

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 4

MARCH, 1924

No. 6

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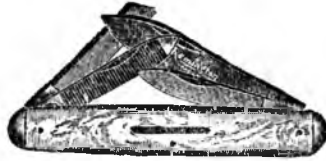
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A decorative advertisement for Stanley Photographer. The name "Stanley" is written in a large, elegant cursive font at the top. Below it, the word "Photographer" is written in a smaller, simpler font. The advertisement is framed by a decorative border. In the center, there is a circular area containing text: "Our Copies of Daguerreotypes, old Faded Photos, Kodak Films, etc., usually excel the Originals". Below this, it says "KODAK FINISHING - of UNIFORM QUALITY". To the right of the circle, it says "PROFESSIONAL PORTRAITS - FROM YOUR KODAK FILMS". At the bottom right, it gives the address: "357 Westminster St. Providence R.I.".

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BOSTON

Athletic Outfitters of

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Providence College Alembic

VOL. IV.

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ST. THOMAS, TEACHER OF TEACHERS

(Is it likely that Thomas Aquinas is, in the cloak of ordinary circumstances, a topic of avid interest to the denizen of the twentieth century, college man or otherwise. . . ? I do not mean to be impertinent or irreverent, but is the author of "Patron of Schools" (*Alembic*, November, 1923) himself vitally concerned with the great Saint? The Angelic Doctor was a brilliant thinker, of course, but he is, alas and alas, dead. I believe he has been dead a long time. Did the *Alembic* writer attempt to resurrect him, why, that would have been another matter. . . . But this requires great ability and insight, or at least great sympathy between writer and subject; and so, my point is (crude, I admit) that *Alembic* writers should employ their powers on what is recent.—*Exchange* Editor, *Boston College Stylus*, January, 1924.)

I

Champion of all truth that man may know
By intellect alone or intellect
Acknowledging that God speaks truth to men,
One calls you dead. And you, true scholar still,
Perforce smile placidly and bow assent.
But oh! have you not heard his like before?
Heard Bacon, Descartes, Kant, Spinoza, all
Who follow them or tread a path like theirs?
If you are dead, then did great Leo lie
Who hailed you "Teachers' Teacher," "Lord of Schools."
How can you teach our leaders and our guides
If you are but rich dust that lies quite still?
Must we not learn the new, the things that change
That you knew not, however grand your view?
If we may not, then are you dead in truth
And we are quick in death, and rot the world
With outworn doctrine and a set of rules
That are the jests of bells-a-jingling fools!

II

Mercier of Belgium! great modern patriarch!
Turned from your studies by the treachery
Of those whom you taught courage of the soul;
To them returned. Why with your confreres
Do you spend your honored age, alert for each
New, trite or grandiose thing that science finds?
You are a Thomist, teacher of the thought
Of the Angelic Doctor—who is dead.
Your name, by honor, fame, and power graced,
You humbly link with that of him long gone.
What do you find in him that transcends death,
The very oxygen of your mind's breath?

III

O ye who preach to us and teach us well!
Pastors of sheep whose leader is a Lamb!
You give us Christ who have Christ in our hearts,
And we are well content. But what have you
To give them who are not within the fold?
For them Christ died as all flesh that has lived.
They would have truth, but have you aught to give
Save Him Who for them died? If you would lead
Them back to Christ, must not Aquinas aid?
In law, art, science, or the search for truth
That each mind makes, what light can you afford
That his great clarity has not made white?
Since he has "died" indeed much have we learned
He knew not—we like him are sons of God.
But what is there of truth that his large scope
Does not make clearer to our groping souls?
A permanence to us in time has he
That God possesses in eternity.

IV

My Patron! in some measure have I sought
To give to others what your mind of minds
Has given me of strength to know myself,
God, man, the world—how brokenly you know
As do your brothers under Dominic,
Through whom you live to me. In many things
I am but weak. Thus I may never know
If you will say as did the Lord to you
“Thou wrotest well of me.” Wherefore I pray
That others far more harshly may not say.

James F. Keleher, '24

A VINDICATION OF THE FAT MAN



YOU ASK ME to tell you of the characteristics peculiar to the fat man. I suppose I could enumerate certain idiosyncracies that have been tried and proved, but it would hardly be worth while. They are all well known to you. I think it would be well to mention a few to prepare your mind and leave it in a receptive mood. What word or words are you prompted to utter in this free association test? "Joviality" and "amiability," is it not? "Fat man," you say. Correct. On the other hand if I should say "Grouchy and distrustful"—well, I shall not say it, for it would be a crime for me to feel that I could convince you so easily.

