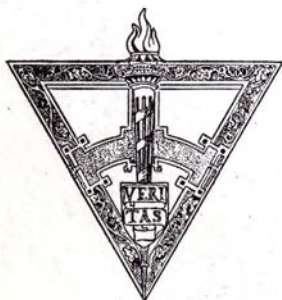


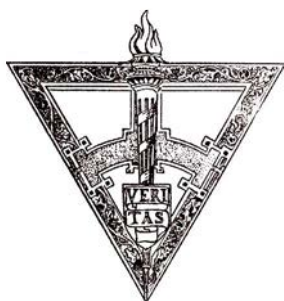
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VOL. I

APRIL 1921

No. 5



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Calling Me

N each gently wafted breeze
Whisp'ring through the leaf hung trees,
There's a Voice that's softly calling—
Calling me away.

Thru the patt'ring of the rain
In staccato accents plain,
Comes that Voice distinctly calling—
Calling me away.

When I see a ship full sail
White foam flying in its trail,
Then that Voice comes louder calling—
Calling me away.

On some dark and silent night
Quietly I'll drop from sight,
Answering to that Voice that's calling—
Calling me away.

Francis J. Dwyer, '24

EAST OF THE NEUCES RIVER

SOUNDS of hilarity, emanating from the *Four-Foot Saloon*, gave raucous testimony to the fact that the annual celebration of Rina City had reached its zenith. Deep, boisterous laughter, the chiming tinkle of glass on glass, the harsh throaty, yodeling, as some bubbling serenader burst into song—all combined to swell the hubbub and convey to that modest little city, the ardent though wobbly tribute of its cowpunching constituents. Within, it was a maze of lurid light and uproarious confusion. Dusty, sun-bronzed range-riders, in shaggy chaps and flaring bandanas were arrayed along the glistening bar, noisily swapping jests and toasting everyone from Ben Marpeth, sheriff, to Min Wong, the Chink cook of the Cross Circle ranch.

At a poker-table by the side door, alone and aloof, yet keenly alert to everything which went on about him, sat "Pepe" Juarez, Mexican bandit and self-styled "bad man." From the peak of his steeple-crowned, silver-studded sombrero to the tips of his cruel, rowelling spurs, Juarez was typically Mexican. Rumor had it that Juarez was implicated in the recent cattle-running on the Double-Diamond outfit and that he knew more than he cared to tell of the mysterious disappearance of Ray Dayss, the young puncher whose shot-riddled body had been discovered in Eagle Nest Pass; but as these reports found no verifiers, official apprehension of the Mexican seemed hopelessly remote. Cal Dayss, brother of the murdered man, had sworn to avenge his death, but two months had passed now and Cal was deep in the rodeo work at the Double-Diamond range, of which he was foreman.

So Juarez was in town with the rest of the celebrators, but as no one seemed to crave his friendship, he was left severely alone. From time to time, through narrowed lids, his piercing, black eyes, like pin-points of fire, flashed around the room and invariably came to rest on the swinging doors of the saloon, as if awaiting some arrival. His presence was unheeded by the majority of those present, but the few who

knew Juarez and observed his roving eyes realized their ominous portent.

"Long Larry" Morgan, the elongated puncher of the Bar X range, nudged his pal, "Sip" Semon, and remarked:

"'Sip', less'n this heah fire-water has set me loco, they's gonna be some fireworks 'round heah in the near future."

"Howcum? you long-eared coyote," growled "Sip." "What's eatin' you now?"

"Wal," soothed Larry, "being only a ordinary cow-buster with jes' ordinary brains, I cain't expec' to argufy with a man of yore powuhful intellect. But jes' now I got a squint at that thare Greaser, and from the way he's got his weather-eye peeled, it's more'n likely he's gonna drill somebody, if that somebody will only poke his haid in that theah door."

"Yeh?" queried Sip interested somewhat. "Wheah is the Mex at?"

"Over by the side door," indicated Morgan. "Y' know, Sip, Juarez ain't the kind of a guy that'd hang around heah if they wasn't something up, 'cause he knows as well as we do that he's as welcome as a sheriff in a rustlers' camp. Did ya get hepp to the fac' that he's toting two guns low-down? Why ain't he drinkin'? And look at the way he's settin' up against that door."

