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VOL. 4

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 1

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# Providence College Alembic

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## Girl Overheard Singing



VER hill and mountain,  
Through fields full of clover,  
I will go a-hunting  
To find me my lover.

Where will I seek him?  
Oh, far and wide.  
And I'll not come back until  
He's by my side.

How will I know him?  
By the way he walks.  
But I'll be surer  
By the way he talks.

And so soft and soothing  
The song of his voice,  
With airy words to praise me  
And phrases choice.

Oh, he'll be a tall man  
With dark brown eyes  
That half hide a twinkle  
As if telling lies.

And he will be handsome,  
Needless that to say.  
Have you seen my darling  
Pass this way?

Then I must be searching  
A-down the countryside  
Never to return until  
I'm his bride.

*Francis L. Dwyer, '24*

## REALTY AND REALISM



ANY decry the bedroom farce for its immorality. But not even the author believes in its immortality. As a distinguished literary friend of mine says of such productions: "It's all in the situation." You cannot expect immortality of a situation that exists only on a suggestion-reeking stage. But some distinguished literary men are expecting immortality of a form of literary production that is his own brother to the bedroom farce; viz., the "realistic" novel. I had almost written "twin" instead of "brother," but that would be unjust to the bedroom farce. For, in the latter, the characters act as real human beings would act *if* the situation were realized. It is only the situation which is unreal. But in the now popular novel, the characters act only as the author's unsound "realism" permits. It is his philosophy which is unreal.

No educated person can deny that the tendency toward realism is a good influence in modern literature. The pertinent objections to its present phase are two. It violates public decency; and it is not sufficiently realistic. That it violates public decency is evident to one who is acquainted with the kind of novel under discussion and the definition of decency. The constant and universal custom of mankind commands certain reticences in public. The "realist" is pleased to consider these reticences as a form of superstition which prevents us from looking on life with clear and scientific knowledge. He lets us in on a secret which he could not tell us if we did not know already, and succeeds only in grating on the sensibilities. He wants us all to live in glass houses.

The objection to the insufficient realism of the "realistic" novel is more valid than that of its public indecency. For the latter is at least real, if it is morbid. The former is often pernicious. A novel is the portrayal of certain incidents in the lives of a group of fictitious persons, which incidents have a bearing on the development of one or more of the characters described. If all the incidents, which would produce the indicated result in the order of reality be accurately portrayed, the novel is realistic. Irrelevant incidents, such as violations of public decency, detract from the artistic value, but do not necessarily condemn the work. Omitted incidents which, our experience teaches, must occur in similar conditions of real life, do condemn the

book. It is the omission of vital incidents in many "realistic" novels of today which convinces us that its present phase cannot be permanent or of lasting value.

The omission is most often the result of the author's inadequate knowledge of psychology and might be harmless even to others with a similar lack of it if it did not come into conflict with the canons of morality. Taking into consideration the marked diversity of creed which exists today, one may not expect that the more subtle ethical distinctions, however well-established, should be respected. But an observance of the teachings of common morality is obligatory, and any impugnation of them deserves the public reproof accorded culpable ignorance.

To enumerate examples of this culpable ignorance would be tedious to the writer and profitable (I was informed after a similar effort a year ago) only to the publishers of the books mentioned. They are as easily recognizable as the breeches of public decency, and far more inartistic. For the novel is a true work of art only when it is a "slice of life," and morality is so inextricably bound up with life that it is one of the means by which the soul infallibly knows its Maker. To discard morality, as some of the "realists" do, is to discard the steering-gear of the ship of life. The character may drift along for awhile, but if he is ever to land safely, the author must tow him in. In which case the author would succeed better if he hired a tug.

The culpable ignorance of most of the present-day realists is all the more reprehensible because of the extent of their influence and the dignity of their art. I recall a passage from the April, 1923 column of the *Walrus* in which he shows how extensive the influence of the modern novel is, and warns us of the dangers resulting from too ready an acceptance of that influence. Baneful as that influence is today, its banefulness should serve as an indictment against the exploiters of this most flourishing of the fine arts and not against the art itself. For the art of novel-writing has been shown to be capable of a perfection which no other can claim in so short a time of development, or (it seems to me) ever will be able to claim. In no other allied or disassociated art does "creation" so nearly resemble the work of the Divine Will. In sculpture, painting, and architecture the production partakes of the nature of the creative act alone, for it is fixed and immutable. In music, the production also partakes of the nature of those special acts of the Divine Will by which we are, from time to time, moved to a direct perception of spiritual reality. In poetry a

similar resemblance exists. In the drama the exigencies of the stage detract from a vision of complete reality. In a novel, alone, does the artist bring into being, preserve in existence and move to each act the characters he portrays. He is creator, conservor and co-worker. His work is more God-like than Phidias' Jove, Raphael's Madonnas, Michael Angelo's St. Peter's at Rome, Beethoven's symphonies, Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, or Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Even as the divine ideas are reflected in creation, similarly his ideas are reflected. In him his creatures live and move and have their being. Without him they can do nothing.

A being, who cannot guide himself aright, cannot be expected to be infallible in his guidance of others, and the realist is, after all, only a sinful mortal like the rest of us. Perhaps only saints should be allowed to write novels for publication. But I am afraid the publishers would take advantage of the saintly unworldliness and forget to mention royalties. Again, perhaps, we can blame the publishers for the whole rotten business. I doubt if they give a novelist time to remember the decencies or keep up his psychology after he has once produced a best-seller. It is worthy of note in this connection that the first good book is usually the forerunner of a number of bad books. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson is the only realist of today who has produced two novels which merit lasting fame, *Happy Warrior*, and *This Freedom*, being separated, however, by a distance of over ten years and a few pot-boilers, *If Winter Comes* included.

That incident in the work, which puts *If Winter Comes* in the category of a pot-boiler, is the marriage of the heroine to the divorced hero. Since an author's work partakes of the nature of the Divine Will, the author should obtain whatever knowledge he can of the workings of the Divine Will. The Divine Will always moves a creature according to its specific nature, and if the act performed be evil on account of the creature's failure to co-operate fully, the Divine Will punishes it. The nature of the hero in *If Winter Comes*, being represented as one enduring all pain for the sake of justice, does not lead one to expect him to crack under the strain and break an expressed command of Divine Justice. Since he does so, the author should acknowledge the failure of the character to live up to his nature and indicate in some manner his punishment. It is very easy, as some writers do, to "leave it with God," but as far as the novel is concerned, the author is God, and as such should carry out the Divine Decrees.

Nowhere is the present inability of the world, to live as a whole rightly more easily discernible than in its most promising offspring, the novel. The fact that the novel itself has gone through the same vicissitudes since its birth as the world it so well reflects, and yet somehow has managed to be touched occasionally by a heart-warming streak of genius, gives us some measure of assurance that the world, too, will arise to the heights of which it is capable. When it relearns the definition of public decency and comes again into the knowledge of what reality is, we may expect its experience in reality to be transmuted by the novelists of that day into a sound and enduring realism.

*James F. Keleher, '24*

### A Parting



AND YET a little while, and I will go.

It's better so

Than that I stay, and know you as you are.