But I am digressing. Let me take you back from the lofty heights of psychology to the well-travelled road of everyday life. Fat men have always existed (and if they are as fortunate as Ben Adem's tribe they always will exist). Pictures, the earliest known records that come down to us from prehistoric times, which existed long before man became aware of the fact that the pen was mightier than the club, in the majority of cases depict as the hero a strapping, bearded specimen, well organized, and endowed by nature with that substance which biologists claim gives to the surface of the human frame its smooth rounded contour. And, believe me, in some cases nature was generous. Your observation has surely been keen enough to allow you to recall an image of the one being convinced, that is to say, the one keeping a club's length from our hero. You cannot deny but that he was sadly lacking in that substance which chemists term "glycerides of acids that belong to the acetic series of acids, belonging to the acrylic series, being the ethers of the triatomic alcohol glycerine, insoluble in water but soluble in ether." In other words, just Plain Fat.

Digressions become boring; realization excuses. I will grant this as too scientific, but this takes me to an historical concept of the question.

Fat men have always been the exemplars of those systems that live today. Caesar said: "Let me have men about me that are fat, that sleep at night, that do not sit awake merely to plot my doom."

Incidentally Caesar himself could not crawl through a keyhole. Again, recall to mind the fame of the Church's great philosophers. With all due reverence, I ask if you know that Saint Thomas cast a shadow that was substantialized by two hundred and fifty pounds plus of real fat. It may not be probable that all fat men could reach his height of fame, but at least where there is fat there is hope. Recall the generals of later Continental Europe. They all rode a fairly good-sized horse. Does the fact strike you as significant, of which I am sure you are well aware, that of the last five Presidents, whose *wives* are alive today, Taft is the only one to survive. And believe me, he wears a large-sized Chief Justice's gown.

I feel that I have established a reputable alibi and this would be a fitting time for me to close. Bear with me, and do not judge that I am so foolish as to think that small thin men do not sometimes, as Alger would say, "rise in the ranks." I know that Dame Fortune sometimes smiles on them, but it is the exception that proves my rule. However, it is a happy and consoling thought to leave with you that there is hardly a man now alive who but some day will have that thrilling experience of walking into the tailor shop and saying: "Mr. Tailor, please sew a V in the back of these trousers and let them out a bit, for no longer am I athletic—my chest has fallen down."

J. C. O'Reilly, '24

Query



WILL it be for this that I have lived,

That when I'm dead

A heavy granite stone will rest

Upon my head?

So strollers through the unkept walks

Perhaps will read

The name and date and give

But passing heed?

* * * *

Rather would I lie unmarked, unknown,

If all that's left of me will be a stone!

Francis Eldy, '24

NOT IN THE ACT

JERRY DRUHAN yawned luxuriously, stretched the same way and got up. It was good to get home, he reflected. Eight years of travel, years teeming with adventure and good fun, had failed to dull his appreciation of his home town. So Jerry had come home.

Jerry was a native of Erville, a small town near Akron, Ohio. Both parents had passed away, leaving him in the charge of the town while still but two years old. At the age of twelve years, Jerry had made several attempts to lighten the burden on the town, but each neatly-executed escape from the Town Orphanage had been followed by ignominious capture. Finally, at the age of sixteen, he caught a fast freight for Cleveland.

Eight years he was away. No one knows just where, for Jerry was as loquacious as the well-known clam, but rumors got around which hinted broadly of service in France, Distinguished Service Cross, Secret Service agent, and so on. Withal Jerry became quite a man of mystery.

But now he was home and must find a job. Jerry spent the remainder of the morning renewing old acquaintances and casually inquiring as to the possibilities of employment. Almost at the outskirts of the town he found Dad Munson, an old-timer who had been wise enough to graduate from a livery stable to an up-to-the-minute garage. Dad kept radio parts as a side-line. As far back as Jerry could remember, year in and year out, Dad wore a straw hat and a faded linen-duster. Kindly blue eyes lighted up an otherwise homely face. Children and dogs loved him, and what better recommendations could a man have? Dad was well-known and his garage was well-patronized. It was right on the main road. As Dad whimsically remarked "It's allus on the road, but don't get nowhere."

Jerry inspected Dad's radio parts with a knowing eye. In the middle of one of Munson's anecdotes he interrupted with "Where's your batteries? dry cell batteries?"

"Well," Dad explained lamely, "radio is new 'round here

and I ain't had call for batteries as yet, and I hate to invest the money needlessly."

"You old fossil," laughed Jerry, "here, give me that order pad. I'll order enough and I'll pay for them, too. We will see whether there'll be a call for them or not. Why, man, there are three thousand men, women, and children in Erville just pining away for radio! We'll need at least two or three hundred batteries and other stuff for a start! Here, sign that!"

"And there I was," Dad explained afterward to a sympathetic listener, "the lad put all his money into batteries and such, and he had as much interest in the place as I, and then he was my partner! Can you beat it? Why, I'm lucky to be working here!"

Jerry made good from the start, and the business increased by leaps and bounds. His never-failing gay repartee won him many a male friend and lots of females—but Jerry didn't give a hoot in Harlem for any skirt till Jean came along.

"Five of gas, please." A girl's voice.

Jerry looked up from the car he was polishing. Did I say looked up? Pardon me. He stared—frankly, rudely, and then blushed a brick red.

He advanced on the gas tank. She had wonderful brown eyes. The tank was full! Such a complexion!

