

THE ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
PROVIDENCE RHODE ISLAND

Vol. XII. No. 4.

February, 1932

**THE
ALEMBIC**



ANNOUNCES

A Prize Writing Contest

IN WHICH

TEN DOLLARS IN GOLD WILL BE AWARDED

FOR

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The Best Essay or Article

The Best Playlet

AND

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For The Best Poem

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WHO'S WHO IN THE ALEMBIC

We welcome Edmund J. Sydlowski, '32 to the role of Alembic contributors. The story he has submitted is that of a clever young man who solves a difficulty by some very adroit thinking. Edmund, who is Providence-born, is a clever young fellow himself, as his story indicates.

When Walter J. Shunney's name appears before an essay or an article or a story you can be prepared for something well thought out and expressed with smoothness. The narrative we print in this issue is no exception. Shunney, as we announced before, is a Junior and his home is in Valley Falls, R. I.

Don't let the title of the collection of essays as *Pot-pourri* lead you to suppose it is anything subtle or foreign. The essays, which were submitted as class work, are all light and readable, as you will discover if you look them through.

A *Defense of Shylock* is probably the most outspoken article we've published in these columns in many a day, and if it doesn't elicit a reply we will be somewhat surprised. Austin Sullivan, the Senior who handles the case for the money-lender, feels that much more could have been adduced in proof of his viewpoint, but thought the arguments he advances in that article sufficient to show the injustice of the case. Austin comes from Fall River, Mass.

That knowledge of things artistic which *George L. Considine*, '32, displayed in two previous articles gave him the background for the story he offers in this issue. It is fundamentally the plot of de Maupassant's 'Necklace,' but in character, scene and development it is distinctly original.

Civic pride is at the basis of the relation of the Poe-Whitman romance offered by *Thomas A. Nestor*, '32, in this month's *Alembic*. Who does not feel something like a thrill at the knowledge that one of the outstanding writers of America fell in love with a local lady and made visits here in his wooing? Garbled versions of the affair appear in biographies of Poe. You can rely on what Nestor writes here.

We have included no *P C Personal* in this month's articles, not because we lack material for such write-ups, but because we consider it a distinction not to be conferred too lightly. We promise you another soon, and when it appears there is no doubt you'll admit the man we select is outstanding.

**Going Places?**

IT might be to the Biltmore for your banquet, for as many college men have discovered, a good time is had by all when it's held here. Even by a worried chairman! Consult the Maitre d'Hotel for details.



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**PROVIDENCE
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Aboard the S. S. Bremen

By
Walter J. Shunney, '33

YOU may have read the story. Newspapers featured it, for it is seldom indeed that a renowned writer is rescued from the swimming-pool of an ocean liner. Seasickness had me in that indefinite and indisposed stage at the time of the episode and what information I finally did obtain was second hand.

Endeavoring to get a real version of the story, I inquired among several of the passengers. One old gentleman assured me that he had heard that someone had fallen overboard; another passenger, whom I later came to know as Mrs. Brewster from Idaho, insisted that a famous comedian had been found dead in his stateroom; and a third young man whom I thought might have something to express informed me that he "didn't give a damn who was dead." I rather gathered that seasickness accounted for the differences in the stories. Finally I sought out the captain and this is what I sent in: "Aboard the S.S. Bremen:

"Erick Heinrich, the German novelist, was rescued from the swimming-pool of the liner Bremen today by Kenneth McColl of California. The writer was alone when stricken. McColl, about to enter the pool, noticed the distressed man and going to his aid carried him from the pool. The ship's surgeon who resuscitated the writer assured this correspondent that the writer would soon be 'ship shape.'

"The author, noted for his war novels, was returning to Germany after a lecture tour in the United States. While in the States he spent several weeks at the famous Mayo clinic. Heinrich has suffered since the war with a curious malady sustained in combat service and about which little is known.

"McColl, formerly an All-American football player at Stanford University, was enroute to Russia to join the engineering corps working on the Five Year Plan. The young engineer had

concluded his work at Boulder Dam in the United States."

Certainly a pithy report but a good rewrite-man, with a little data which he was in a position to gather, could make a streamer story out of what I had sent in. They were fortunate to get anything. There was I, off on a much anticipated tour, chasing down a story about a novelist who would pick out a seagoing swimming-pool in which to drown. But that old adage about reporters is true, and I knew that I would write the demanded follow-up. Vacation indeed!

After finishing my story I was bound for the captain's cabin when I encountered Mrs. Brewster who obviously had finally gathered the correct version of the episode. It seems that the good lady had met the German at some soap-makers banquet in Idaho, and was very solicitous about his safety and well-being. She asked me if I thought a little "hot toddy" would do Mr. Heinrich any good? I replied in the negative but when I offered to relieve her of the "hot toddy" she left me with an abruptness that assured me distinctly that I was in her disfavor.

With some chagrin I continued to the captain's cabin. As soon as I entered my attitude changed. There was nothing ridiculous about the German or his companion. The German, a tall, lithe man of about thirty-five with keen blue eyes and lean yet strong features. Obvious-

ly a man of substance. I could well understand that the blonde giant who was with him had played football in college. Six feet two of practical American manhood. The captain introduced us and served whiskey and soda and suggested a brand of cigar that convinced me that he was a connoisseur of tobacco.

The conversation lagged at first. Not having read the German's novels I was not qualified to comment on them. Men who have heard those whining shells and piercing screams that could bring horror to the very soul do not wish to recall terrifying scenes by reading war novels. However, the German was not interested in his work. Only literary cubs like to comment on their writing. I can remember when writing an obituary column thrilled me; now a good earthquake might induce enough energy to suppress a yawn. Finally we turned to a discussion of what we had in common: bitter memories of the war. I told of several incidents that proved that the life of a war correspondent is anything but a pleasant respite in the scheme of things. The German did not tell any tales. However he showed us a medal presented to him by the Kaiser for his ability in markmanship, and he seemed to value the token highly. Then McColl told a story that gripped us. He had a beautiful speaking voice, mellow with a touch of the melancholy. A tone which in itself held you fascinated and a story unfolded by a man with a story sense few possess. This is what he told us:

"I had been in France three months. A power drive was on and we were up front. One night the going was tough and we were ordered to retreat. I was all for getting back; the nerves don't stand up under that incessant shelling. We moved back gradually and we had retreated about a hundred yards when I turned to look for a kid I was sort of looking after. I had gone to Stanford with his

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The Poe-Whitman Romance

By
Thomas A. Nestor, '32

CHRONICLERS have been at pains to draw about the somewhat mysterious figure of Edgar Allen Poe an aura of rakishness, almost of depravity. They seem habitually to refer to him as a drunkard, a dope fiend, a devilish sort of fellow with the ladies. We find, unfortunately, a certain bit of foundation for these spicy records, but the musty and authentic documents of his life and work discredit many a racy tale.

There is a common belief that in the later years of his life, Poe carried on a romance with, and actually became engaged to, a wealthy lady in Richmond and that he died after a drunken debauch. I have undertaken to describe the last years of America's best known poet from the interested point of view of a resident of Providence, and in doing so, I may contradict some of the calumnies concerning one who was no stranger here.

While en route from Boston to New York in July, 1845, Poe stopped off in Providence to spend a few days with Mrs. Francis Sargent Osgood, an old friend who exercised, in all probability, the most pacific influence any single person ever exerted over that turbulent and wayward genius. As was habitual with him, on the evening of his arrival he went off on a long, solitary walk, and as he passed a garden at the corner of Church and Benefit Streets, his attention was attracted to what must have been a very pretty tableau.

Sarah Helen Whitman, a beautiful widow, prominent in Providence society and in the literary world of the day, had stepped into her garden for a breath of cool air. She was leaning on an ivy-covered sun dial, as he afterwards learned. The pure loveliness of the woman, in her attractive setting, so impressed him that he immortalized the vision in the verses "To Helen"—

*"Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining; while the moon
Fell upon the upturned faces of the roses*

And on thine own, upturned—alas, in sorrow!"

Poe was unable to arrange an introduction to Mrs. Whitman before he left for New York, but he besought Mrs. Osgood repeatedly in his letters to send him news of the lady of whom he had so impetuously become enamored. He sent Mrs. Whitman an unsigned copy of the verses "To Helen" and mutual friends conveyed to her his extravagant compliments. She, of course, became very much interested in Poe, who was even then a national figure in literature, and when she was invited to criticize, at a Valentine party, the next winter, any of the well known littérateurs of the day, she selected Poe.