More lovely that when first the evening star

Breaks through a lonesome twilight, later on,

Through memory's friendly mist

I wander back to this last tryst.

And You; perhaps a meeting on the street

Will fill your mind with perfume that is sweet

And yet

Not mingled with a lone regret.

You see, it's better so.

And, presently, — I'll go.

*Francis Vonnelly, '24*

## THE HEART SPEAKETH

**D**ON'T give up the struggle. That is all this life is—a struggle. Despair is one of our greatest sins. Christ, the Son of God, did not give up. He knelt in Gethsemani and sweat blood in His struggle to win. This Christ, whom they called an impostor and put to death on an infamous gibbet, while on either side of Him a criminal was dying the same death, lifted His voice to heaven and cried out: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!"

The young man who sat in the last pew did not hear the rest of the preacher's words. "They called Him an impostor! . . . Died on an infamous gibbet . . . Father forgive them"—rang unceasingly in his ears.

The young man sat there, his mind in a whirl. "Forgive them," the preacher's words amused him. So absorbed was he in his thoughts that it was only when the brethren arose and crowded the aisles that he realized the service was over. Rising, he slowly wandered outside. A feeling of goodness seized him and he nearly forgot his bitterness.

But once outside he laughed. The preacher's words sounded good. But they didn't mean anything to him. The world had kicked him while he was down. He smiled at the thought of going to church. It was Sunday and, being in a strange mood, he had followed the crowd. As he breathed the fresh, clean air, he laughed at the cheery greeting of the men, the soft laughter and chatter of gayly clothed women.

These were Christians. They had refused him when he asked for work. For they recognized the pallor of the convict. They turned him away—spurned him. The warm spring morning was raising havoc with him.

A month ago! How different! He shuddered at the thought: the cold, grey walls; the grim-faced guards; the cruel silence of the night; a daily life of monotonous routine. Five years of it! Long years of silent suffering, except at night, when the pale light of the moon shot a silvery shaft through the small window into his dingy cell.

A silvery light that came through his window and pierced the gloom, it brought relief, and for the time soothed the turbulent spirit

that burned within him. But, as the moon passed on, he would weaken. Like a great finger it taunted him. Circling the cell it seemed at length to hover along his cot and then, disappearing through the window, it left him to the gloom.

There were times when the heavens poured down their heating contents in an unholy rage upon the silent world; times when the lightning flashed jagged streaks across the raging sky. Then it seemed there was a God, a God who railed at the wrong. On such occasions, he stood on his stool and, clasping the bars, gazed out on the storm-swept world, while the rain beat in upon his face, a heavenly baptism which washed away the rancor of his soul and filled him with hope.

And then one day he was brought before the warden. He was free. He stood outside the grey walls and watched the guard close the gate, and, with a careless wave, bid him good-bye. His heart fluttered wildly for a moment with the passion of liberty, then tightened at the thought of the future.

Then there began the struggle to go straight. In the first place, he was refused because he was an ex-convict. In the second place, the open wound in his heart had not healed. It would never heal until he had paid back old Mark.

One day he went back to pay. He waited in the wood, a short distance from old Mark Fowler's farm, until he could perfect his plan. A wave of resentment flooded him as he thought of Mark Fowler. A bond boy at twelve, he had spent two years in terrified obedience to this man whom he cursed. At the end of those two years, he made a stand against the tyranny of the man. The brutal thrashing he received opened the wound that had never healed. He had threatened to avenge the wrong some day. The day he left Mark Fowler for the reformatory he vowed he would make the man pay.

As the years rolled by, the hate of the boy never abated. Now he was in the throes of that bitter hate which knows no mercy, no forgiveness. As he grew to manhood, the hot, burning hate of the boy gave way to a cold, unruffled hate, except at times when, after brooding on the wrong, the old flame burst into a feeling he could not control. Now, as he sat under a tree, his haunt of olden days, the cruel glitter in his pale blue eyes was that of the beast ready to pounce upon its prey.

In the five years of isolation from free men he had thought long upon his revenge. Murder? No, only a maniac would do that.

Murder would not be enough. Old Mark would be dead and nothing more could be done. He would bide his time and wait until he was ready to strike, and then—and then—

He would approach Mark Fowler for employment. He had no fear of revealing his identity. Mark would not know him as the stubborn hot-headed lad who had fought back at twelve years of age. Then he was a sandy-haired boy with small pale blue eyes, with the bloom of health in his ruddy cheeks. But now, the man, he would not know him—that weak-looking man, with his prison pallor and close-cropped hair—as the enraged boy of long ago.

He arose and followed a familiar path that soon led him to Mark Fowler's farm. A feeling of anger swept over him as he saw the snug little house, the large barn and sheds freshly painted, shining white in the sunlight. As he approached the house, a dog bounded off the steps, barking and growling. Fortunately it was not old Ted, his boyhood playmate. As he set foot on the lower step a woman came out upon the porch. He stopped. She looked at him with questioning eyes.

"Hello," he said.

"What do you want?" she asked him.

The simple softness of late middle age, her pale blue eyes and pure white hair, her skin, so delicate and clear, gave her a certain queen-like charm. She stood there waiting for his answer. Somehow he felt slightly embarrassed under the searching gaze. She seemed to look at him strangely.

"I want work," he replied.

"You will have to speak with Mr. Fowler," she said. "Won't you step in?"

A noise, a tapping, arrested her attention, and she turned and held the door open. The figure of a large man filled the doorway. Mark Fowler, with one hand outstretched and the other tightly gripping a cane, cautiously stepped out upon the porch. John Gale looked at Mark Fowler. He smiled. This was too easy. The old man was blind.

"There is a man here who wants work," the woman said.

"Where is he? Let him speak up," Mark snapped.

"I'm looking for work. I can do most anything around a farm," Gale said.

"Huh. How much do you want?" Mark grumbled.



"I'll leave that to you," Gale replied. He nearly laughed outright at the man's incredulous expression. He would work for nothing if he had to, to pay back.

"Fifteen dollars a month and board," the old man said slowly.

"Good enough," Gale answered.

That night as Gale lay in bed and surveyed the bare walls of his room, a feeling of elation filled him. "Fifteen a month! The old miser. He hasn't changed," he chuckled.

The next day he wrote a letter to his old pal, Snuffles Kelly. Three days later that gentleman was installed in the house as a tired business man.

"Johnnie," Snuffles said as soon as they were alone, "who is the white-haired dame? She looks like a saint."

"That's the old man's daughter. She is a saint, too, believe me."

A minute of silence followed. Then Snuffles became restless.

"When do we clean up?" he asked.

"Take it easy, Snuffles. There ain't no hurry," Gale replied.

"There aint? Don't kid me, brother. There is. This place is a morgue," Snuffles retorted. With that he threw himself into a chair in utter dejection. Suddenly his face brightened. A wide grin spread over it. Gale watched him as his hand slipped into a pocket, drew out a large roll of bills, and tossed them on the table. Jumping from his chair, he seized his coat and dumped the contents of a pocket on the table. Then, standing with his legs wide apart, rocking on his heels, his thumbs tucked in his vest at the shoulders, he looked at Gale, proud as a peacock. Gale carefully examined the small pile of jewels upon the table. Then, pocketing the bills, he turned to Snuffles.

