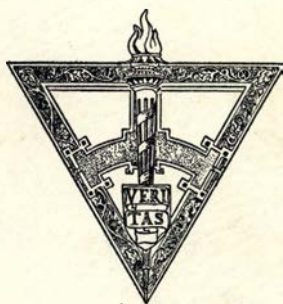


PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. I

JANUARY 1921

No. 2

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The Holy Name




HAT'S in a name? is a chord often sounded,
On harps of a different mold,
Varying the music of relative meanings,
And voicing the new and the old.
True, perhaps true, are the various soundings,
What's in a name, after all?
May we not christen the summer-time winter,
And green spring the brown-leaved fall?

Yet, is there *one* which now answers that query,
A name that none other can be,
A sunset of peace o'er a war-stricken world,
A rainbow of gold on the sea.
Name, fairest Name, first on Angel lips carried!
Eternal ray from the East,
Lighten our pathways, create us thy lovers,
This month of Thy glorious feast.

John P. Walsh, '24

A PLEA FOR WORDS

HE wild rose possesses the beauty of sturdiness. There is an attractive quality about its hardihood, yet this is not sufficient to guarantee its supremacy. We find the cultivated hot-house rose surpassing it in popularity. Strength and vigor are no longer the only essentials in civilized society. These basic characteristics must gleam with the luster of culture and refinement. Not alone does this apply to the inanimate objects which men prize, but it likewise, to an equal extent, affects our more intangible possessions. Thought and its outward cloak, speech, must evince the velvety quality of elegance incidental to the advancement of the age.

In feudal days, the virile, clipped, Anglo-Saxon words were best adapted to the vigorous character of the life. Amidst the whip and snap of the catapult, the ominous thump of the battering-ram, the crash of the battle-axe, and the clattering and clashing of steel-clad giants, linguistic elegancies would have been futile and inappropriate. The language of military life must necessarily always remain curt, concise, syllabically parsimonious. The dash and dare of a doughty warrior finds verbal expression in uncouth roars and boisterious oaths, we can expect no more from him. It is but natural for language and environment to correspond.

Our life, on the other hand, is one of peace and refinement. I say this advisedly, even in the face of recent contradictory events. The world conflict was at variance with the spirit of the age. We fought to re-solidify the basic civilization upon which peace rests, not to satisfy a lust for the zest and glory of the strife itself, nor with a spirit of jubilation that an expected and awaited opportunity to demonstrate the skill achieved by habitual training had at last arrived. We do not regard war as a part of life's normal course; we have ceased to look upon it unquestioningly as the eventual business and probable end of every man. Fundamentally, the life we anticipate is one of peace. War is an undesirable catastrophe, occasionally necessary as an extremity, but never an accepted commonplace custom.

Since our gradual liberation from the ever threatening Damoclean sword of war, we have had opportunity to exploit more glorious fields of conquest. Intellectual attainments have supplanted military achievement; culture has replaced martial gasconade. Yet additional

privileges bring additional responsibilities. We must not play the lag-gard. We cannot content ourselves with a dictional range as restricted as that of the boorish warrior. The periphery of our intellectual world has expanded. Perforce, we require a more voluminous vocabulary to encompass it.

The mediaeval knight sweated to achieve instinctive dexterity with the sword; it is ours to attain agility and volubility in the manipulation of our mother tongue. The knight's strength was physical; the sword was his weapon. Our strength is intellectual. Can we afford to trust a puny weapon? Can we expect to exercise our intellectual strength through the medium of an impoverished vocabulary? It behooves us to augment the weight and keenness of our sword until it becomes a weapon comparable to our strength. Nor should we be apprehensive lest our weapon become unweildly and exceed our strength. The acquisition of additional words affords exercise and development to our mentality; new vistas are unfolded, the mind expands and retains its proper superiority. We are not even required to fashion our own weapon; other craftsmen have forged it. Ponderous, yet graceful, it lies awaiting our grasp. There remains for us but to seize it and adopt it as our own.

It is, indeed, a splendid language that we inherit. We should profit by its copiousness. Our latest dictionaries contain some three hundred thousand words. This richness of our language is the natural result of the composition of our nation. Since America is the alembic of the world, the American language has been amplified by legacies from every tongue. All of these words are as so many jewels entrusted to our care, jewels that we may display for the adornment of our speech. Admittedly, the whole of such a myriad collection of words is beyond the retentive capacity of one man. Shakespeare, it is said, employed 15,500 words. We ordinary mortals can hardly expect to command such a legion as this, yet it is undeniable that our present niggardly collections by no means represent the utmost of our capabilities. We must strive to expand our working vocabularies to our potential capacity.

We are the growing generation. Our predecessors have transmitted this priceless heirloom of enriched English to us. Duty demands that we preserve it in its entirety. It is not sufficient to consign the preservation of this legacy to the dictionary. The dictionary is not a repository, it is a record. It cannot animate a word that men have ceased to utter. Perhaps for some short time the lexicon may permit the deser-

tion of such a word to pass unremarked, but ultimately, after due display of the "obs." signal, it must drop it into oblivion. We decide. Only the words that we vitalize by use can survive. Furthermore, replacement cannot be considered equivalent to preservation. The normal growth of a living language postulates the addition of thousands of words each generation, yet this cannot sufficiently compensate for negligence toward old possessions. The twentieth century has added a magnificent increment of scientific and commercial terms, yet these by no means obviate the utility of our more hoary classical derivatives. New words become an added trust, not an exchange.

A few decades ago young college students eagerly strove to acquire vocabularies of wide range. Literary societies played a prominent part in the social activities of the campus; torrents or sonorous oratory flowed as freely as the waters of Niagara. It is doubtlessly true that frequently these young "Websters" drowned clarity of thought in their bombastic loquaciousness, still they became acquainted with their tools. Subsequent maturity brought milder elegance of phraseology. Impetuous youth should not tarry to become the profound philosopher, its duty is to discover the tricks of the trade, to learn the mechanics of the workshop, and to master the intricacies of the art. Youth is still the apprentice, age and experience produce the unified result—the masterpiece.

By constant association with a vast range of words, these by-gone college students secured a broad and practical knowledge of English. They became adept in employing it to the best advantage, not only in formal dissertations, but also in their ordinary affairs of daily life. We, on the other hand, so dread the accusation of foppish verbiage that we become guilty of the opposite extreme. We discourse with an almost babyish diction generously interspersed with slang.