The party took place at 116 Waverly Place, the home of a Miss Lynch, later Mrs. Botta, editor of "The Rhode Island Book." Mrs. Whitman's reading, in the form of a remarkably strong and graceful poem, created quite a furore among the literary elite. In belated acknowledgement of his poem which she had received some months earlier, she sent him, unsigned, two stanzas of her own poem.

It was not until September, 1848, that they finally met, and with a headlong whole-heartedness entirely characteristic of him, Poe pressed his courtship at every opportunity. As often as his lectures in Boston and New York would permit, he visited her in Providence, and disregarding the protests of her family, who were only too much aware of the poet's shortcomings, she reciprocated his passion.

On September 21, they walked together to Swan Point Cemetery, and here over an unmarked grave he begged her to marry him. The advice of her relatives, however, seems finally to have brought her to a realization of the danger of marriage to this man who was so strangely gifted. At any rate, she refused to answer him definitely, although her heart counselled her to accept him, for she writes—

"Through mouldering sepulchres and cypress bowers

A dreamy sadness filled the Autumnal air;

By a low, nameless grave I stood beside thee,

My heart according to thy murmured prayer

The full, sweet answer that my lips denied thee.

O mournful fate, on that dread altar sealed—

Sad dawn of love in realms of death revealed."

Between September and December Poe made five visits to Providence, and on each occasion he renewed his declaration of undying devotion and begged for some expression of hope. On one occasion they visited the old Providence Athenaeum, and while glancing through a copy of the "American Whig Review," Mrs. Whitman criticized one of Poe's poems which appeared anonymously there. He signed the poem and later revised the last line according to her wishes.

They finally became engaged conditionally and Poe vowed that he would mend his wayward life. Repeated falls, however, warned Mrs. Whitman that no permanent reformation was to be hoped for and she prepared to break the engagement. On December 20, Poe lectured on "The Poetic Principle" to a large audience at the Franklin Lyceum, in Providence. After the lecture he repaired with several friends to the bar of the Earl House, in which he was staying. He remained in the bar all night and most of the next day, and consequently, was in a deplorable condition when he called on his fiancée the next evening. Of what took place on that fateful night we have little to record. We know definitely only that the engagement was broken and that Mrs. Whitman's last words to her lover, at his request, were "I love you."

Heartbroken and despairing, Poe purchased two ounces of laudanum and went to Boston, where he wrote an incoherent letter of reproach, mailed it, and took the laudanum, hoping to die. The dose produced a temporary amnesia and he was found wandering aimlessly

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Luca Della Robbia

By
George L. Considine, '32

HOW strange it seemed that on so delightful a day, in this charming room, a person could be in such dejected spirits as was Padric. The cheerfulness expressed in the yellow chintz hangings and soft green of the furniture, with the individuality of the collection of cloisonne on the chimney piece, and other choice bits brilliant in the golden sunlight, seemed incongruous with the young man who sat by the case-ment.

Only an hour ago he was as happy as anyone might be, but what had taken place since was to change all. It had happened so suddenly! Could it really be true? But it was too horribly true! All he needed to do to be sure was to go into the next room and there see the fragments. However he did not care to see them again; once was all too much. When he had heard the crash he rushed down stairs to the spacious room at the front of the house, there to find, much to his horror, the superb original della Robbia plaque in ruins; and what was the most regrettable the plaque was a loan.

"How did it happen?" was his first thought. When he controlled himself, he saw that the plaster had been torn away. Obviously it had been too heavy for the insecure fastening.

The plaque which caused this upheaval in the life of young Padric Tuckerman, had been borrowed from an old friend, Ronald Hofman, heir to a wealthy brewer. Mr. Hofman was the proud possessor of the best examples of early Italian furniture and objects d'art in New England. He was art critic for an exclusive bi-weekly and a much-in-evidence social lion. He was one of those personalities who makes every effort to be uncommon, and in doing so becomes rather more common. Even with all these idiosyncrasies he was a valuable contact for Padric and proved his sincerity by this gesture of good will in loaning him such a prized possession.

As Padric sat here alone, he thought of how utterly absurd he had been to ask for a loan of the plaque when Hofman spoke of going to Egypt. Of course he was completely infatuated with the piece, and had been for years. It was when his friend decided to take this extended trip that Padric realized the ambition of the loan, so that it might be the center of attraction in his shop.

"Surely I would be pleased to allow you to care for my relief while I am gone. I feel certain that it will be in competent keeping," Hofman had said when Padric made known his desire.

It was but three years ago he had opened this shop, when he had completed his schooling, and now it was on a firm basis. At present he boasted a splendid display of Florentine leather and Venetian glass, brocades, semi-precious jewelry, and painted furniture, the last two being of the 18th and 19th centuries.

The della Robbia was arranged above a walnut prie dieu, backed by a gorgeous red brocaded velvet, gaining a subtle light from the candles of two pewter sticks. The whole gave a lovely effect of simple dignity.

"And now what shall become of all this?" the itinerant collector mused. "My plans for a trip to Italy, to wander among the shops hidden from view of St. Mark's,

and the byways of Florence, and the slums of Naples; to breath in the gardenia scented air; to gaze ecstatically upon the madonnas of Raphael; to glide leisurely over the waters of Venice. What are all these things now? They mock me! And this day will haunt my every act, thwart my every desire for many a day to come.

"How I questioned friends about this and that pertaining to their trips to Italy in order to familiarize myself with what I contemplated. Now the day of realization is even further removed; in all probability to the region of the impossible, all because of this accident for which I was not responsible. What I must consider now is the immediate step to take."

Five weeks later a meticulously dressed young man was to be seen making his way to a place in the American Art Association Galleries. The occasion was the sale of the famed Levermor Collection. Without great effort one could appreciate that this particular man was under marked strain, and well he might be, for Padric had come here to buy the Levermor della Robbia. Yes, to buy it. He must purchase it at any price within reason.

After lengthy correspondence and comparison of photographs of both examples they were found to be identical, extraordinary, but none the less true. The officials of the galleries presented three authentications from as many experts, leaving little room for doubt of the originality of the piece offered.

Negotiations were completed for the sale of his home and he had inquired concerning the advisability of an auction of the stock of his shop if necessary. All this was unavoidable if restitution were to be made, and Padric was only too glad the opportunity came for restitution.

New York, to Padric, had always been a place of dazzling experiences. Quite different was its ap-

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Pot-Pourri

Air

"What a wonderful thing is this air we breathe!" barked the voice of the radio gymnastic director, rudely waking me at seven in the morning. The statement lunged through my growing conscience, almost lost itself in the slow departure of sleep, and finally permeated my befuddled brain. A train of thought was started, which was, in itself, a marvelous thing, since nothing short of a major catastrophe is capable of making my mind function at such an hour. For the quality of the thoughts I can give no guarantee; they are more than likely to be skeptical, argumentative, and inconsistent in the extreme, but thoughts they were, for all of that.

What is so wonderful about this air we breathe? I know that its chief mission, that of supplying oxygen to our lungs, is an indispensable one; yet its benefits are not unmixed with evils; it gives with the right hand while it takes with the left, often taking more than it gives; it helps, but sometimes it hinders.

For instance, it is the medium by which sound vibrations travel. At first glance this may seem an unalloyed blessing, but the shallowness of that assumption is readily apparent. We hear pleasant things; beautiful music, inspiring speeches, and dinner-bells; but what about the discords of those amateur orchestras from WPAW, the ravings of the Hon. Tom Heflin, and the clanging of that instrument of torture, the alarm clock? It carries odors to our nasal organs, and if it brings the smell of new-mown hay, apple-blossoms, and what the French facetiously call "rosbif," not one whit less efficiently does it waft to us the smell of abattoirs and of raw onions.

Its temperature is unreliable—either too hot or too cold. Now, if we are cold, we can light a fire, and, as long as it has air to absorb, we can keep it burning. But by the same token, if our house is burning

down, the more air it gets, the faster it burns. As a part of the atmosphere, air forms a blanket of protection about the earth against meteors, and other foreign bodies; yet who will be so bold as to say that a falling meteor might or might not do some good if it fell in certain spots, and on certain people?