"Where did you get them?"

"All over," Snuffles replied. "When I see a guy with a sparkler I jest natcherally wants it. So I takes it."

"Now listen, Snuffles, lay off that stuff around here. When the time comes we will do it together. Get me?"

"All right," Snuffles answered.

"Promise."

"I swear I will."

Snuffles solemnly swore, raising his right hand.

"Just the same I'll watch you!" Gale said.

Snuffles shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"Gee, you must hate that old guy," he said. "You want to get everything."

"And so would you. He got me out of a home at twelve. They told him when I left my father brought me there one day and then disappeared. Life at the home was bad enough, but with him it was worse. Up early and late. I had to do two men's work. He promised the matron at the home to give me 'board and a good bringing up.' He never gave me board. I earned it. As for bringing up, I brought myself up. He was always after me. One day I broke a window and he beat me. I'll never forget it. That big man beat me with a cane. Then chased me to bed without supper. As for meals, he tried to starve me. Always told me it was best to leave the table hungry. And, Snuffles, I did many a time. Then he caught me stealing grub. More whipping. Finally, I stole the five dollars I had earned picking berries for a neighbor and which he took away from me. Another beating. It made me so mad I broke his china closet to get even. Again he beat me, and then one day, he packed me off to a reform school. And what I didn't know at the end of that time! One day I skipped with another fellow. They never caught us. We knocked around and joined a gang.

"The two years with the old man and the six at the reform school made me reckless with money. When I was broke and needed money, I stole it. But the cops got after us. They cornered me and my pal. He began to shoot, but they got him, and he passed out. They gave me seven years.

"After five years in that prison I got a pardon. He made a crook of me, that old man did. Now it is my turn." Gale's face was white, his lips quivering. His small, pale blue eyes gleamed with the fire within him.

Snuffles looked at him and drew close.

"Let's get him tonight. We'll clean him out. There's ten thousand in that safe downstairs. Seven of it he's borrowed to buy a farm from some bird. He gave his own farm as security. If we steal the money, we'll hit him hard. What do you say?"

"How do you know this?" Gale asked.

"I got talking to the old lady and she let everything out. What do you say—tonight?"

"All right," Gale answered. "Tonight."

While they waited for the house to quiet down, Gale pictured old Mark's misery. Blind and penniless! He laughed. Good enough for him! This was rich!

After an hour of waiting, Snuffles became impatient, crept to the door, and opening it, slipped into the hall and listened. All was quiet. The years of burglary produced an irresistible effect on Gale and he followed. They crept slowly down the stairs, hesitated in the lower hall, then listened, alert, tense, silent.

A half minute later they were kneeling before the safe. Their hoarse whispers and the sharp click of the combination cut the silence of the room. The door swung open. While Gale held the light Snuffles rummaged the contents of the safe. A queer look of surprise crossed his face. The money was not there!

At a faint rustle and the sound of someone moving in the room, they whirled around. Their light revealed the white-haired woman. Her face was grey with fear as she stood there. In her hands was a large, fat envelope.

Snuffles jumped to his feet with a snarl. She did not move. Gale looked at her, speechless.

"So you beat us to it," Snuffles said, his voice trembling with anger. She stared at him, unable to say a word.

"Give me the money," he said, advancing threateningly.

She gave it to him. Gale lighted up the oil lamp, flooding the room with its dull yellow light. All the hate for Mark Fowler and all the joy of hurting him had suddenly vanished as the flash of his light revealed her in the room, the money in her hands. Snuffles was hurriedly counting the money, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming.

"Why did you take the money?" Gale asked.

"Oh, I needed it, needed it," she said, tremulously.

"For what?"

"To find my boy," she answered, tears rolling down her cheeks, as she clasped and unclasped her hands.

"I thought you were good. But you're a crook. And that's some line," Snuffles sneered.

"Oh, I am not a crook. Please believe me," she said to Gale. "I lost my boy years ago. I have looked everywhere for him but I never found him. With this money I hoped to find him."

The sorrow in her voice rang so true that Snuffles softened. He looked at her, puzzled. His eyes widened as he looked from Gale

to the woman. As Gale stood before her, his hand patting her arm, he opened his mouth to speak. But he did not say a word. A frown lined his forehead.

A strange feeling surged through Gale. He could not understand it. There was something about this woman which drew him to her in her sorrow.

"How did you lose him?" he asked gently. "Tell me all about it."

"I married a man my father did not like," she sobbed. "He drove us away. We went to New York. For a while I was happy until our little boy came. After that my husband took to drink. Many times he beat me. We could not get along. One day he disappeared with my baby. He was just four years old. It was years later when I met my husband again. But his mind was so weakened from drink he could not tell me where my boy was. He said he had left him in a home somewhere, but where, he could not remember. For years I looked for him. I never found him. I would give my life just to see him once again. Whenever I see a young man, I think of what a fine man my boy must be."

"What is the matter," she asked Gale as she felt his fingers tighten around her arm.

"Nothing. I was thinking of something, that's all."

"Come Snuffles," he said, "let's go."

Snuffles put the envelope into his pocket and started for the door.

"Give her the money, Snuffles," he commanded. For a moment Snuffles hesitated. But as Gale's eyes narrowed, he meekly handed it to her.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Away," Gale replied, as he turned at the door. "I guess your boy must be dead, lady. So don't bother looking for him."

The woman bowed her head and sank into a chair, weeping bitterly. Gale pushed his way into the night. Snuffles followed. They climbed the hill in the rear of the farm. At the top, Gale turned and looked down on the small farm house below him, bathed in the soft moonlight. The oil lamp was still burning in the room. It glowed dull and yellow in the distance.

*Howard J. Farrell, '24*

## THE LEGEND OF THE SPREE

**I**N THE province of Bohemia in old Germany, at the confluence of the Radbusa and the Mies, there was a town called Pilsen; and this town was ruled over by the gay old Prince of Pilsen, fat, ruddy-cheeked and extremely fond of large quantities of good food and drink. Now the principal industry in Pilsen was the brewing of a very potent beer. Being sole ruler of Pilsen, and hence guardian of it's destiny, the jolly bachelor Prince was in duty bound to see that the breweries maintained an excellence of product compatible with their usual high standard. To insure the quality of the product, the Prince delegated himself chief sampler of the foaming, amber-colored fluid. With remarkable fidelity—and capacity—he sampled every batch of brew from every brewery to the extent of a huge steinfull. This was, indeed, a great strain upon the Prince's exceedingly robust constitution, nevertheless, it really was a privilege to watch the Prince bravely hide his head in the billowy foam, and with a mighty gurgle, courageously quaff the bitter liquid. Day after day, the Prince martyred himself to duty, resignedly downing the beer, and then, with a sigh, saying "Spurlos versenkt."