There are, no doubt, influencing factors in our modern life responsible for this universal ultra-simplicity of language. Modern business expediency demands a small vocabulary of short, concise words. The business man has no time to consult the dictionary when skimming through his correspondence. A word not instantly recognizable is a word wasted. Nor, for that matter, is the man dictating often tempted to employ lengthy or unusual words for, in most cases, it would mean a waste of precious moments in his transcribing department. The average stenographer, with her grade school education, is out of her depth with such words. She may contrive some phonetic symbol for the sounds as she

hears them, but later it is slow and tedious work to find some word in the dictionary to fit the symbol. In the majority of such cases the wrong selections will be made, entailing additional delay in correction during the mad rush at closing hour. Experience has thus established laconic expressions in business correspondence. Our newspapers likewise have had some tendency to increase the prevalence of simple language. They must convey their information and maintain the interest of the tired reader without requiring too great mental activity on his part.

But have you ever paused to reflect upon the effect of all these practices? Do you realize how our language is being diluted? In ancient days only the learned wrote much. Today with tons of mediocre written matter such as cheap books, newspapers, and business letters being produced daily, the constant recurrence of a small group of simple words becomes so frequent that longer, more unusual, more fastidious words are lost in the crowd, buried by mere numbers. Such exaggerated simplicity is inimical to the latitude and comprehensiveness of our language. The norm of clearness is exactitude. Our speech should convey the precise shade of thought that we conceive. So far as it is possible for us to do this with ordinary words, we may employ them, but every delicate variation cannot be conveyed if we rely continually on the same set of words. We must not force through the mathematically straight channel of simple words, a thought that perhaps demands some graceful twist of phraseology. We must have at our disposal a variety of words with which to work: strange words as well as common ones, long as well as short. Do not misconstrue me; I do not advocate the exclusive use of sesquipedalian words. Employ the short word wherever it is more appropriate, but when the long word more nearly approximates the exact shade of our thought, we should not allow false modesty to restrain us from its use.

We, fellow collegians, must be the standard-bearers. Preparing, as we are, for professions that necessitate use of the highest forms of finished English, we have a vital interest in preserving and profiting by its excellence. The world respects the college man who evinces a mastery of this essential. In fact, cultivated diction is, to the world, a more potent evidence of college education than the inscribed sheepskin. In numerous cases, men who have never attended college have been adjudged college graduates by the world simply because of the excellence of their English. Though most average men are incapable of

expressing themselves in an impressive style, they enjoy and admire it in others.

We all have a two-fold vocabulary, one part consisting of the terms we use in speakin, the other comprised of the words we recognize when they are spoken or written by others. Of these two divisions, the latter is naturally the more extensive. It should be the aim of the college man to raise his "speaking vocabulary" to a parity with the average man's "understanding vocabulary." Then your diction will be a subtle flattery to your hearer. You may not be speaking his idiom, but he understands and appreciates. You will have succeeded both in raising yourself in his estimation and in vivifying words that might have died in the memory of this man for want of being heard. Perhaps this may seem an insignificant point, but remember that a word must enjoy national use to remain in good standing. Scores of words are constantly disappearing as a result of national neglect. This newspaper-bred nation is over-working a limited set of easy words and dropping the rest into oblivion.

Practical tendencies have invaded the land. The classics have been assailed and repulsed; Greek daily becomes more of a nonentity; Latin is no longer required for the A. B. degree in many of our largest colleges. This abolition of the cultural languages materially lessens the number of persons who will ever encounter vast treasuries of classical words. The more we train the hands in the practical trades, the less we advance the intellectual education. There can be no doubt of the value of much of this manual instruction. All men are not called to intellectual pursuits, all must, however, provide a comfortable livelihood for themselves and their families. It is better to have a throng of contented mechanics than a surplus of needy scribes. But this sliding of the scale towards practical studies throws the heavier burden upon us. We collegians who enjoy the blessing of intellectual culture should meet our responsibility and shoulder the heavier burden. Is it not sufficient to be equal to the average in the art of language, you must be superior. You expect the mechanic to be more skillful at his trade than you would off-handedly be. Do you not think that he expects you to exhibit facility in one of your specialties?

Today is the day to learn. Make your initial experiments now at college, where an occasional malapropism is still excusable. The piano

(Continued on Page 40)

DEVIL'S ROCK

NOT far from the village of X——, and situated upon a lofty eminence, is a bare, weather-seamed ledge known as Devil's Rock. Many are the tales and legends told in all faith and sincerity by the sages of the village about this rock, but of them all that of the old postmaster, John Nicholas, is no doubt the most authentic, for was it not his great, great grandfather who named the rock?

Upon visiting him one evening, I found him ensconced in his favorite, old-fashioned, high-backed chair, with a huge corn-cob pipe in his mouth and with his stockinged feet resting upon a foot-pad which lay in close proximity to the open fire-place. He was in a very talkative mood, due, no doubt, to the generous effects of the contents of a brown jug that stood on the floor beside his chair, so I had very little difficulty in starting him on his favorite theme of story telling. The following is his account of the subject of this writing, Devil's Rock:

In his youth, my great, great grandfather was noted far and near for his remarkable abilities as an athlete. As a swimmer, jumper and runner, no one in five counties could surpass him, and as a wrestler, he had no equal in the States. His physical perfections also were exceptional, and he was the possessor (unknown to himself) of many a fair maiden's heart. But John Nicholas, bore a charmed life, for he passed his teens and five of his twenties before the wiles of womanhood awakened in him the smoldering fires of love.

It was on one of those days in the later part of autumn, when the sun begins its slow march southward and the days begin to grow cooler, that John clambered up to his favorite seat on top of the ledge. From this point one can see for miles over the surrounding country. To the east lies the beautiful Wausper valley, named after the silvery stream that flows so peacefully through its center. To the south lies the village of Palmer, with its clustering dwelling, the quiet abodes of peace and contentment and happiness. To the west, lies the village of X——, with its pretty array of snow-white cottages and the moving specks upon its hillsides, which, if one were near enough, would resolve themselves into an assortment of multi-colored cattle, grazing peacefully in their bounded grassy confines. To the north is a continuation of hills that are

covered with verdure to their very tops, and reach as far as the eye can see, to a dim, gray, uneven horizon.

It is the time of the year when nature is at her best, for her festive days come in autumn, and she clothes the grassy meadows, the quiet forests, and the silvery streams, in costumes befitting the occasion. Beautiful assorted lines of scarlet, yellow, brown, and gold, are in great evidence, and they blend their colors in intricate design upon the distant landscapes.