On land, a gently stirring gust of spring air can, without warning, actuated by air currents and atmospheric conditions, turn into a raging tornado, leaving chaos and destruction in its wake; on the sea, for every warm breeze from the gulf stream, there has been a wild, wind-tossed ocean, taking its toll of ships and men.

Finally, air is so indiscriminate in its bestowal of favors. Barring human or accidental intervention, in the form of strangulation or suffocation, the air is free to everyone. The rich and the poor; the strong and the weak; the proud and the humble—all are welcome to as much as they need. But the great fault is that the good and the bad also share equally its benefits; Abraham Lincoln breathed freely and long, but so does Mister Capone of Chicago.

I could go on and on, giving example after example, and proof after proof; but if I went on until my pen went dry, giving examples until my ink bottle was emptied,



A Medley of Essays

and proofs until all the paper in the world had been used, I still could not correct a single fault,—nor avert a single catastrophe. Perhaps the only thing I—or anyone—can do is steal a page from Pollyanna, and breathe a prayer of thanks that there is enough air for all of us, that we do not have to drink it, as some people gurgle soup, and that it is not carbon disulphide we must breathe, instead of just plain air.

Ray Henderson, '34.

The Intelligent Examination

The test is a natural thing. Science in all wondrous modes of research from geology to astrophysics, is largely a study of the causes and effects of the cosmic struggle for the survival of the fittest. Tiniest bacteria clash in tremendous battles; stars fall.

Man is a slave to the natural law until he supremely defies death out of allegiance to supernatural law. Man loves conflict. The toddling two-year-old wins a grand victory over immutable gravitation as he makes a breath-taking climb up four back door steps; the hoary Greek scholar thrills with joy as he recognizes the subtle nuance of meaning in an obscure Platonic KAI.

And man discovered a clever means of strife in his cleverest achievement, knowledge. He learned how to attain the rare pleasure of conquering abstruse facts. He invented the test. It gave him the ineffable satisfaction of knowing that he knows.

But man abuses quite as eagerly as he uses good things. He has somewhat distorted the purpose of the examination. Often with holy assurance he forgets that an examination is absolutely a method; often he makes of the examination something of a consummation. The result of this shallow attitude is our American Civil Service system. Civil service graduates are notorious as a class for their reluctance to deepen their knowledge and ability in their fields, and partly so

because of examination overemphasis.

Now the test is highly valuable to the student and teacher if it is intelligent. And a test will be intelligent if it meets to the full three requirements: (1) that the number of questions asked be fair; (2) that the amount of knowledge presupposed be reasonable (and outlined to the student); and (3) that plenty of personal straight thinking be demanded. An English instructor of our acquaintance recently asked his students to write a personal outline of the cardinal arguments in Milton's "Areopagitica," to explain several classical mythological allusions in the essay and to answer three questions briefly. This we feel was too lengthy a test for a forty-minute period, although the questions themselves were all intelligent and constructive, and the amount of knowledge presupposed altogether just.

A sound examination benefits the student. It enables him to determine just about how much he knows of a given field of study; and it demonstrates irrefutably to him that his plan of study is effective or otherwise. Moreover, and this is extremely important, it trains the student to think logically, and to express his thoughts lucidly under trying conditions.

A good examination helps the teacher. It tells the truth, be it happy or horrible, about himself and his methods. In short the intelligent examination is a tolerably accurate measure, nor more, nor less.

T. F. Phelan, '34.

The Morality of Vegetables

More and more am I impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and in all seriousness I must say that I contemplate forming a science of comparative vegetable morality. We live in an age of biological things—protoplasm for instance. And if life is essentially the same in all forms of life, I propose to begin early and make certain the nature of the plants for which I am responsible. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not a cer-

tain quality which definitely can contribute toward my moral growth.

Why do we respect some vegetables and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or lowly ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging sort of vine; but you can never put beans into poetry nor into the highest sort of prose, only the essay or a bean pot would stand for that. There is positively no dignity in the bean. Corn, which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can discern, with no affection of superiority, is the favorite child, the pet of all bards and poets. It waves and vaunts its lofty stalk in all literature. But mix it with beans and its high tone is gone. Succotash, the result of the experiment, is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables.

Then there is the cool cucumber—like so many people, good for nothing when it's ripe and the wildness has gone from it. How inferior indeed to the melon, which grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery consistency, but is not half as valuable! To me it seems that the cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as distinct and opposed as is the cabin of the peasant to the dining-room of the duchess. I admire the potato in vine and blossom; but—it truly grieves me to say so—the potato is not an aristocrat.

To me the lettuce is a most interesting study. Lettuce is like

conversation; it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that its bitterness is scarcely perceptible. Like most talkers, however, lettuce is apt to run rapidly to seed. Lettuce like conversation requires a good deal of oil to avoid friction and keep the company smooth; a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar by all means—but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrast—and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything into salad, as into conversation; but everything depends upon the skill in mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato looks well on the table; but you do not want to ask of its origin. It is a most agreeable vegetable.

Of course I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more secluded region; except perhaps the currant. Here it is evident that even among the berries there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusiveness of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native and tingling refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

Talk about the theory of development, and the principle of natural selection! I should like to see a garden that was left to run itself in accordance with these theories. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which the strongest specimens only should attain maturity, and the weaker go to the wall, I can clearly see that I should have faced a pretty mess. It would have been a scene of unleashed passion and orgy. The mardock would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snakegrass would have left no place for the potatoes under the ground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lusty weeds. With a firm hand I have had to make my own "natural selection."

John Shields, '34.

CHORIAMBICS FOR WINTER

*Deep snow, lying so white, covering
forest and fields,*

*Shines clear, making the world brighter
and sweeter now;*

*New life courses through veins wearied
of gloom and dark;*

*Fresh hope comes with the snow: har-
vests that winter brings.*

JOHN McDONOUGH, '34

All The Traffic Will Bear

By
Edmund J. Sydlowski, '32

"THIRTY thousand dollars!" said Dick despondently. "Thirty thousand dollars?"

Yvonne Botts, daughter of the millionaire button manufacturer and financier, nodded till her head rippled.

"That's what father said," she admitted sadly. "And you know how determined and—yes, ruthless—he is in financial matters. He said his reason was that ability to make money shows a man's ability to make his own way in the world. He said he didn't care what you did with it after you got it, but that in the meantime he doesn't want to lay eyes on you."

"He knows I haven't any thirty thousand. It's an unfair demand to make of a man as young as I am," Dick complained. "And I was pepped up about the new position I was offered—six thousand a year as branch manager of the Sagusto Copper Mining Company down in Chili. But thirty thousand dollars—does he want me to rob a bank? Yvonne, sweetheart, will you come with me to Chili?"

He knew instantly that she'd go to the world's end with him. She told him so; but she added: "If I marry you now, Dick, and go to Chili, that will mean a break with Daddy. I can't break with him, Dick. I'm all he's got."

"I know—" Dick nodded. "I'd be the last man in the world, darling, to cause a break between you. Well—I'll work day and night, and watch for an opportunity. And then—"

Several days later Dick anxiously made his way to the steamship office where he was at once recognized, for passengers were few. With a shamefaced air he confessed that the night before, his room had been entered, and his wallet, containing his tickets and spare cash, stolen. They were properly sympathetic, and the manager, after having him sign releases and a statement of the loss, issued him a new ticket. He had barely time to make the boat, and was just ahead of three men, who burst out of a rapidly moving

taxi and ran up the gangway; then the Iberian cast off, and an hour later was plowing her way steadily along. The purser sought out Dick.

"We may as well straighten up the matter of your mess bill now, sir," he said pleasantly. Dick looked at him sharply.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Mess bill? Here's my duplicate ticket."

"Lord love you, sir, that's got nothing to do with the mess bill. We're a tramp steamer and the captain pays all the bills and you pay him. The mess bill to Sagusto is forty dollars—"

He told the purser about the robbery, but that gentleman had heard similar tales before, generally better told, and he said so.

"There's only one way you can eat," he said presently. "I need an extra dining room steward. Want it?"

"Of course I do. I have to eat, don't I?"

For five days the Iberian sagged her way southward through fogs that held them blind. For five days Dick Alton, twisted with seasickness, carried bowls of soup to three passengers who never left their berth.

On one of these trips, he made a startling discovery. He made it by stumbling over the high door-sill and falling into the lower berth

where what looked like a huge hippopotamus, swathed in a blue blanket, lay wheezing like a leaky valve.