But at last Nature rebelled. The jolly, corpulent Prince began to have a far-away look in his eyes, and while he mechanically drank the samples, he was heard to hiccough frequently. He finally confessed to his physician that he was losing his appetite, sadly remarking that his breakfast of beer, pretzels and onions, seemed absolutely tasteless. The physician advised a change of diet with a change of climate. Just about this time, the Prince of Saxony invited the Prince of Pilsen to make an extended visit with him in Saxony, as he (the Prince of Saxony) had a new chef who was an artist at concocting sauerkraut, and a naturally-gifted craftsman when it came to weinerwurst. The now listless Prince of Pilsen immediately accepted the proffered invitation. With his retinue of royal attendants, he set out for Saxony. Upon his arrival he was tendered a reception that befitted one of his royal rank and bearing. There followed a convivial week; a week of oft-repeated toasts: "Prosit! Gesund heit! Yah! Gesund heit ist besser wie krankheit." And then came the Saxony Prince's suggestion that they organize an expedition and venture up the un-named stream that flowed northward into the province of Brandenburg. The Prince of Pilsen eagerly agreed; so, well-stocked with sauerkraut and weinerwurst and Westphalia hams, they started up the un-named river in a broad-beamed, flat-bottomed boat. The first day's trip found

the Princes in high spirits; they were viewing the new country with admiring eyes. On the second day, about meridian, with the August sun beaming down on the scintillant river, the Princes were astonished to see, just ahead, the river widened out into a great swamp, channeling in such a manner that it left many tiny islands. And on each of these tiny islands, there was a house built on piles! At the command of the Princes, the oarsmen piloted the boat to one of these islands. The Prince of Saxony bellowed a greeting; the Prince of Pilsen roused a good-natured roar from the depths of his diaphragm, but there came no response. Returning to their boat, they decided to cruise through the island channels.

And what a sight met their astonished eyes! Moored flatboats heaped full of—cucumbers! And out in the open, placed on the tops of great stone-ovens—huge cherry pies—cooling! The Princes were completely astounded! Such quantities of queer-looking objects! What were they? They had never seen a cucumber before; nor were they acquainted with the delectable cherry pie. Ah, but here was something they recognized! Big, fat, round cheeses, reposing in regimental rank and file. Amid the amazed musings of the two Princes, there appeared a squat, stocky, Slavic-looking man. The Princes greeted him in German. He shook his head in non-comprehension. With many guttural ejaculations, and waving of short, chubby arms, the Prince of Pilsen semaphored the information that they would appreciate going ashore and resting. They disembarked, and no sooner were they landed, than they noticed that a fleet of flatboats was traversing the canals, carrying more of these strange people to the scene of the excitement. The Princes were the centre of interest, and after a liberal use of the sign-language, they learned that they were to be the honored guests at a banquet. And on this little island, about the size of a city-block, they sat themselves down to a feast. They were taught how to eat cucumbers—long, green, poisonous-looking cucumbers; and rich, juicy cherry pie; and after they had stowed away an almost unbelievable quantity of cucumbers and cherry pie, they were urged to partake of the liquid refreshment. It was beer! But such beer! To the Princes it looked like beer and tasted like beer—but it acted like fully-matured brandy. The Princes, like the obliging guests they were, drank copiously of it. They attacked it—and surrounded it, with great gusto and determination.

But the artistic touch was lent to the festivities, when the eels

were served. The eels were brought fresh from the water; alive, slippery, slithering and squirming, they were deftly skinned and roasted before the eyes of the Princes. It was only natural that they should make quite an impression on the Princely minds, and after drinking all that beer, the Princes had to keep constantly reminding themselves that the slippery things were eels, and not snakes at all. As the day wore on the Princes enjoyed their hosts' hospitality with increasing abandon. Stein after stein, tankard after tankard they manfully conquered, until at sunset, tearfully bidding adieu to their hosts, the two over-burdened Princes were carried to the boat. The oarsmen headed down the river toward Saxony and home.

A sickle moon lay on its back in the West, casting its silver light on the black waters of the river.

Suddenly there was added to the rhythmic creak of the oars a new sound. The now conscious Prince of Pilsen, after several valiant but vain attempts, lurchingly raised himself erect, and addressing himself to the moon, started to sing "Excelsior" in German. The boat unexpectedly rolled to larboard, and over the side with a great splash went the still slightly-inebriated Prince of Pilsen. Gl-l-lubb-b-bl-l-lubb. Four oarsmen fished him out, turned him upside down to let the water run out of his filled lungs. Bedraggled but alive, he shook his head, and with tremendous effort again standing erect, he endeavored to sing the "o-lee-o-lee-ay-ee" part, but probably the beer, and the eels, and the cucumbers, and the cherry pie hampered his efforts, because all he could sing between gasps and sputters was "o-s--s--s-spree-ee-ee," "o-s--s--s-spree-ee-ee." And from that day to this, the river that rises in Saxony and flows northward into Brandenburg, has been called the River Spree; and the tiny islands, where it widens out into a great swamp, have been called the Spreewald; and the people of the Spreewald, the same people who started the Prince of Pilsen on his most glorious spree, still have for their principal occupations the growing of cucumbers, the catching of eels, the baking of huge cherry pies and the brewing of excellent beer.

The Prince of Pilsen lived to be famous, having had an opera written about him, but the Prince of Saxony fell overboard somewhere along the return route, and like the well-known Mr. Maginty, "he must be awful wet—for they haven't found him yet".

*James H. Lynch, '25*

## THE OBSERVER

**O**KLAHOMA and its Governor are at present favored by much attention; much criticism, too; mostly unfavorable. Because of his rather autocratic proceedings, the Governor is called a dictator, an American Mussolini, in fact everything but a firm loyal American. That is what he really is. If the members of the Klan are able to carry on their dastardly work with impunity in Oklahoma—fearing neither civil nor legislative power and having good reason not to fear them—if American traditions are laughed at, if the American sense of justice is outraged, if the inhabitants of the State are not protected, not permitted to live in safety and security, then, we say, the Governor is entirely within his rights in forcing investigations, and in bringing the Klan into the power of the law. If Oklahoma cannot be freed of the Klannish Pest except by its Governor assuming the role of dictator, then let him dictate to his heart's content. *Salus populi suprema lex esto!*

\* \* \*

Dictators seem to be the pet aversion of the American demagogue. The press affects to view them with horror. It is my idea that dictators are somewhat misunderstood. A good many States and principalities would be much better off if they were ruled by a firm, clear-headed Dictator. But do not mistake this enthusiasm as hostile to democracy. There are many places, monarchies and republics, which would be fit to live and thrive in—would become morally and civilly fine—if they had but a rousing good dictator to give them a general house cleaning. In these democracies, the people are inclined to let the other fellow do it. At times interest in the general welfare is sadly lacking. In the general run of events, this lack of interest does not mean much. In a crisis, then it counts. Then we appreciate the self-assertive qualities of a dictatorial leader. At the outbreak of the Civil War had Lincoln not taken over the reins of Government and practically assumed a dictatorship we would be arguing yet and be just as far from a solution to the problem.

\* \* \*

To use a metaphor, rather crude but serviceable: all of us have noticed what a husky insect a black beetle is, how formidable he



appears—as long as he is on all fours, or sixes. But let the bug become flipped over on his back. His legs wave frantically; he sends out S.O.S. calls from his antennae. However he may strive, he cannot set himself aright. Let a sympathetic human place the insect on its feet. The beetle then plods onward, sturdily and fearlessly. At some time or another almost every nation is on its back. However strong it may naturally be, it waves frantically for help. This is the time when a dictator is in demand—a capable leader, whose word is law, to set the country on its feet. All this concerning dictators may be said briefly. The idea of a dictatorial leader may be contrary to the *theory* of a good democracy. The *practice* of democracy demands a dictator sometime or another, either when the officials of a State or nation neglect their duties shamefully, and shift responsibility, or when misfortune flips a government on its back.