For a long time John rested there contenting himself with watching the struggles of two ants in fierce conflict with each other, until the light on the hills began to fade and the shadows in the valley began their long climb to the top of the ledge on which he sat. Then he arose, stretched himself, and started on his homeward journey before it became too dark to distinguish the path.

He had scarcely reached the bottom of the ledge, however, before a low cry drew him to a clump of pines to the right of the path and there in a huddled heap on the soft, springy needles he saw the most beautiful girl he had ever seen in his life. She had big, beautiful, brown eyes that stared at him like those of a wounded doe, and her hair,—a wonderful mass of long chestnut colored waves—hung in beautiful disorder over her shoulder and back. Her face was pale, but winning. She seemed like a creature of the wild to the simple eyes of poor John. But what astonished him most was the way in which she addressed him. "Well, John Nicholas, are you going to allow me to lie here all night?"

For the life of him, John could not understand how she, a complete stranger, happened to know him, but he managed to stammer an unintelligible, "Yes, ma'am," and stooped down to pick her up. Her arm crept around his neck in a perfectly confident manner, and she laid her head against his breast in the position of a little child. A few wisps of her hair that were caught by the evening breeze, brushed against his face in such a caressing manner that John felt almost in a trance.

He at last came to his senses as he neared the village and bent over to ask her who she was and where she lived, but found to his dismay that she had fainted. There was only one course open to him then; he hastened through the dark streets to the home of his mother. Here, that kind old lady took the girl in charge and soon had her resting comfortably.

Of course the news spread rapidly, and there was much speculation

among the neighbors as to her identity and home. But the only information that John was able to elicit from her was that her name was Mary Adams. Her former home she would not divulge, and as for her relatives—she had none. But she begged John's mother so pitifully not to send her away, that the poor woman's heart was touched, and she said, "Stay, and please God, everything will come out all right." As for John, he was perfectly willing that she should stay, and "Mary" was such a pretty name, anyway.

The days that followed seemed like a fairy tale to the infatuated John, and many were the walks they took together along the forest trails and woodland paths that always led finally to his favorite ledge. Nature, herself, seemed to smile on this happy courtship, and the music of the birds and the noises of woodland life were celestial harmony intensified to the young man's ears. From his seat on the ledge he pointed out to Mary the distant villages and scenes and planned in his own mind their happy future together if only she were willing. Mary, on her part, only awaited the question, that hovered on his lips, to say yes.

At last the moment came, and to John came his idea of heaven on earth, when she acknowledged her love. Time seemed to stop, and yet the hours passed swiftly, and darkness began his chronic approach before they made any start for home.

But, as they began their descent, they espied a man scrambling up the ledge evidently in great haste. In a few minutes he reached the top and stood before them. What an ugly looking brute he was! A man of immense proportions with a slouched hat pulled low over a pair of eyes that gleamed with insane desire, and when he breathed, the air was heavy with the vile odor. He wore a woodsman's garb, and around his right foot was wrapped a white cloth. But John could see that he was not hurt, for it did not pain him to stand on it. He immediately rushed for the girl, but John intercepted him, and there began the struggle that is subject of much talk to this day.

The shadows deepened; the stars appeared in the heavens one by one; the harvest moon rose in all its splendor, completed his course and went down again before the completion of the struggle. It seemed almost a repetition of the fabled story of the "Wolf and the Ram," who fought from dark to dawn, the wolf finally being the winner. But which of these two Titans was the wolf of the fable? The seconds became

minutes, the minutes hours, the hours seemed an eternity to the tiring lover.

To Mary, anxiously watching the struggling men from her hiding place at the base of the ledge, the outcome was in doubt. She could hear plainly the painful gasp for air, the shuffling steps and the straining bodies, and she prayed that John might be the victor. It seemed as if her prayer was answered, for just as the morning sun crested the eastern hills and painted the skies in a beautiful galaxy of colors, with one last effort into which he threw his remaining strength, John raised the stranger high above his head and hurled him headlong from the ledge. The white cloth slipped from his foot, and for an instant John saw the outline of a cloven hoof and then he disappeared in a cloud of flame and smoke. He had wrestled all night long with the devil and had won.

There can be only one ending to such a tale—and they lived happily ever after. But to anyone who doubts the truth of this story, let him visit the village of X—— and climb to the ledge known as Devil's Rock and there, with his own eyes he can see the imprint of a cloven hoof in the solid rock which the devil struck as he was falling from the ledge.

Fred W. Heffernan, '24

Today



ODAY'S today;
 Tomorrow may not dawn.
 Today we live;
 Tomorrow we are gone.

Today's today;
 I strive to do my best.
 Today I live;
 Tomorrow laid at rest.

Francis L. Dwyer, '24

THE GENIUS OF IRISH ARCHITECTS



Men living in a semi-savage stage are slow to bend their minds to study. Ages and ages pass over the heads of an ignorant race before they can be brought to the condition of students, reasoners, thinkers or calculators. Architecture could not have grown amongst the inhabitants of the west of Europe until they were first educated, because it demands a knowledge of mathematics, physics and chemistry, not only in the master workman, but also in his men. This applies more especially to the erection of arched Irish architecture, in the whole of which nothing but stone is used, even to the window frames, mullions, and diminutive intersections. So let us glance at the splendid labors of the Irish architects from the days when the Irish monks went forth from Ireland to the countries of Europe, carrying with them knowledge, piety, and industry, which they applied for the betterment of their fellowmen and the love of God, down to our own day, when even in our own America Irish genius has erected famous buildings.

Every architect and scholar knows that the monks were for five hundred years the workmen who built all the churches of Europe. They were the architects, the masons, the carpenters, the plumbers, the smiths, glass-makers, sculptors and painters. A great many societies of these holy men joined together for the purpose of erecting churches, schools, monasteries, and bridges, from motives of pure charity to others, in obedience to a strong religious feeling. An example is Gallus, the Irish monk who built the monastery of St. Gall, in Switzerland, in connection with which several other monasteries afterwards subsisted about the year 630. The monks were the leading architects of these times. Among these monks the Irish were numerous. We find evidences in Scotland, England, Germany, France, and Portugal that the Irish monks erected the first churches and monasteries. The great church of Europe, erected by Charlemagne, at Aix-la-Chapelle, was built by Irish monks brought from the abbey of St. Gaul. And the chief architect, feeling a deep veneration for the old round towers of his native land, in building this church erected a round tower, in the very heart of Europe,—the only one indeed to be found throughout the Continent. Again the church of St. Peter, at Oxford, built by Alfred the Great, is so evidently a copy

from Cormac's Chapel, of Cashall, that we need but to compare the form and features of both to ascertain whence Alfred, who was educated in Ireland, derived his name.

