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PROVIDENCE
Biltmore

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MEN'S STORE

What a Night!

THE mellow, soothing strains of a popular melody flowed from the instruments of a gaily bedecked orchestra; swaying couples, resplendent in variegated costumes and masks, glided through a velvety semi-darkness; colored spot-lights sent dancing beams to and fro.

In this environment of charm and romance Jimmy Gardner and Bob Hall, attired as Robin Hood and Helen of Troy respectively, were enjoying themselves as though they had a right to be there.

At this point a word of explanation is in order. Thanksgiving Day was the annual date for the football classic of Stanfield University vs. Glenn Heights College. Both Gardner and Hall were students at the former institution, and their faith in the prowess of their gridiron representatives is the cause of this story.

Jimmy had boasted to a quartet of the Heights' students: "If Stanfield loses I'll crash the gates at the Gourlie Masque Ball on New Year's Eve," and Bob had backed him up with: "And I'll go dressed like a female."

A timely field goal had put the Heights on the good end of a 9-6 score, as a result of which on the night of December 31st a black sedan stopped just within the gates of the Horace Gourlie estate and disgorged four Glenn Heights' students, Jimmy Gardner with a blanket drawn about his Sherwood Forest clad form, and Bob Hall with a raccoon coat concealing the gorgeous costume of Helen of Troy and a silver and gold bandeau holding a flowing white veil in place atop a magnificent blonde wig.

Careful reconnoitering disclosed an unlocked French window. Blanket and coat were removed from the Stanfield students, and their masks were carefully adjusted.

"Remember," cautioned one of the Heights' men, "you're to stay in there until midnight. We'll meet you here then—if you haven't been kicked out before."

With considerable misgivings Bob and Jimmy passed through the French window, but they took heart when they found themselves in a room directly adjoining the ball-room. Two minutes later Robin Hood and Helen of Troy were dancing together in the midst of society's elite.

"You waltz wonderfully," taunted Jimmy, with a grotesque imitation of a cultured accent. "Can you cook as well?"

"If mother could only see me now," sighed Bob, and then he chuckled. "There must have been a sale on Helen of Troy's costumes," he added. "There's a perfect duplicate of mine behind you."

Jimmy swung his companion around and saw that what Bob had said was true.

"Wonder if that's another unfortunate paying off a bet," he mused.

There followed a session of light banter on the part of the two collegians, and finally Bob said:

"Let's find a quiet corner and sit out a few dances. My feet are beginning to feel cramped."

Tucked away to one side was a tiny room flooded with a pale cerulean light. Jimmy and Bob found it unoccupied, and they dropped onto a comfortable settee. Bob laid his head back and closed his eyes. Silence reigned for a few moments, then:



By
Frederick E. Poole, Jr., '34

"Wait here," said Jimmy. "I'm going to hunt up a drink."

"Okay. Bring me one."

Left alone in the blue light, Bob maintained his half reclining attitude. He did not open his eyes when someone entered the room a few minutes later, but he said in a falsetto:

"Back again, sweetheart?"

"You were expecting someone?" queried a voice that was decidedly not Jimmy's.

Bob jumped to Helen of Troy's feet and found himself gazing upon a tall figure in the garb of a Pilgrim. While Bob was debating in his mind as to what he should say, the newcomer spoke again.

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?" he asked, his words dripping with honey for what he took to be a member of the fair sex.

Bob answered in his falsetto:

"I am Helen of Troy. And you—?"

"Myles Standish, at your service. May I have a dance with charming Helen?"

"Alas! I am awaiting the dauntless Robin Hood."

"Know thee not that Robin Hood is a myth?" countered Standish.

"Ah, yes, but a myth is as good as a Myles," punned Helen.

"Then I must become brave Paris," laughed the Pilgrim, "and carry Helen away," and he took Bob's hand.

Young Hall entered into the spirit of the affair and was soon being swung in and out of the prancing spot-lights by Myles Standish.

* * * * *

Jimmy Gardner, in his search for liquid refreshment, espied a girl dressed as Columbine, standing to one side and watching the dancers.

"I may as well get one real dance while I'm here," he thought, and approached the girl.

"Wouldst Columbine forget Harlequin long enough to dance with Robin Hood?" he inquired.

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The Storm Over Asia

By

Leslie Gove, '35

THE termination of the last great war created the desire in man to augment peace and international good-will throughout the earth. The League of Nations, which now commands a foremost place before the eyes of the world in fostering and perpetuating such heroic ideas, found its inception in the brains of our great democratic president, Woodrow Wilson. The business of the League was to establish international co-operation and to safeguard international peace and security. It was an instrument for the settlement of international disputes. Its demands were that all nations, members of the League, should never wilfully resort to war. All national disputes were to be submitted to the League for consideration. Such countries were to respect the territorial integrity and political independence of one another. Several years later they were instituted in the "constitution" of foreign nations the Kellogg-Briand "Open Door Policy." The first voices the outlawry of war, the second advocates a policy of protecting Chinese territory, and the third proclaims equal economic activity in Asia for all nations.

On September 18, 1931, the attack on Mukden and the occupation of Manchuria by Japanese imperialistic troops threatened international peace and security. The very foundation and purpose of the League was challenged. The efforts of man to eradicate and extinguish for all time the antipathy and jealousy among nations seemed futile and in vain. A spirit of conquest seemed to have been ingrained within the heart of the Japanese government. The destruction of lives and property was verification of aggression. The right of China to self-development was denied by Japanese tactics. Unofficial war was being carried on in the Far East by these two oriental nations.

In an attempt to remain remote from foreign affairs Japan went so far as to persecute her intellectuals who were audacious enough to ad-

vocate an emergence from isolation. Originally the Japanese were a proud people, caring and knowing nothing of the outside world; it was this desire to remain aloof and passive in this world of economic conflict. Ships were endangered of being fired upon whenever nearing or entering Japanese ports. Bows and arrows were the instruments of warfare. However, these orientals soon realized the fallacy of such action against the superior arms of the occidentals. Herein lay the great imitative power of Japan when she decided to study the armaments of her white neighbors. In this field of action Japan was very successful. She accepted occidental life through sheer necessity. Her victory over Russia and China aided the amalgamation with occidentalism. Her youth traveled and studied abroad. Japan became a rising figure in this world of nationalism. Following her war with Russia, Japan received the Southern Manchurian Railway, and by maintenance of her soldiers in this region made the place prosper. The Chinese emigrated to Manchuria to seek safety from war-lords and bandits who inhabited the country (China).

Not until 1854 was there an understanding of the Far East by the nations of the Western Hemisphere, especially the United States and England. Lacking the knowledge of Japanese psychology and morals these two great powers forced unjust treaties upon Japan. America was concerned with the Orient only in so far as trade was concerned. There existed a marathon of foreign nation's to derive whatever economic gain they could from the Far East. Such action only inured Japan's pride.

Such a sensitive condition compelled the Japanese government to battle for existence against the puissant forces of the West. In

1892, in her treaty with England, Japan became an equal to other parties. But such equality, it is my belief, did not satisfy the insatiable thirst of Japan for supremacy. She now maintained a leading part on the stage of foreign affairs. In order to uphold this part Japan found it imperative to act in a manner quite contrary to the history of her people.

Conquest became the key-note of her militarists in their fervent and arrogant desire for exploitation and expansion. She decided once and for all to save herself from the growth of the West and East. Japan feared the inevitable progress of three historical tendencies:

1. Unification of China.
2. Desire of the United States to conquer China economically.
3. Socialistic industrialization of Soviet Russia, not only in Europe but also in Siberia.

In so far as the first point is concerned Japan has been in action for a period of over thirty-five years. In 1895 the annexation of Liaotung and Formosa followed by the occupation of South Manchuria in 1905 and the annexation of Korea, the Twenty-one Demands of 1915, and finally the attack upon Manchuria in 1931 were aimed directly at China. Japan possessed the desire for acquisition of Chinese territory and strategic points about which the economic life of China revolves. The Twenty-one Demands meant a monopolistic domination of Manchuria, but also Japanese predominance over the whole of northern China. It goes without saying that such action was a precise attack upon the unification of China. The seizure of Manchuria and the passes of Chinchow and Jekol were corroborative of the fact that Japan was in a position to occupy China at any time. The seizure of Woosung placed her in the gateway of the Yangtze Valley and the five principle Chinese ports. Such possible constructive policies on the action, of course, destroyed any part of the weak Chinese government.