"Tank's full," shortly. It was her turn to blush, and Jerry felt slightly gratified.

"I didn't want any of your old gas, anyway. Get in here and drive this ark, will you? I can't."

Jerry got in.

Explanations followed. She was Jean Hayes, and had answered a Cleveland newspaper ad for a governess for the little grand-daughter of old man Hoskins. One of her duties was to drive the little girl every morning. But she didn't know how to drive and must learn. No, she hadn't driven before, had, in fact taken advantage of the down grade from the Hoskins' Estate, and coasted down as far as the Garage. Would he care to show her how to run the car?

Would he? Well—it's surprising the length of time required to impart the few simple rudiments of driving when you have a beautiful pupil. Even after several weeks there were still lessons to be taken. You see, it was a case of love at first, second, and third sight, and the feeling was mutual. So we'll skip the details.

Followed the most glorious year Jerry had ever experienced. Dances, husking-bees, tobogganing, sleigh-rides, skating, and swimming formed but a small part of their activities. Then Jerry proposed—and got the shock of his life. Jean wanted to go on the stage! Wanted to get a fling at Life, as she called it.

Jean argued that life in a small town held little attraction for her. If she married Jerry in his present financial circumstances, they would be forced to live in a rented cottage for years until they had saved enough to buy a home. There would be the endless tasks connected with a country home. There would be children—she blushed prettily—to be brought up under conditions which were slightly behind the times, to say the least. The prospect seemed dull indeed. How could love survive the environment?

In vain Jerry pointed out the beauty and simplicity of it all, the many good times they had enjoyed together in the past—and would go right on enjoying—and that true love could endure above the petty discomforts and shortcomings of rural life. In vain!

Jean weakened enough to concede that she was willing to marry, provided they moved to the city, he to find some kind of work, and she to go on the stage—to all of which Jerry politely but firmly said no. So they disagreed, but when it came to the parting, the day when Jean left for New York, pride alone kept them estranged, for each was eager to accede to the wishes of the other, but neither would reveal it.

Sad-eyed, heavy-hearted, Jerry took up his burden of trying to forget.

* * * * *

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but too, it makes the correspondence less frequent. So it was with Jean and Jerry. There were a great many love-laden epistles at first, but the end of a year found Jerry without word from Jean for more than a month. Able to stand it no longer, Jerry boarded an east-bound express, and after a seemingly age-long ride, landed in New York. Then his troubles began. He went to Jean's old address and was politely—but sharply—informed by a robust landlady that “no Jean Hayes ever lived here, and as far as I know, no Jean Hayes will ever live here.” That matter was settled. Jerry could find only one explanation. Jean was living under an assumed name, and had instructed the boarding-mistress

not to reveal her real name to anyone. It was the only way he could explain the fact that she had received and answered his letters.

Discouraged and tired, he walked cross-town to Broadway. The February afternoon with its cloudless sky and warm sun had a feeling of spring. Jerry headed up Broadway, watching the early afternoon promenaders. The men with horse-blanket greatcoats, crush hats, and in many instances, sticks and boutonnieres, hustled along, full of importance. The women, with their conglomeration of style, heightened by the multitude of bright colors, bespoke their appellation, "the smartest-dressed women in the world, not excepting Paris." Watching the hurrying pedestrians, Jerry seemed to shake off his fatigue. Here was 47th Street—and the Palace. Old familiar haunts! What time was it? He might be in time for the afternoon show. He could just make it.

He bought a ticket—and was in luck. Third row and in the center of the house. In accordance with vaudeville tradition, a pair of acrobats opened the show, and went through a ten-minute period of strenuous activity. A clever monologist roused a ripple of laughter, and was followed by two good musical acts. The fifth act was Julia SHAW & Bert DIXON. The curtain rose on an orchard scene with the pink and white apple blossoms so realistic that you could almost smell them. And then came Shaw & Dixon from opposite sides of the stage. He was a big husky with a country-boy make-up and she—she—could it be possible?—was Jean Hayes! Jerry almost fell out of his seat when he saw her. He sat there spellbound, watching every move.

It was a simple little sketch, all about a city boy who during his summer vacation has fallen in love with a country maiden, and she has reciprocated. But now, his vacation over, he must return to the land of subways and suburbs and wants her to go with him. The country maiden is sorely stricken, but pleads that she would not care for the city. She wants him to stay and manage the old homestead and such. Finally love triumphs—which means he stays. They explained it all with song and dance interposed.

The act neared its finish. Jean, mechanically going through her dance, realized as never before, that Fate had played her a cruel trick. Her sketch was her love-affair all over, with the conditions slightly altered! What an empty thing was a stage career after all! She was close to the foot-lights now, and in the blur of the sea of faces

one stood out. It was Jerry! Her arms outstretched—though just a pose to others—were a direct appeal to Jerry.

With a rush he was out of his seat and upon the stage. Dixon, turning to clasp his partner to his manly breast, beheld a stranger there, and with great presence of mind, bowed to the startled audience and withdrew. The curtain fell amid thunderous applause for this unusual ending.