One striking instance of the spread of Irish ideas through European architecture is that of the arch and column. It has been said that the Knights Templars introduced to Europe arched and pointed architecture. They had it in Ireland in the ninth and tenth centuries, whereas the crusaders did not return from the east until the twelfth, nor were the Knights Templars established until 1148. The Irish nevertheless cannot claim the honor of originating the arch and column, which were in use in Egypt and Phoenicia before Ireland was probably inhabited. But, as he who improves an invention is, to a certain extent, to be deemed an inventor himself, so the Irish having brought the arch and column to the highest degree of architectural development, must be deemed the originators of that style of architecture. This style improved by Irish architects was from the eighth to the fourteenth century, adopted by all Europe, and carried to extraordinary degrees of refinement.

In Ireland, during that long period of tears and blood, a period which stains the blackest annals of humanity, no progress was made in architecture, no progress, alas! in anything but the works of confiscation and blood. Her venerable edifices were battered down by the cannon of Elizabeth and Cromwell. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century, Ireland began again to put forth her architectural skill. Her classic soil, studded with the mouldering ruins of her greatness, afforded her men of genius, schools and models for the design and construction of edifices of modern beauty. From the very day that Molyneux emitted the spark of nationality in his celebrated "Inquiry," the architectural genius of Ireland budded forth anew. In 1727 the Dublin Customhouse was commenced. This is considered the most beautiful architecture in the British Empire. It is raised in a very grand Doric style, surmounted by a magnificent dome, and the interior groined with arches. The four Courts, the Royal Exchange, and the Rotunda, are all, in their way, unequalled in the British dominions. They were Irishmen who designed and erected all those splendid monuments of genius and freedom. These national structures grew up in Ireland under the sunshine of her native parliament. The old ones that smile on us with the wisdom of a thousand years grew up under her kings.

The Irish architects of the present day are not inferior to their countrymen of any age, as evidenced by the living artists now at the

head of the profession in Ireland, England, and America. When the Parliament house of England was burned to the ground, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to superintend the erection of a new one. Designs and specifications were advertised for by that committee. Three hundred designs and plans were sent them by as many aspirants for the honor. These plans came from architects of every European nation. To the honor of Ireland, the preference was given to the plan of Mr. Barry, a native of the south of Ireland; and the execution of the work was accordingly placed under his superintendence.

Another beautiful piece of architecture by an Irishman is the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans the architect being a Mr. Gallagher of New Orleans. The White House at Washington also was designed by an Irish architect, Mr. Hoban. And in Boston the granite front of the Exchange has been elegantly sculptured by another Irishman, a Mr. Barry, formerly of that city. This shows that the unextinguishable genius of the Irish has been carried in the buoyant blood of her children, to the present generation. These facts cry out to us in the words of one of her brightest sons, John Augustus Shae:

Where, where through the universe varied and vast,
Can nation or kingdom, or country present
Such genius as ever in bondage, thou hast
That brightened like sunlight wherever it went.

J. A. O'Reilly, '23

A PLEA FOR WORDS

beginner often strikes a discord without incurring censure, but the finished pianist would suffer great loss of prestige for a like slip. When we go forth bearing our diploma and labeled with the bachelor's degree, we ourselves may realize that we have just begun to learn, but the world regards us in a different light. It expects us to display a mastery over all knowledge and particularly over our own native tongue. Perhaps it judges us on superficialities, yet the fact remains it judges us, and with a judgment none the less important for being somewhat erroneous. Many a college man has been consigned to mediocrity by it. "Pshaw," the man of the street will remark, "he's not very smart; why, he don't use any bigger words than I do."

Paul F. Skehan, '23

THE KING OF THE PLAINS

EL REY, the King of the Plains, came from the great Nevada ranges, where the air blows free and clean over great hills and wind-swept valleys; where the sun, at noon, is very hot, and the stars, at night, are very near; where the rocks and cactus are everything, and where man, the strange, seldom-seen pygmy, is almost nothing—merely a distant menace, carrying all manner of treacheries and great cunning. A wonderful country, that great range land, where the colts roved wild with their mothers; a country of rabbits and rattlers, of scurrying little lizards and silent-foot coyotes; a country of few men.

The Ranger, a tall, clean-limbed fellow, with a bronze complexion, was one of these few men. Riding his little mustang, he covered miles and miles of territory each day in search of rustlers. At night, near a water-hole, with the ground as his bed and the sky as his roof, he slept, raising himself every little while, to see if his pony were all right, or to listen to some noise that his keen hearing had detected. Then, satisfying himself as to the nature of the disturbance, he would lie down and fall asleep until some other noise awoke him.

It was during one of these sleeps that the beating of many hoofs upon the turf reached his ears. Cautiously, he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. The wind, blowing towards him, gradually brought the noise, louder and clearer, through the night air. The first thing that passed through his mind was, Rustlers! Nearer and nearer came the hoofbeats, sounding like the rattle of muffled drums. Suddenly, as his horse whinnied, the Ranger jumped up, pulling his revolver from its holster. Peering over a pile of rocks, he beheld on the moon-beam flooded plain, not rustlers, but horses, and their leader was the finest roan stallion he had ever seen. Its head erect and ears pricked forward, it ran at the head of the band, whistling every now and then to some straggler, who was starting off in some other direction. Right up to the water-hole they came and plunged their noses into the cool, green liquid. Suddenly, the roan made out the figure of the Ranger, and rising high upon his heels, presenting a most wonderful spectacle to the spell-bound man, the stallion whistled shrilly and the band started off in the direction whence it had come and soon was lost to sight. Too dumfounded to move, the Ranger watched them go, and as they disappeared, his mus-

cles relaxed, and whistling softly to himself he exclaimed: "*El Rey! El Rey!*" and with this exclamation, he made a vow that the roan would some day be his.

From thence on the Ranger became a tracker of horses instead of men. Through the cool autumn months, when the plains were turning from green to brown, when the days became shorter and the sun lost its terrific heat, when the frost started to harden the ground, he was right on their trail, as a blood-hound follows a convict. Autumn turned to winter and the snow settled, as a white blanket, over the ground. The wind cut into the Ranger's face, and blizzards drenched him to the skin. But doggedly he kept on, his mind ever on that specimen of horse-flesh, that, someday, was to be his. Again the seasons changed and the snow began to melt. Rocks and cactus soon made their appearance, and the sand again took on its bright look. All seemed to awake, and take on an air of joyfulness to welcome back the warm weather.

