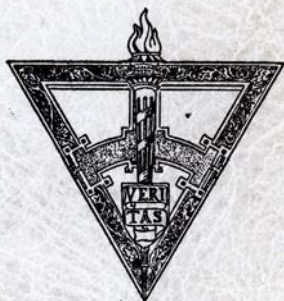


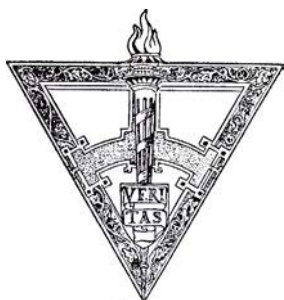
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. I

JUNE 1921

No. 7



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Providence College Alembic

VOL. I

JUNE, 1921

No. 7

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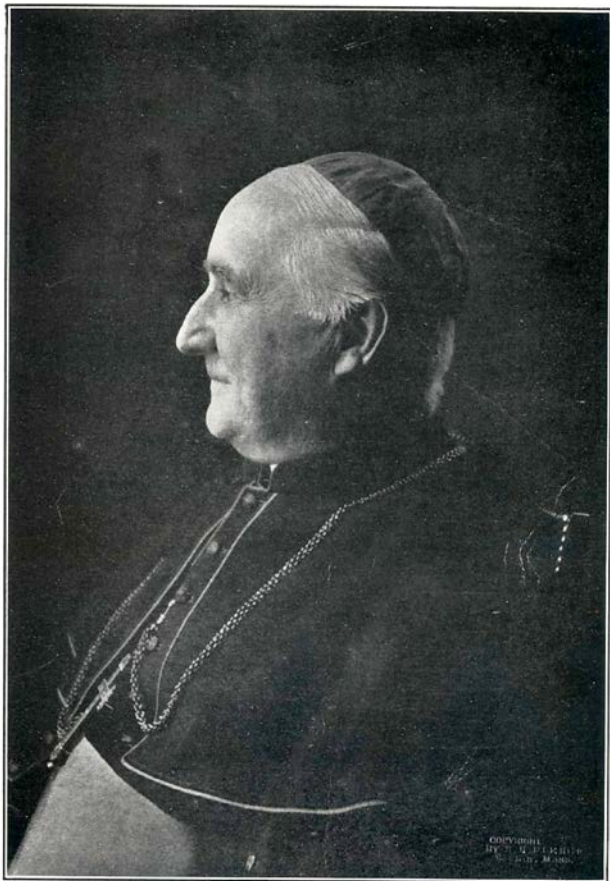
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Bishop Markins

HE is dead. Our father and our friend,
The height of whose ambition was to serve,
To serve his scattered flock and thus his God;—
Is dead. And doth he not our prayers deserve?
He whose blooming dream is our abode,
He whose heated brow and anxious mind
Sought thru patient toils and burdened years,
A shelter for his straying lambs to find?

Ah! 'twere indeed a base and faithless deed,
Would we e'er quite forget such noble friend;
But even should this common blight bedim
Our mindful hearts, yet a prayer would wend
Its arrow course unto the Heavenly Court,
A living prayer and that thy very own,
Whose glittering cross extends its pleading arms
A sacrifice for thee to Heaven's Throne.

John P. Walsh, '24




RT. REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, D. D.



RT. REV. WILLIAM A. HICKEY, D. D.

BISHOP HICKEY

HE Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D. D., succeeds, de jure, the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., as Bishop of Providence. Although Bishop Hickey did not become the Ordinary until the death of his predecessor, yet he has virtually been the head of the diocese since his consecration as Coadjutor. Two years ago, when Bishop Harkins, realizing in his wisdom that his strength had been exhausted by the stupendous work that had been his, petitioned the Holy See to take from his shoulders the burden and responsibility of this important diocese, Our Holy Father placed the care of this flock in the capable hands of Bishop Hickey as Coadjutor and Administrator. Thus while he became Ordinary but a few weeks ago, Bishop Hickey has for two years been the practical head of the diocese and has accomplished a surprisingly large number of important works.

In regard to the college his greatest work was his leadership and personal direction of the Providence College Drive. Due to his inspiring enthusiasm and personal magnetism, the people of the diocese rallied to his call and made the drive a great success. The drive was virtually the first of its kind in the country. It was modestly begun and modestly carried on, but ended in phenomenal success, being oversubscribed by \$75,000. Through it the financial security of the college was assured and additional necessary scientific equipment supplied.

In July 1919, Bishop Hickey founded the first scholarship at Providence College. It is awarded in competitive examination open to graduates of the classical departments of all academies and high schools in the state of Rhode Island. Bishop Hickey has also donated a number of valuable volumes to the college library.

