic Society he is wonderful, etc., etc. It is nice to be popular. It is a sure bet that many will attend his execution. Some day they will name a college edifice after him. Probably an oil tank.



## Ode to Free Will

**I**N bygone days appendices  
Were taken from our side.  
It was the sternest of decrees  
That they could not abide  
In us, beaubrummels of the countryside.  
But now it is the inhibition  
That fashions doctor amputates,  
They say there is no prohibition,  
Free will is nil, it is the fates.  
Now this operation is not bloody,  
Yet while not sanguine, 'tis very muddy.

"Man never was but always to be blest."  
Is a motto now laid at rest.  
The psychic medico has tolled its knell,  
With good intentions it's gone to Hell.  
So if you have fixations infantile,  
Don't cover them up with deceit or wile.  
Be governed always by your emotions  
Oil them well with patent lotions.  
And if you have the complex Oedipus  
Don't keep it in or you will bust.  
Take it to an almost seer  
He'll take from you that feeling queer  
From now its exhibition of an inhibition,  
So follow Freud without contrition,  
For a little conflict now and then  
Is relished by the best of men  
And the complex rare in the doctor's care  
While it may do no harm, yet it gets the air.

—Tres Froid, '00

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

This year the retreat will be given by the Very Rev. E. *Retreat* G. Fitzgerald, O. P., S. T. M., Prior of the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C. The retreat will open Monday morning, the 10th of April, and will close on Wednesday the 12th, at noon. Father Fitzgerald enjoys a very enviable reputation among American Dominicans. His early studies were made at St. John's College, Washington. Later he studied in Rome and Paris. He received the Doctorate in Theology and Philosophy at the Ecole Biblique de Saint Etienne, Jerusalem. He received the degree of Master of Sacred Theology last year at the House of Studies. He is well known as a finished speaker and profound scholar.

On Monday evening, March 13th, the Debating *Lectures* Society held the fourth lecture of the winter series. Dr. George H. Derry, professor of Political Economy at Union College, Schenectady, New York, spoke on the subject "Can Democracy Endure?"

Known in this city only by reputation, Dr. Derry left an impression that will not be quickly forgotten. His intellectual associations and his educational career were made manifest in the scholarly treatment of his subject. Graduating from Holy Cross College he completed his academic studies at Stonyhurst, England, and later received a doctor's degree from the University of Paris. Dr. Derry held the chair of Political Economy at Kansas City College, later succeeding Woodrow Wilson in the same capacity at Bryn Mawr.

The message of his address was directed principally to the students, emphasizing the necessity of fostering a spirit of immunity against the propaganda current today.

The fifth and final lecture of the series was held at Churchill House, Monday evening, March 27th. Maurice Francis Egan was the lecturer. The speaker was introduced by Rev. Clement Donovan, O. P., who spoke briefly of Mr. Egan's accomplishments in the world of diplomacy.

On Thursday, April 6th, Mr. Neal O'Hara *K. of C. Club* of the Boston *Post* spoke under the auspices of the K. of C. Club of Providence College. Neal O'Hara has a nation-wide reputation as a wit, and as a lecturer he "delivered the goods."

# ATHLETICS



PROVIDENCE College made its debut in collegiate baseball circles by taking an 8 to 0 defeat from Harvard at Cambridge. The Providence team showed its lack of confidence and experience in the pinches and these two factors enabled Harvard to swell the score.

McCaffrey, the Providence moundsman, twirled fine ball and but for the ragged support given him at the crucial moments would have turned in a different box score. Brennan held up McCaffrey in good form behind the bat with seven put-outs and two assists to his credit. Beck and Morrissey in the outfield put up a fine exhibition of ball playing and both chalked up a mark in the hit column.

Tight ball was on tap for the first three innings, but in Harvard's bracket of the fourth, the game was sewed up. A single by Gordon started the rally. He advanced to second on Jenkin's sacrifice, and McCaffrey then gave Owen a free pass. Coleman flubbed Murphy's grounder and Gordon and Owen scored. Lincoln singled, scoring Murphy. Janin took three lusty swings at the sphere and returned to the bench, McCaffrey nicked Hallock on the arm and he took first. Lincoln and Hallock then worked a pretty double steal, Lincoln scoring and Hallock taking second. Hallock was caught napping off second and McCaffrey brought a halt to the rally by scooping up Goode's bingle and nailing him at first.

Errors in the infield accounted for two more runs for Harvard in the fifth, one in the seventh and one in the eighth.

The score:

HAVARD					PROVIDENCE						
	ab.	1b.	po.	a.	e.		ab.	1b.	po.	a.	e.
Conlon, s. s. ....	5	1	3	2	0	Holland, 2b ...	4	0	2	0	0
Gorden, r. ....	4	1	0	0	0	Beck, c. f. ....	3	1	2	0	0
Jenkin, 2b ....	3	1	0	0	0	Morrissey, l. f. .	3	1	3	0	0
Owen, 1b ....	2	0	10	0	0	Fied, s. s. ....	3	0	0	2	1
Murphy, c. ....	3	2	9	2	0	Coleman, 3b ...	3	0	1	1	2
Lincoln, 3b ....	4	1	3	2	0	Kelliher, r. f. .	3	0	0	0	0
Janin, l. f. ....	4	0	0	0	0	Cassidy, 1b ...	1	0	4	0	1
Hallock, c. f. ...	3	0	2	0	0	Brennan, c. ....	3	0	7	2	0
Goode, p. ....	3	0	0	0	0	McCaffrey, p. . .	3	1	1	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—	McGee, 1b. ....	2	0	4	0	1
Totals .....	31	6	27	6	0		—	—	—	—	—

	Totals	ab.	1b.	po.	a.	e.			
Innings .....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Harvard .....	0	0	0	4	2	0	1	1	x—8
Providence .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs—Conlon 2, Gorden, Jenkin, Owen, Murphy, Lincoln, Good—8. Sacrifice hits—Jenkin, Owen, Conlon. Stolen bases—Hallock, Lincoln. Two-base hit—Murphy. First base on balls—Off McCaffrey, 2. Struck out—By Goode 9; by McCaffrey 6. Hit by pitched ball—By McCaffrey (Hallock).



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