"Go wan out o' here," he groaned. "Ain't it bad enough my bein' seasick without having a clumsy ox like you pouring hot soup over me? If I ever get ashore again all the nitrate beds in Chili can go to hell before they'll ever get a dollar of Isaac Botts's money." Dick fled!

What in the world was Yvonne's father doing aboard the Iberian, bound for Sagusto? Dick questioned one of the ship's officers.

"Sure! Botts, and Jepson, the little man, and Liney, the skinny one, are going to Iqui, to see about financing a big nitrate company. The 'Frisco papers were full of it the day we sailed."

Fate, which never does things by halves, threw directly across the Iberian's forefoot the sodden wreckage of the Titacacca, which had been sought for a year by three navies as a derelict and menace to navigation. The Iberian found her by the simple process of stubbing her toe on her at nine o'clock on the night of May the first.

There is no mistaking the roll and plunge of a ship that does not mean to rise. With every yard that the Iberian went forward she sank an inch, and inches above the Plimsoll line are precious indeed.

Three boats got away safely. The fourth hung too long and dumped her passengers into the sea. When Dick's head shot above the water, he seized and clung to the gunwale of the swamped boat.

Grey dawn disclosed an empty horizon and Dick found himself with three companions in a sun-blistered boat wallowing in a rain-smoking sea.

"Well," said Mr. Botts, shortly, "why in hell don't you say something?"

"Nothing to say," remarked Dick. "Ship's sunk. Boats have gone. We're here. That's all there is to say."

"IN UNA SELVA OSCURA"

*In my soul's forest wandered I alone.
'Twas dark and gloomy there:
The underbrush all thick and over-
grown;
Heavy and damp, the dismal air.
I beat my way against the stifling
undergrowth,
Haggard and spent and well-nigh
spirit-loath.
At last the sunlight sifted through the
leaves,
Turning the dull, dead things to golden
sheaves,
And now the vision came to me:
The garden of Gethsemane.*

THOMAS F. TIERNEY, '32

The next two days passed slowly. The water that had soaked the sail was drinkable but scanty, and they were nearly exhausted when, on the third day, Liney rose from his knees and stared from under the shade of his hand.

"There's a kind of blur off there," he said. "It may be land."

Five hours later, the four found themselves climbing the beach of an island.

After a little rest Dick rose and lit his pipe. "Take it easy for a while," he said. "I'll see if I can find anything to eat. While I'm gone, you all might go bird-nesting. Find some eggs. There should be plenty around here."

Dick paid little attention to his companions until a few words caught his keen attention.

"It's a big pity, Ike," Liney told Botts, "that you can't conjure up some of those springs that you stole from old Sam Boyd when you took his Wyoming copper claims."

"Yeh," Botts grinned. "Old Sam needed water then, but I wanted copper, so I took it from him."

"You might have let the old fellow make a stake out of it," said Jepson.

"Why? That's not business. He had copper that I wanted, so I took it. It was his lookout."

"Do you take what you want even when it belongs to other men?" inquired Dick curiously.

"If I need it, and can get it according to law, I take it," said Mr. Botts.

Dick only grunted, "I thought that code of ethics became extinct with the cavemen."

"Not on your life," snapped Botts. "Society lives by it. It's the basis of all business. Get something good that the public wants and needs; advertise it, and then hold 'em up for all the traffic will bear. There! I'll give you a business code, Mr. Steward. You can profit by it when we get back to civilization."

That remark sealed Botts' fate. Alton rose and sauntered back down the beach. When he was out of sight, he took off a sock and unravelled it, till in ten minutes he was the possessor of some 40 feet of strong yarn line. To the end he attached a safety pin bent like a

hook. Then was fashioned the most primitive of fishing implements. With a mussel for bait, he threw it into the quiet water behind the reef. It vanished instantly as a great fish struck. The line was none too strong, so he had to humor his game, finally working it into a shallow pool, where he seized it in his hands.

There was plenty of dried seaweed along the beach. The crystal of his watch proved to be an excellent agent for building a fire from the burning rays of the sun

"What is it steward?" Botts asked sharply as Dick shuffled up to them.

"Smell that!" Dick held up his hand.

ON A CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

*"Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.*

*In seeds of laurel in the earth,
The blossom of your fame is
blown,*

*And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.*

*Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned!"*

A breath of wind brought an odor that there was no mistaking—the odor of cooking fish. The nostrils of all three men began to twitch and their mouths to water. They rose hurriedly.

"I caught a big fish, made a fire, and cooked it," he announced.

"Good lord," ejaculated Botts piously, "and I'm wasting time here!" He raced off up the beach with the others trailing him.

The three men were ready to fight for first place, but Dick held up a minatory hand.

"I've cooked it the way the Kanakas cook fish," he said lightly. "That retains all the delicious juices and the delicate flavors. It's

the best way in the world to cook fish. But—there's a price, gentlemen," he said suddenly.

"What!" the three exclaimed. "What did you catch it with?" broke in Botts.

"Five thousands dollars for the patent rights," said Dick with the grin of a demon. "Mr. Liney can have a chunk for a thousand dollars. You, Mr. Botts, said you were no piker, that it would be worth five thousand to you. 'Get something good that the public wants,'" he quoted reflectively; "'And then charge all that the traffic will bear.' That's what it'll cost you, gentlemen. What is it to be? Nice baked fish, or raw eggs with the birds just off the nest?"

"We've no money," said Jepson triumphantly at last, as though that would settle it. "We can't give you what we haven't got."

"You all have notebooks. Sign promissory notes payable on demand."

Dick broke the hard shell of mud and the hot white meat steamed under their noses. Human flesh could not endure it. Twenty minutes later, filled to repletion, they began to grumble.

"Now we'll have to drink some of that damned salt water again," grumbled Mr. Jepson.

"You don't have to," said Dick. "I found a spring of fresh water up the beach. The place has been posted, and that claim includes all the land on which the water starts and flows. I have taken these claims just as I heard Mr. Botts tell of doing with a man named Sam Boyd from Wyoming."

They stared at him for a moment; then Mr. Botts exploded.

"There's no law here," he said fiercely. "You can't take up a claim on a desert island."

"No?" His tone was ominous. "Try to take my water without permission, and you'll see what law there is. 'He shall take who has the power, and he shall keep who can!'"

"How much?" asked Liney hoarsely.

"Fixed rate," said Dick. "The same conditions still prevail. It will



EDITORIAL

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A WREATH FOR ST. VALENTINE

Valentine's Day is due again. And don't forget to select your Valentine. It is the one joyous time in those long, hushed weeks which just precede the return of the springtime when nature is waiting mute and still for the noisy entrance of spring on the winds of March. And the bards of the earth have sung it in as fine verses as any other holiday has been celebrated. For example, we find Chaucer in his "Assembly of Foules":

*For this was on Seynt Valentine's Day,
Whan every foule cometh there to choose
his mate
Of every kynde that menne think may.
And that so huge a noyse game they
make*

*That erthe and see and tree and every
lake
So ful were they nowhere was there
space
For me to stonde; so ful was all the
place.*

Valentine's Day has been a feast for the lesser lights, too. Collections without number of "Polite Valentine Writers," a publication closely related to the antique "Universal Letter Writer," made their appearance particularly in England. No tradesman could remain inarticulate before his lady on Valentine's Day with the outpouring of "The Tradesman's Vade Mecum in the Art of Love; Containing Original Verses and Fitting Answers for Every Trade and Profession." In the pages of this extraordinary work, we find appropriate verses for butchers, barbers, candlemakers, bartenders, gardeners—every artisan was provided with at least one verse.

All Valentines were not characterized by luscious phrases and high-sounding metaphors. In the robust eighteenth century when Sterne was chronicling the "Opinions of Tristram Shandy," a damsel was not backward in inscribing these lines to the beloved:

*Oh say dear youth, when next we meet
Will you render joy complete?
Will you make me yours for life?
Make me what I wish—your wife?*

The youth who received these moving lines was, however, of a different turn of mind than the ardent authoress and had apparently fortified himself against such amorous bombardments, for his reply reads thus: "Heaven never meant me such a curse as you."

ANNIVERSARIES

This year we are in the midst of celebrating at least three great anniversaries. And they are the anniversaries of three men who however diverse the fields of their particular activities yet each was identified with a beginning, with the inauguration of a new dispensation.