"No, and nobody but an ornery, old joy-killer like you would stop to figger out those things this glorious evenin'. Where d'ya think y'are? In church?" And Sip disgustedly turned to the barkeep. "Fill 'em up again, Bill. This pardner of mine is goin' phooey, I reckon."

Even as Semon spoke, Larry noticed Juarez stiffen, his eyes riveted on the door, his right hand creeping slowly to his hip, and, following his gaze, he saw, framed in the doorway, a lean, rangy cowbody whom he recognized as Cal Dayss, foreman of the Double-Diamond ranch. In an instant Morgan noted the tense look in the eyes of young Dayss, and then as the newcomer stared around the room, the deafening crash of a gun sounded once, twice, above the din. With a little, choking gurgle, Dayss swayed and clutched the door for support. Pink foam reddened the corners of his lips and spattered in tiny drops upon his shirt. He gasped for breath with a spasmodic heave of his shoulders, and as a half-silly, half-surprised look overspread his features, he started to turn, but the next instant he crashed forward heavily upon his face.

* * *

East of the Neuces River, the trail to Barren Range, after leaving

the mesquite and chapparel groves by the river's banks, lead through a semi-desert country. About two miles from the river the vegetation petered out as the nourishing stream became more and more remote, and for the better part of the trail, a measley growth of barrel-cactus was the only sign of plant life. At the foot of the range a hardy species of prairie grass, sere and parched, eked out a wretched existence, and for the most part, excepting a few junipers, which shot from the crevices in the cliffs, no vegetation graced the rocky face of the range.

The trail circled the base of Fire Peak, crossed a rock-strewn gully known as Eagle Nest Pass, and wound upward spirally until it reached a point midway on the mountain, where further advance could be made only on foot, and that with great difficulty and danger. About twenty feet up, jutting out over the path at almost right angles to the face of the cliff was the shattered bole of a stout juniper. The trail at this point fringed a precipice, from the edge of which there was a sheer drop of two hundred feet. This point of vantage afforded an unobstructed view of the sun-scorched trail as it searched its way from the gleaming Neuces to the base of the cliff.

When Pepe Juarez reached this stop after a night and a day of hard riding, he scanned the wind-swept back-trail for any sign of possible pursuit. The punishing pace he had maintained had taken its toll of both man and beast, for the animal lay writhing in a death agony among the boulders of Eagle Nest Pass, and the dust-caked, sweaty rider was barely able to complete the last few yards of the winding path before dropping to the ground, utterly spent.

He had removed only his gun-belt and lariat from the worn-out steed when forced to abandon it in the pass; and in spite of his exhausted condition, it was only after a careful survey of the trail had satisfied him that there was no immediate danger of the pursuit, which he knew would be organized, that he stretched himself out on the path, panting and weak. Weariness conquered fear and he relaxed with fitful slumber.

* * *

With the coming of night, a posse lead by Sheriff Ben Warpeth, having crossed the Neuces, made camp in a sheltering grove of chapparel. Cool, refreshing breezes from the river tempered the dry, heat-laden gusts from the desert and soothed the tired riders. Some, smoking contentedly, were rolled in their blankets, their heads propped on their elbows. The

rest were sitting facing the blaze, immobile and still. Warpeth broke the silence.

"Boys, I reckon it's time to state a few things that ain't gen'rally known," he began. "Tomorrow we're goin' across this heah dry country, and it's a ten-to-one bet that before we get two miles out of this chapparel grove, Pepe Juarez is gonna spot us. Somebody is likely to get bored, and since every man heah is offerin' himself for the job, I reckon you ought to know what this heah Mexican has done. Les' go back aways.

"Two days after the last herd of cattle was run off the Double-Diamond, Ray Dayss, as good a boy as ever threw a rope, dropped out o' sight. Now, they ain't no law preventin' a man from taking a trip when he pleases around heah, but when a feller goes away all of a sudden-like, and don't come back quick, it's time to look him up. So when they found young Dayss in Eagle Nest Pass, shot full of holes, it started a lot of thinkin' around these parts. Naturally, I heerd what folks was sayin' about Juarez being mixed up in the doings, but they wasn't nobody ready to come and swear about it, so I couldn't go ahead and grab a feller on what I couldn't prove, just because a lot of people would liked to a' seen him strung up. I figgered about the thing till I was 'bout ready to give it up, when I got a little visit one night from the only man who had figured out why Ray went off and was found dead, and that man was Cal Dayss!"

At the mention of the dead foreman's name, some stirred in their blankets and general uneasy shifting ran through the group.