He has been planning to fulfill the dearest hope of the students by providing the college with a splendid athletic field. The preliminary negotiations have been completed, and every student expectantly looks forward to that day in the near future, when the college will be the proud possessor of an Athletic Field which will be a tribute to the continued interest of the Bishop in the welfare of the student body.

Bishop Hickey has always displayed true apostolic zeal in behalf

of Catholic education. His able fight against the Smith-Towner Bill marshalled the forces of Rhode Island against that bigoted measure.

His special interest in Providence College has been manifested from the day of its formal opening, on which occasion he delivered a brilliant address, down to the present moment, and so it is that the students of Providence College, so deeply indebted to Bishop Hickey, wish for him a long and happy span of years as the new shepherd of the diocese, and hope in the future to express their appreciation in deeds.

Joseph P. O'Gara, '23

The Message of the Rose



HE blood-red rose, on its thorny bush
Doth a message entrancing impart;
It sings a paean of love divine
Sent from the Sacred Heart.

Its fragrance-filled petals in perfect form
Are proclaiming God's wondrous art,
While they murmur to sinner and saint, the chant
Of the love of the Sacred Heart.

The dew on its petals in early morn
Tho forced by the sun to depart—
Whispers and sparkles the endless love
That pours from the Sacred heart.

When the rose leaves its message with us in June
O! Christ-love my soul endart!
For thy beauty, thy sweetness, thy fragrance sublime
Tell me—Love is the Sacred Heart!

Charles Gibbons, '24

CLASSICAL STUDIES

EDUCATIONAL quackery, especially in the present generation, seems certain to surpass the professional empiricism of the past. The advocates of new methods of study, of eclecticism, of early specializing, of so-called practical courses, of short cuts and attractive studies, are rapidly progressing. Students are following the lines of least resistance and drifting along with the tide. Material success, in any form attainable, and by the easiest means, is the sole aim of many of our youth. In their opinion study of the culture of antiquity is time wasted, and productive of barren results.

As a consequence, the study of the classics is fast declining. Classical schools are experiencing that depressing sensation which comes to a physician whose patient, in her hurry to be cured, reminds him of all the remedies she has seen in the papers, "warranted to give immediate relief, or money refunded." Latin and Greek are considered dead and buried; yet no licensed undertaker, nor coroner, has filed notice of such death and burial. However, much propaganda predicting their early demise has been circulated to such an extent that the ordinary man, the man in the street, today entertains many gross misconceptions in regard to the classics.

Under these baneful influences, then, the youth is naturally averse to a study of Latin and Greek. He is led to the false conclusion that the modern educational hurry and fads are proper and suitable substitutes. Often, too, he is rather immature and enters the secondary school or college, as the case may be, with a dread horror for the humanities and all that they imply. And what else can be expected? The young man, in all but a few instances, is blameless. He is unable to appreciate the value of "the rugged old brain-making processes," vindicated by the world's mightiest thinking. On the other hand, his elders consider a study of the classics nothing other than an attempt to fathom the seemingly petty and barbarous squabbles of the far distant past. In the end, the youth recognizes alas! then too late, the advantages of classical studies only when he experiences the void left by the lack of them; his intelligent friend learns the same advantages by submitting

to the prudent guidance of his Alma Mater, without asking the why and the wherefore.

Is there really any great objection to the study of Latin and Greek? We find the chief argument advanced by the disciples of the modern renaissance is thus formulated: the classics are all right for those who have an aptitude for them, but this boy's aptitude is for the sciences; so he must specialize in science, the sooner the better, and not waste time on the dead languages. An objection indeed, but somewhat erroneous! The answer is brief but conclusive. There was a famous high school principal who once had a mother state the above objection in regard to her son, laying particular stress of his aptitude. To this he replied: "My dear woman, I have studied your boy for some time, and the only aptitude I have been able to discover in him is one for shirking work." This sums up the experience of all great educators with those who have such youthful aptitudes. In the final analysis all difficulties with the classics can be traced to one cause, an incapacity for applying the mind.

The theory of aptitude, however, is an interesting one, and worthy of a passing glance. That a person has an aptitude for some subject is possible, and specializing in it may be a very good thing. The trouble, however, lies here: there is too much specialization at a wrong time. Specialization of any kind is harmful without a foundation. Without a knowledge of other things, a man specializing is narrow; he is trained in one line and cannot see beyond it. It may make him authoritative after a fashion, but its tendency is to provincialize or confine him to one subject. Specialization in itself is most commendable—if not begun too early. A study of the classics broadens and liberalizes one's education. It is the artistic prelude which well prepares the way for any phase of the drama of life. The cultivated business and professional men to today are those who first built splendid foundations of such materials as Latin and Greek, before they began their special courses. They laid their beginnings with the "brain-making" process of years past, and then set out to succeed.