We refer first to the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington who first saw the light on the 22nd of February, 1732. The world is only now after two hundred years beginning to appreciate the genius of this great military leader and giant statesman. With the clearing away of the refuse left by the Weems legends, we are approaching more closely to a genuine appreciation of the real Washington.

Josef Hayden, the first symphonist, was born at Rohrau, Austria in 1732. His influence on music was analogous to that of Washington on the colonies of 1783. He was the first to give us the symphony as we know it today—the most sublime of all the orders of musical architecture. Though we now know that Hayden borrowed much of his work from the fold music of the Croats, we must nevertheless admit that his works reveal the touch of the matter and the substance of immortality.

This year should not be permitted to pass without acknowledging our debt to the creator of that magnificent epic of nonsense, "Alice in Wonderland." The centennial of the father of those delightful figures of that tale should be given something more than passing mention. For Lewis Carroll will never die while Alice still slips down the well to Wonderland or through the mirror into Looking Glass city.

We have always thought that "Alice" would make an excellent logic textbook and we hazard the suggestion that the history of Alice's Adventures be inscribed upon the reading list of every class in Dialectic. It will prove an oasis of delight for the weak of heart and a stimulating slice of foolery for the brilliant to scrutinize and to dissect.

A Defense of Shylock

By
Austin Sullivan, '32

MEN have been immortalized for adequate reasons and for reasons that are trivial. Deservedly and otherwise, names have borne down the flood of years stamped with fame or stigmatized with ignominy. It is a tribute to the universal renown of Shakespeare but not, I think, to his justice that in a single characterization he was able so to vilify a man that his name has become a thing of unpleasantness on the tongues of men the world over. I speak of the immortal Shylock, the money-lender of Venice, who has been abused and insulted by man since that day centuries ago when he was first presented to the world by the master dramatist. His case, as I conceive it, is one of the world's great injustices. Age after age has hissed, despised, mocked and hated him with a bitterness that is awful in its intensity. And for what cause? Because he would have what was his own!

Let us examine the facts of the case and seek to discover the cause of his ostracism, its justice or injustice. Here was a man living in the midst of a people hostile to his race and derisive of his religion; here was a man condemned for his occupation — an occupation to which he, like scores of his fellow nationals, had been driven by persecution — usury. An exile in an unfriendly country, living his life in peace and suffrance, "for suffrance was the badge of all his tribe," he could still feel the sting of prejudice and insult. And he was a man capable of devising as ingenious and as complete a revenge for that outrage and those insults as the world has ever known. Goaded to something like frenzy by the dishonorings and taunts showered upon him by a foe who showed him nothing but uncharitableness, he startled all by the measure of his reprisal.

He did not seek to disguise his purpose. With logic unanswerable and flawless, he stated his causes. He did not dissemble when he declared that the hideous exaction of a pound of Antonio's flesh,

"... if it will feed nothing else
It will feed my revenge!"

His argument and his manner of reasoning, based on Christian concepts, are erring and unsound, but why base it on principles that are foreign to his mind? Why expect Shylock to depart in this matter from that law which governed every other of his actions? No, here above all he must speak as a Jew; and it is the fundamental idea of Jewish morality that he stands upon:

"He hath disgraced me and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his suffrance be by Christian ex-

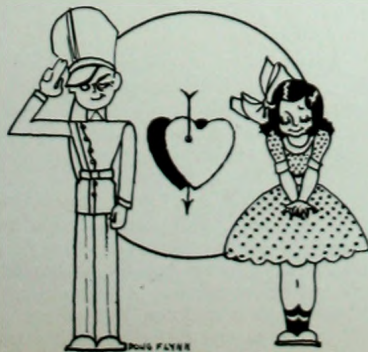
ample? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction."

That speech is all logic, solid and relentless, and based on the hard Jewish law of Justice.

The conditions under which Shylock lived were not designed to render him a willing convert to the doctrine of charity and forgiveness of injuries. Against the massed threat of popular hatred, liable at any moment to break out in a pogrom, against the relentless laws, well fanged to bite the Jew who sought to make himself a free citizen of the state, Shylock and his fellows had but one barrier, one source of safety—gold. The gold that he piled up with "his bargains and his well-won thrift" constituted a means of protection which the law itself would not guarantee, and with a special venom he hated the man who would rob him of that last shelter. Such a man, by his own admission, was Antonio.

Moreover, Shylock had been poorly schooled by those who might have been his preceptors in charity. Well might Portia talk of the quality of mercy knowing no limits and, like the gentle rain, carrying benediction to the giver and the recipient, but did divine charity ever form a buffer filament about the Jew, protecting him from the intolerance of so-called Christians? Heretofore he had shown nothing but a flintlike surface to the enemies of his people and had found that no deterrent to their mocking. Was it to be supposed that a generous and merciful attitude would prove a stronger shield? His reason told him that the charity they talked of but did not practice would pass unrecognized in him or be mistaken for weakness. And so he scorned it.

They had conspired to put Antonio in chancery almost in spite of Shylock. When they boasted the impossibility of a miscarriage of Antonio's wealth, nine different dangers did he enumerate—



(Continued on Page 19)

PROVIDENCE ATHLETICS

By George Tebbetts, '34

Providence 38, Coast Guard Academy 27



Beginning its activities after the holidays the Varsity basketball team started a winning streak by scoring a decisive 38 to 27 victory over the speedy Coast Guard Acad-

emy quintet at the New London Armory. The game was staged for the benefit of the unemployment fund of the Connecticut city and this fact, coupled with the great record of our hoopsters, brought out the largest crowd ever to witness a college tilt in New London.

Providence was away to an early lead which was not seriously threatened by the Cadets at any time in the first stanza. With Sam Shapiro, clever left forward, leading the way, the Friars left the court at the halftime with a 20 to 9 lead. In the second period however, the fine physical condition of the Guardsmen proved an important factor in their play, and enabled them to stage a stubborn uphill battle against the tiring Friars to close the gap in the scoring.

With the score standing 28 to 23 in their favor, the Black and White forces took on a new lease of life in the waning minutes of the fray to pull ahead to a sizable lead. Besides the accurate basket tossing of Shapiro, the excellent floor work of Ed Koslowski and Jim Welch was outstanding.

Providence 35, Holy Cross Ind. 31

The score tied at 27 to 27 after forty minutes of spirited action!

Such was the situation at St. John's gym in Worcester when our court stars battled the Holy Cross Independents in one of the most spirited contests ever staged in the Western Massachusetts city. Then came a breathless five minute overtime stanza in which our Friars proved their superiority by smashing through to a cherished 35 to 31 triumph over an aggressive Crusader to maintain an unbroken string of court wins extending over a four-year period.

Far and away the most exciting tilt that our basketeers have staged in four years of competition, the Crusader clash provided thrills galore for a capacity audience of 1400 boisterous Worcester fans. Only the fine guarding of Captain Gainor, Bracken, and Hyte, and the strong offence of Shapiro and the sturdy Koslowski averted a setback.

The smallness of the playing court made the game fast, and at times very rugged, but in spite of the continual personal contacts among the players, the contest was as cleanly played as it was keenly waged. Providence failed to flash its real strength in the first period, and at the half time was struggling along on the short end of a 17 to 13 score.

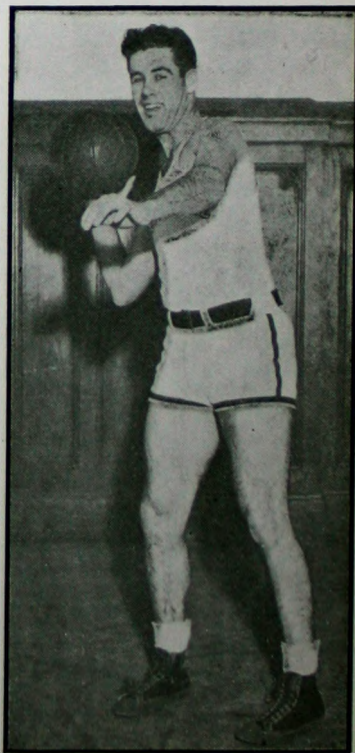
After the intermission Coach McClellan's charges returned to the court to stage an inspired comeback which enabled them to tie the score after but seven minutes of play. Then followed a see-saw battle for the lead, with the teams battling on even terms. Pandemonium broke loose in the final minutes of play as the Crusaders rallied to overcome a three point Friar lead and knot the count at 27 to 27 as the whistle ending the regulation period sounded.