"Cal Dayss," continued the sheriff, "came to my office one night about a week ago and told me a few things which made some things clearer to me, but at the same time I learned a few things that made me feel sorry for Cal.

"With the increasin' loss of cattle to raiders Cal's job as foreman was quickly slippin' away from him 'cause people don't want a foreman who can't hold his cattle. Cal knew it, and though he never said nothin' 'bout it to anybody, he was mighty worried jes' the same. So when his brother Ray disappeared from the ranch, Cal knew that Ray had guessed what was on his mind and had set out to trail the stolen herd. How he got to Eagle Nest Pass, Cal didn't know, he said, but he was startin' out for the pass that night, and he was gonna find out who

did for his brother, before he stopped. I never saw him after that until I saw him in the Four-Foot Saloon—dead.

"But if he hadn't died that night somebody else would a died, and that somebody was nobody but Pepe Juarez, the man that killed Ray Dayss out theah in the Pass. The puncher who was trailin' along with Cal tol' me all about the trip. When Cal got to the pass he looked around the place where the body had been found and he picked up a silver bridle-clip bearin' the letters 'P. J.' That day Cal started back, and when he got in the followin' evenin' the celebration was on. He hitched his mount outside the 'Four-Foot' and looked 'round for the big bay Jaurez always rides. He found him near the side-door, and the silver bridle-clip on the right was theah all right, but they wasn't any on the left. You know the rest, and it was just somethin' like that I was scared of when Cal talked to me that night. He didn't tell me just what he was gonna do, but I knew his other threats, and the quiet way he talked wasn't like the Cal I always knew. I don't know how Juarez figgered out what Cal was goin' to do, but he sure was ready for him."

When Ben had finished speaking, a long silence ensued, broken only by the occasional crackle of the fire and the gentle rustle of the chapparels.

"How ya figgerin' to approach him, Ben?" asked Larry Morgan, suddenly. A moment of quiet, then the sheriff answered:

"Can't say, exactly, Larry; I reckon we'll have to go straight ahead until somethin' breaks. It strikes me more'n likely that Juarez has got supplies cached up there somewhere, 'cause he didn't pack nothin' when he left last night, and he knows we're gonna bottle him in, once he gets in there."

"Has he been buying in Rina lately?"

"No, but that don't prove nothin', cause he was in Ringtown two days last week. Anyway, canned stuff could've been put up there a long while ago and still be good."

"Think Juarez's in on the cattle rustlin'?" asked another.

"More'n likely. Pape ain't above doin' that, and it looks like Ray Dayss trailed him to the Pass and the Mex put him out of the way when he got there."

The sheriff knocked the ashes from his pipe with the remark, "I'm gonna turn in and y'better foller suit. We're startin' at sunup."

* * *

The burning rays of a desert sun beating upon his face wakened Pepe Juarez from his troubled, dream-ridden sleep. Scrambling to his feet, he hastily scanned the back-route. Far to the west, on the path about a quarter of the way from the silver Neuces he made out a cloud of dust, slowing approaching, and gradually, as his eyes became accustomed to the glare of the sun, darker spots showed out in the gray. With feverish haste he coiled his lariat, hurriedly gauging the distance to the jutting stump above, and, setting himself for the throw, he whirled it upward. His eyes seemed drawn to the gray column on the plain below, and four times he cast his snaking coil, and four times it returned. On the fifth attempt it settled loosely over the stub. With a quick jerk he snapped it taut. Hand over hand he drew himself up and then, panting nervously, he raised himself to a half-standing, half-sitting posture, to watch the approach of his pursuers. The bulging slope of the mountain slightly obscured his view, and, as he raised himself to peer around the obstructing wall, his protruding spur struck the tree, unbalancing him. With a frightened, hardly articulate cry he slipped headlong from the tree down the side of the rock. The rope he clutched in his hand was his only hope of salvation, but as he circled downward, its loose, slackening folds wound about him and halted his drop with a jerk that pinned his arms to his body. He felt a tightening coil on his throat, a smothered, choking sensation and then—oblivion!

* * *

With the coming of twilight, eight trail-tired horsemen wound their way through the shifting, restless sands on the trail from Barren Range to the Neuces River. And on the rocky slope of Fire Peak, slueing this way and that to the motion of the fitful wind hung the blackened, lifeless body of Pepe Juarez.