The classical student, furthermore, has an incredible advantage over the man who specializes. The student of the classics has the opportunity of becoming a political economist, the social science man knows nothing of Homer. Again, the classical man can have a year or more of science, but the science graduate has never read a page of Plato. In fact, the classical student can interpret the scientific terms

at a glance, while his scientific friend will have to thumb the dictionary. Finally, the classical graduate can get more mathematics than he will ever use, yet the engineer will never understand the classical allusions in literature. In a word, as a sharpener of the intellect, especially in youth, there is no curriculum that can surpass the one in force for ages.

Yet, despite all such advantages, there are persons who still persist in abhorring Latin and Greek. They would much prefer their child to know how to "skin a cat than scan a page of Homer." They argue that Latin or Greek will be of no benefit to a boy, and ask what will the boy ever do with Latin, instead of inquiring what Latin (or Greek) will do for the boy. The discipline and strength of character derived from classical studies they fail to observe. They declare that the classics are dead, but are they in reality? All we need to do is take up our "bread and butter" ologies and notice that everyone of them is a Greek word, even to its pronunciation. Without Latin and Greek it is hardly possible to name a flower, classify a little pebble, analyse a dew-drop, or name the stars and the terms of philosophy. In a word, every new thought and every scientific advance is registered in Latin or Greek.

There are also other ways in which the classics benefit the student. The comparison of the structure of languages, and the translation of ideas from one into another is a mental exercise of unsurpassed value. Such work calls for the active use of the powers of analysis and combination. It likewise aids and encourages habits of patient and accurate thinking. It brings out the difference between words and things, between the dress of the thought and the thought itself. Again, the study of the classics trains men to think and to think quickly. It begets accurate and clear speech, and this goes hand in hand with accurate and clear thinking.

For these benefits alone we should insist on the study of Latin and Greek. They were the living tongues of the two greatest civilizations the world has ever seen and in them were expressed the thoughts and sentiments of some of the greatest statesmen and thinkers of all times. To be in touch with Thucydides and Herodotus, the fathers of history, and with Plato and Aristotle, two of the world's greatest philosophers, should prove an enticing stimulus to foster and encourage the study of the classics.

Their death knell has by no means been sounded. Modern scientific fads have temporarily lured the eager masses; it is simply the

spirit of our age to hail the newest, best. The reflux is inevitable. The world needs novelties, but not as badly as it does fundamentals. The very lack of the classics, as it becomes more pronounced, will prove the most potent reason for the prodigal world's return.

Justin P. McCarthy, '24

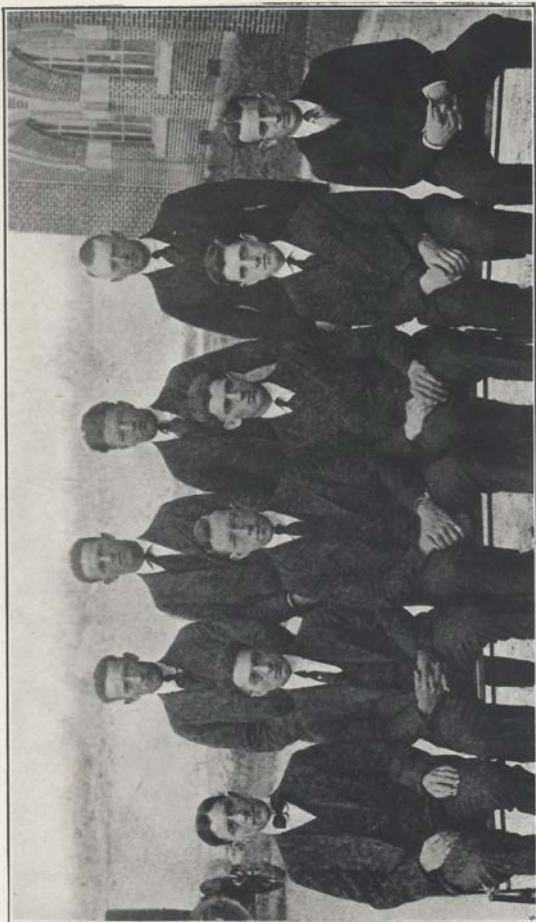
Youth's Spirit



H To go a-roving
'Cross the Sea to foreign lands.
Seeking for Adventure
Upon familiar strands!