In the overtime Shapiro broke loose for a successful jaunt to the Independent's hoop, and in another minute Koslowski and Bracken heartened the Providence rooters with successful field goals which piled up a lead too long for the Holy Cross forces to overcome. The victory was the seventh straight basketball triumph over a Holy Cross team.

Providence 33, Bridgewater Normal 36

Bridgewater Normal avenged an early season defeat at the hands of the Junior Varsity quintet by downing the Friars by a 36 to 33 score in a hard-fought encounter at Bridgewater. The game was productive of some fast action, and was a nip and tuck affair until the final whistle sounded to assure the Teachers of the decision.

The Jayvees faltered in the final minutes of the first half to enable



GODY

the Normal College five to climb into an 18 to 11 lead at the half-time. With Jack Leahy, our six-foot-six yearling center, in the lineup at the start of the second period to garner the tap, our forces rallied. Three successive field goals by stocky Ed. Stanisiewski, followed by a hawker by Feit, gave the Jayvees the lead temporarily.

Ed. Welch, high scoring Bridge-water forward proved too elusive, however, as the game waned, and his spectacular shots from under the hoop proved the undoing of the Dominican reserves. A frantic last minute barrage by the Friars went for naught, and enabled the Teachers to avenge the 28 to 27 reverse meted out to them in Providence.

Providence 37, Harvard 25

Not content with an early season win over the Eli, the Friar basketballers added another of the Big Three, Harvard, to their list of conquered rivals by scoring an easy 37 to 25 win in the new gymnasium at Cambridge. The triumph marked the inauguration of court relations with Harvard. The large playing floor slowed the Providence attack somewhat, and as the Crimson failed to flash any real offensive power, the contest was a slow and listless affair. Both teams were guilty of loose handling of the ball, and were lax when on the defence.

Trailing 9 to 8 after fifteen minutes of play, Providence suddenly gave some indication of its real power, and incidentally provided the only excitement of the contest.

Spectacular field goals from all corners of the court, with HYTE, Koslowski, Shapiro, and Bracken contributing scores, swept the Friars into an eleven point lead as the halftime gun sounded.

Harvard's second period rally was short-lived, as the Providence defence tightened, and at the same time Shapiro continued his accurate scoring work to enable the Black and White outfit to maintain a comfortable lead. With the verdict clinched, Coach McClellan sent his strong reserve force composed of Perrin, Reavey, Roberge, Grubert, Cody, and Reilly, into action

to frustrate any scoring hopes of the Crimson in the final minutes of play.

The New Football Schedule

A pretentious eight game football schedule, with a ninth date pending, was announced for next season by Graduate Manager John E. Farrell. The schedule is one of the most attractive ever arranged for a Friar eleven, and is in keeping with the upward trend in sports which our teams have maintained in the past five years. In addition to the Varsity list, plans were announced for the formation of a Junior Varsity schedule to provide competition for the many boys who fail to make the first team, yet are eager and anxious to compete against representative college teams of similar calibre. The outstanding game of this schedule, which is now in the process of making, is a tilt with the Yale Junior Varsity or Second eleven to be played at New Haven on October 8.

The outstanding features of the Varsity list are the return to the Friars' grid schedules of Boston University, Springfield, and City College of New York, and the addition of St. Lawrence University, a newcomer, to replace Norwich on the list of the past season. The regularly scheduled tilts with Rutgers, Holy Cross, Vermont, and Catholic University complete the program.

The return of Boston University marks a resumption of grid competitions which has lapsed since 1927 when the Terriers won a 33 to 6 game at Tufts Oval in Medford. Prior to that time the Boston outfit had two wins over the Smith Hillers, having won 14 to 6 at Fenway Park in 1925, and 7 to 0 here in 1922 when Mickey Cochran, present major league baseball star, led a brilliant team into action on Hendricken Field. The booking of this game is certain to meet with widespread approval, as Boston and Providence are "naturals" and their competitions are certain to prove hard fought and interesting.

(Continued on Page 20)

"MICKEY" FOSTER, '32
"ED" QUINTON, '33 "PETE" GOBIS, '35

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CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

WORDS have at last failed us . . . we cannot express our feelings . . . of happiness for the exam survivors . . . and of heartfelt sympathy for the less unfortunate . . .

Two of our brightest stars labeled . . . Wright becomes "Sleepy" and Barbarito from now on will be known as "Buzz" . . . ask Eddie Reilly where the last one came from and guess for yourself where Joe picked his up . . . they seem appropriate . . .

Victory dinner great success . . . Brother Gilbert and Dex Davis do fine job . . . the former as an orator . . . the latter as an eater . . . "Te He, Te He, Te Ha Ha Ha, Numbers, Numbers, Rah, Rah, Rah" will long remain in our memories . . . the committee could have secured no better man . . . someone was heard to remark, however that it could have been cheaper to buy clothes for Dexter . . . Bishop Hickey responds to applause . . . gives school a holiday.

The Snapper's Minnie and the Tie-Up's Elmer don't seem to hitch . . . students, however, greatly interested in this romance . . .

Our representative checked up on a number of the boys not so long ago . . . he reports . . . that "Teb" is just as good a man on the dance floor as he is on the ball field . . . that "Shappie" and "Bill" get along just as well with the girls as they do with the "Gen" . . . that "Ed" Quinton has a good band . . . and that McCormac was tired . . .

We understand that the coach does not approve of the dance after the games as was the case up in Worcester . . . He complained that at a crucial point in the game he inquired of Tom O'Brien as to the score and was met with the response, "Yeah, I got the second one, Coach" . . .

St. Michael's recruit our best talent . . . induced Mal Brown

to perform at minstrels on 8th and 9th . . . "Laugh" is to be the title of the vocal selection . . . an interview with "the Malcolm" revealed to us that many a nickel was made on the drug store corner of Hamherst with the perfection of this laugh . . . the now famous "Slug's" trio will also make their customary funny noises at the show . . .

After the Bridgewater game the boys were looking for Bob Schiffman for transportation home . . . but where was Bobby? . . . has our dapper little manager taken to kissing . . .

R K. O. presents feature attraction of the year . . . "Lambie" Burke and "Bernie" O'Connor now putting on act in local theatre . . . because of their capability, four ushers have been relieved of their duties . . .

Intermural sports commenced . . . opportunity to become hoopster given to all . . . varsity stars act as coaches (that makes Oc Perrin a star) . . . promising material on hand in opening workouts . . . many look good . . . but shouldn't Sellig stick to his own game? . . .

P. C. rooters attend Harvard game in large numbers . . . many alumni present . . . Jack Coughlin drove in from Revere . . . Lem Sweeney from Nashua . . . and Lou Imbriano with his girl . . . Bob O'Hayre lives in Beantown but we heard that he and Bill Doyle almost got lost on the return trip . . . fortunately the boys were in good company . . . the older boys knew the way . . .

In case any of these remarks are not taken in the same spirit with which they are given . . . we refer you to Charlie Burdge . . .

Fr. Kelleher smokes only cigarettes . . . yet we understand that smoke from a Cremo floats

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through the cracks from the Registrar's office . . . never mind, friend . . . a cigar does make you look dignified . . .

Indoor baseball practice . . . this was heard through the keyhole . . . could it be that Jack and the boys are shirking the cold . . . remember boys, it's all for the good of the college . . .

P. C. represented at Our Lady of Elms College dance . . . Maguire buys a new tux . . . little Miss "Mickey" from Pittsfield attends school in Chicopee . . . figure that out for yourself . . . Bobby Dion says that that is no reason why Joe should use "Mange Cure" on his hair . . . right, Bob, he should have used it long before this . . . wrong again, Howie, its for human as well as animal use . . .

Stanisiewski pulls a Cantor . . . "Gen" calls him "Zeus . . . "Mr. Zeus to you" replys timid Eddie . . . and General, you should know that the name is Feit not Fife . . .

Are you aware of the fact that . . . diminutive Jimmy McKenna is all the way from "Tannton" . . .

and that he has more nicknames than some of our Reverends have degrees . . . "Quarts" is bad . . . "Ponzi" is worse . . . but is "Marblehead" stretching it too far . . . still he fell out of the Reilly Special last year on his head . . . nary a scratch . . . nary a bounce . . . thus . . .

No wonder Skipp calls himself "Bert" . . . Bartholomew is certainly quite a handicap . . . fortunately he is big enough to defend it . . .