Dennis J. McCarthy, Jr., '23

Cardinal Gibbons

THE golden sheaf is garnered,
The laborer hath ceased,
And home is gone rejoicing,
To enjoy the sacred Feast.
O blessed Prince and Shepherd!
So like the Eternal Priest,
How great is thy rewarding
For thee a double feast:
Behold the Banquet holy!
'Tis the birthday of thy King
In His Eucharistic Dwelling:
Lo! thou hearest the Angels sing.

O helper of the needy!
And lover of the poor,
For long our faithful Captain
Who didst the storms endure;
Though in deepest sorrow grieving
For thy protective hand,
Yet in hope are we rejoicing
Thou art with the Sainted band.
John P. Walsh, '24

Spring Fever

HAVE you noticed how the fellows slowly stroll from class to class?
Have you noticed how the marks have dropped,—even “sharks” just barely pass?
Have you noticed how the classes simply seem to drag along?
Have you noticed how most everything just happens to go wrong?
Well, it's Spring.

Have you noticed how the lectures all seem stupid, dry, and dull?
Have you noticed the professor yawn and, weary, scratch his skull?
Have you noticed all the students slumbering soundly in their seats?
Have you noticed that the class is smaller every day it meets?
Well, it's Spring.

Francis J. Dwyer, '24

THE LAND OF PLUCK



AR over the sea is a famous little lowland country known as Pluck."

does not describe it half so well as this, "The Little Land of Holland; but that name, even if it should mean hollow land,

A queerer bit of earth was never illumined by the sun nor washed by the tide. It is the oddest, funniest country that ever raised its head above the waves (and, between ourselves, it does not quite do that); and its landscape is the most topsy-turvy in the universe. Its people are the quaintest and drollest of all the nations, and yet so plucky, so wise and resolute that "beating the Dutch" has become a familiar byword.

What wonder the Dutch have always been wise, plucky, and strong? They have had to struggle for a foothold upon the very land of their birth. They have had to push back the ocean to prevent it from rolling in upon them. They have had to wall in the rivers and lakes to keep them within bounds. They have been forced to decide which should be land and which should be water,—forever digging, building, embanking and pumping for dear existence.

Psychologists tell us that most words arouse some mental picture, some recollection in the mind's eye. For most of us, the word "Holland" immediately suggests windmills and dikes. You scarcely can stand anywhere in Holland without seeing from one to twenty windmills; you cannot travel ten minutes without crossing some of its dikes. These cryptically beckoning windmills are especially fascinating to strangers. They are built in the form of a two-story tower, the second story being smaller than the first, with a balcony at its base. From this balcony the second tower tapers upward until the cap-like top is reached. These towers are generally of a dark red color. High up, near the roof, the great axis juts from the structure, and to this are fastened two prodigious arms, formed somewhat like ladders and bearing great sheets of canvas, whose office it is to catch the mischief-maker and set him to work. The cap-like top which bears the axis can be turned in any direction, so that the sails may always be kept in the face of the wind. Sometimes these mills stand clustered together, sometimes alone, like silent sentinels; sometimes in long rows, like ranks of soldiers. You see them rising everywhere,

by the rivers; along the canals; on the dikes; in the cities. Holland would not be Holland without its windmills anymore than it would be Holland without its dikes and its Dutchmen.

The Holland dikes are among the wonders of the world. I cannot say how many miles they stretch along the coast and throughout the interior, but you may be sure that wherever a dike is necessary to keep back the encroaching waters, there it is. If it were not, Holland would have been swallowed, long ago, by the rapacious seas about it.

If you go to Holland in summer and look at the people, you will wonder when all the work was done, and who did it. Yet there are the dikes, the canals, the magnificent cities, the colleges, the galleries, the churches. There are the public parks, the immense factories, the railways and the telegraph lines. Surely these Hollanders must work in their sleep? But, though the men outside of Amsterdam and the larger cities may screen themselves with a mask of dullness, it is not so with the women. If there were such a thing as a Dutch Barnum he could make his fortune exhibiting a lazy Dutchwoman—if he could find one!

Dutch pluck has sailed all over the world. It has put its stamp upon commerce, science, and manufactures. Whence did the ship sail that brought the Fathers of New England safely across the sea? And, for months before, what country had sheltered them from the persecution that threatened them in their native land? Ask yourselves, whether to shelter the oppressed, and to offer an asylum to innocent but hunted fugitives is not a noble work for pluck to do.