Oh! To go a-roaming
Unrestrained from place to place.
Seeking for a meeting
With Adventure, face to face!

F. L. Dwyer, '24



THE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS

(Standing)—Leo R. Dunphy, James J. Flanagan, Joseph P. Kerns, Richard E. Murphy
(Sitting)—J. Edward McDermott, Rocco Abbate, James J. Furlong, Andrew J. Crawley, Henry J. Hanley and Edw. Maloney

THE PRE-MEDICAL CLASS



OME two years ago, when the portals of Providence College were thrown open to the Catholic youth of Rhode Island, ninety young men stood at it's threshold and applied for admission. Among them, were fourteen, who enrolled as candidates, for the Special Pre-Medical Course, which was instituted with the express purpose of preparing young men for entrance into the medical world.

At that time then, those young men undertook to equip and enrich themselves, with the basic principles essential for admittance into medical school, and therefore, the first step toward that great profession, which is second to none but the clergy.

The two-year course is now completed, and they are about to advance a step further on their journey. Though not the proud possessors of any of the degrees conferred upon college graduates, yet they will be looked upon as the pioneer pre-Medical Class of Providence College. They have established a precedent worthy of high commendation. They have won the esteem of the faculty as well as that of their fellow students. By their perseverance, they have overcome, the many difficulties and handicaps, which presented themselves. As they commenced, so did they finish, banded together as a unit.

Their ideals were of a noble nature, at all times, seeking ever to reach the pinnacle of true success, ever mindful of the Catholic principles laid down by Holy Mother Church, and expounded through the channel of their Alma Mater. With true success as their motto they bravely go forth, in order that they might realize, so great an incentive.

Hoping to overcome all obstacles, they promise to employ that great bulwark, teamwork, which has proved itself responsible for their past success, by lessening their labors, and burdens, by increasing their efficiency and in general by enlarging their usefulness. By this great factor also do they hope to achieve success, and prove themselves worthy sons of their Alma Mater.

A. Crawley

Just a Song

IN the darkness of Life, when things go wrong,
And you're tired and sick of just dragging along,
When there's nothing new in the life you live,
Nothing to get—nothing to give,
When your heart is heavy, your head feels wrong,
Then is the time to sing a song.

When foes have triumphed over you,
And friends, they have deserted you,
When you've only work and never play,
And life is dull and dark and gray,
When the impulse to leave it all is strong,
Then is the time to sing a song.

When you see the fellow who always shirked
Has accomplished as much as you who have worked,
And by some unknown magic Fate,
Has reached your longed-for Golden Gate,
When you start to believe that Life's too long—
Then is the time to sing a song.

There'll always be sin and meanness and wrong,
And everyone's life at times seems long,
There'll always be jealousy, envy, and hate,
But the sun will shine if you'll only wait.
No matter how dark, or how drear or how long,
All days can be brightened with—just a song.

Dennis J. McCarthy, Jr., '23

THE HEALER OF WOUNDS

BEHIND, their shadows lengthened, the first breeze of the evening cooled the burning cheeks of the Man and Woman. The Child lay still in the Woman's arms. Occasionally a gust of wind blew sand up before them, then She covered the face of the sleeping Child with Her cloak. The ass, which bore her seemed to move only for the precious burden which it carried.

The last rays of the dying sun caressed the Head of the Woman as she bent forward over the Child. Was it a prayer She murmured, or was it words of comfort. It seemed a prayer. The little hands clutched at Her cloak. She bent forward and kissed the forehead of the Child.

The Man walking a little before turned and said, "Only a little more, We must reach the spring which surely lies among yonder trees. The Woman smiled. She was world weary but oh! the joy of the burden she held close to Her breast.

Darkness fell quickly. The high palm trees could be seen but faintly against the lowering sky. Suddenly a light appeared among the trees. It grew larger and soon a group could be seen crouched about a blazing fire. Yet the Man and Woman must go on. They had no water. Here in the desert everyone was an enemy. Yet even thieves respect a Woman and a Child.

At last they reached the oasis; the group around the fire, cloaked and with heads covered, looked sinister indeed. Rising quickly they surrounded the little group when it came nearby the fire. A man inquired who they were, whence they came and where they were going. "I am Joseph of Nazareth. We come from Bethlehem and we would go to Thebes in the land of Egypt.

The man who had questioned them then said, "We are a roving band, but fear not. Take of the water. We are sore at heart, for yonder lies our chieftain, ill with fever from a wound. Know you or the Woman ought of wounds and their cure. Look you upon him."

The man lay upon a heap of cloaks. In his fever he had thrown aside the covering. The Woman gave the Child to Her companion. Then taking water she bathed the wound and covered it with leaves.