But the Ranger did not have the spirit of springtime and joyfulness in his heart. He had grown thin, and a growth of beard covered his face. His clothes were shabby and torn from the cactus and hard riding. His horse, too, had suffered much on account of the severe winter. He, too, was thin and had lost much of his speed. He now, was but a shadow of the horse which the Ranger claimed was second only to *El Rey*. But all these things could not force that man to give up his mission, and for this determination he was rewarded.

It was on an afternoon late in May that the Ranger came upon the camp where he had first seen *El Rey*. Jumping from his horse, he surveyed the surrounding country with his eye, muttering meanwhile to himself, "O God, grant that I may see him again, now that I am prepared." Tethering his horse, he sat down and was musing on his first meeting with *El Rey*, when, far in the distance, he perceived a great cloud of dust. Jumping upon the pile of rocks, his heart as buoyant as a cork on the water, he made out the band of horses coming towards him at great speed. Crouching down near the water-hole, he waited, lariat in hand, for them to come and drink. Up to the water they came, sniffing the air for some strange smell, but as the wind was blowing towards the Ranger, they suspected nothing, so they plunged their noses, satisfied, into the cool liquid. As *El Rey* finished drinking, he raised his head and whistled, but as he did so, another whistling sound was heard as the lariat snaked through the air and settled around his

neck. High into the air he jumped, but the rope only became more taut. He plunged and reared until his glossy coat was covered with foam and his eyes were bloodshot and dilated. The Ranger laughed as he watched the big horse tire himself out, for, finally, he had won and the horse was his.

In a corral, about three months later, a man is standing with his arm around the glossy neck of a big, powerful horse. Together they stand, gazing far off into the West. Once the greatest of enemies, but now the closest of friends, *El Rey* and the Ranger, watch the evening sun sink like a ball of fire, beneath the western horizon, into the valley which had been the first home and domain of "The King of the Plains."

Edward S. Doherty, '24

The Lamp

ID love to be the little lamp
That shines before His Throne,
I'd love to be the tiny flame
That burns for Him alone.

I'd love to spend each earthly hour
A true and constant friend,
Keeping watch with Him I love
Until my life shall end.

I'd love to hearken all the while
To His sweet words of love,
Enraptured by the heavenly praise
Of angels from above.

I love to feel that even now
Throughout the night and day,
My spirit may forever watch,
Though I be far away.

Harold F. Boyd, '24

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"



WITH the passing of each year I find it less necessary to make resolutions for the forthcoming one. Prohibition of this and Imposition of that, simplifies matters. It is unconstitutional for a citizen of this Republic to quaff of the cup which does more than cheer. I am a citizen. Therefore I have ceased making resolutions. Now the great minority makes them for me.

* * *

A speaker has said that the furniture of the *Mayflower* must have been prolific. He did not go far enough. The ship itself was prolific. Six barns in New England make the proud boast that their roofs are made from the hull of the great transport. If this keeps up, in ten years it will be a proud cow that will be able to point with pride to her canopy and say that the only waves that buffeted it were the billows of a Down East fog.

* * *

Are modern labor troubles modern. Decidedly not. Three thousand years ago come April first the Jewish Bricklayers Union of Thebes walked out. Rome, too, had her troubles. According to Sallust. "*Saepe ipsa plebes, aut dominandi studio permota aut superbia magistratum, armata a patribus secessit.*"

* * *

We are now passing through a period of convalescence. Recovering from an attack of the fourth year stump locust. This time the attack was extremely virulent. "We view with alarm the rising tide of..." "I smell a rat and I shall nip him in the bud." "An axe is laid at the root of our Merchant Marine." "Article X, Article X, Article X;" are some of the buzzes peculiar to the stump locust.

* * *

This is the age of specialization. The tendency is to develop along strict lines. One does not learn a trade. Today we pick out one phase and dwell upon that. Thus dish-washing is divided into many branches. One specializes on cups, another on saucers, etc. Thus we develop the expert and lost the genius. But when an expert saucer washer advances as far as he can in his own line, does he start in again to learn the art of cup washing as a branch of his mother trade? No. Being a specialist

he cannot stoop. He cannot become an apprentice to a mere cup washer. So he begins at the top in Metaphysics. Then a volume on Metaphysics, "by a Saucer Washer," is placed on the book market. Some claim that such a thing is ridiculous. It isn't. It only proves that with a little concentration Henry could improve the Ford, but improving the world requires a college education. *Applause.*

* * *

A parlor bolshevist once said to me: "Lenine and Trotsky are Iconoclasts." In a restricted sense they are image breakers. But instead of wrecking statues they go about smashing mirrors. And when the last looking glass is broken they will turn on one another. All this, of course, is very bad for Russia, as broken glass scattered about in such large quantities makes automobile progress very painful and slow.

* * *

"What's in a Name?" a well known poet hereabouts has written. As recent as 1776, during a slight altercation (I use this term advisedly, so as not to water the cement of the Anglo-American Friendship) the term Yankee was used in derision and contempt. But in 1917, when one spoke the word in England, the head was bowed and the voice modulated. Just now the term Hoodlum is applied to Sinn Feiners. But there's nothing in a name. In a hundred years many will proudly say that they are the great-grandchildren of the original Hoodlums.

* * *

Innigin III, better known as Constantine, is on the throne of Greece again. In a recent interview he told our reporter he was fond of doughnuts, so home-like and greecy, as it were. This fact has no bearing on international politics, except that it creates a feeling of friendliness. Let America stick to Greece. Now to the point. The king-maker of Greece, Warwick II, is now residing in the Royal Zoo. Innigan is properly grateful, and Warwick II is treated royally. But where shall we draw the line between king and king-maker? Was Darwin right?

* * *

It is reported that the president-elect is picking cabinets. Several have been picked, but nothing valuable found. He should be informed that people do not place valuables in ordinary cabinets. The safe's the thing. And on the door let it be inscribed, "America's Safe for Democracy. Warning. Don't lose the combination."

Paul J. Redmond, '24

SINN FEIN



few years ago you might have traveled through many of the great nations of the world, and it is doubtful if you would hear even mentioned the cause of Irish freedom. Today, Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australia are hearing and debating this so-called Irish question. It is no longer an Irish question, it is a world question. It is, in every sense of the word a universal question. And precisely because of its universality we are all the more interested to know what it is that has so expanded this exponent of British inconsistency.