Hendrik Hudson, who explored the Bay now named in his honor, was an adopted Dutchman. It was this fearless navigator and his plucky Dutch crew who gave the name Helle Gat, or Beautiful Pass, to the dangerous waterway between Long Island and Manhattan.

For a thousand years the Dutch have fought the sea, and for eighty years they have fought the greatest military powers of Europe, and always held their own.

Holland will always have its grim dikes and leaning seas, but it will not succumb. It may be the little land of oddity, but it is likewise the great little nation of thrift, patriotism,—and pluck!

John J. Bentley, '24

Music's Soul

IN the panorama beautiful
Of nature's mystic scenes,
In her mountains and her valleys,
In her fountains and her streams;
In the woodlands and the meadows,
In the rivers and the lakes,
Where the happy sunbeam smiling
The drooping floweret wakes:
There we see the soul of Music
Sweetly scenting as the vine,
In that mirror so reflecting
A harmony divine.

In the youthfulness of springtime,
The Summer's blushing rose,
In the purple tinted Autumn,
And the winter's glistening snows:
There we feel the soul of music,
In a sweet caressing chime,
And its heart in love pulsating
To a harmony sublime.

John P. Walsh, '24

" SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER "

THERE'S no top to the ladder of human achievement. There is always another rung to mount. But starting in at the bottom has an advantage. You never look down. You know what's there. Some are deposited on higher rungs, and when they look down the height dazes them. They either fall or cling to their original rung. Boyle was the brother of the Earl of Cork. In spite of this handicap he climbed. No one ever speaks of him as a brother of an Earl. They say, "Boyle was the Father of Chemistry." He never looked back.

Are you satisfied with your rung? If you are, move aside and let the climbers by. If you are not satisfied, don't look down, that isn't the way you want to go.

* * *

"*Ille ne passeront pas*," was meant for the Germans, not for us. Spring is here, and the finals are coming. Remember a runner doesn't slow down on the last lap. He finishes with a bang. Training counts. You must prepare for a race. And you can't slip under obstructions. You trained to get this far. Keep in training.

* * *

Consensus of opinion concerning Freshmen Caps. De Valera, "British." Lloyd George, "Distinctly Irish." Obregon, "Typically American." "Pussyfoot" Johnson, "Conducive of Profanity." Constantine, "Not a crowning glory." Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, "Indecent." Dr. Wright, "Unhealthy." President Harding, "Sufficient Grounds for another Amendment." Freshmen, "....."
(If this is your personal copy, write on dotted line.)

* * *

Were you born with a silver spoon in your mouth? Swallow it, even if it's a tablespoon. It is a handicap. If you succeed, "It is posi-

tion." If you fail, "I told you so." Never depend on cutlery. Many spoons are only plated.

* * *

Extremes in weather are unhealthy. It is not as cold in winter as it is in Russia. Russia is always cold. But not so much lately. Extremes in politics are not conducive of a healthy Constitution. Bolshevism is one extreme, indifferentism another. In the final analysis there is only one distinction between the two. The Bolshevik wants to make the world safe for something. Just what, hasn't been determined. The indifferentist doesn't care as long as it is safe.

* * *

Ex-president Wilson had many political enemies, an index of his success, but he had very few personal enemies. Have you a burden of enemies?. Probably you are sensitive.. Others are also. Find out your neighbor's sore spots and keep off. Charity makes friends out of the most unpromising material.

* * *

Have you any spare time? You have been in the public eye? Perhaps you have been wiped out. The latest comeback is to found a new religion. The very latest is sponsor for a material aftermath. According to Mr. Markham. "We shall have sex, loving and hating, and even marriage after death." The Blue Laws take the Joy out of Life. Mr. Markham, please don't try to take the Joy out of Dying.

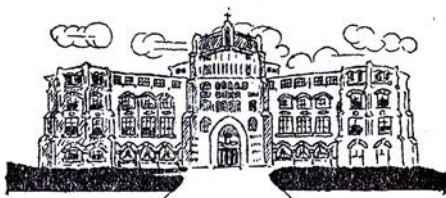
* * *

Today you are in college. Have you considered your future? Hitch your wagon to a star. But first look over the firmament. There are shooting stars and nebulae. Aim high at least. After all you alone are the judge of your own success. Don't condemn yourself. Vocation is spelled with one "a."