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Vengeance Is Mine

By

George Popkin, '34

THE air was hot and oppressive. All Bagdad drank cool sherbet and mopped its feverish brow. Not so in the street of Shas Talar where a motley crowd of the curious had collected about an iron monger's residence. Excitement ran high here, and a hum of expectation passed through the assemblage. There were workers in silver and merchants and even several magistrates in Persian tunics of purple. The object of every eye appeared to be the bronze gate leading to Amir Kaleb's home and shop. What could have brought such notoriety to so humble an abode?

Costapoulos, Greek dealer in costly fabrics edged close to a group of the onlookers.

"Can you tell me, friend," he queried of one, "why so great a commotion has been raised?"

"Oh 'tis a sad misfortune—it concerns the slaying of Kaleb's eldest, I mean he who keeps this shop."

After so beginning, the man addressed, perhaps a former huckster, rushed into a torrent of words. His dark brown eyes twinkled partly from the excitement, recall of the happiness aroused in him and partly out of joy at finding a listener. Beyond a doubt he was a fluent speaker.

"El Rachid Achan of the Sultan's court was yesterday riding with some Moorish attendants along the canals that lead to our city. He was in a great hurry for a magnificent feast had been ordained that night by Hassan Nebir and Achan was to be a guest. Dancing girls from Iran were brought for the occasion—an irresistible magnet drawing El Rachid. Well, that haughty lord had been riding hard as the shadows of evening descended and Bagdad's lights twinkled yet in the distance. When the company arrived near Devein the narrow road was found blocked by a small boy and his donkey cart. This was Omar, Kaleb's son, who was returning to the city from Ellan. Angry El Rachid demanded that the road be cleared at once, but Omar be-

came confused and drove his cart toward the noble's party. Rachid Achan, beside himself with wrath and perhaps filled with too much wine, sprang from his mount and in a frenzy tossed the frightened boy into the waters of the nearby canal. Beating the donkey to a side, overturning the cart, the cavalcade passed on."

Just then a melancholy shriek was heard which chilled both men strangely. It seemed to come from the iron monger's house, and several women in the crowd answered it with moans.

Cry followed cry, pity, gentle, tender pity filled the hearts of all.

Costapoulos, uneasy, questioned his companion as to the cause. The other muttered something under his breath and then said aloud—"That is Kaleb's wife who lies in childbirth—she has earlier learned of her woes." Saying this he mopped his brow, beads of perspiration wet his face, the heat was becoming unbearable. "She is torn by two griefs, she must bury and yet bring forth life. The secret could not be kept from her—a mother's heart would know." He paused, Costapoulos, desirous of knowing more, motioned him to continue. "At any rate, the boy's body was found floating near the canal wall the next morning. His clothing had caught on to a hook during the night and this lifted him above the deeper waters. His little body was horribly mutilated. Between the brick wall and the turbulent water he was badly battered—for you remember it rained last night. Kaleb was informed, and half mad, dazed, he came to claim his own. We had a difficult time making him understand, but when he knew—. He swore terrible oaths as he carried the broken corpse home, vowing revenge upon the killer, powerful though he was. Now he seems to live only to kill El Rachid." Costapoulos sighed, he was a father too.

"By Allah," he said, "it is truly a sad tale. But how did you find out the manner of Omar's death?"

"One of Achan's Moorish retain-

ers had too much after the feast given by Hassan and he wagged his tongue very freely. Now, almost all Bagdad knows about the infamy—El Rachid is not liked. He has before indulged in similar misdeeds. I remember a story told about his seducing of a—"

A plaintive murmur arose from the assemblage. A pale, suffering face draped in a shawl of mourning appeared at the iron monger's gate. It was Amir Kaleb. He was assisted forward by a man of very solemn mien—perhaps the funeral director. Next came a priest in sacred robes of gold, carrying a prayer book and crescent symbol.

"That's Kaleb—the small man in black," Costapoulos was told.

The priest called out in ringing tones—"The glory of Allah through Mohammed his prophet shine upon the face of our departed brother and son—may he know the joys of Paradise!"

Many of the crowd's comments were audible as three men came from Kaleb's home carrying a small chest. The witnesses had guessed its meaning.

"Cursed be El Rachid—cursed be El Rachid—cursed be El Rachid," the people almost as one spat forth.

Two magistrates in the group looked askance, and the shouting ceased as suddenly as it had begun. But the general attitude was clearly manifest in the many angry and sullen faces.

Then began the long trek to Devein—abode of the dead. A journey made daily through the streets of curious Bagdad, a journey of many sorrows and some sympathy. A journey past the dark Shaian canals, past the great military road leading to Devein—abode of the dead. The priest walked first followed by the bearers and their burden, the chief mourner and his attendants being last. Up the narrow street proceeded this funeral train, many of the spectators lingering in the rear. Costapoulos had decided to follow, but he soon changed his mind for walking was very wearisome in this heat. Kaleb

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More Melange

MY TASTE IN MURDER

I AM not a connoisseur in methods of homicide, nor do I wish to be reputed such. Neither do I wish to leave a suspicion that my keenest pleasure is found in reading weird stories, where people are carried off indiscriminately in some uncanny way by an ingenious mechanism. But I have that human weakness of reading the accounts of horror and bloodshed and sudden death one finds in abundance in the tabloids. Consequently, I have developed a sense of appreciation for cleverly executed murders, and have trained that faculty for mastering detail which is an outstanding intellectual quality of so many great men.

I have also a love of poetic justice, and never feel entirely satisfied with a murder unless the criminal is, after much espionage and counter-espionage which lead the principals into many foreign countries and countless back yards, apprehended and suitably punished. If at the end of the chase the murderer, in the custody of the authorities, takes his own life surreptitiously by means of some quick working poison, I feel that I and the rest of society have been cheated. Thus, I like to have everything regular, the crime committed for motives unknown and under peculiar circumstances, a solution in which psychology plays an important part, and finally the triumph of justice. This ideal in homicide, I realize, is after the manner of fiction and is widely shared by lovers of mystery stories. But fiction we know is often commonplace in comparison with reality.

Now, in my ideal murder I insist upon a motive. I have no patience with fiends who are impelled to murder promiscuously and are not subject to the justice which would be the lot of a fairly normal person. Generally speaking they have no high regard for artistry in despatching their victims. They have a vulgar taste and are seldom particular of the consequences. They do not at all meet the requirements of my ideal murder.

On the other hand, we have the student of crime who painstakingly examines his problem from all angles, decides upon a course of action, resolutely follows it, and leaves the police baffled indefinitely. My admiration is excited by this type of criminal. He may be obsessed with his purpose, but he is deliberate in executing his plans. He does not act in a blind passion like so many of our bungling murderers. His method of committing the crime may be ordinary, but his arrangements have been so well made that he runs little risk of immediate detection, and so the trail grows cold.

There are, of course, various effective ways of murdering a person, but not all of them suit my taste. The state exercises the right of justifiable homicide when it puts a man to death. There is nothing sensational or interesting in this to me. It is merely a natural process of justice. But there is also a form of unjustifiable homicide which is parallel in some respects to that of the state. That is the one which constitutes the punishment meted out by the execution squads of our well-organized gang systems. With impunity they are able to put a man to death, for they seem to be a unit of society which is confidently independent so far as obedience to the laws of the land is concerned. So I am not at all thrilled by the methods of either the state or the gangsters. There is something too formal and perfunctory about them.

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Two Essays

ON GROWING BALD

The ghost of Delilah walks again, and in her wake she is leaving me, like Samson, shorn! In other words, at this relatively early age I find myself growing bald. Each passing day witnesses a slow, but inevitable receding of an already-high forehead.

Strangely enough, this does not seem to bother me a great deal. Perhaps it is because, after all, hair is a constant worry. It gets in one's eyes while swimming, and into one's food while eating; if it is too long, the barber must be visited, and if it is too short, one is not satisfied with one's appearance, and it must be grown long again. Then, there is the vital, nerve-racking question as to whether it will be combed back as a pompadour, or parted in the middle. Or perhaps a part on the side is preferred, and, if so, which side will it be on—and above all is it exactly straight? These are only a few of the questions that prey on the mind of the possessor of a full crop of hair. They concern me in a small way, but before long they will worry me no more, for which I shall be duly thankful.