As in the evolution of all great problems, so it is with that of Ireland. Many reasons and causes have added to its development, but the giant cause or force, the one mighty movement that has completely revolutionized Ireland, that has thrown upon the screen of the world, and painted with its own blood, the cause of Ireland's freedom, is *Sinn Fein*. Since then, *Sinn Fein* is such a factor in the cause of Irish freedom, and in fact, of freedom in any quarter of the globe, wherever people are held in bondage, it is most fitting that we should know something concerning this institution.

To many people the name *Sinn Fein* is, perhaps, a Chinese puzzle. Yet, there is nothing oriental about it, except for the fact that it is the sun-rise of Ireland. *Sinn Fein* is purely and simply two Gaelic words, *Sinn* meaning *we*, *Fein*, *ourselves*—"we ourselves." It is a name expressive of the spirit of the Irish people proclaiming to the world that *we*, the people of Ireland must *ourselves* govern Ireland.

Concerning the origin of *Sinn Fein*, it must be noted that the spirit and pulse that moves and throbs in the heart of *Sinn Fein* today, is the same spirit and pulse that has throbbed in Erin since God first created her a nation. It is the unchangeable and divine spirit of Liberty. But the spirit, as it now appears in the garb of *Sinn Fein*, dates from the year 1905, when *Sinn Fein* as an organization first made its appearance. It did not originate, as some doctrinaires would have us believe, in the fantasy of "over enthusiastic, ignorant youth." It is the product of the most refined and cultured of Irishmen, chivalrous knights of Erin, among whom were many learned professors. These men had studied the situation of Ireland. They had patiently watched the work and accomplishments of the Irish Parliamentary Party. They had seen no satisfactory results come from the pleading and petitioning of that Party.

For the pleas of Ireland in a British Parliament have ever fallen on unsympathetic ears. Seeing this, the organizers of *Sinn Fein* determined the just conclusion, that until the Irish people would stand forth as one man and demand, not a measure of Home Rule, or a Home Rule for any one part of Ireland, but absolute freedom for the whole of Ireland, until then would Ireland be in bondage and slavery. For well did those men know the shallowness and trickery that has ever been the undercurrent of English promises to Ireland.

As a policy then, *Sinn Fein* took the furtherance, encouragement, and establishment of Irish industries; the revival of the national tongue, the education and uplift of the common people, in fine *Sinn Fein's* policy was and is, a prosperous, free and united Ireland. How much of this policy has been accomplished, even through mountains of opposition, seas of trouble, and rivers of blood, is in itself marvelous.

Until 1914 the policy of *Sinn Fein* was slowly and silently working. Strange to say the people as a whole did not favor it. They trusted, and not without reason, their representatives in parliament. They believed that since the plea for Home Rule was rejected, surely the plea for complete independence would be rejected. Yet, this justifiable indifference of the Irish people did not in the least daunt *Sinn Fein*, for its leaders were cool and determined. They were men who knew the Irish people, they were educated to the treachery of British diplomacy, and hence, were fully aware of the snares underlying the passage of the Home Rule Bill in 1914. England sought Ireland's favor. She saw a plausible opportunity by putting on the statute book a semblance of a Home Rule Bill. This she did, but before that bill could go into operation, every man and boy of fighting age in Ireland would have to join the ranks of the British army. That attained, Ireland would be an easy prey. All this *Sinn Fein* saw and understood. It warned the people of the lurking danger. By degrees the rank and file saw the wisdom of its policy, and were daily swelling the ranks of *Sinn Fein*. At length the threat of Conscription came, but the policy of *Sinn Fein* had conquered. Irish Ireland was *Sinn Fein*. She answered through her heroes: "If we go to the battlefield, we must do as soldiers of a free Ireland." This England would not hear, but *Sinn Fein*, firm in its convictions, on that memorable Easter Monday of 1916, proclaimed an Irish Republic, baptizing it with the reddest blood of Erin's martyred self.

From the rebellion of 1916 to the elections of 1918, Ireland was becoming more and more *Sinn Fein*. Many of the faithful Nationalists or Home Rulers, and even some of the bitter Unionists saw the prudence and justice of "we ourselves." Gradually they were awakening to the fact that the Lion is a beast of prey and plays with its victim before killing it. They knew the Lion. They saw the victim. They recognized the only means of escape, and hence, when *Sinn Fein* came on the election platform—of Absolute Freedom for Ireland—they had courage enough to say "We ourselves."

The result of the 1918 elections was so clear, so uniform, so strong that it has no parallel in the pages of history. Of the thirty-two Counties in Ireland *Sinn Fein* was *unopposed* in twenty-two. In the nine counties of the so-called British Ulster, *Sinn Fein* won five. And in the heart of Orangism, for years the stronghold of Unionism, Derry City, *Sinn Fein* elected a Catholic mayor. All of which shows that the Protestants of Ulster are not all Orangemen and Unionists. As a whole the cry of the Irish people of "we ourselves," or as Mr. Wilson would say, "Self-determination," was so unmistakably clear that nothing but a biased world, a world blind to Justice, could fail to hear it.

Perceiving this, the members elect of *Sinn Fein* assembled in the Mansion House at Dublin, January 21, 1919, formed the *Dial Eireann* or Irish Parliament, and called upon the free nations of the world to recognize the will of the Irish people, in an Irish Republic. But as yet, the plea for recognition has been unheeded, notwithstanding the fact that its echoes have been sounded and heard in the Senate Chambers of Europe and America. However, *Sinn Fein* is not daunted, for its soul is the soul of a people ever trustful in Him "who knows the hearts of all men," and Whose justice must in the end prevail.

Now that we have followed and learned the policy of *Sinn Fein*, let us see by way of a summary, how near it has come to accomplishing its end. It has encouraged and established Irish industries. It has revived and created a new love for the national tongue. It has aroused the youth of Ireland to a greater love for Ireland. It has made the Irish question a universal question. It has awakened the conscience of the civilized world to the unjust policies of Great Britain. Finally, it has created a united Ireland, and to the limit of its power, a free Ireland. Thus has *Sinn Fein* as far as its means will permit, accomplished its end. May the Justice and Liberty loving people of the world do the rest!