* * *

Recently Cardinal Gibbons passed away. He was an old man in years. Intellectually great, yet always ready to learn. A lesson in humility to puny minds. He loved youth because he was young. To him youth was the future. We are the future.

Paul J. Redmond, '24



EDITOR'S PAGE

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No. 5

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LOOKING AHEAD

Students of the life of the late James Cardinal Gibbons must realize that his life and that of the great Lacordaire had, in common, an important factor in the development of citizenship—a truly great interest in young men—the nucleus of future government.

The trials and tribulations that not unfrequently entwine themselves across the path of youth, Lacordaire understood, and in the greatness of his career he found almost unlimited consolation in giving advice to those who found the problem beyond their ability to solve. The student of

his life will discover the accomplishments of a life time, the understandings, conclusions, and advice of many years' experience compressed into a few pages for the benefit of those in need of guidance. Not unlike him in this interest was the deeply mourned American prelate. It was just twenty-four days before his death that he was quoted in a national magazine as saying: "Young Men, Expect Great Things " And he went on to say: "I like young men. That's part of the secret of warding off old age. When a man begins to look back, he is old. I never look back. Lot's wife looked back, you remember, and was destroyed."

"Never look back!" The wisdom expressed in that one sentence is almost as great as was his interest in those to whom it was addressed. Make up your mind where you are going, pack carefully your outfit, Then start. Take a short cut. Change your plans to conform to the best interest of the career or with the ever-changing customs of the age, but never turn back!

The days are but few when another
"QUO VADIS?" year of Providence College life will become history. Some may rejoice at this and their joy may be laudable. They are the ones who have derived a benefit from the courses and who have not found college a resting place between high school and work, rather a short-cut to the much-discussed goal called success.

For those who are to remain in the world of commercial activity, success means independence. One of the traditional assumptions of American industrial and commercial life is that the great majority may rise from the lower social and industrial levels and in a certain degree become directors of industry. Many believe that those who work and save need not remain wage-earners all their lives. While this is true, nevertheless those familiar with existing conditions must admit that its application, particularly today, is limited, and that America as the land of "opportunities," is the land of opportunities only when one is equipped for the opportunity in question. The average business is so costly to operate and the essentials are so numerous and great that only an insignificant fraction of the workers ever reach the goal. The general situation, therefore, is that the vast majority of men who begin life as employees must resign themselves to dependence upon someone else until the end of their working days. This of course gives us the user and the owner of industrial tools, and while some may claim the division auto-

cratic and in some instances undesirable, yet its existence is so universal that it is tolerated and not regarded as abnormal.

Now consider the individuals who have conscientiously applied themselves during the scholastic year and derived a benefit from the courses offered. It seems almost unnecessary to say that while the average wage-earner is attempting to become an employer the average diligent college student is obtaining a more versatile and general knowledge which may be applied in hundreds of instances with results far ahead of the average laborer. He must remember, however, that the one is theory and the other practice, and that in the same period, let us say four years, the laborer has been working with all his might with the same goal in view—that of independence. The process of advancement is necessarily gradual, but it is real. The college man who deliberately idles away his time cannot expect to compete even with the average worker in the race for supremacy. The college man, however, who is loyal to his own convictions need not fear competition. He is equipped to defend himself in commerce and to advance at any pace he may set.

With but two months remaining before things now future will have become things past, is it not advisable that we concentrate on this thought and attempt to fill any gaps that may exist in the work of the year so rapidly nearing an end?

Joseph A. Fogarty, '23



Does It Pay?

LIFE'S a battle fiercely raging,
Our best energies engaging,
Sapping the blood from our hearts away,
And oft we wonder: Does it pay?

Yesterday naught, today we are;
Tomorrow we may cross life's bar;
Uncertain living our little day.
Again we wonder: Does it pay?

The richest men seem great in life,
Yet they're forgotten in the strife
Before their bones have returned to clay,
And still we wonder: Does it pay?

Shadows fall and we go to rest;
Forget our toils, poor at their best.
But dreams still startle, dreams of the fray,
The more we wonder: Does it pay?

Had we strong faith, we'd surely see
We battle and strive for eternity.
The "Come ye blessed" shall crown life's fray,
Dispelled is our wonder—it *does pay!*

H. Beem, '24

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The Students' Retreat, held this year March 21, *Father Foley* 22, 23, was conducted by the Very Rev. M. J. Foley, O. P., P. G., of Newark, N. J. The tenor of Father Foley's message was "kindness." He dwelt upon the importance of this quality in our daily life, and upon the happiness and blessings which it brings both to the "good Samaritan," and to the recipient of his good offices.