Please do not think that this approaching loss means nothing to me. Hair is a wonderful thing (Lady Godiva found an abundance of it a decided blessing on a certain memorable occasion), and I would be the last to deny it, for goodness knows I can as little afford to lose the hair on the top of my head, as what is inside it. Nevertheless, I can honestly say that I am not greatly saddened by my lot, and I would not give it a thought if it were not for those who are near and dear to me. To my amazement, they consider the prospect a horrifying one. Now I could understand their feelings if I were a violin-player, or some other such person who really needs plenty of hair, but there is no earthly reason why I should not prosper equally well with, or without, such an asset. It is only at their behest then that I

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Under the Dome

(The lounge room of the Under The Dome Club. Mr. Budget smoking a pipe ruminatively, and Mr. Deficit is flamboyantly smoking a cigar. The two characters are engrossed in profound discussion.)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MR. DEFICIT
MR. BUDGET
MAJOR BACKACHE
HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM
MR. BANKS
THE STRANGER

MR. DEFICIT—Is there a meeting of the Board of Directors of the club tonight?

MR. BUDGET—There is no scheduled meeting but I've been thinking that if we could get enough members here, we might hold an informal meeting that would shed a little light upon the problems of administration which the club is facing. It seems to me that our club members might devote a small part of the time they give to bridge, poker and the social activities to the conduct of our business affairs.

MR. DEFICIT—(chants) "If wishes were horses, beggars could ride." . . . Well maybe someone will drop around. . . . Hello, here's somebody now. How are you tonight, Major?

MAJOR BACKACHE—Oh, as well as anyone, who has given his best days to the service of an ungrateful country, could be expected (*ostentatiously displaying empty coat sleeve*). What's up anyway? You two look as serious as a court-martial.

MR. BUDGET—We were just discussing ways and means to keep going, that's all.

MAJOR BACKACHE—Is that all? The money will come from somewhere. It always has.

MR. BUDGET—Don't be too sure, Major. We're carrying too much dead-weight now and the members are beginning to squawk. We must adopt a policy which will force everyone who benefits through our organization to pull his own weight.

MAJOR BACKACHE—(*indignantly*) Do you mean to insinuate, sir, that I am a burden when this empty sleeve testifies to my service, to the sacrifices, I and my brethren in arms have made for the benefit of you and your kind? And now to have this tossed in my face. An earlier day in history provided a remedy which I regret has passed. As it is I've a good mind to pull your nose and by the three-toed prophet, I will (*advancing menacingly on MR. BUDGET*).

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—(*entering hurriedly*) Gentlemen, gentlemen, what's this. Why you're the last persons in the world I'd expect to find brawling. What are we coming to?

MR. BUDGET—It's the same old story; the truth hurts. We've reached a point in our affairs where we must cut out expenditures. No member of this club has a right to expect a dollar from it that he does not earn. . . .

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—Oh, that will be all right. Everything will work out. Don't start a rumpus now; the club can't stand it.

MR. BUDGET—Just a moment, John. Here's a little truth for you. You and the Major and a few more have sup-

ported Mr. Deficit here in his stand, and have brought us to our present sorry condition.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—(*sputters*) Why I always try to be a good-fellow. Where do you get off talking to me that way. I'll see that you're put off the board. I'll show you that I've got a few friends.

MR. BUDGET—It's easy to be a good-fellow with somebody else's money.

(MR. BANKS *enters*.)

MR. BUDGET—Good evening, Mr. Banks. Maybe you can add something to the discussion. We're facing a big deficit. Are you ready to lend us more money for operating expenses on the strength of the club treasurer's report?

MR. BANKS—(*dryly*) I wouldn't advance you a nickle.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—It's your business to lend money, ain't it?

MR. BANKS—Upon proper security.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—Ain't the large membership of this club sufficient security for you?

MR. BANKS—That's what they told the bankers who lent money to Russia. The population of Russia is four hundred millions; you haven't heard of Russia paying her debts have you?

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—Something ought to be done about you fellows.

MR. BANKS—If you and your kind multiply something will be done. You howl from morning to night about human rights and you'd squawk to high heaven if one of your privileges was taken from you but you would deprive me of a right which is as old as humanity, the right to lend my goods or my money as I see fit.

MAJOR—(*again waving empty sleeve*) Yeh, remember I got this protecting that right of yours.

MR. BANKS—I thought you lost that, to use your own expression, "making the world safe for democracy." I don't object to paying for that, but I do object to paying for bunions incurred from dress shoes worn at military balls.

MR. BUDGET—There is no use talking. We've got to retrench.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—Can't we get a little more revenue from the bar? Suppose we put in five per cent beer?

MR. BANKS—I suppose you have some brewer lined up for the concession.

MR. BUDGET—(*sententiously*) A greater volume of business does not necessarily mean more profit.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—Well, something must be done and I always believe in helping my friends.

MR. DEFICIT—(*piously*) "All other things being equal, give thy brother the preference." . . . Can't we appoint a commission?

MR. BUDGET—(*explosively*) Commission be hanged. What we need is a sense of individual responsibility in our membership; a realization that institutions can only be maintained by a strict adherence to business principles and sound financial policy.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—Hear, hear. I'll have you address the Wigwam at the next meeting. Great stuff. But when that long-awaited time comes there'll be no problems to solve and no-one to solve them. It sounds good, though. . . .

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EDITORIAL

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NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS

Ushered in with ancient rites, the new year is with us once again. This is the season of bewitching activities and bewildering promises. Everyone has a desire to reform and the inevitable results are resolutions. Tucked back in some part of the cranium is the realization that it is almost impossible to keep resolutions, but one cannot enter into the proper spirit of the occasion without the appropriate vows. However, there is a trite adage, "laws were made to be broken" and cannot we say as much for resolutions?

There is no gainsaying the fact that some resolutions are indispensable the way this saddened old sphere is acting. The stock market is not content unless it is derushing madly, and everyone is abso-

lutely convinced that things cannot get any worse. Realizing that we must retrench all along the line, we wonder if perhaps life was not more pleasant in those serene and secure days of the past, which father delights in discussing when imbued with the festive and restive spirit of the imbibing period. To be sure, we should have the leisure of the past when men could find time to think and to discuss such outmoded things as books!

Did you ever watch the tears trickle down the cheek of a little old lady as she listens to a mellow old bell announcing the birth of a new year? In those tears are the sadness and joy of life. Keeping in mind such a golden memory and reacting properly to glad tidings, we can make new resolutions give us that fulness of life which introduces us to greater happiness. With these thoughts in mind the Alembic wishes all a prosperous and Happy New Year.

A QUAKER QUOTES

"Everyone is a bit queer but thee and me, and sometimes I think that even thee are a bit queer." Remembering drear days of the past, we can prophecy that this quaint quotation will have a peculiar significance in a very short time. Faces will be long, tempers short, and everyone will draw new conclusions about fellow students.

The educator who could find an adequate substitute for examinations would enjoy the undying gratitude of all soul-stirred students. It is a Herculean effort to crystallize the knowledge of a semester into a few precious hours. Examinations are such cold-blooded things, and it seems to make

little difference if one is indisposed, or a crammed head might be taking tailspins.

Speaking of examinations reminds one of Mark Twain's famous remark about the weather, "every body talks about it, but no-one does anything about it." We eventually come to the conclusion that they are necessary evils, and proceed to dig and pry to the heart's content and the mind's confusion. It might be unnecessary to add that only those who study for examinations pass them. The Alembic wishes all success, and desires to say "au revoir" rather than "good-bye."

"SAY IT ISN'T SO"

Although we have been accused of everything from homicide to indifference, the Alembic notes more enthusiasm than ever known hitherto. Thinking to spare thespians, who tread our local boards we did not publish the barrage of verbiage of our reviewer, who really does appreciate Eugene O'Neill. It was our belief that to discredit was to discourage, and it is not our intention to foster any spirit which would violate the ancient creed of the trouper to "carry on."

It is our intention to inculcate school loyalty and support. It goes without saying that we have no ulterior motive. Subtle irony seems to enter where words would seem to wander, but the malice is found only in the interpretation. It is with some regret then, that we notice that those with glib criticism have been quite glum when approached for a critique of any nature.