John P. Walsh, '24

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Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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EDITORIALS

With the dawn of January first we greeted the third **WORK** year in which the world has been at peace since 1914. In January, 1919, we changed the "Work and Win" slogan of war to "Peace, Progress and Prosperity." Apparently it was only a slogan. The world in general has accomplished little, and we today are no nearer our goal, that is, permanently, than what we were then.

Reconstruction programmes and employment plans were outlined along scientific lines, but we have but little to show for any effort in their behalf. In fact, the results may cause you to question an effort. We are urged to be optimistic, and it is pointed out that while abnormal conditions exist here, the aftermath has proven more severe abroad. This may be true, but optimism is only one factor. Cheerfulness, Happiness, Optimism, Peace and Prosperity constitute one of the necessary combinations, the foundation of which is work. With a display of the spirit which existed during the war we may be able to accomplish more during the next twelve months. We worked and won then. We are capable of doing the same today!

The library of Providence College is equipped sufficiently to meet the ordinary requirements of the present student body. The constant increase in the number and variety of volumes during the year is gratifying. It is to be regretted, however, that greater use is not made of this important part of the college equipment. No greater asset can be possessed by any institution than a library. But the amount of good it will do depends entirely upon the volumes that are read. Recent reports indicate only partial use by a small number of students.

The library is open daily at 2 o'clock, and the librarian is always willing to explain the index system so that you will have no difficulty in procuring a desired volume. Read more, and in your effort to read use the college library. Education is preparation for life, and if you desire you can make the library an important part of your education.

CONFIDENCE AND ENCOURAGEMENT

It was in January, 1917, that we learned of the "man behind the man behind the gun." A silent army almost as forceful and essential as the actual fighting force, the production experts and loyal Americans who conserved and produced, constituted this new army. Systematically saving, constantly contributing, they made victory possible. Behind it all was confidence and encouragement! The American government believed in the American people. The soldier overseas was confident of support. He encouraged and was encouraged.

Confidence and Encouragement! The words suggest more, perhaps, than any other two words we can recall. The pages of histories are starred with the names of men who achieved fame, frequently because of the kind word, confidence, and encouragement of another who, though oftentimes, not comprehending, nevertheless believed and hoped. Under the spur of sympathy and appreciation the poet, painter, inventor, or explorer pushed on to victory. If the hopes of Columbus had not received the encouragement of the mission fathers, and many years later if France had not believed in the right of the colonies to independence and refused Washington aid, what would have been the result? The confidence and encouragement expressed differently perhaps each time, coming at the crucial moment, was the shining light that led to victory.

It has been said that God never sends a genius into the world with-

out confiding the secret to one other soul. In the histories of accomplishment the latter has been forgotten, but their glory is reflected in the achievements of the former. You may have had, or will have, during your life, opportunities to believe in and encourage those about you. It may not be your privilege to have the distinction of aiding a Columbus or a Washington, but you may be the means of contributing to the success of someone whose sincerity and effort is just as precious as that of the great discoverer and the American general.

Joseph A. Fogarty, '23

The Holy Land

IT is no longer No Man's Land
Where fighting youth met the Reaper's hand
The sacred ground has changed its name;
Today 'tis called the Holy Land.

The blushing poppies seem to say
Your weary vigil now is past,
Repose be yours in Flanders' soil;
Sleep on, young soldier—rest at last.

That place of bitter strife and pain
But late the scene of fearsome fight,
Is now the bosom of our dead,
Enjoying the calm of heaven's light.

A peace serene broods o'er their graves;
The silent homes of a noble band,
Who bravely fought, and sweetly sleep
In No Man's Land—The Holy Land.

Leo A. Slattery, '23

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Graced by the presence of Governor and Mrs. *The Prom* Emery J. San Souci, the Governor's Staff, Mayor and Mrs. Joseph H. Gainer, and prominent state and municipal officials, the second annual promenade of the college was held Wednesday evening, January 12, at the Hotel Narragansett amid surroundings declared to be the most brilliant associated with Catholic social functions in Rhode Island.

The presence of Governor San Souci was a notable event, since it was his first appearance at a Catholic social since his inauguration. The staff, consisting of ex-service men, made an impressive sight as they marched through the gorgeously decorated ballroom to the section reserved for the official party. Patronesses from all parts of Rhode Island and prominent professional and business men from various sections of the State and near-by Massachusetts towns were conspicuous among those present. A reception preceded the concert programme, beginning at 8 o'clock and concluding at 8:30. Dancing was enjoyed from 9 until 12 o'clock. The orchestra was directed by Henry J. Donovan.

In addition to being one of the foremost social events of the year, the affair was undoubtedly a criterion of fashion. The latest creations of prominent modistes stood out with unusual vividness against the decorative background of white and black, the college colors.

The splendor of the reception, however, was surpassed by the brilliance of the ballroom. Here in contrast to the subdued radiance of the parlors, with their pleasing glow of warmth, was the dazzling array of colorful gowns, sparkling jewels, brilliant light and inspiring musical accompaniment. Here, too, the formality of the opening was lost in the refined gaiety, which created a college rather than mere social atmosphere.

Raymond Roberts, President of the Sophomore class, escorted the Governor at the head of the line, followed by Capt. John J. Collins and Capt. Raymond Murray of the Governor's staff, Mayor Gainer with Donald Burke, President of the Freshman class, Miss Louise San Souci with James Flannagan, Mrs. William Needham with Dennis McCarthy, Mr. William Needham with Joseph McCormick, Mrs. E. B. Brady

with Andrew Crawley, Mrs. George F. O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. P. H. Quinn.

The committee in charge of the event consisted of J. Edward McDermott, Raymond Roberts, James Flannagan, Donald Burke, Calvert Casey, Joseph Fogarty, Andrew Crawley, Dennis McCarthy, Calvert Casey, Joseph Fogarty, Andrew Crawley, Dennis McCarthy, Joseph McCormick and Robert Turbitt, who also constituted the reception committee, assisted by Mrs. E. B. Brady, chairman of the patronesses, Mrs. P. H. Quinn, and Mrs. George F. O'Shaughnessy.