Father Foley's sincere, heart-to-heart style won the attention of his hearers and held it unabated throughout the whole retreat. The quiet and thoughtful demeanor with which the students followed his every word was an impressive tribute to the true eloquence of this splendid retreat master. It reflected what was occurring in each heart—his words were really "going home."

The student body wishes to convey to Father Foley its warm appreciation and sincere thanks.

* * *

Providence College Alembic congratulates one of *Francis J.* its staff, Francis J. Dwyer, '24, on the fact that his short story "*The Vagabond*," which appeared in the *Dwyer* February issue, was judge one of the three best stories submitted by the *Boston College Stylus* to three literary men of Massachusetts, in an effort to get an unbiased criticism on short stories appearing in college magazines. *The Stylus* has on its exchange list about fifty magazines from colleges all over the country. These were submitted to the judges primarily with the hope that the constructive criticism of experts might help collegians along the highway of the short story writer. The findings of the judges are worthy of the ambitious student's earnest study. We wish it were possible to reprint the *Stylus* article. Since space will not permit this—the March issue containing the article is on file in the *Alembic* office—read it!

But to come back to our beginning: We are all proud of "Franie's" success—and we expect many more!

The Easter vacation for the College began March
Vacation 24 and terminated March 29. Half-hour sessions were
held Wednesday, March 30, and regular schedule was
resumed Thursday.

* * *

Initial steps have been taken in the formation of
St. Thomas a Saint Thomas Sodality of Providence College.
Sodality Harold Boyd, one of the prime movers in the under-
taking, was highly gratified by the immediate and
enthusiastic response which the tentative proposals have excited.

The charter membership application roll already bears the signa-
tures of most of the student body. From all indications, this Sodality
promises to be one of the largest and most active organizations of the
college life.

* * *

The Sophomore Class has been engaged, during the last
Sophs month, in considering and acting upon several class affairs of
especial moment. The ring and pin committee has submitted
the numerous samples which it secured from the various manufacturing
jewelers in and about Providence. The final decision regarding the
ring and pin to be chosen will probably be reached at the next meeting
of the class.

Several amendments to the class constitution have had their first
official reading and are pending.

Committees have been appointed to formulate preliminary plans for
a class banquet and a class outing.

Class Treasurer Turbitt reports quite favorable results in the drive
for class dues. The class is now in a very stable condition financially.

* * *

The regular session day for the Student Council Court
Court has been officially changed from Wednesday to Tuesday.
The court has, up to this time, held five regular and two
special sessions.

ATHLETICS

Athletic Night On Sunday night, March 20, a large athletic mass meeting and smoker was held in Gymnasium Hall. Judging from the spirit and pep shown, the purpose of the meeting, which was to boom athletics and to stimulate an interest in them, was realized beyond expectations. Long before the entertainment began the hall was crowded, and from the moment that Frank McCabe, as chairman, welcomed the visiting speakers until the last moment, the crowd was keyed up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

John McKenna opened the evening with several classical selections on the piano, which were warmly received. George Conboy, the dancing impresario, gave several exhibitions of clog dancing.

The crowd then settled back to receive the message which Frank Morissey, player-coach of the 1918 B. C. football team, and for four years star guard on that team, had come to give them. In a wonderful speech, during which he was forced repeatedly to wait until the applause subsided, he emphasized the necessity of a clean life, faithful training, and, most important, obedience to the coach if an athlete is to be successful.

Following him, Coach Duff in a short but earnest speech set forth his plans for the coming season, and, at the close of his talk, the deafening applause showed that the student body is behind the team heart and soul.

When the chairman introduced Luke Urban, bedlam arose, and it was fully five minutes before Urban, the hero of many a grilling battle on the athletic field and the captain of the undefeated B. C. eleven, champions of the Eastern division, could speak. From the way he handled his topic one could easily see why he is such a marvel in any branch of sports. Briefly he told the audience of the necessity of setting

a good example, explaining the attitude and the expectation of the people of Providence toward the members of this college. In a stirring plea he called upon every man to get behind his school teams, both financially and morally.