Afterward Bert Dixon was heard to remark "I'm off lady partners for life! Just taught that Julie person the tricks of big-time and she turns around and marries a garage man from the Corn Belt. Can you beat it? And they use me for best man at the wedding. What's a contract to a woman, anyway?"

Earle F. Ford, '25

James H. Lynch, '25

Lent




WITH forty days of fasting
 Christ made His body strong
 For work forever lasting
 That was not long.

And we, by our denying
 To flesh accustomed charms,
 Seek the dear Christ who, dying,
 Stretched wide His arms.

James F. Keleher, '24

THE OBSERVER

HE American Catholic college man of the present is heir to many responsibilities; cares and problems increasing daily in number that at present baffle those attempting to solve them, cares and problems caused by every condition of life today, that seem to render us helpless to cope with them. Every generation, on reaching maturity, has had its problems; every generation has left to its successor those loose ends of responsibilities which they were unable to discharge. But the problems which await the Catholic collegian today are gigantic. Not only must he fight the persistent inroads of his national enemies but also in the intellectual and religious fields there are upheavals against which he must strive. Those who have focused attention upon these problems will be gone long before their solution is accomplished. That will depend upon the trained college man of today. For it is on him—because of his superior training and improved capabilities—that these cares must devolve. He who would eventually take the lead in the government, industries, or professions of tomorrow will find that his responsibilities are far more weighty than he has been led—by himself—to expect.

* * *

Tomorrow will see the crisis of that revolution which is slowly going on about us. A revolution, however invisible as such, is slowly overturning the traditions of the past. In its unceasing development it is destroying the good with the bad, the traditions that are most necessary and the conventions that are most dear to the American heart. For this is a progression that leaves in its wake cynicism where frankness existed and suspicion where belief dwelt. Modernism is its name, and its proponents are men to whom nothing is sacred and to whom everything is but material awaiting destruction. Coupled with this peculiar madness of the times are the ordinary cares of the day, cares further infested by this poison. This is the menace of the country. We seek to remove it in order that our children may have more of our treasures than our family-skeletons. Those most capable of treating

these problems carefully and intelligently are the trained college men—those who are prepared to catalyze the problems of the world with solid morality. In brief, the Catholic college men, who have a church to defend as they have a nation to cherish.

* * *

There are a great many people who like to believe that a person in whose veins flows the blood of a race from Southern or Eastern Europe is inferior to him who boasts as his native land a country of Northern Europe. And when a person believes what he wishes to be true, it is no use arguing with him. In allowing his imagination to run riot he is unable to see the real truth of things or unwilling to make investigations on his own account. A great number of such unfortunates constitutes one of our menaces.

The question as to who and what are to enter these United States is one of the most important questions to be settled by the present Congress. To legislate against the entrance of certain Europeans merely because of the climate to which they have become accustomed is to give aid and comfort to those who believe what they wish to believe—a most dangerous proceeding. The Southern European never was inferior to his Northern neighbor when given an equal chance to develop his native genius. He never will be. In regard to his relation with this country, he has shown equal devotion, and has arisen to equally wealthy and important positions. Records have proved that the South European becomes a citizen of this country far sooner after arrival than does his brother (under Adam?) from the North. Inferiority is not a characteristic of the Southern European; rather is it truthful to say that potential superiority is his.

T. Henry Barry, '25



THE HOTCHPOTCH

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

(A 15-round battle for the short-weight championship of the retail world between Kid Gluv of Australia and Joe Smack of Gloucester).

Smack enters the ring at 10:01 P. M., heartily cheered by the crowd but hissed by the police. He is attired in tights of lavender and old lace. Gluv enters the ring 3 minutes later loudly announced by his checkered trunks. He smiled at his opponent. The crowd admired his remarkable physique—remarkable for its oddity. The referee, Charley Halitosis, called the men together. Smack nearly fell asleep in the center of the ring, but was awakened by his second who squirted a gallon of ammonia out of a water-pistol into his eyes.

Round 1.

Gluv misses a hard right and lands a soft left to the middle kidney. Smack, snoring loudly, jabs eight times with his right—but in vain. The men were sparring furiously in the center of the ring as the bell rang.

Round 2.

Both leave their corners cautiously. Smack, yawning, bites Gluv's ear. Gluv misses a left kick to the shins. Smack, suddenly awakened, hammers the Kid around the ring. The Kid was almost out when the bell rang.

Round 3.

Gluv smashes Smack's eye-glasses with two terrific slaps; following up, he smacks Smack under the chin so hard that Smack was lifted off his feet into the air. The bell rang before he alighted again in the ring.

Round 4.

The referee warns Gluv for spitting on the floor, and Gluv, heeding the warning, expectorates in Smack's eye. Smack, in a clinch, misses four uppercuts, six jabs, three swings, and a hammock. The men were in their respective corners as the bell rang.

Round 5.

Time out as the referee talks to his wife (or rather vice versa).

Round 6.