\* \* \*

A nation particularly gifted by nature with seclusion from international broils, with a hardy people, with natural wealth and power, can be naught but great and powerful. Its people have but to use their accumulated gifts. Their true mettle is tried, however, in time of diversity, in the crisis of a national calamity. The Japanese were overwhelmed with misfortune. They are a great people; their nation is a world power. But more to their credit is their undying courage, their wonderful resourcefulness during the awful disaster. Their homes were destroyed, their proudest cities razed, their population reduced by thousands—enough to destroy physically a nation forever. In the life of the Japanese, this calamity will be an incident—something to be forgotten soon in the rebirth of a greater nation. They refuse to be downhearted. It is not their habit to be despondent. The Japanese is now proving that his is a great country and a wonderful race—that it is not dependent on its natural gifts alone for power, but on its own energy and grit.

\* \* \*

Not often does the administrator of a government admit that his administration is below par, that he is unfit to govern. Rather, it is the fashion to govern quite inefficiently and in a message to the people extol the virtues of the administration. The mayor of a city of one of the Eastern States, however, admits that he is unfit to be the servant of the people. He admits he cannot defend the constitution of his nation in his city. He even admits he cannot administer his government in a

humane manner. This is all admitted by the unfortunate mayor indirectly. Of course, he has not sense enough to admit frankly his shortcomings. We must take the trouble of deducing them from his public acts. To be truthful, the trouble isn't great. When a mayor either "advises" or "orders" negroes—those who have not had a seven year residence—to leave the city because he will not be responsible for the consequences if they remain, said mayor should be escorted out of town as the first of any proposed emigration group. The negroes are his people and fellow-citizens, just as much as those whose bodies are of a lighter tint. If the mayor cannot guarantee life, liberty and the uninterrupted pursuit of happiness to one class as well as to another, he has no right to be masquerading as a public servant of the same government that boasted of the mighty Lincoln. If he cannot protect the negro in his home, that Mayor is unfit to be the civil father of a city. If he can't act as a mayor should, he has no right to be mayor. If the majority of us are too selfish to allow the negro to vote, at least we might let him live. Once before we slighted a race, pushed it away from us in our cruel ignorance, caused its extinction. We've never been allowed to forget it. Let there not be two blots on our escutcheon.

*T. Henry Barry, '25*



# THE HOTCHPOTCH

## ADVICE TO THE PRE-MEDS

*(To be remembered when they are graduated as fully accredited doctors and dentists)*

### *If You Are a Doctor*

1. Don't experiment on your friends. Use strangers for such purposes.
2. Don't tell your fat patients that they are doomed to a life of obesity. Be a diplomat. Spoof them.
3. Don't fail to etherize fully when operating on a pugilist. Safety first.
4. Don't neglect to sympathize with gouty old gentlemen. They may die and will you a memorial hospital.
5. Don't keep prehistoric magazines in your office waiting room, unless you are a nerve specialist.
6. Don't, above all else, marry into an undertaker's family. It doesn't look right.

### *If You Are a Dentist*

1. Don't ask questions requiring an oral answer when the patient is in no position to give such answer. Confine yourself to the sign language.
2. Don't ask if it hurts when the patient cries out with pain. You know it does.
3. Don't charge extra, if, when extracting a tooth, part of the jaw bone comes with it. It isn't customary.
4. Don't advertise painless extraction. Have some regard for the truth.
5. Don't, when using the drill, act as if you were digging for gold. You are merely preparing a place to put gold. Remember, you are a dentist, not a mineralogist.
6. Don't, whatever you do, put your foot on the patient's chest when extracting a tooth. It isn't good form.

CUCKOO! CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

(Or Three O'clock in the Morning. The tale of a tale-telling  
bird in The Clock Near the Stairs.)

O Raucous Clamor! I have heard,  
I curse ye, and you mock:  
Base Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
Or but a maund'ring Clock?

While I am trying to be still  
Thy mordant shout I hear;  
It rises, fiercely, clearly shrill,  
Ascends to Wifey's ear.

Then I talk thickly in the hall  
Of birdies and of flowers,  
While you re-echo from the wall  
The early morning hours.

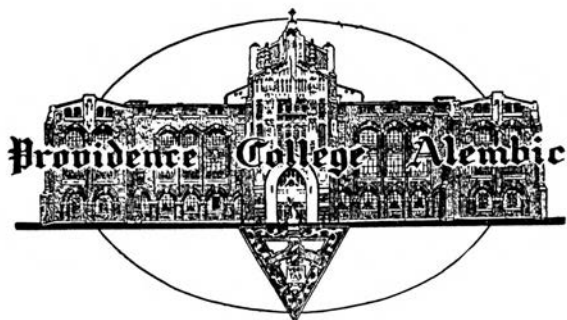
Traitor, Informer of My Wife!  
Thou art a pest to me,  
A Dread Blight to my married life,  
The Voice of Sophistry.

That Voice which in my jovial daze  
I harkened to: that Cry  
Which made me plan a thousand ways  
To kill—to slay—then fly!

One morn my wrath o'erwhelmed me!  
I ripped you from the wall,  
And Foul Bird, I clutched and choked thee;  
Rrr-rr-rip!—and that was all.

In peace now I sneak up the stair,  
To tune of Wifey's snore:  
No clock to rend the placid air,  
It's stilled forever more.

O defunct Bird! the hearth we pace  
Again appears to me  
A quiet, peaceful, homey place,  
Since you have ceased to be.




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### Staff

James F. Keleher, *Editor-in-Chief*

Howard J. Farrell, *Assistant*

Francis L. Dwyer, *Poetry*

John B. McKenna, *Arts*

Joseph V. Mitchell, *Alumni*

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Edward V. Holohan, *Chronicle*

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Charles A. Gibbons, '24

....., '25

....., '26

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James J. Corrigan, *Circulation*

John E. Cassidy, *Assistant*

Robert E. Curran, *Assistant*

Walter L. Reilley, *Business Secretary*

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Readers of the ALEMBIC will be  
**THE WALRUS** disappointed to learn that Mr. Paul J. Red-  
 mond, '24, who has edited the column  
*Said the Walrus to the Carpenter* since its beginning in the January,  
 1921 issue, has left the college to continue his studies in a higher  
 institution. It is significant of the unique place he holds in the minds  
 of those who know his work best that the editors have decided not  
 to attempt either the sincerest flattery of imitation or the fitting tribute

of emulation, preferring to discontinue the department. We feel that the most noteworthy of the ALEMBIC'S contributions to college literature has too secure a place in the memory of its many admirers to need our inadequate support.