During the intermission, piano solos were rendered by J. B. McKenna and A. J. Callahan. The next and last speaker of the evening was Morgan Thomas Ryan, president of the Boston College Athletic Association. Versed in the workings of the Athletic Association, he explained its mode of operation and the duties of an athletic council. He bitterly denounced the slacker who considers his college activities ended at the dismissal of classes. In a short phrase he expressed the winning spirit of Boston College: "We're not world beaters, but there is something about us that you can't beat."

At the request of the chairman, Mr. Ryan, who is also President of the Dramatic Society at University Heights, rendered several of Tom Daly's poems, and Joyce Kilmer's "The Empty House," closing his entertainment with an impersonation of a bored English nobleman in a Boston hotel.

Matthew Carolan, one of our most enthusiastic Providence College athletic boosters, followed with a short but energetic appeal to P. C. men to get behind the teams and to apply the sterling principles outlined by the visiting speakers.

The last numbers of the program were recitations by Peter O'Brien and Tom Grimes.

To the men who so willingly devoted their time to entertain, we owe a debt of gratitude, and especially to the Boston College men, whom we intend to repay by beating Boston College both games.

* * *

Already the team is rapidly rounding into form.

Team Talk In addition to the men who were on the team last year, many new men are showing great form, notably Curran, Burke, DeLucca and several others.

Coach Duff has injected plenty of pep into the major nine. In a tryout game with the second team they had no difficulty in dumping the whitewash all over the junior aggregation, and if one can judge or predict from what has occurred during the past week, the machine should be hitting on all nine for the game with Dean Academy April 21.

"Jean" McCaffrey seems to have more force than ever. Dore has lined up right behind him and things look bright around the mound. Most of the team in batting practice wielded a wicked willow, and it would not be unexpected if a few surprises unfolded themselves both at the La Salle contest and the Dean battle.

The lineup of the team is as follows:

V. Dore, c.	S. Kelley, ss.
C. Curran, c.	L. Dunphy, 3b.
J. McCaffrey, p.	D. Burke, lf.
J. Dolan, 1b.	J. Tully, cf.
M. Carolan, 1b.	A. D'Angelo, cf.
D. Langello, 2b.	C. Casey, rf.





There came a Knight



PCNC

ALTHOUGH the activities of the Providence College Knights or Columbus Club have been somewhat curtailed, nevertheless the members are now busily engaged in forming plans for an entertainment to be given within the next three weeks. The exact programme has not been decided upon, but it is expected to offer members of the organization, the glee club, and the dramatic society opportunities to participate either in the principal production or in the supplementary part of the programme.

* * *

Considerable interest has been manifested in the plans outlined for a mock trial to be held in the near future. It is believed that there is sufficient talent available to permit the affair to take place within the brief time allotted, and from now on members of the club are expected to devote most of their spare time to the perfection of the plan. Several suggestions have been made that, if incorporated as proposed, will certainly make the event one of unusual interest, and it is quite probable that it will be necessary to repeat it.

* * *

Sunday, April 3, was Communion Sunday for all members of the Order throughout Rhode Island. Members of the club at the college, attended mass and received communion at St. Pius Chapel. In reference to the observance of the day we quote the following from a local council circular:

The real test of a true Knight of Columbus is his practical Catholicity. He does not rest content and feel his duty to his Order and Church is done when he gives his financial and moral support to any big movement started by the Order to promote the interests of his country and his Church. In this

he is only one of that solid phalanx of Knights of Columbus marching to uphold his land and his Faith. In this he is one among many. But as an individual, in his own life, he owes something to his Order and his Church. In his filial devotion to Holy Mother, the Church, he is ever willing to accede to her requests. He does not wait for commands.

* * *

At the last regular meeting Paul Redmond, '24, was elected chairman of the committee preparing for the initiation ceremonies to take place soon.

* * *

During the early part of the month members of the club were actively engaged in the work of canvassing for the Irish Drive. The cause received the support of every member, and at the last session it was voted that the organization make a contribution to the fund.

* * *

Previous to beginning the Irish Relief Drive canvass, considerable work was undertaken by members of the club to make the "Catholic Press Month" drive a success locally. Solicitors for subscriptions to *The Providence Visitor* were obtained throughout the diocese by members of the organization, and while there was no organized effort, nevertheless the accomplishment was gratifying.



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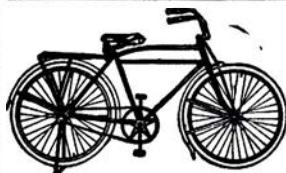
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