The patronesses were Mrs. Emery J. San Souci, Mrs. Joseph H. Gainer, Mrs. E. B. Brady, Mrs. P. H. Quinn, Mrs. George O'Shaughnessy, Mrs. Robert F. Jones, Mrs. Michael J. Lynch, Mrs. Thomas Flynn, Mrs. Miles Sweeney, Mrs. Robert Newton, Mrs. Charles Monahan, Mrs. William J. Keenan, Miss Alice Mullen, Mrs. Thomas F. Cooney, Mrs. Francis J. Flynn, Mrs. John Donley, Mrs. Thomas H. Murphy, Mrs. Edward M. Burke, Mrs. J. H. Roberts, Mrs. Edward J. McCaffrey, Mrs. Michael Dooley, Mrs. P. V. Cunningham, Mrs. Patrick P. Curran, Mrs. Aram J. Pothier, Mrs. Thomas McGrath, Mrs. Edward F. Carroll, Mrs. James Lynch, Mrs. Charles Carroll, Miss Sarah Bartley, Mrs. Frank J. Powers, Mrs. G. R. Kincaid, Mrs. Joseph Murphy, Mrs. Charles Burke, Miss Mary Blessing, Mrs. Bernard Conaty, Mrs. Frank J. McDuff, Mrs. William O'Brien, Miss Mary Gannon and Miss Clara Craig.

* * * *

Regular studies were resumed, after the Christmas *New Year* holidays, on January 4. The year was opened with Mass for the whole student body.

Following the Mass, the Very Rev. Father Casey, O. P., President of the College, addressed a few fatherly words to the students regarding the arrival of the new year, the nearness of mid-year examinations, and the responsibilities of college men. He likewise touched upon the situation of our college athletics, a subject of keen interest at the present time. He expressed his entire approval of athletic activities, and assured the students of his hearty co-operation, counseling them, however, to use prudence in the undertaking and not to attempt too lengthy schedules the first season.

The Athletic Association held its first informal dance of the term on December 29 in the college gymnasium. The decorating committee produced an astonishing transformation in our erstwhile barren gymnasium. In fact, it was decidedly the best that has ever been done in the decorating line at any of our college informals.

The exceptional preparations were justified by the goodly attendance and the general appreciativeness and exuberance of the crowd. About seventy couples were present, just a sufficient number to comfortably fill the floor. The special orchestra proved amply capable of injecting plenty of "pep" into the music.

The affair in every respect was an auspicious opening for the winter social season of the college.

* * * *

The dark, blue days are upon us; mid-year exams are at hand. However, there is one ray of sunlight amidst the black clouds. No student will have more than two exams on the same day and perhaps but one on one or two days of the week. This will be seen by inspection of the schedule of exams, which is as follows:

Monday, 9-11 a. m., Religion, all students; Monday, 11-1, Latin II, Soph. A. B.; Latin I, Fresh. A. B.; Biology II, Soph. Sc., Litt., Pre-Med.; Geometry, Fresh. Sc.; Physics, Fresh., Pre-Med.

Tuesday, 9-11 a. m., English II, all Sophomores; Greek I, Fresh. A. B.; Biology I, Fresh. Litt., Sc., Pre-Med.; Tuesday, 11-1, Greek II, Soph. A. B.; History I, Fresh. A. B., Litt.; Trigonometry, Fresh. Pre-Med., Sc.; Chemistry II, (Qual.), Soph. Pre-Med., Litt.; Calculus Soph. Sc.

Wednesday, 9-11 a. m., English I, all Freshmen; History II, Soph. A. B., & Litt.; Economics, Soph. Pre-Med.; Wednesday, 11-1, Chemistry I, Soph. Sc., Fresh. Pre-Med.; Chemistry II, (Organic), Soph. Pre-Med., Litt.

Thursday, 9-11 a. m., Drawing, Soph. & Fresh. Sc.; Spanish I and II; Thursday, 11-1, German I, French III.

Friday, 9-11 a. m., French I and II, Specials.



There came a Knight



AS though it were meant for him especially, so perfect is its brief description, the caption to this column, was exemplified Tuesday evening, Jan. 11, when the Providence College Knights of Columbus Club had as its guest and speaker, Charles P. McAlevy, of Pawtucket, Master of the Fourth Degree of the Order in Rhode Island. "There came a Knight," and we might add, "and his message was a great one: full of optimism, encouragement, sincerity and truth."

The event was the first formal meeting after the adoption of the constitution. Previous to the session at which Mr. Alevy spoke a meeting of the charter members was held. The constitution was presented by Paul Skehan, chairman of the constitution committee. It was unanimously accepted. In accordance with Article 4, a committee was appointed to prepare a "frat" degree to be conferred soon. Peter O'Brien was unanimously elected Guardian del porte despite his attempts to present the job to someone else. A motion was made that a social be held in the gymnasium on Thursday evening, Feb. 3. This is the day the exams shall probably conclude and it was deemed an occasion for great jubilation. The committee in charge will be the regular club social committee.

Mr. McAlevy spoke on "Columbianism," describing the present state of worldly affairs and the need today, as in the past, of an organization capable of combatting socialism, radicalism and anarchy. The institution of the Knights of Columbus by the late Father McGivney of New Haven, and the rapid growth of the Order; the increase in its activities and the exemplification of the principle that it is better to give than receive, especially during the recent universal conflict when the Knights' "Everybody Welcome and Everything Free" motto became world-wide, and its educational activities long since begun and recently enlarged, were a few of the sub-topics which made Mr. McAlevy's address as instructive as it was interesting.

The speaker declared that intellectual development was the most

direct and complete method of maintaining patriotism and loyalty in the United States and of abolishing the menaces of Bolshevism and its allied evils. The knights programme for educational advancement, he said, included all phases of this necessary factor, special attention being given the founding of scholarships and the establishment of lecture courses.

"The Knights of Columbus is constantly assuming new duties for the protection of American welfare," he said, "and by exemplifying the principles of the order you can fill an important role in this programme."

* * * *

The P. C. K. C. Social will undoubtedly surpass any social function held at the college under the auspices of a college organization. Special attention will be given to the floor, which it is expected will be planed and polished for the occasion, and the music will be superior to any heard here in over a year. The fact that it is the first formal social of the club, and the additional fact that it is being held during the last week before the lenten season should increase interest in its success among all K. of C.'s.

The committee will include: Paul Skehan, Dennis McCarthy, Newman Forestall, Harold Boyd, John Affleck and Edward Doherty.

* * * *

To the entertainers at the club meeting a word of appreciation is due. The effort to please was generous and the accomplishment unusual. The opening number by the McCarthy-Callahan-Quinn trio exemplified some of the modern art, while the K. of C. Quartette, consisting of Forestall, McCormick, Furlong and Roberts not only offered the latest selections, but a few original numbers. A recitation by Albert Callahan, a solo by Thomas J. Gilligan and Edward Doherty, and a number by Peter O'Brien completed the programme.



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