The Alembic appreciates the increased interest being evinced. Our major difficulty, in the past, was the indifference with which we had to contend. At last we have found a policy that can stimulate interest, and it is hoped that all will attest to the altruistic purposes of this magazine. We desire comment because there is nothing that tends for perfection like critical analysis. As the hero of a memorable story murmured to the maiden much besought... "please, anything but indifference."

MERELY PLAYERS

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

By Daniel J. Higgins, '33.



Walter Hampden, beyond all vestige of doubt, the greatest actor on the American stage, returned to Providence in his characterization of the swordsman, poet and philosopher, Cyrano

de Bergerac. His return was a triumph and he furnished the theatre goers of this city with the finest exhibition of drama, romance, wit and tragedy that could possibly be produced upon any stage. The role of Cyrano, the chevalier of the extraordinary nose, offers great opportunity to any actor, and losing none of it Mr. Hampden played his part to the very hilt of Cyrano's wonderful sword.

Before this production came to town, I had read Cyrano, in the version used by Walter Hampden, and thought at the time that I had discovered everything that lay hidden in Rostand's beautiful story. Its literary qualities, romance, tragedy and intense dramatic moments all made their impression but there was one thing of which I was not fully conscious at the time. That was the extraordinary amount of wit and humor that lay within the pages of this tragedy. It remained for Mr. Hampden, whose faculty for wit seemed to equal his abilities as a tragedian, to bring out this glorious embellishment to this dramatic masterpiece. From almost every nook and corner of the stage would come bits of humor, at times very sardonic, but nevertheless in proper proportion to allay the tragic tone of the play.

Perhaps the outstanding scenes

of the play, if it is at all possible to select them were the balcony scene and the death of Cyrano. The greatest single moments in the play were Cyrano's famous duel in rhyme in which some of the effect of the ballad seemed to be lost in the clatter of swords, and the heroes presentation of the Cadets to De Guiche.

TO ONE DISTRUSTFUL

*Just because the earth is covered
Now with ice and snow
Do not think the seed of Springtime
Will not live to grow.
Far beneath the surface Nature
Gains her strength again;
Plans the splendors she will render
To the eyes of men.
While the skillful workman, Winter
Imitates her art,
Sturdiness and depth in his work
Have no part.*

*Now call back the scenes of Autumn;
Let them flood your mind.
Soon the Springtime will be with us;
Winter far behind.*

HERBERT MURRAY, JR., '35

In the balcony scene Rostand has created a situation never equalled even by Shakespeare. Here we find Cyrano and Christian, both in love with Roxane, but both under a handicap. Cyrano, because of his grotesque nose, and Christian, because of his lack of fine speech, are laboring under a disability in their wooing of Roxane. But Cyrano realizing his defect withdraws in favor of Christian who is as handsome as Cyrano is homely. He takes the place of Christian under Roxane's balcony and pours forth his poetic soul in such a way that Christian's suit is won. Cyrano did the work but Christian took the glory and the kiss. Here is a situation unexcelled for beauty or pathos, and with the real lover losing.

Cyrano then arranged a marriage for the pair and when Christian was called to war arranged to write his letters for him. Christian was killed in battle and Roxane retired to a convent to solace her grief.

The closing scene of the play takes place in the convent garden. The time is autumn about fifteen years later. It was Cyrano's custom to visit Roxane every Saturday and bring her the news of the week. But when he came to her this time he is dying. His enemies were many but they were afraid of his terrible sword, so he met his fate at the hands of a clumsy lackey who purposely dropped a heavy log upon him. Yet though mortally wounded, he keeps his appointment with Roxane. She fails to notice the wound on his head and things go on as always. Cyrano then asks her if he can read Christian's last letter, one which he himself wrote. When he reads it he fails to look at the page, and recites it from memory, with such passion and feeling that Roxane found who her real lover was. Cyrano died not as he wished—"with steel in his heart and laughter on his lips," but amid the falling leaves of the convent garden.

It might be interesting to mention here that Cyrano was a real person and not an imaginary character created by Rostand. He, except for his hopeless love for Roxane, was faithfully reproduced by Rostand. Being somewhat of a philosopher Cyrano wrote a highly imaginative story "A Trip To The Moon". This served as an episode in the play when Cyrano forestalled the villain De Guiche and effected Roxane's marriage to Christian by telling him a wonderful tale of a trip to that planet. His extraordinary nose was also an actuality and he is reputed to have engaged in

(Continued on Page 19)

CHECKER-BOARD

By William D. Haylon, '34

Editor of Checkerboard,
Providence College,
Providence, R. I.

Dear Sir:

I have been a faithful reader of your column for the past two years, but as a loyal alumnus and one naturally interested in the welfare of my Alma Mater, I cannot truthfully say that I have enjoyed it to any great extent. Now do not, by any means, get the impression that I am a cranky old grad, for that is far from the case. I did, however, go through four years of real college life at P. C. but I assure you that things such as you have printed in your articles during the past two years never occurred when I was a student. Naturally I concluded, Mr. Checkerboard, that you were a cheerful liar and a disgrace and detriment to the noble institution that you represent.

After struggling through your last bit of work in what was otherwise a splendid magazine I became so enraged that I immediately determined to take a week or two off and really investigate the conditions of the life at Providence College. Having graduated before any of the present students had enrolled, with the exception of Mal Brown whom I promptly put wise, I had no fear of being recognized by any of the boys.

Now, Mr. Checkerboard, when I make up my mind to do a thing, I do it and the following day I lit out for all the places that I frequented when I went to school. The first place of course was what we once called something else but what is now known as the diabetic corner, then up to see Van, and then Eddie, then Al (didn't stay long at Al's) and around to see all of my old acquaintances whom I knew could help me in my defense of the Providence College students.

As I said, I first went to the diabetic corner and right away I found something that was of interest to me. I guessed it right away but upon inquiry I made sure for there leaning against the post was "Frankenstein" Lucey that I had read so much about, thanks to you. Well, having been to college I sort of knew how to get talking to fellows and before I knew it I was in conversation with the irrepressible "Scotch." He was bemoaning the fact that he let a guy named Griffin take a buck and Griffin hadn't given it back to him and Griffin was bigger than he was and he had all sorts of trouble but that wasn't what interested me. After everyone else had left the corner for the night, I got real intimate with Lucey; I knew I had him so that he would confide in me. I got talking to him about you, Mr. Checkerboard, and what he called you yas a sin and a shame. I knew that you were a scandalmonger but I never could have thought of the adjectives that this guy Lucey thought of. Well, as I had expected all that, I was not surprised and I soon put the question to him. And knowing Lucey would not lie to me I want to let you in on the truth, if that is what you want. With a tearful note in his voice, these are just the words that he used, "That guy has disgraced me forever and I promise you that I didn't play jig-saw puzzles all night, I had my arm around her for a little while and I have only known her for a couple of years."

Encouraged by my first piece of luck that would prove your ability as a liar, I made my next mark Reavey. I easily persuaded Lucey to introduce me to the lad whom you know as "Rockefeller" and found him a very pleasant sort of chap very unlike your description

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of him. Frank and I became very friendly and before I knew it I was going out on a date with him. To myself I was cursing you up and down thinking that you would lower the reputation of such a sociable lad. It is true that his girl paid the way into the dance and purchased the eats afterwards but that just shows his dynamic personality over women.

I might also mention that Reavey, whom I would suggest that you call "J. Pierpont Morgan," brought a little fellow along by the name of Joie Wright who Reavey informed me was next year's football captain. You made some mention about Joie doing a hop, skip, and a jump when he attended dances but let me tell you, Mr. Checkerboard, that you are wrong again. It wasn't he that was doing the hop, skip, and jump but it was he that was making everybody else do it, if you know what I mean. Please in the future get things like that straight.

Although you have not spoken so much about "Shark" Ferris this year I recall some of the incidents that you say occurred in his presence last year. So having lived with the Greene family when I was in school, I trotted down to see them and found Al there just getting out of bed. I don't just remember what the conversation was about but I do recall that he emphatically uttered the statement that "the early bird gathers no moss". It was evident that he meant the "rolling stone catches the worm". But right along you have been blaming Al for his eccentricities. Again you are mistaken, it isn't Al's fault at all. Maybe you too would be driven to insanity if you had to live with Maguire and Norback.