### *RULES THAT BREAK*

It is the policy of the Faculty of this institution to lay down as few hard and fast rules as possible, insistence on conduct "befitting a Catholic and a gentleman" being the essential requirement. But coincident with the rapid growth of the college the announcement of a few explicit regulations has become necessary. "Rules are made to be broken" is a well-established truism, and no one expects Providence College students to be shining exceptions to that rule. But it would be a good idea in the old as well as the new in P. C. spirit to start the scholastic year by observing the disciplinary obligations by which we are bound. For it is well to remember that there are rules which break as well as those which are broken, and the first offender is often a horrible example.

### *CARPING THE CRITIC*

The editor has listened to only a few of those who are continually throwing wet blankets on the struggling flames of college activity. But he has had enough experience to know the breed. Studies, athletics, class and college affairs, men prominent in any of these, all are subjected to the uncompromising criticism of these college Menckens. No one is too disinterestedly working for the good of the school to escape. To those seeking an explanation of the state of mind which results in these ebullitions, the editor offers the example to the student (now defunct) who was always belittling our scholastic standards and yet flunked a major subject! A discreet inquiry into the antecedents of our self-appointed censors will undoubtedly reveal like conditions.

The editor has no intention of discrediting honest criticism. I am sure that none of the men who are expending muscular or mental energy in college activities believe they have attained even relative perfection, or hold themselves above helpful advice. But it seems to me they would appreciate it better from one who has himself expended energy in some worthy line of endeavor. "The tongue is, indeed, a little member and boasteth great things." Why not give your body or mind a chance?

*LETTERS TO  
THE EDITOR*

While on the subject, the editor takes occasion to bemoan the lack of any kind of constructive criticism emanating from the student body. There have been a few controversies in the pages of the ALEMBIC in regard to certain ideas expressed therein. But these have been student vs. student. The staff would appreciate communications *in re* student vs. ALEMBIC, especially in regard to arrangement of matter, quality of fiction, originality of work, and the like. Our contemporaries have found plenty upon which to comment in their *Exchange* Departments, and we value their skilled touches. But we are attempting to represent P. C. men worthily, and when we fail, we like to hear about it from P. C. men.

*THE ANSWER*

When you read the October ALEMBIC, the other college activities will be already well under way. Our first football game will be over, lectures will be in full swing, and the various phases of your college life will have been presented to you. If you are a newcomer, you have probably expected too little. You have been surprised at the spirit of good fellowship, loyalty and unquenchable enthusiasm which pervades the majority of your fellow-students. You may ask how so young a college has been able to instill that spirit. While you are seeking the answer, you yourself may become imbued with that same spirit. To become so imbued, you have but to *do* something for your college. For your college is like your country in one respect. If you do anything worth-while for them, it becomes a part of them that you can love. They are both still new enough to feel your influence no matter how new to them you may be. You, too, may be a "pioneer." So follow your team, swear by your class, help your ALEMBIC, and tell anyone who needs to be told that you are a Providence College man.

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The festivities of Commencement Week *Commencement* started Sunday, June 10. The largest assemblage of people ever on the Campus witnessed an epochal event in the history of Providence College. The first Solemn Baccalaureate Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. President William D. Noon, O. P., assisted by the Rev. William Dawkins, O. P., and the Rev. Francis O'Neil, O. P., deacon and subdeacon, respectively. The acolytes were Charles Ashworth and Joseph O'Gara. John McIsaac was cross-bearer and Amos La Chappelle, thurifer. The assistants were all members of the Senior Class.

The ushers at the Mass were members of the Junior Class: Francis McCabe, William Connor, Mortimer Newton, John Smith, Joseph Mitchell, Charles Gibbons, Howard Farrell, John O'Neil, Robert Beagon, Wilfred Roberts, James Keleher, Joseph Flynn, James Reilley, Harold Crawford, Joseph O'Reilley, Frederick Heffernan and Francis Casey.

The graduates occupied seats in the first two rows of benches grouped in front of the entrance to Harkins Hall.

The services concluded with the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by the Very Rev. President William D. Noon, O. P., assisted by the Rev. William Dawkins, O. P., and the Rev. Francis O'Neil, O. P.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter E. Blessing, V.G., D.D., from the pulpit overhanging Harkins Hall, delivered an inspiring message to the Class of '23, pleading with them "to be willing to shed your blood, if necessary, that the ideals on which the American nation is established may ever be preserved" . . . "To be ever loyal to Holy Mother Church and Her teachings." Monsignor Blessing also complimented the young men on the successful completion of their studies and stated that theirs was the distinctive honor of being the first to receive their degrees from Providence College. "You are the first sons of your Alma Mater."

*Monday, June 11*

Congratulations must be showered upon the Class of '26 for their magnificent showing Field Day, victorious in every event and



putting to rout the upper classmen. May the Nine Gods of Rome smile upon their efforts for the ensuing year. Francis J. McCabe, '24, is worthy of honorable mention, having won first place in the back-jump. The Junior relay team, assisted by winged-foot Justin McCarthy and Mercury Frank McCabe, made a very notable display of celerity; Gene Gilmartin ably finished for the Freshmen.

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Braving the threatening frown of Jupiter Pluvis, a very large attendance made the Junior-Senior Reception one of the greatest successes of the year. Several notables were guests.

*Tuesday, June 12*

Class Day brought forth the Seniors arrayed in the solemnity of Cap and Gown. The occasion was momentous to the Class of '23, their adieu to Old P. C. Addresses were made by the Very Rev. President William D. Noon, O. P., and the President of the Senior Class.

"Captain Crossbones" or "The Pirate's Bride," a musical comedy, was presented by the Pioneer Class, in the Elks Auditorium. The play, both for comedy and financial purposes, was a success. The proceeds will go towards the purchase of a Memorial Gate by the Class of '23. Members of the cast included: Joseph McCormick, John Hurley, John Cassidy, Robert Slattery, Daniel O'Neill, Amos La Chappelle, James Furlong, Joseph O'Gara, William Connor, Martin Spellman, Walter Murphy, William Young.

The chorus comprised: Charles Young, William Bliss, Gregory Sullivan, Everett McPhillips, John Fitzpatrick, James Lynch, Norman Eastham, Charles Lucas, Andrew Sullivan, Edward Nagle, Leon Smith.

*Wednesday, June 13*

Old Father Time, with stealth-like tread, moves along the fatal hours to 3 P. M. The Freshman-Sophomore Baseball Game; of whose ending the Mighty Gods of Olympus ponder, the Fates quarrel; to whom shall the victory be awarded? All hail! the laurel wreath goes to John McCaffrey, '23, who umpired the game.

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Who can say "Nay," but that the Honorable James H. Lynch made the Senior reception to Undergraduates such a wonderful success. Mr. Lynch received the prize donated by the P. C.-K. C., for

the best literary work of the year. We congratulate him on his achievement, and tender the best of wishes for the ensuing year.

*Thursday, June 14*

Degrees were conferred on the graduating Class by the Very Rev. President William D. Noon, O. P. Twenty-five men, in the Arts, Letters, and Science courses, received their degrees. President Noon addressed the Graduates, as did Bishop Hickey, Governor Flynn and Mayor Gainer.

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The Commencement Ball saw the Class of '23 grouped together under the protecting hand of Alma Mater. Farewell addresses were made and toasts proposed to the future health and welfare of the Pioneer Class. Providence College sends forth its sons to success, honor and glory.