Dr. O'Neill could be heard singing to his boys on the days of the exams . . . "It isn't what you used to be it's what you are today" . . . that's right, Doctor, but what about tomorrow . . .

Once more . . . we refer you to Charlie Burdge . . .

Aboard the S. S. Bremen

(Continued)

brother and he meant a lot to me. I looked around but I sensed that he wasn't with me." There was a quiver in his voice as he said, "My

God! that is a terrible feeling! I knew he was out there and I had to go back. It wasn't courage; I just felt that I didn't want to live if I couldn't go. I went back and I found him . . . dead. The Huns had moved up," he seemed to have forgotten the presence of the German, "and they nailed me. I never knew what happened immediately after that.

"They sent me to a camp on the Dutch frontier and I was treated comparatively well but I couldn't stand being cooped up. Having a chance to escape one night I took it. The only possible egress was by way of a harbor. I had to swim a quarter of a mile and I never would have attempted it if I'd known what I was up against. I hadn't gone ten yards when the search light found me and a gunner let go. Don't ever let anyone tell you that some Germans aren't white men. That sentry couldn't miss me but he did! He gave me a fighting chance and some day I'd like an opportunity to shake his hand."

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Just then the German put out his hand and said, "Well shake with his countryman. As you say it, 'all men are white sometimes.'"

The gathering broke up with that impressive action and I was somewhat disappointed for I hadn't a shred of copy for my story.

Heinrich and I were walking to our staterooms when we met Mrs. Brewster. With the gushing manner of gigglish women she said to the German:

"Oh, I am so glad to see you Mr. Heinrich. You must remember me. Won't you tell me some more of your interesting stories. I just know that you have done many wonderful things."

Heinrich looked at the woman and then with a glance at me he said, as a whimsical smile came to his swarthy face, "Great things? ...I was a sentry one night..." and he walked away. Mrs. Brewster was convinced that that crack about genius was correct but I had my story after all.

Poe-Whitman Romance

(Continued)

and was taken to a hospital where he spent several days. Mrs. Whitman remained adamant and he never heard from her again.

Poe did not long survive the shock of their rupture for he died the following October, at the age of forty. The last verses of Clinton Scollard's "At the Grave of Poe" seem peculiarly fitting as an ending to this story of blighted love—

*"He walked with shadows, and yet who shall say
We are not all as shadows, we who fare
Toward one dim bourne along life's fateful way,
Sharing the griefs and joys once his to share
Who passed erstwhile to that fair Otherwhere
Beyond the poignancy of bliss or woe!
There hangs the inimitable pathos of dead years
High hopes bedewed by tears,
About the grave of Poe."*

Luca Della Robbia

(Continued)

peal today. He was not at all aware of things about him as he made his way to the sale. Shop windows, which ordinarily are among New York's choicest attractions, held no lure. Previously such abstract journeying through this metropolis seemed out of all probability, at least for him. It was fortunate, indeed, that he arrived at his destination safely.

Here at the auction amid a maze of noted collectors, dealers, and agents, Padric did his best to be unobserved, or at least to appear unconcerned. As for being observed, it was not likely that anyone among those present knew him, but he was in such an unwonted condition that he imagined himself to be the center of attention. Interest, however, was directed toward the suave auctioneer who started things moving promptly upon the appointed hour, and bidding was at once brisk. The particular interest of Padric was scheduled for mid-afternoon. A wait of over an hour seemed unbearable, but it must be withstood.

All was tense as the auctioneer announced: "This piece, a plaque of the 'Madonna and Child with Lillies' by Luca della Robbia, is of first importance. It has been authenticated by Messieurs. Von Bloom, Newton and Seligston. The coloring of the raised figures is a white, and the background a brilliant blue. Mr. Levermor discovered it in a small monastery at Ravenna, some 39 years ago.

"May I start the bid at \$10,000?"

With little hesitation his opener was taken and added to quickly until the sum of \$26,700 had been reached. Mr. Tuckerman had been silent to this point.

"Eight hundred," Padric faintly uttered.

A new bidder meant new interest, and attention was focused upon the opposer.

In quick succession bids were given.

"Twenty-nine thousand one hundred," Padric bid.

"Do I hear 200? No one at 200? The plaque to the gentleman at \$29,100."

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A roar of applause rose from the audience, for this was the first time that this figure had been realized in this particular field in New York auction galleries (although not really high for a della Robbia).

The excitement did not thrill the fortunate bidder, who gave a fictitious name, and, posing as an agent, paid the bill with a certified check of a banker friend at home.

The day following the auction of his own possessions found Padric again en route for New York. The morning had witnessed the culmination of events at his former home. All the stock was sold as well as his household furnishings, with the exception of certain personal things, and a reasonable sum was received. His liabilities exceeded his assets by \$4700, after allowing a reserve of a few hundred to ward him from destitution until he obtained a position. The liabilities were taken care of by a loaning company at an exorbitant interest, because of lack of capital.

Last week he had sent the Levermore plaque, with a note stating his departure, to the home of Mr. Hofman, who had as yet not returned from abroad.

The head steward lackadaisically stood in front of the mural opposite the white marble staircase. He frowned as always when he looked at the modernistic decoration which was the attraction of the Ile de France dining salon. On his many voyages as ordinary waiter he had spent much of his spare time critically examining the decorations of the liner. New uses of woods and metals at first intrigued him, but with close association they lacked warmth and permanent interest. However, the style was singularly appropriate when used on a liner such as this, the zenith of the age of mechanism. He often thought back to the time when he was so enthusiastic about early Italian things, but always he ended his musings by thought of the tragic day which had caused the complete transformation in his life.

As he turned away he noted a middle aged man, of Bond street excellence, descending the stairs. Evidently he was looking about the

ship for the first time, for they had embarked from Le Havre about an hour ago. Something about the man attracted Padric. In a flash he recognized him as Mr. Ronald Hofman.

As the latter approached the painting, Padric drew back timidly at first, but when he decided he should disclose his identity, and the circumstances which brought about his present position.

"Mr. Hofman," he ventured calmly.

"I beg pardon."

"Don't you remember me?"

"Why no, This is my first voyage on this ship. But now you do look familiar.—In fact you look most familiar.—Why Padric Tuckerman. Why have I not had word from you?"

"My story is a long one, but I wish you to hear it all, if you will. I shall try to be concise. You remember loaning me that della Robbia plaque. Well, sometime after you left home it was broken accidentally. I was——"

"But——"

"Please don't interrupt, I insist

upon telling the complete story. I was panic stricken over its loss; but by a strange coincidence, just five weeks later, the Levermore sale was to take place. In this collection was a piece similar, or rather identical to yours. The price I paid, you recall from the news items, \$29,000, in order to be met necessitated my selling out, and taking a mortgage on my unearned income.—"

"You must——" attempted Hofman.

"No, I must go on. In New York suitable employment was impossible and interest was steadily mounting on my loan. At last I set out to work at anything that would be adequately remunerative. I changed from place to place until two year ago I secured work here, and just six months ago I finished payment on my loan; a long time to be sure, but under the circumstances my payments, needless to say, were small. During all this time I have studied, but the only positions open to me were not at all suitable from a financial viewpoint due to my lack of backing.

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There is the story in a nutshell, perhaps a large shell, but really a brief edition of my experiences."

Hofman, who listened rapturously, could hardly find words. After a pause he spoke: "All I can say is that I am glad you continued your studies, for I am opening a shop in East 55th street, New York, within two months, and I hope you will accept the position as manager."

"This is the least I can do after ruining your young life; for my plaque was not an original, but a copy given me by Edward Levermor."

All the Traffic Will Bear

(Continued)

cost Mr. Liney and Mr. Jepson \$1000. Five thousand for Mr. Botts."

They argued; they wrangled between themselves, they even came to an open quarrel till utter thirst overcame them; but they signed, and when they finally wrestled for first place over the little pool of water, Dick grinned as he pouched the paper.

"Not bad for one day," he murmured as he strode down the beach. "I wonder what they'll need next. I see now that old man Botts is right. Find out what the public wants, and then get it for them. If I keep quiet for a little while, they'll surely let the fire go out. All right, let it go out—for a price!"

He was right. When they got back they found only a heap of black ashes.

This was the last straw. Mr. Botts sought out Dick. "We have decided to ask you to name a flat price to look after us. Of course, I know you are going to rob us, but we can't help that. Any price will have to be satisfactory to us."