It is needless to say that I had to call on your most interesting topic of conversation, Eddie Reilly, and I certainly killed two birds with one stone for I also ran into Ed Koslowski, rooming with him. I had intentions of finding them just getting ready to step out, having heard so much about their social activities but was amazed to find the pair of them lying on their beds in the dark listening to the

"True Story Hour" on the radio. I will admit one thing you said was true though and that was that Kos looks like Clark Gable and Rile sure resembles Harold Lloyd. What a cute pair they make. Rile was timing the story with his grandfather's clock that the crooks forgot to take on him. He was having a tough time because there is only one hand on the watch.

While visiting the school, I dropped into the Alembic Office. I conversed with Skenyon quite a while and found him quite interesting. He seemed very sociable and even gave me a cigar that he found around the desk. Even though he doesn't smoke, I thought it was the last one there. It didn't belong to him but as I said he doesn't smoke and you couldn't expect him to have any and it showed at least he was very generous with other people's things.

Wednesday night rolled around and what could I do but go over to Froebel Hall and it wasn't anything like what you had described it. Eddie Quinton's band was different from any band I ever heard (a lot different). Some very pretty girl pointed everyone of interest out to me. In one corner was Jimmy Bostick, the regular, doing the Harlem Hop that Jake taught him how to do. And you said he was just a lover of music. I knew at one glance at a certain part of his anatomy that the glider in the middle of the floor was Tebbetts and when I looked at the smiling moon of his I couldn't help but like him. He was not with Clare as you said he always was, but he was dancing with someone else and Reilly was watching him pretty close. It looked as though Rile was getting a little jealous.

This letter is getting a little lengthy but I just wanted to let you know how mistaken you have been in all the incidents that you have written about and I want to say that I left, knowing that P. C. was still the great school that it always was.

Yours in good clean sport,
AN ALUMNUS.

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PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ATHLETICS

George R. Tebbetts, '34

Francis J. Skenyon, '33

SENSE IN SPORT



At this time of year, there are the usual post-season football conflicts. Almost everyone and his brother assumes that he has the privilege of selecting national and sectional teams. For

every playing quarterback there are a million Monday morning tacticians who feel that they have the proper perspective which justifies their selection of their particular favorite on a team which merits nation-wide attention. Perhaps we can trace some of the reactions to the routine of the newspapers, but on the other hand it is possible that it is a peculiar psychological study which we have not the space to consider.

Now that all the adjectives which have been used to embellish the comments of elaborately chosen All-American teams have slinked back to the dusty pages of the abused dictionary, we can give consideration to more prosaic comment.

From the financial standpoint the 1932 football season was a failure. Football, like all other sports, has felt the impetus of the depression. The larger universities with the tremendous stadia, elaborate equipment, and costly athletic directors and coaches are beginning to wonder if they have not bitten off just a little bit more than they can chew. Many of the massive stadia and athletic plants were

built because of the belief that our Roman holiday would continue. With the falling off in attendance in many sections of the country, athletic departments are handicapped in fulfilling the purpose for which college sports are ordained. As an aftermath of the disaster through which we have passed, the fact is now justly recognized that athletics in colleges should not be over-emphasized to such an extent that they become a burden to the institution.

Colleges like so many other institutions forgot the day of reckoning. Although many of them had national economic experts in their faculty, they forgot the cardinal rule that the safe and sane business man pays as he goes, and is cautious in overextension of things for which he cannot pay in the future. The small colleges have been much more fortunate. Although their student body did not serve as the background for thousands of full-voiced cheers, they have carried on in their own proper sphere. Today they are not handicapped with stadia which can house hundreds of thousands of people. They have not the costly athletic departments. Through a necessity to be conservative, they have saved themselves from financial disaster from an athletic viewpoint. The hysteria in college sports has been shocked back to sanity by a stern



depression. The public enthusiasm for elaborate spectacles has not abated, but the prices, which maintained large athletic enterprises, started on the toboggan, with so many other things after the 1929 debacle. Sports will continue but athletic colleges will ask prices before they engage costly coaches, buy expensive athletic equipment, and build massive stadia for the athletes of the years to come.

While we regard with pride the athletic achievements of the Varsity teams of Providence College, we look forward in the year which is now in its infancy to a revival of a particular branch of athletics. In every college there are those among the student body who because of lack of ability, or some other particular reason, do not measure up to the standard which is required of those who represent the school in Varsity competition.

It is a deplorable but nevertheless evident condition within the campus of our institution that intra-mural athletics do not enjoy the place of rank which they should be accorded in every collegiate institution. We make this statement not as a criticism of the athletic board of the college, but as an indictment of the student body. Time and again the athletic association has attempted to foster inter-class sports in the hope of giving every man a chance to distinguish himself among his fellow students, but strange as it seems the student body as a whole has not furthered this plan. We feel that this action by the students has failed to manifest a whole-hearted interest in athletic activities. Intra-mural sports are just as much a part of an athletic program as Varsity competition. They not only work for physical development, but they produce that spirit which should exist between the different classes in the school.

The time is not so long passed when the rivalry between the lower classes made college life exciting and interesting. The annual Sophomore-Freshmen contests in football, basketball, and the other branches of athletics were activities to which every student of the

college looked forward. Somewhere along the line that spirit has become dormant. No longer do we find the yearlings eager to avenge the humiliations to which they have become subject by the second year men, but on the contrary they seem to accept the fatalistic attitude, and let the idea pass as just one of the routine things of college life.

The year 1933 gives promise in more ways than one, and it is the firm hope of this department that when the curtain falls on the stage denoting the passing of another milestone, that the campus of Providence will again re-echo with that spirit of intra-mural athletics which in the last analysis is one of the binding forces of intercollegiate life.



DROMGOOLE

What a Night!

(Continued from Page 3)

The girl's lips parted in a smile, and she said:

"Since Harlequin seems to have lost his way, I shall gladly accept the invitation of this colorful rogue," and the two of them melted into the crowd. At the conclusion of the dance Columbine saw her partner and returned to him.

At the same time Jimmy caught sight of one of the Gourlie servants, in the role of a knight of old, serving drinks, and he appropriated two. Returning to the "blue room," he found Helen of Troy on the settee, head tilted back and eyes closed. Apparently Helen had not heard his entry, so Jimmy set both glasses down, dipped his fingers into one of them, and proceeded to sprinkle Helen's face.

There was a gasp—a most feminine gasp, followed by a second gasp—a most masculine gasp. The latter emanated from Jimmy. This wasn't Bob before him; it was the other Helen they had seen on the floor.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Bob's twin, "is that all you have to do: go around baptizing defenseless women?"

Gardner dropped onto the settee beside this new Helen and engaged in a duel of repartee.

* * * * *

At the south end of the ball-room was an arched door-way that led into the Gourlie conservatory. Within this room three men smoked. They were Napoleon, King Arthur, and Jesse James. Their masks lay across their knees.

"It was just a year ago tonight that Phil locked you out on the balcony upstairs, wasn't it, Gary?" remarked Jesse James.

"Yes," came from Napoleon "and I'm going to even up matters tonight if possible. You know," and here he glowered, "it was damned unpleasant on that balcony, and I caught a peach of a cold."

King Arthur broke in with:

"If you really desire vengeance, I think it can be arranged."

The other two cocked their ears,

and for an appreciable period of time the trio sat huddled together, chuckling and plotting.

* * * * *

Back in the "blue room" Jimmy had prevailed upon Bob's twin to consent to a dance, and for the second time that evening he had a female partner.

When the music ceased, Jimmy piloted his companion back to the little room where a Captain Kidd was awaiting Helen's return. With a few parting jests Helen and the pirate left Jimmy to the solitude of the room.

As he sat there wondering as to the whereabouts of Bob, a figure appeared in the door-way. Jimmy raised his eyes and beheld a Napoleon. The latter advanced into the room and addressed the collegian.

"Are you particularly busy, old man?" he asked.

"Why, no. Is there something I can do for you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, a friend of mine has imbibed a little too freely, and I have obtained Mr. Gourlie's permission to put him to bed in one of the guest rooms, but he's too darn heavy for me to tote up alone."

Jimmy volunteered his assistance. Surely it would not take long and in the meantime Bob might return. He followed Napoleon out into the ball-room and thence to a large open hall-way.