Gluc socks Smack on the head, pineal body, cornea, medulla oblongata, and pons. Smack smashes the Kid with the referee's whistle. Both men were breathing heavily as the bell rang.

Round 7.

The fight was called off in this round when Gluc's mother-in-law clambered into the ring and dragged him away by the hair of his chest.

It seems to be an easy thing
To fill this page with junk,
With here a grin and there a smile
And all the rest plain bunk.

You take your little fountain pen
Make sure its full of ink.
You then scratch hard your fertile dome
And try your best to think.

At last you get the darn thing done
And boy, it sure is tough.
The editor looks at it, scowls
And says "Kid, that's old stuff."

First Freshman: I got a letter from my girl today and she put two crosses at the end of it. What do you suppose that means?

Second Freshman: Look out for her—she's double-crossing you.

P. C. got its spring cleaning done early judging from the number of nice fresh students done up and sent home and the many more of us hanging on the line at present writing.

On icy streets I slip and slide
As in a daze from side to side
'Tis all a vain attempt to keep
From puncturing my precious hide.

We ask to know: who is this considerate person, Opportunity, who knocks but once?

Friend to P. C. Frosh: How's the chow in your Kollege Kafeteria?

P. C. Frosh: Oh, the chow's all right, it's what you find in the chow that isn't so good.

Fair maid to youth home on vacation from college in Canada, who, incidentally, is looking downcast: Why so glum, Gus? Didn't papa receive the scholastic standing in good spirit?

Downcast Youth: Oh, the report was all right, but I had an awful fight with him just the same. He told me to bring him cognac and I brought him gin by mistake.

So he took his old Greek dictionary and went out to get a bite to eat.

SPRING AND THE POET

Spring in all her glory;
 Season of prodigality!
 A swiftly passing day
 For Youth and Joviality.

This morn I walked abroad;
 Purest elysian ecstasy!
 Spring filled and thrilled my heart
 With all her artful witchery.

I yearned to lightly sing
 Of Nature some wild rhapsody;
 And with resolve I said
 "What ho! A poet I shall be!"

A poet laureate
 Who will fully know Dame Nature:
 Her joys, her whims and moods;
 Her every flower and creature.

I hied forth joyously,
With carefree heart and manner gay;
Humming that lilting tune,
"Oh, I shall be Queen of the May."

And once afield, I met
In a golden-hearted daisy,
Sated with honeyed feast,
A bumble bee—drowsy—lazy.

So I just gazed at him,
And fondly thought in fancy free;
"I'll pen an epic grand,
The Bee of Immortality."

But as this thought I weighed,
Slowly forming the verse refrain,
That bee backed up to me:
And pushed with all his might and main!

Alas! poor wretched me!
It was my nose he lit upon!
Ye gods! Could he not find
Some other spot to sit upon?

My nose! how large and red!
May it return to normalcy!
And then—an epic grand,
"The Bee of Bestiality."

L'Envoi

I'll keep away from verse;
Nor shall I heed the lure of Spring
Until the Lord succeeds
In growing bees without a sting.

A MODERN CLANDESTINE MEETING

Our big, strong, Greek-god hero, after working overtime at the office, rushes to a phone—

Fred: Well, Gert, tonight's the night we step out. Are you ready?

Gert: Oh gee, I'd almost forgotten it.

Fred: What da ya mean, you'd almost forgotten?

Gert: Well, I knew I was going out, but with whom had me guessing.

Fred: Oh! That's all it matters, eh? Now don't be too sure—

Gert: Come on now, Freddie, be a good guy. Don't get huffy. You know I'm not peeved.

Fred: Why should you be? Now if—well, are you going?

Gert: You bet I'm going and nobody's going to stop me.

Fred: Oh! Is that so—

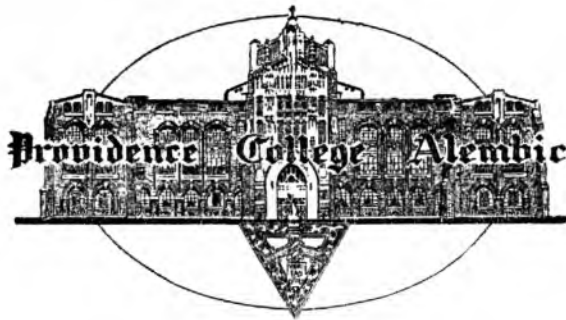
Gert: Yes, it is so. If you give me the air tonight, you'll not dare to come into this house again.

Fred: Well, the *pater* will stick up for me.

Gert: But you promised ma that you'd take me out tonight.

Fred: All right. I'll meet you in the lobby. Goo'bye.

It might clarify matters somewhat and relieve the tension a bit to know that Fred is Gert's brother.



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APOLOGY Do not be misled by the title of this. The word is used in its original meaning of "explanation" or "defense." Yes, the magazine was rather restricted last month, both in quantity and quality. But, why blame us? The material was not at hand, and that was the fault of the students in general, not of those few over-worked individuals whose names have appeared so frequently that they were conspicuous by the lack of their usual marked presence. Out of nothing nothing is made.