"Well—I feel sure that for the paltry sum of, let us say, \$5000 a day I can arrange matters."

Verging on apoplexy, Mr. Botts stared at him. But what could be done? He had to agree.

On the dawn of the third day Mr. Botts stared out at the sea. Suddenly he exclaimed, "A sail! A sail! If that ain't a sail, I'll eat my shirt."

The sail materialized into a small

sponging schooner. Dick tore the oars from his tent and hustled his companions into the boat.

Five days later they reached the port of Sagusto. Immediately they set forth to see the consul. At the door of the consulate, Mr. Botts turned on Dick viciously.

"There's no use following us," he snapped. "We'll see the consul and repudiate everything that we signed on that damned island."

"That's what I anticipated," said Dick. "That's why I'm going to see the consul and have all the notes certified. If you try to refuse payment on any one of them, I'll send the whole story to the United Press with affidavits. Won't the whole United States laugh over three millionaires who couldn't make a living, and who refused to honor their own papers? It'll be a comic! I'll tell all about your dealings with Sam Boyd. You will be laughing stock of the world if you refuse to pay."

This quick retort rendered the three men speechless. Dick turned sharply and made his way to the telegram office.

Dick was waiting on the quay when Yvonne's boat docked, and she tripped down the gangway to be enveloped in an embrace which threatened never to let her go.

"Where is daddy?" she asked.

"He's gone to Iqui. This is wonderful. I held only the faintest hope that you would come."

"How could I refuse to come when you fulfilled all the conditions that father demanded? Won't he be surprised?"

When Mr. Botts and his companions returned from Iqui, they were informed of his daughter's marriage. Immediately they set out for the consul's office. Here his new son-in-law handed him a roll of soiled papers. He scanned them hurriedly; licked his lips; passed his hands across his eyes as though to clear away a terrible vision, and stepped to the door, calling Liney and Jepson. He indicated Dick with a stern forefinger. "He has just married my daughter. Tell her—tell her who he really is!"

A common steward of the steamer Iberian," they said in perfect unison.

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"He also happens to be Mr. Alton, assistant manager of the Sagunto Copper plant," spoke up Mr. Hunt, the consul. "I can vouch for him."

"But you haven't told how or where you made the money," said Yvonne with wide eyes. "Was it on the desert island? Did daddy have a hand in it?"

"Well—he had a hand in it," said Dick. "That is to say, if it hadn't been for him I doubt if I could have done it."

As in a daze Mr. Botts was scanning the papers that Dick had given him.

Dick grinned. "No question about the validity of those notes is there?"

"Oh, no! Not the least question," all three men spoke up at once.

"What about it?" inquired Mr. Botts.

Then Dick said jubilantly, "You once said that when I had made this sum I could throw it away if I chose; that you only wanted proof that I could make it. Is that right? Then you will not object to—this?"

He took the papers from the nerveless fingers of his father-in-law, tore them in pieces, and threw them into the waste basket.

"I'm glad, my boy—" He shook hands with Dick, who had unconsciously raised his left hand as though to guard his face. "By Jove! I'm glad that I was mistaken. I was wrong for once, and I don't care who knows it. You certainly win."

And for the first time Dick heartily agreed with his father-in-law. As the others stepped out of the room, he drew Yvonne to him.

A Defense of Shylock

(Continued)

"ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean pirates; and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks."

All these things did he point out to disclose the multiple face of disaster; but they persisted. Then that they might not mistake the sentiments with which he con-

tracted with them, he refused to consider it an ordinary loan. He would take from them no interest in monies. No clients but enemies he regarded them, and between enemies mere gold signified nothing. And still they agreed with him, badgering him as they accepted his uncompromising terms.

The trial! No trial at all, if we examine it seriously, for she who sat in the chair of judgment was unlicensed and a masquerader. The interpretation of the bond, to which the old man had appealed time and again, was perhaps the only honest part of his punishment. For what followed was plainly extreme and meant only as a sop to his baiters who thronged the court room and hissed and hooted at him. The crowning mockery was a gratuitous insult to their own creed, for they demanded that, unwilling and unbelieving, he become a Christian. Is it any wonder that he sickened and asked leave to depart this place where justice was so travestied?

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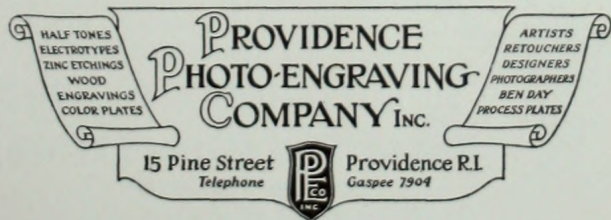
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"I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:

I am not well. . ."

What can have been Shakespeare's motive in constructing the drama? We glean some hint of his attitude from the designation he gave the play: "A Comedy." He cannot have failed to understand—for we credit him with greater insight in a score of passages—that as a figure in tragedy, the Jew's case would have been a ringing indictment against current English conduct. If Shylock, like Lear, had been made the central personality of a serious drama, the great dramatist might have had all London about his head. Garbed as a comedy, the same story brought him no censure and much praise. His keen mind that directed him almost unerringly to successful plots, must have understood the glee with which the pit and the gallery would hail the discomfiture of the Jew, and being a playwright

first and last, he wrote his story without scruple.

An original view, founded on the very dubious story that Shakespeare was himself of Hebrew stock, makes Shakespeare the author of a subtle exposure of the enemies of the Jews in this drama. Unable to attack their race prejudice openly, he took this indirect method of exposing it, and while seeming to pandor to their injustice, he was showing it in all its hideousness. Besides the basic weakness of the theory, for that Shakespeare was of Jewish blood there is not a shadow of proof, there is the historical record of the way the play has been received. As an attack upon the treatment Jews have received in Christian countries, it has never been produced or applauded, but solely as an expression of the popular mind toward "the villainous Jew."

Lecturing before the Jewish Historical Society in London a few

years ago, Myer Landa, a noted Jewish author, declared that Shylock was not a Jew at all, but simply an adaptation of a figure in the anonymous thirteenth century English poem, "Cursor Mundi." Shakespeare, he said, was guilty of a gross slander. It is easy to understand the lecturer's indignation and his desire to discredit Shakespeare in this regard, but the facts do not bear him out. "Cursor Mundi" as the name implies was none other than the wandering Jew, a legendary wayfarer of whom many authors have made use in framing imaginative stories. He is supposed to have been a witness of the ascent of Calvary and when he derided Christ for moving so slowly with the Cross, the Saviour is said to have replied: "I shall move on, but do thou tarry till I come." His fate is to wander over the earth, seeking death and never finding it, and the life which he cannot lose becomes his greatest burden. Connecting Shylock with this character does not make him less a Jew, and we think it a task as futile as it is impossible. Shylock pleads for himself better than can any other, and it is nothing to the credit of Avon's dramatist that he has sought success by pandering to that unreasonable and dishonorable passion, racial hatred.



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Athletics

(Continued)

The only newcomer to the slate is St. Lawrence University, which replaces Norwich of this past season's card. St. Lawrence, alma mater of Owen D. Young, enjoyed a very successful campaign last fall.

The complete schedule follows: Sept. 24, Rutgers at New Brunswick, N. J.; Oct. 1, Holy Cross at Worcester, Mass.; Oct. 8, University of Vermont at Burlington, Vt.; Oct. 15, Boston University at Boston, Mass.; Oct. 22, St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y.; Oct. 29, Springfield College at Springfield, Mass.; Nov. 5, City College of New York at Providence; Nov. 12, Catholic University at Providence; Nov. 19, (pending).

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North Main Street

Thurs., Feb. 18—City College of New York vs. Varsity

Prelim: Dean Academy vs. Freshmen

Sat., Feb. 27—Holy Cross Independents vs. Varsity

Prelim: Bryant-Stratton College vs. Freshmen

Prelim games at R. I. Auditorium start at 8 P. M.

At Harkins Hall — Providence College

Tues., Feb. 9—Lowell Textile Institute vs. Varsity

Prelim: Becker College vs. Junior Varsity

Sat., Feb. 20—Alumni vs. Varsity

Thurs., Feb. 25—Seton Hall College vs. Varsity

Prelim: New Bedford Textile vs. Junior Varsity

Prelim games at Harkins Hall start at 7:30 P. M.