"He's in the library," said Jimmy's guide. "I suppose we can get him upstairs without anyone seeing us."

He opened a large oaken door and passed through. Jimmy followed. Immediately the door closed behind him, and a key turned in the lock with a very slight noise.

Before he had gone more than three steps, Jimmy was grasped by the arms from behind. Napoleon turned and smiled and motioned to a third figure who sat on a divan. Directly in front of this divan was a large fireplace with a cheerful fire therein, and the flickering flames afforded all the light there was in the room.

The grip on Jimmy's arms tightened as the two men in front neared him. With quietness and despatch

Jimmy was shorn of his Robin Hood regalia, and fierce struggling availed him nothing. As each piece came off, it was consigned to the flames in the fireplace, and presently Jimmy stood clad in nought but his winter underwear, his Robin Hood moccasins, and the black domino that concealed the upper portion of his face.

"And now we'll bid you adieu," said Napoleon, "and, although we are taking the key with us, we are leaving the door unlocked. That is more considerate than you were last year."

Thus was the parting salute to a bewildered and unconventionally clad college student in the Gourlie library.

Napoleon and his two comrades returned to the ball-room, each took to himself a partner for a few dances, and later they convened again and repaired to the conservatory. Just within the arched doorway they encountered an obviously flustered young lady. She halted at sight of them.

"Is there something wrong?" Napoleon wanted to know.

"No. I was—er—just looking for—ah—Robin Hood," she stammered in a husky voice.

The three men laughed softly, and Napoleon took the young lady by the arm and led her out to the open hall-way. Indicating the library door, he said:

"I believe you'll find Robin Hood in there," and with that he departed.

The young lady advanced to the door and opened it. Peering into the room she found everything in darkness, except for quivering shafts of light coming from the fireplace. She stepped inside and called out in a low, soft voice:

"Jimmy—Jimmy."

From the darkness in front of her came:

"Is that you, Bob?"

"Yeah. What are you doing in here? I'd never have found you if it hadn't been for an obliging Napoleon." Bob closed the door and came forward, peering into the shadows. "Where the dickens are you?"

Out of the black void came a ghost-like figure. Bob lifted his mask and squinted his eyes. Jimmy advanced into the light of the fireplace.

Bob Hall had never before experienced the sensation that assailed him when he beheld his companion in dishabille. After a second look he fell onto the divan, roaring with laughter.

"If Adam looked like you do now," he snickered, "I don't blame Eve for eating the apple. What's the big idea?"

Jimmy, his face suffused with crimson, sat down and hurriedly recounted his adventure. "—and we've got to figure how we can cross the ball-room floor to that room where we found the unlocked window. All the windows in here have tricky locks that I can't open."

"Wonder what time it is," murmured Bob. "Do you suppose it's near midnight?"

"I heard a clock ticking over there," Jimmy said, pointing away to the left.

Bob rose and disappeared into the shadows.

"Here it is," he called out, and he returned, holding a small table timepiece to the light. "Eleven forty-five," he announced.

"We've got to think fast," Jimmy decided. "If we don't show up at midnight the fellows won't wait for us."

Bob, who had replaced the clock, came back and stood buried in thought. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"I have it! You wait here and don't let anyone see you."

"Don't worry," ex-Robin Hood retorted, and once again sought the protection of the blackness.

Bob passed out into the hall and was gone for five minutes. When he returned he was loaded down with a heterogeneous collection of articles. He deposited the melange on the divan. Jimmy came up to him.

"What have you got there?" he demanded.

"A bed sheet and a pillow-slip from one of the guest rooms upstairs; a bottle of ink and a toothbrush from Madame Gourlie's boudoir; a candle, some matches, a black drapery, and a dressing-gown cord from Horace Gourlie's room."

"Have you gone mad?"

"I should get a medal for this," said Bob, and he dipped the toothbrush into the bottle of ink and began printing on the hitherto immaculate pillow-slip.

* * * * *

In the conservatory Napoleon, King Arthur, and Jesse James were finishing their cigars. As they rose to return to the ball-room, a lady and a gentleman came through the door-way. Napoleon recognized the gentleman as Captain Kidd and the lady (to his surprise) as the one he had directed to the library not long before.

"Did you find Robin Hood all right?" he asked of her.

The lady looked at him, and, remembering the young man who had sprinkled her in the "blue room," she laughed and replied:

"The last time I saw Robin Hood he was playing the part of Jupiter Pluvius."

GET BACK OF A

Peter Schuyler

**COSTELLO
BROTHERS**

**PROVIDENCE and
PAWTUCKET**

Her escort, Captain Kidd, addressed Napoleon.

"Is that you, Gary?" he queried.

The other three men jumped with a start.

"Good Lord," came from Napoleon. "It's Phil." Turning to King Arthur, he added: "I thought you said he was coming as Robin Hood!"

"I told several people that," put in Captain Kidd. "I feared that there might be someone here desirous of paying off a year-old debt, so I deemed it advisable to lead folks astray."

"Then who was it—?" Napoleon began, but he was interrupted by an uproar in the ball-room. A loud gong was striking twelve; people were unmasking and wishing one another a happy New Year; the orchestra was playing "Auld Lang Syne."

The little group in the conservatory moved out into the midst of happy hearts. What a din! Everyone was shouting! Then, suddenly, a hush fell over all, and every eye was turned towards the open hall-way.

Coming through into the ball-room was the bent figure of a man enveloped in what might have been a bed sheet an don the front of which was printed in black letters: FATHER TIME. From his mouth and chin there hung a golden beard; in his right hand he held a lighted candle; in his left he held one end of a cord, the other end being firmly grasped by the hand of a second figure who trailed behind.

This second apparition was completely enshrouded by a black cloak. From his back there was suspended a white oblong (bearing a remarkable resemblance to a pillow-slip) on which was printed in more black letters: OLD MAN DEPRESSION.

The two-man procession passed across the ball-room floor. Hand-clapping and cheers followed them as they entered a darkened drawing-room.

Once off the ball-room floor, Father Time put his candle down, dropped his end of the cord, and dashed for a certain French win-

dow. Old Man Depression shed his black mantle, revealing once again the gorgeous trappings of Helen of Troy, and followed in the wake of Father Time.

Out in the cold night air, the two collegians soon found the four Glenn Heights' men crouched in the bushes. These latter stared in amazement at Jimmy Gardner, who was removing Bob Hall's wig from his mouth, it having served nobly as Father Time's beard.

"What happened?" they wanted to know.

"Give me that blanket," snapped Jimmy, and he snatched the desired article from them. Throwing it about him and Gourlie bed sheet, he shot off at top speed for the black sedan.

Bob Hall, climbing into his raccoon coat, chuckled and observed:

"Just see how Time flies!"

The Storm Over Asia

(Continued from Page 4)

Having completed her first plan of expansion, Japan hopefully turned to what she believed her most dreadful foe in so far as economics was concerned, the United States of America. American expansion in the East terrified Japan. The policy of this great western power became plain in that she threatened to divide China or seize its territory. America has invested \$250,000,000 in this part of the earth. Thus, it is not difficult to understand the entrance into world affairs of the "Open Door Policy." Japan saw in the United States her strongest competitor in capitalistic China. The policy of the "Open Door" gave victory to those who were economically the strongest. Japan, of course, could never even dream of placing herself on a parity with America. Since the United States was unable to find a solution of her domestic markets, she was compelled to expand her foreign trade and investments. Obviously the growth of productive and economic forces in China were determining factors in the economic expansion of the United States. In a word, Japan was anxious to stop

this plan by snatching from China whatever she could.

Besides the American problem there rose in the horizon the dreadful policies of the U. S. S. R. The industrialization of Russia and Siberia proper has presented a menace to Japan. Communist propaganda in China and Korea has hastened the Japanese program. Soviet Russia has pursued imperialistic policies in East Asia with great success. Outer Mongolia has been made an independent state allied to the Soviet Union. Russia still holds her share of the Chinese Eastern Railway. The Japanese believed that Russia's principle steel and ammunition plants in Asia were aimed at them. The Japanese foresaw also a strengthening of industrial Russia, which would be a menace in the future. Japan's answer was the control of strategic railways and the development of iron and steel industries. Japan realized that her resources were inferior to those of Russia and that she depended, therefore, on China.