However, if you wish, you may attribute the deficit of last month to the far-reaching prerequisites and after-effects of the mid-year examinations. In that case, start a movement to have them eliminated from the college curriculum. You will find a multitude of strong supporters. Nevertheless, before you have enlisted them under your banner, it would be prudent to recall that there are certain places where angels do not tread though others have entered therein.

The editors have attempted to
MORE APOLOGY make this magazine of varied appeal.

Each one of us records some phase of college activities or of other activities which are or should be the concern of the student. The articles, stories, and verses are intended to be of interest to both students and friends—to the latter at least indirectly. This particular column was originally intended (by the present incumbent) to be constructively critical of college affairs only, that is, of those activities which were not included in the survey of the other editors. But there has been brought to our mind thus far this month no matter of this kind which asks the aid of our pen. Hence we are obliged to stray afield in search of adventure which, while having no great interest to the student as a student, may please those few who have been informing us of late that they desire to see more of the vagaries of our intellect, not as an editor, but as a person. As this request is granted primarily to fill space, we shall take a privilege we have long desired and drop the editorial "we" in this as well as in similar attempts in other issues.

It is most fitting that I should treat
H. L. MENCKEN this notable in an issue which is as nearly coincident as possible with the feast-day of Thomas of Aquin. My final impression of the first book of Mr. Mencken's which I read was that all he needed to have become a genius was a thorough course in that philosophy of which St. Thomas is "easily the greatest." Mr. Mencken has an acute intellect, a facile expression, and—if style be a criterion—a personality which should make the many victims of whom he has been the literary executioner willing to lose their heads, since it is *his* axe which does the bloody work. But his *Prejudices* (of which he has published three Series) are against him. And so, while Mr. Mencken's inmost soul is crying for the milk of that fruitful intellect, Mr. Mencken will never, never know it.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Senior Several committees have been appointed by President McCarthy of the Senior Class and they are all working diligently to bring about the completion of their plans. They are Cap and Gown Committee, Charles A. Gibbons, Mortimer W. Newton, and Eugene F. Sweeney; Picture Committee, James F. Colgan, Thomas M. Donnelly, and Maurice LaForce; Banquet Committee, John C. Bentley, Harold J. Crawford, William M. Hoban.

Sophomore The Sophomore Class has accepted the challenge of the Freshman Class to debate on the Bok Peace Plan. The question has been placed before the faculty for its approval. Also, the Sophomore Class, as a connoisseur of "food," contemplates submitting a "menu" to the Freshman Class for the latter's banquet, being sure that as the lower classmen have so graciously submitted to them hitherto, they will continue to do so.


Organizations Doctor John B. McKenna, a well-known specialist, gave an inspiring lecture on medical ethics to the members of the Albertinum Society. After the lecture the Doctor answered the questions of the members of the Society.

At a recent meeting of the P. C. K. C. a degree team was chosen, consisting of William Connor (Captain) Mortimer Newton, Joseph McVey, Walter Taft, Thomas Donnelly, Richard Cassidy, with President Robert A. Walsh *ex officio*. The reception of new members will take place within the next month.

A Glee Club has been organized under the direction of the Reverend Paul Rogers, O. P. All students who are interested are urged to join the Club as a very creditable showing is expected from the members.

Edward V. Holohan, '26

ALUMNI

HE Board of Governors of the Alumni Association will meet at Bishop Harkins Hall on Holy Saturday afternoon. Plans will be discussed for the activities of the Alumni during Commencement Week, and it is expected that a tentative program will be submitted to the Senior Class or their committee. The members of the Alumni Association expect to repeat their success of the Christmas vacation Alumni Ball in the activities attendant on the Second Commencement of Providence College. It is probable that Wednesday of Commencement Week will be Alumni Day and that this will be the occasion of the induction of the Class of 1924 into the Alumni Association. The Alumni will do all in their power to make the week as memorable as the First Commencement Week, but as yet no definite decision has been reached in regard to the form which their activities will assume.

NOTES

James A. Higgins, '23, President of the Alumni Association, now studying at Harvard Law School, has distinguished himself in the trials which are a part of his preparation for the practice of the law.

J. Addis O'Reilly, '23, who is studying at Yale Law School and who was president of his class in his Senior year, was in town over a week-end a short time ago. Addis is rated 15th in his class at Yale (which numbers about 300) as a result of the mid-year examinations.

Edmund Kelly, '23, who is studying at Boston University Law School with his friend Joseph O'Gara, has been in town lately *incognito* as E. Jurisprudence. It is rumored that "Joe" has been having a hard time lately keeping track of his friend since "Ed" assumed this latest phase.

Joseph Fogarty, '23, has been fondly welcomed back to his Alma Mater by his many friends in the college in his capacity as ACTING (and very active) MANAGER of the college restaurant. He has not yet allowed his aesthetic sense to function properly in regard to the color of his new car. But we still have hopes of him.