*September 22*

The latest reports from the office of the Dean place the number of new students in the Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen Classes at two hundred and six. This is the largest registration in the history of the College. Mass was celebrated in the College Chapel by the Very Rev. President William D. Noon, O. P. The Very Rev. Daniel M. Gallagher, O. P., Dean, made a short address to the student body.


The Rev. Francis O'Neil, Professor of Literature, left Providence to rejoin the Southern Mission Band. The Rev. James Cahill, Rev. Christopher Kearns and the Rev. Cyril Coudeyre have joined the teaching staff.

*Class of '24*

The Senior Class has elected the following men as officers for the ensuing year: President, Justin P. McCarthy; Vice President, James F. Keleher; Treasurer, Howard F. Bradley; Secretary, Daniel J. O'Neil.

*Edward V. Holohan, '26*

## ALUMNI

HE FIRST class of Providence College was graduated last June—the class of '23. Throughout their four years at the institution they have been the makers of tradition, tradition that will be indelibly printed in the annals of the college for years to come. Their tradition-making did not cease when they departed from the halls of knowledge, for these members of the first graduating class have bound themselves together firmly through the founding of the permanent organization of the Providence College Alumni.

The members of the class of '23 held an enthusiastic meeting in Harkins Hall on the afternoon of September 17. Officers were elected. Mr. James Higgins of Blackstone, Mass., was chosen first President of the organization. Other officers elected were: Vice President, Raymond W. Roberts; Secretary, Amos LaChappelle; Treasurer, Joseph A. Fogarty. A unanimous vote was cast to request the Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., dean of the college, to act as moderator of the alumni members, to which he graciously consented. The first honorary memberships to be conferred by the organization were granted to Bishop William A. Hickey, Governor William S. Flynn, Mayor Joseph H. Gainer, members of the college Faculty, past and present, and the Provincial of the Dominican Order.

A committee, comprising Charles J. Ashworth, Edmund Kelley and Raymond W. Roberts, was appointed to draw up the constitution. The members present also voted to extend the charter of the organization to their fellow graduates and to issue an invitation of membership within the next few weeks.

The graduates present at the meeting, who form the first charter members were as follows: Charles J. Ashworth, Eugene F. Brody, Lloyd Coffey, Francis D. Casey, Joseph A. Fogarty, James Higgins, Amos LaChappelle, Edmund Kelley, Joseph P. O'Gara, George McGonagle, Joseph McCormick, Victorri Perri, Raymond Roberts, E. J. Ryan and Thomas Sullivan.

The committee, formed to take charge of the alumni social for the winter reunion of the organization, includes: Joseph A. Fogarty, Joseph P. O'Gara and George McGonagle.

## COMMUNICATIONS

(The following letter has been received by the editor of the magazine from an alumnus and was deemed worthy of publication. The

reasons for the omission of the name of the writer and certain passages will become evident. The letter is printed exactly as it was written.)

Dear Frennd jim,

In clothes find too \$ (2 bucks) for 1 yers subskription to the locul skule maggazine. I onct red in a early edishun of youre extinguished periodicle a sad storey about a guy what didn't have eny words. it wuz intitled, i think, "A Plea fur wurds". sence this is the 1st time i had occashun two rite to this maggazine i wood suggest to the enterprizing bizziness man of the co. that he take the akkompanying 2\$ and by a dickshunary for the pur guy. it must be awrfull fur a guy to be shy of wurds like he is. the thing that surprized me wuz how the guy that wrote the storey ever got so many words to ask for words. if i thought he had eny left i wood ask him to wrap up sum of them & send them kollect via U.S.M. Perhaps maybe i could get some noose of lokul poluticks and so fourth etc.

when i began to write this epistol i thought maybe i could kill sum time in doing it. i think i have done it besides which i suspishun i have made the English languidge look like a 2nd edishun of that wel nown Egeyptshun card plaer Toot, something amen who wuz the faro king of egypt. Allso and buy way of a akksident or as sume people say, insidental like if you ever *show* this korrespondence to eny one, or say eny thing about it, or *read* it to eny one i warn you that the nex time i go to providence i wil ad you to the other to viktimes, i.e namely time & inglesh. i would ap resheate it if you wuld send me a line of riteing about the evence at the Kollidge.

A edditor is suposed to give noose

You are a edditor

.. You should give noose.

Wil you tel my friend \_\_\_\_\_, and . . . . . & littel \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ & all the other skule boys that i wuz inkuireing about them; but rekkollect the ides of january \_\_\_\_\_\* & beware. i think i will shet up now and send this on it's misshun. as a fella sed onc't if you don't get this letter let me no & i will send 1 more. Hoping you are wel & that you wil soon show \_\_\_\_\_ how proffits can not be made, i remain

Respectfully  
Trooley &  
Dizzily Yours

---

\*The correspondent here inserts a skull and cross-bones.

## NOTES

Francis D. Casey, '23, is studying for a Ph.D. in Science at Catholic University on a Knights of Columbus graduate-school scholarship, which he won in a competitive examination last spring.

John F. McCaffrey, '23, has signed a contract for the year of 1924 with the Rochester Club of the International League.

Louis L. Girouard, '23, is now Associate Professor of Chemistry at Georgetown University.

William J. Tierney, Pre-med, '24, led his class at the Harvard Dental School last year.

It is intended that a copy of the October issue of the ALEMBIC be sent to every accredited alumnus of the college, included therewith being a subscription blank. The subscription price is two dollars. Any information which will aid us in snaring stray alumni will be appreciated by the Staff. Also, news from the alumni is necessary for the maintenance of this department.

*Joseph V. Mitchell, '24*

October 12, 1923



CHRISTOPHER, Christ-bearing,

Columbus crossed the ocean.

To win heathen benighted

To Christian devotion.

But the Indian died

Of muskets and rum.

And the negro slaved

That the cloth-mills might hum.

Shall the Jew, too, be cursed

And the Catholic burn?

Shall the negro groan

As the cloth-mills turn?

Or, shall a Christopher

Bring us back Christ

And show that God's Charity

Still hath sufficed.

*J. F. K.*

## EXCHANGES

**O**UR EDITORIAL duty is upon us. It may be put off no longer; so it is with a feeling of resignation that we undertake the more-or-less-exacting responsibilities of the office.

College publications serve as the media of communication with other educational institutions, and they have it in their power to foster a spirit of fellowship and to promote a better understanding among these colleges. Taking this into consideration when reviewing the efforts of our student contemporaries, we should be ever willing to temper our sense of literary values with the much-abused virtue of charity. Too broad a blob of searching wit, and sensibilities are hurt; too finely barbed a shaft of satire, and the result is antagonism. Then the purpose of the college publication is partially defeated. So it is with the earnest hope that our own critical endeavors may be always constructive and never destructive that we make our departmental debut.

### *Yale Literary Magazine:*

It is most refreshing to note the uniform quality of the Yale Literary Magazine. Certainly it is evident that the editors are honest in their attempt to make it purely a literary publication. "The Three Fables" presented a rather difficult form of composition in a very able manner.

### *Holy Cross Purple:*

The June number of the Holy Cross Purple did not seem to approach the usual "Purple" standard. "Pan and Pancakes" was interestingly different and very readable.