Joseph M. Tally

Joseph V. Tally, P. C., 1926

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The Japanese seizure of Manchuria, besides being an effort to forestall unification of China and the spread of American economic expansion was also a reply to the industrialization of Russia.

The maintenance of Manchuria will represent a drastic defeat of American foreign policy. Japan feels her superiority on the seas. The vastness of the Pacific would prevent the American navy from striking a decisive blow. Above all, Japan does not believe the United States or the League will resort to arms. On Monday, November, 21, 1932, Japan replied to the Lytton report concerning Manchuria. Japan claims self-defense. It appears, however, that the contrary was quite the case. Will the League continue her superficiality and extrinsic action and endanger world unity and peace or will she put into action the contents of her covenant? I wonder!

Vengeance Is Mine

(Continued from Page 5)

staggered as one drugged, silent and swaying upon his unsteady legs. He seemed an automaton and no more. His usually piercing eyes were dimmed by a blinding tear.

The procession soon passed beyond the North city gate, leaving Bagdad behind with its grey walls gleaming in the sunlight. Through the dusty, dreary road tramped Kaleb and his dead. Reaching the canals a turn was made toward Devein near the Military Road. Heat, oppressive heat wrought this agony doubly unendurable, the pall bearers staggered under the poor little cask. At the Hill of Justice Kaleb for the first time seemed to notice something. Against the blue sky flecked by but a cloud here and there was silhouetted a grim gallow and its victim. The culprit's limp body swayed to and fro as if life had at last given up the strug-

gle. The impression made upon the chief mourner was strongly evident from the nervous twitching of his mouth. But the train passed on soon arriving at Devein. Here countless tombs, some costly, others insignificant, covered the grassy ground; here birds sang unheard and flowers blossomed unseen. Only death met the eye, death sleeping in Nature's very bosom, unmindful.

The grave was dug, the body laid at rest, the chanting and prayer had ended. Suddenly Kaleb awoke from his stupor, his eyes flamed with hate and his white lips trembled with curses. Malediction followed malediction as he wept, cried, beat his breast in savage fury. Now he gesticulated, now he roared, now he threatened. The little funeral group drew back in surprise and bewilderment—the contrast in Kaleb's manner of action was confounding.

"Death to Rachid, death to him as to the common murderer!" Kaleb raised his face heavenward, he spoke. "By Allah I vow it, I will kill this man on sight. I will be avenged since the law will not. No noble shall raid my brood without payment." A tear crept into his voice, he sank upon the warm, soft earth. "Oh Allah, the merciful, the compassionate, lend me strength to slay my enemy. Let not your children suffer in vain." Frightful venom exhaled from Kaleb's frame as with cries of vengeance he turned toward home. The man was a living fury.

* * * * *

A month had passed as we make our way again to the home of Amir Kaleb, dealer in iron ware. Kaleb is at his work bench surrounded by several objects of his fashioning, his hand grips a hammer. Costapoulos drawn by curiosity is present, presumably as a buyer, with him is a friend of his, also a merchant. They are engaging the worker in conversation; they would talk of other matters but prate of values and workmanship. A hush of uncertainty and hesitation pervades the room.

Just then the two merchants received the surprise of their lives

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for in walked Rachid, clothed elegantly, fragrant with perfume. He smiled to Costapoulos, advanced to the centre of the shop with a patronizing air and addressed Kaleb gingerly.

"You are Kaleb I take it whose son—met with such an unfortunate—accident?"

The buyers gaped in amazement. Costapoulos looked toward the door, but Rachid had come alone, evidently unarmed. Kaleb guessed at once who the newcomer was. The manner of his visitors, the description given by acquaintances—above all he knew from some intuitive principle. Color rushed to his face making his eyes appear larger as they gleamed with emotion and his hammer fell to the ground with a hollow thud.

"I came here to place a magnificent order with you," the tormentor almost laughed. "You are to outfit my men—fourteen suits of armor. How much will that be, iron monger? At any rate, three hundred drachmas will suffice until you estimate the total cost." Saying this, he tossed the money in front of Kaleb with a half contemptuous, half nervous laugh.

Meanwhile Kaleb glared steadily at his foe, not a single gesture of Rachid was lost to him. Slowly and with calmness at length his right arm drew toward his belt. The two bystanders signaled warnings at once to El Rachid who continued to smile, unblenched.

"All right, Kaleb, I entrust the work to you, see that it is well done, you are paid for it generously—the men will come to be fitted tomorrow," Rachid Achan concluded.

He was about to turn his back to leave but with an uncomfortable yet commanding jerk he looked at Kaleb again. Amir Kaleb met his eyes squarely, his hand left the dangerous belt of twine. It was evident two emotions struggled for mastery within the iron monger's breast. Rachid with unsteady hand waved goodbye, turned his haughty back upon Kaleb, and strode toward the door. Kaleb followed his motions hungrily but undecided. The noble, closing the gate with a clatter, was soon under the sun's broad

rays. Amir arose from his bench as if to follow, then fell back upon his seat, weary—.

"Oh Allah," he muttered, "forgive me."

Costapoulos more surprised than ever questioned Kaleb although he did not speak.

"Yes, friend," Kaleb half whispered, "I know. But Rachid shall pay for his crime. Of this I am as certain as that the autumn harvest follows the warm summer months. Somewhere, somehow, sometime, he shall repent of his doings with keenest anguish. Whether it be from within himself or through some blind force that justice will reach him I know not. To such conclusions have I been led by much thought. Let him rather be punished by himself—I can ask no more. Why then should I give satisfaction to his fellows by risking my life when revenge is sure."

Outside the shop El Rachid boasted gallantly to a crowd of admirers, "There is only one way to treat a coward and that is with contempt. That surly dog will do

nothing as long as one appears unafraid of him. So we rule, otherwise he might be El Rachid and I a servant." Thus spoke Rachid Achan and left.

But those who watched him closely were sure that he was troubled much in spirit.

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My Taste in Murder

(Continued from Page 6)

Not all of the diabolical methods one reads about in mystery fiction have been actually tested, and so cannot be decalred absoltely practicable. But given the proper circumstances, I believe many of them would be quite successful. Now I have no faith in Z-ray machines or any similar devices of a lethal nature which are designed to paralyze the vital centers of the victim. Yet I read a murder fiction not long ago in which one of these machines was minutely described, even to the use of complex mathematical formulas. I say I read the book. I really read only one third of it. I grew so technical that I became bewildered, lost interest, and gave it up. Execution by such an agency is no doubt highly refined, but I am afraid one would have to possess a mind capable of understanding Einstein before one could employ it. Even then, as in the fiction I mentioned, it might prove treacherous, and like the Franken-

stein monster kill its author.

There is a method which was much practiced by ancient royalties to rid themselves of people who placed obstacles in their political or amatory lives. I refer to murder by poisoning. And whenever I think of poison I am reminded of an item I once read in a respectable newspaper about a wealthy old gentleman who had a weak heart. A relative who was interested in the old man's fortune prepared two glasses, each containing a solution of bicarbonate of soda. At gunpoint he forced the invalid to choose between the two glasses, telling him that one of them contained a deadly poison. The old man drank the harmless bicarbonate of soda and died of heart failure. Years later the relative wrote anonymously to the police claiming credit for a perfect crime.

To-day of course, it is not such a difficult matter to kill an enemy by poisoning him. In ancient times kings and nobles were attended by

Under the Dome

(Continued from Page 7)

MR. BUDGET—Your hopeless.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—At least I don't waste other people's time hoping for the impossible. I take things as they are. If you'd come down to earth you'd get farther. . . .

MR. BANKS—Heh, farther in debt.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—You old fossil. If you'd get a little humanity and red blood in you, and stop thinking in dollars and cents. . . .

MR. BANKS—You would be hewing your own wood, and drawing your own water. No, come to think of it, you wouldn't, but I suppose society must have some parasites.

MAJOR BACKACHE—In every form of society, the only one who wasn't a parasite was the fighting man.

MR. DEFICIT—Hey, who started this?

THE STRANGER—(who has been standing at the door listening, walks toward the group timorously) If I may intrude an opinion, gentlemen. I think that those who pay the bills are entitled to some consideration. . . .

MAJOR BACKACHE—(blustering) I didn't know anyone asked your opinion. A fine state of affairs; we can't even have a friendly discussion in private.