Joseph V. Mitchell, '24

EXCHANGE

The titles chosen by writers to identify their writings have always been a source of wonder to your servant. They have elicited much meditation and an unceasing amount of curiosity, and as yet, no complete understanding of their birth, being, and nature has resulted. But we have managed to note a few titular characteristics. In the first place, every title is fanciful. It is chosen at the whim of the author, for the simple reason that it suits his fancy better than any others he may have under consideration at the time. The choice is very rarely one of logical reasoning, rather it is brought about through a series of tests by which the title that tickles most perceptibly the writer's sense of the artistic is selected. The writer does not often sit down and cogitate thus: now if I choose this title, my piece won't sell as readily as if I entitle it this way. No, he is always avoiding sameness, and seeking oddity in his title; trying to fasten on a title that will catch the eye, and then stimulate the imagination, and awaken curiosity. And it is through this selection by the personal reaction of the writer that the title unconsciously is made to fit the popular imagination, for the author is human (notwithstanding comments to the contrary) and whatever pleases him is very liable to please the reading public. But the fancifulness of a title is not its only strange characteristic. Another interesting thing about a title is the fact that you can always get a diversity of meaning out of it. In this respect the old writers seem to have our contemporary scribblers outclassed. Practically every bit of old literature is graced with a title which, to us moderns at least, has as many varied meanings as there are colors in the spectrum. It may have been for this very reason that they were chosen by the writers, and subsequently stirred the ancient imagination. Some of these titles convey an unmistakably humorous impression. For instance, there is *The Cuckoo Song*, author unknown. Left in the hands of present-day readers who are steeped in slang, there could be but one conclusion: it would be classed as a piece of "nut verse." So with the *Boke of Colyn Cloute* by John Skelton. At first glance the title would promise the thrilling narrative of a pugilist who was afflicted with vegetable ears and an inferiority complex, such as would be written perhaps by Mr.

Witwer. But far from it. Colyn is a philosopher on the conditions of his time, and not in the remotest manner connected with regulated mayhem and manslaughter. *The Tale of a Tub* by Jonathan Swift would probably be listed as the book of the newest risqué farce, despite the fact that Swift is included in the Classical Age. It would be possible to go on indefinitely naming literary works whose titles could easily be construed to mean something entirely different from what they were intended, such as *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, *We Are Seven*, and *The Manuscript Found in a Bottle*. But the above will suffice to illustrate our purpose. And mayhap it was this very uncertainty aroused by the titles of these old works that caused them to be read and appreciated sufficiently to set them down as outstanding bits of literature of the periods which they represent. So it seems that the more fanciful the title, the more assurance has the writer that his first paragraph will be read, and if the first paragraph. . . . It really is surprising the number of people who choose their reading matter by its titles, and if the title fulfills its duty—well, more royalties.

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

The *Purple* for January (the last number we have received) seems especially robust, appearing to be larger than usual. Our attention was drawn to *Alas! Poor Ezra!*, a narrative with the trite theme of double-crossing the double-crosser, but handled in such a way that it raises its quota of smiles and chuckles. Like poor Yoric, poor Ezra was not so badly off. Unlike poor Yoric, he was not dead, but very much alive. It was careful in detail and had just enough twist to it to sustain the interest throughout. A triumvirate of Juniors attack the eighteenth century in the three phases of its social life, its poetry, and its prose. Of the three articles *Eighteenth Century Poetry* was the smoothest in style, but the following paper on *Eighteenth Century Prose* surpassed it in form, due to the presence of the personal touch so essential to a good essay. *Glimpses of Gotham*, a staccato sketch limiting itself to Broadway, was patchy, which may have been the author's intention. There was one thing in it which immediately came to our attention, and that was the number of taxis and their uniform color. In fact we noticed that for two pages all we met were yellow cabs, which trifle seemed a whit inconsistent. If we recollect correctly the last time we left the haven of our small town home for the Big City, we were almost obliterated by taxicabs on three

different occasions and not one of the death-dealing vehicles was yellow in color. As for *Purple* verse we were pleased with *City Folks*. We quote:

“A church. Here the bust-proud pigeon bides and steals
His bit of Heaven from the echoed peals
Of “L’s” and things that hurtle by, all day.

* * * * *

A monarch gay esconced upon a throne,
He reigns, where skies and drooping shadows meet.

Mount St. Joseph College, Dubuque,
Iowa.

THE LABARUM This is one of the best quarterlies of the number that exchange with us. *The Fairy Way of Writing* shows a depth of research not usually found in collegiate attempts at the article form. The selections of quotations seem to be exceptionally happy, both from the viewpoint of serving the purpose of illustration and of presenting really beautiful verse. A simple thought is painted in a highly suggestive manner and is called *Blue Brocade*. It is a very pretty word-picture. The following comprises the last six lines:

My eyes grow dim with sudden tears,
I count them o'er—the long, long, years
Since love and joy and youthful grace
Have lived but in the pictured face
That smiles at me. Dear little maid
In silver lace and blue brocade!