### *Prairie Bells:*

More verse would tend to balance your publication, otherwise it is most admirably made up.

The following exchanges (June) are gratefully acknowledged:

"Anselmian"	"Prairie Bells"
"Ateneo Monthly"	"Red and Blue"
"Brown Alumni Monthly"	"Regis Monthly"
"College Days"	"Vers L'Ideal"
"Holy Cross Purple"	"Viatorian"
"Micrometer"	"Yale Literary Magazine"
"Optimist"	

James H. Lynch, '25

# ATHLETICS

## BASEBALL

Providence College vs. Dartmouth

*Commencement Day, June 14, 1923*

**J**ACK McCAFFREY wound up his Providence College baseball career by humbling Dartmouth, 4 to 1. It was by far the best game of the year, and the crowning feature of a busy day for "Mac," who received his degree from the college, after four years of diligent and honest work.

A Commencement Day crowd was on hand to cheer the Black and White, and when McCaffrey fielded Lyon's grounder for the final out, the crowd swarmed on the field, lifted him on their shoulders, and gave him an ovation that will linger long in the minds of the students as the greatest tribute ever paid to a Providence College athlete. The crowd was not alone, in its appreciation of his work, for scouts from the International League, who had watched his work, put the stamp of their approval on him. As a result Rochester offered him a fine contract which he accepted.

Captain Holland, who has also left this year, played a sterling game at third, handling ten chances with but one misplay. He also scored the first run for P. C.

Johnny Halloran was the "Babe Ruth" of the game, getting three hits out of four times at bat. He was Johnny on the spot on two occasions when a hit meant a run.

Providence had her big inning in the eighth. McCaffrey got in the way of Edwards's hooks. Holland sacrificed him to second. Simpson singled. Halloran came through with a single that tallied McCaffrey.

Edwards filled the bases when he walked Feid. McGee singled over short and Halloran and Simpson scored. Creegan rolled to Thurston, who returned the ball to Shaneman, who tagged Feid at the plate.

PROVIDENCE					DARTMOUTH						
	ab	1b	po	a	e		ab	1b	po	a	e
Holland, 3.....	2	0	5	4	1	Smith, 3.....	4	0	2	2	1
Simpson, m.....	2	2	1	0	0	Caswell, r.....	4	0	0	0	0
Halloran, c.....	4	3	6	1	0	Thurston, 2.....	4	2	3	3	0
Feid, 1.....	3	0	12	1	1	Harris, 1.....	4	1	9	2	0
McGee, r.....	4	1	1	0	0	Bjorkman, m.....	4	2	1	0	1
Creegan, s.....	4	0	1	3	0	Dagastino, l.....	4	1	1	0	0
Beck, 2.....	4	0	0	1	0	Shaneman, c.....	3	0	7	1	0
Brickley, l.....	3	1	1	1	0	Shapleigh, s.....	2	0	1	2	0
McCaffrey, p... ..	2	0	0	4	0	Edwards, p.....	2	0	0	2	0
						*Lyons .....	1	0	0	0	0

Totals.....28 7 27 15 2      Totals.....32 6 24 12 2  
 Runs—Holland, Simpson, Halloran, McCaffrey—4; Thurston—1. Hits off McCaffrey 6; off Edwards 7. Stolen bases—Bjorkman, Thurston. Sacrifice hits—Edwards, Holland, Simpson 2. Double play—Holland to Creegan to Feid. Struck out—By McCaffrey 3; by Edwards 6. First base on balls—Off McCaffrey 1; off Edwards 1. Hit by pitched ball, by McCaffrey—Thurston; by Edwards—McCaffrey. First base on errors—Providence 1; Dartmouth 1. Left on bases—Providence 6; Dartmouth 6. Umpire Devron. Time—1h. 56m.

\*Batted for Shaneman in 9th.

## FOOTBALL

With the passing of the hot summer days, and the advent of the cool, crisp winds of the Fall, the sporting world turns its attention to the college gridirons. The manly and clean manner in which college athletes play this most strenuous of games has made it one of the most popular sports.

Providence College is to be represented by a true 'Varsity eleven. The college authorities procured a fine training camp at Narragansett Pier in order that the players would be in fine physical condition for the opening game.

On September 4th, sixty-five candidates for football laurels reported to head coach Huggins at Hendricken Field. All of last year's veterans were back in togs.

The squad spent a week at Hendricken Field, and then departed for the training camp at Narragansett Pier. Here, under the watchful eyes of Coaches Huggins and Pearce, they were put through conditioning exercises. Hard and fast scrimmaging was on the bill for the last week at camp.

The schedule for the season is as follows:

September 29—Boston College at Boston.

October 6—Open.

October 13—Holy Cross at Worcester.

October 20—U. S. Coast Guard.



October 27—Catholic University.  
 November 3—U. S. Submarine Base.  
 November 10—Lowell Tech.  
 November 17—St. John's at Brooklyn.

### Sept. 29—PROVIDENCE COLLEGE vs BOSTON COLLEGE

In the first game of the season Providence College was defeated by Boston College, 28 to 0. The game was more bitterly contested than the score indicates. Our boys fought vainly to stop the advance of their heavier and more experienced opponents. Boston College presented a well-drilled eleven. "Chuck" Darling was the outstanding star for Boston College, with Ward and Cronin pressing him hard.

For Providence College the work of Gilmartin, Capt. Connors, McClung and Nolan was of the highest order.

Boston	Providence
O'Connell, r. e.....	l. e., Tarby
Dunbar, r. t.....	l. t., Joyce
Elbury, r. g.....	l. g., Smithwick
Doyle, c.....	c., Beck
McManus, l. g.....	r. g., Alfred
Donahue, l. t.....	r. t., Connors
Duffy, l. e.....	r. e., McGee
McKenny, q. b.....	q. b., Kempf
Ward, r. h.....	l. h., Gilmartin
Cronin, l. h.....	r. h., Peloquin
Darling, f. b.....	f. b., Triggs

Score—Boston College 28, Providence College 0. Touchdowns—Darling 3, Ward. Safety, Triggs. Goals after touchdown—Elbury 2 (drop). Referee—Dr. E. J. O'Brien, Tufts. Umpire—F. W. Lowe, Dartmouth. Head linesman—J. H. Madden, Amherst. Field judge—H. H. Butterfield. Time—Four 15-minute periods.

Substitutions: Providence—Bride for Peloquin, Cullen for McGee, Delaney for Triggs, McClung for Connors, Fraser for Kempf, Reall for Alfred, Kempf for Fraser, Triggs for Delaney, Connors for McClung, Nolan for Triggs, Reall for Alfred, McGee for Cullen, Cullen for McGee, Sears for Gilmartin, McKenna for Cullen, Delucca for Bride, Hays for Alfred, Mooney for Tarby, Landrigan for Joyce, Malloy for Sears, Clifford for Mooney, Ryan for Landrigan, Moore for Nolan.

Boston College—Corcoran for Cronin, McNamara for McKenny, Cronin for Darling, Koslowsky for Dunbar, McKenny for McNamara. NOTE: Acknowledgment is made to the Providence Journal for data used in this department.

*Howard F. Bradley, '24*

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