MR. BANKS—Well, he sounds sensible. . . . Let's hear what he has to say.

HONEST JOHN BLUFFEM—I've heard too many opinions already; I'm going home.

MR. BUDGET—Wait a minute. Pardon me, but who are you anyway?

THE STRANGER—My name is John W. Taxpayer.

MR. BUDGET—(awefully) Oh, the forgotten man.

(The End)

cupbearers whose duty it was to sample all the drinks before their masters imbibed. No such caution is exercised to-day, and where the poison produces no visible effects I am not sure but that I believe it is a perfectly good way to release a victim from this mortal coil.

There is another very romantic and theatrical way of killing one's enemy which also had the approval of royalty. That is by challenging him to a duel. This method, however, it not at all certain. The wrong person may get killed, or even both may be killed, in which case satisfaction is had by no one. Then, too, the duel has long been outlawed as murder, and it would not do to have witnesses to one's crime.

Hamlet, in his famous soliloquy, considered seeking his quietus with a bare bodkin and I am sort of taken with the idea. I can recollect reading but a few cases of murder where the weapon used was a bodkin. I do believe, though, that the physiological event we term death

could be satisfactorily consummated by such an instrument.

There are among the cruder implementations of death the leg of a chair, a poker, an iron smoking stand, or even more common, an axe. These, however, are in bad taste and are used generally when the crime is committed in a passion. They are attended by too much violence and damage the victim unnecessarily. It would be better, to my mind, to invite the intended victim out on a hunting party and then mistake him for a deer. But even then after firing the contents of both barrels at him you cannot expect him to look presentable. That is where the Z-ray has a distinct advantage.

But lest my reader think my moral sensibilities have been dulled, I had better cease rambling along on the unpleasant subject of murder. And inasmuch as there is no accounting for taste I do not see why I should go any further in describing and justifying my taste to you. Your preferences and antipathies in the matter have already been aroused and it would take a good deal of persuasion, I am afraid, to alter them.

Richard J. Condon, '35

On Growing Bald

(Continued from Page 6)

was persuaded to make some attempt at stemming the tide of my departing locks.

Naturally this brings me to the subject of remedies. It is a known fact, that a person whose hair is growing perceptibly thinner will be given innumerable formulas, no two of which are alike, except that they are all positively guaranteed to cure. I have tried many of them. In fact, if the value of the hair I still possess, sparse though it is, were to be measured by the accumulated cost of the remedies I have tested, it would be found that I am carrying a small fortune around with me. Countless empty tonic-bottles have been thrown in my rubbish-barrel, and still my locks grow fewer and thinner. Frequent massaging of the affected area was highly recommended to me, but massaging, as a form of amusement, did not appeal to me,

and I soon discontinued this practice. For a time I used an electric vibrator, but the early hours of the morning, which was the only opportunity I had, was, I gathered from the emphatic words of my father, the time for sleeping, not for vibrating,—so I had to give that up. Last summer, I had a hair-cut that no civilized person would wear outside a prison cell, but even this sacrifice brought no slightest beneficial result. A friend suggested that I pour good rye whiskey on my head, which is certainly not the place for good rye whiskey, as any sensible person will tell you. It is superfluous to state that I did not follow his advice. A very interesting remedy was brought home to me by my mother one day in the form of a small, square package which she handed to me with strict instructions to apply it daily. On opening it, I found a small jar of hair-tonic, with a funny little rubber arrangement on its top, that I burst into a fit of laughter. I never could bring myself to use that thing on my head.

Since all these attempts have turned out to be failures, I intend to face the future philosophically, with head high and, through no fault of mine, with forehead still higher. (In fact, it is getting so high that it will soon go past that point at which it is considered indicative of brains, into the region where it becomes plain, every-day baldness.) I only hope that I shall slip gracefully and unobtrusively into my place among the other bald-heads, and not resort to that most pitiful of all camouflages,—the toupee—(at least, not until a non-skid one is invented)—nor that I shall become like that man I know who attends three o'clock Mass at the monastery, so that people will not gaze upon his virginal cranium. Rather, strengthened by the knowledge, that, once everything is gone, my family and friends can find no further excuse for worry or suspense, I trust that I shall attain a greater peace of mind then, than has been my lot in the immediate past. I shall go my way, keeping my head out of the hot sun, and the cold rain—wear-

ing a hat whenever there is the slightest excuse for it,—letting favorite flies play games on the pure white crescent that will have supplanted my brown thatches—and, on hot days, mopping that crescent till it glistens like marble in the sun; for that is the way of bald-headed men,—and, after all, that is just what I will be.

Ray Henderson, '35.

Merely Players

(Continued from Page 9)

many brawls with people who poked fun at it. It is true that Cyrano lived in real life and enjoyed a literary reputation but it is doubtful whether he ever wrote as beautiful poetry as that which Rostand put on his lips when he impersonated Christian in the balcony scene of the play.

When we consider this play we find many factors which contributed to its success. The first is the admirable translation made by Brian Hooker. There have been numerous English translations of this play but none seemed to satis-

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fy. Mr. Hooker's translation, made especially for Walter Hampden, is by far the best. In it he preserves all of the lyric beauty and emotional qualities created by Rostand without sacrificing any essential part of the story. The translation of the play is a great achievement in itself.

The settings done by Claude Bragdon were another element of success. The first act transpires in a theater and this setting was, in spite of all the difficulties it pre-

sented, surprisingly well conceived. The other scenes were very well executed, but this one was particularly well done.

The real source was Mr. Hampden and his exceptionally capable cast. The ability of this famous actor-manager was evident everywhere and all times throughout the entire play. Perfection was apparent in every member of the cast even to the two trained horses which drew Roxane's coach. Katherine Warren, playing the part of Roxane, gave Mr. Hampden his greatest support. Her performance was finely balanced and she faithfully reproduced the beautiful character she portrayed. John D. Seymour's interpretation of the part of Christian was on the whole very good but he seemed to be a trifle too much of a soldier and not enough of a lover. Whitford Kane's performance of the role of Rage-neau, the romantic pastry cook, was excellent as was Reynolds Evans in the role of De Guiche.

But in spite of the excellence of the supporting cast it was Mr. Hampden's performance that was really responsible for the play's success. I had seen him before in the role of "Richlieu" and was prepared for his excellent diction and admirable power of interpretation but as to his ability to play the athletic role of a swordsman I was in doubt. My fears were soon quieted because Mr. Hampden's performance in this respect was very satisfactory and well-balanced — as beautiful an interpretation of such a role as was ever witnessed upon any stage.

WHO'S WHO HEREIN

Borrowing characters from many literary sources **Frederick E. Poole, Jr.**, '34, has written a very unusual and original story. It is pleasant reading and, for this time of year, extremely appropriate. The adventure of a college man should be entertaining but the difficulties which Poole's characters encountered make anyone amused and somewhat sympathetic. It suffices to say that the hero triumphs as do all interesting heroes and the story draws to a fitting and appropriate conclusion. Everyone will enjoy **What A Night**.

Traveling across the world **George Popkin** has taken us to the Orient for **Vengeance Is Mine**, a very colorful story fairly dripping with eastern trimmings and ethics. One would be convinced that George had visited that land of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," such is his ability to portray oriental characters. **Sax Rohmer** will be looking to his laurels if he doesn't look out for our George. Read this story without fail, and do not permit its suggestive vengeance and horror to spoil your New Year.

The informal essayists around our institution can give us some very enjoyable reading matter. In that whimsical manner with the deft turn of phrase and the subtle humor, they give us something to savor. **Mors Melange** continues the antics in literature of the younger Providence writers who seem capable of stealing anyone's thunder.

Daniel Higgins, who has been the subject of some good-natured fibing, continues this time not with Eugene O'Neill, but the Rostand's masterpiece, **Cyrano de Bergerac**, as interpreted by Walter Hampden. Daniel has been interested in the theatre for most of his comparatively few years of existence, and, being a close student of the work of George Jean Nathans, he gives us many apt and powerful criticisms, written after much stern and analytical thought. You can be sure that he can give you a better tip on a play than many who care to pussyfoot rather than to criticize.

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...but my brothers and my sweet-
heart smoke, and it does give me a
lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell
me, just about the time they began
to vote, but that's hardly a reason
for women smoking. I guess I just
like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTER-
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