In the department called *Miniatures* there is a piece of description termed *Nature*. It is exquisite—and its exquisiteness lies in its lack of extravagance, generally noticeable in attempts at description. Lest we forget. There was in the February *Labarum* a very clever dissertation on “The” fish (*genus Pseudophycis bachus*). It seems that “The” fish was finally interred after numerous of his ectoplasms had haunted the neighborhood. His death knell consisted of a solo entitled “Poor Fish,” sung by a fair damsel. And the fish did not mind it at all.

James H. Lynch, '25



CHE YOUNG and old are glad to see the snow melting away and they welcome the warm rays of the sun as an indication that spring is fast approaching. Who among men in this country is not anxiously awaiting the familiar voice of the umpire as he cries in his sonorous voice "Play ball"? The major league teams have departed for the South and soon the successes or failures of the recruits and veterans will be duly elaborated upon by the sport writers, whose reports both amuse and inform those who must stay at home and brave the cold piercing winds of the North. The colleges are also preparing for the coming baseball season, candidates have been called out, and are engaged in conditioning exercises in the gymnasiums which will fit them for the outdoor practice to be held as soon as the weather permits.

The call for candidates at Providence College will probably be issued on the 29th of February and they will work under the direction of Captain Feid until a coach has been selected to guide the destiny of the team. This matter will no doubt be settled to the satisfaction of everyone in the immediate future. Practically a veteran team will report, as McCaffrey and Captain Holland were the only two regulars lost by graduation. The positions of these men will be very hard to fill, as they were very dependable men whose spirit never would admit defeat and whose ability and example were a source of inspiration to the other men on the team.

There are many youngsters in the Freshman class who made enviable records in high-schools and from whom much is expected. Ray

Doyle, a star at Hope High last year, will give the infielders some keen competition. The opening game will probably find this slugger with a position on the team. Ray is also a catcher of marked ability, as he proved while at high school. Clifford, the captain of Commerce High School of Worcester the past two years, will give added strength to the out-field. He led the Worcester Interscholastic League in hitting last season and is known as a sure and steady fielder. Cullen and Wholey, transfers from Georgetown, came here with fine reputations. The former played for St. James' High School of Haverhill, Mass., and is highly rated by the authorities of that institution. He has his work cut out for him if he expects to displace Halloran, who stood out last year as one of the best catchers in college circles. Wholey, a former star on the La Salle Academy team of this city, is a pitcher and also a fine outfielder and hitter. It is understood that he will try for a position on the pitching staff, where he can be used to good advantage. Delaney, who was a member of last year's champion La Salle team will also try for a position in the box. He did but very little pitching last year because of a torn ligament in his throwing arm, but the injury has completely healed and he feels confident of winning a regular berth on the team. Murphy, the star tackle on this year's football team, is a first-baseman whose work has attracted much attention in New England amateur circles. If he lives up to the good reports that have been made of him it will solve the most difficult problem confronting the new coach, for Captain Feid would then be able to resume his old position at short or third.

There are many other players in the school of whose ability we know little or nothing, but these young men, of whom little is said, seem to have a propensity to become stars of the first magnitude time and time again in college and professional circles.

From all present indications, Providence College is to have a very successful season on the diamond, for there is a wealth of veteran material and a number of promising recruits to fill the vacancies caused by graduation. There is only one thing that stands in the way of a successful season and that is the lack of support of the student body and the people in Providence. To the former I wish to make a plea for the support that is the just due of the men who are making many sacrifices in order that the standing of Providence College be maintained. It should not be necessary to urge students to support their college teams, but sad experience has taught us that the student body

does not give its unqualified support to the team. It must be remembered that nine men do not represent the college on the baseball field. The team must be representative of the student body, and the only way to make this possible is to have the moral support of each and every man in the college. Be in the stands to cheer the team when things look dark. Stay there until the last man is out in the ninth inning. Do not get the result of the game from the newspaper. This latter method gives none of the thrills of the actual perception. If you are in the stands and your team is victorious, you can justly feel that you played an important part in the victory. If the result is otherwise, you can say that you were there giving your best to enable your team to win. Do not be satisfied to attend home games alone, for that requires little or no sacrifice on your part. Follow the team everywhere it goes, for it is on a foreign field that it needs you most. Where the sentiment of the crowd is with the home team, a word of encouragement given in such a case might turn defeat into victory. If the team has the moral support of the student body, Providence College will have the best team in its history. The players will do their part. The rest is entirely up to you. You have confidence in the team. Why not let the men who make the team be equally as confident of your support?

In past years the people of Providence have been clamoring for games with the larger colleges. It requires an immense amount of money to bring these teams to Providence, but the authorities of the college have permitted the manager to engage games with these teams representing great institutions of learning, feeling assured that the people of Providence would support the team by being present at these games. The College has performed its part by engaging games of this standard this year. It now devolves upon the people to encourage or discourage this policy. But we feel sure that the many friends of the College will remain loyal to her, and patronize Hendricken Field more frequently this spring.

Howard F. Bradley, '24

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