The fire flared. Then the Woman saw livid marks on the arms and feet of the man, made as if by thongs. The lips of the sick man parted slowly and as if remonstrating someone he said, "But this Man hath done no evil." The Woman shuddered and drew back. Why were these shadows everywhere. Could it not pass away. Was there no other alternative.

The morning sun found the robber chief, for such he was, well and strong. Cured as if by a miracle. Before the Woman and Her Companion started their weary journey anew the Chieftain kissed the little Babe.

Perhaps that is why many years afterwards the Robber was permitted to hear from those same lips he had kissed, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise." And on that same day to see the Healer of his wound. She who heals so many wounds. And on that day to suffer such a wound as only the waters of an Eternal Spring could heal.

Paul J. Redmond, '24

The Willow



AND didst thou bend thy supple arms?
Thy leaves white clothed with heavy dew?
Didst touch, to cool, His throbbing brow?
That heritage we envy you.

And dost thou now, e'er mindful of
Thy heritage, in reverence
Prostrate thine humble, verdant form,
Gethsemani, sin's recompense?

John Cheney, '24

The Idler and the Worker



HAT more could make for perfect bliss"
The Idler smiling said, "Than this,
To sit beneath a shady tree
Undisturbed and fancy-free,
Making pictures with the clouds
While a dream your mind enshrouds,
Of the wonders you could do
If you only wanted to."

"That may all be very fine"
The Worker said, "But not for mine,
You may sit beneath a tree
Happy and contentedly
Dreaming on throughout the day
Whiling all your time away.
But building castles in the air
Will not get you anywhere."

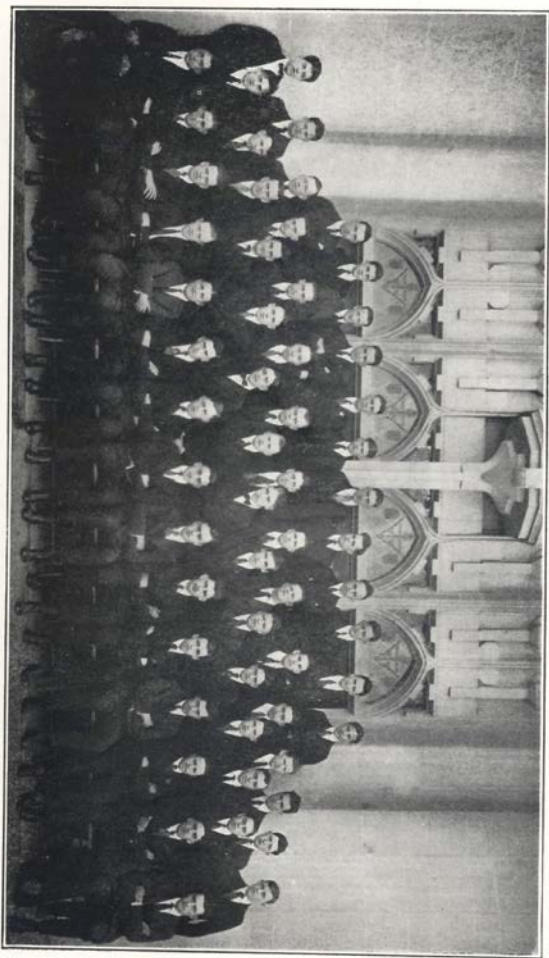
F. L. Dwyer, '24

SOPHOMORES

ANOTHER milestone on the hectic highway to knowledge have we passed. With what high hearts and incidentally high ideas of our own importance, did we assemble last September to continue our brilliant and interesting career as the tradition-makers of Providence College. And who will deny that in this endeavor, our extreme hopes have been realized to a degree of success exceeding every mark anticipated.

Entering upon our second collegiate year we found ourselves confronted by the task of preparing a fitting introduction for the first real Freshman class, subjectively speaking, of Providence College. Within the short space of two days this was accomplished with the result that we were satisfied with the initial showing of the men seeking the title of Freshman. The first day of October saw the Freshmen exit through the rear doors of the college wearing for the first time that insignia which will ever identify a first year man.

The formation of a Student Council was deemed advisable to deal directly with the freshmen during their probation period. From this Council there finally evolved a court which functioned only in a judicial manner while further legislative duties were left to the class. The success of this change was immediately evident and was probably the solution of the greatest perplexity that we had to meet. In this particular undertaking we gained our end, namely, of creating a spirit among both the classes and the individuals. The spirit thus aroused was manifest in various ways throughout the year. The cool crisp days of November brought forth two football teams, each confident of their supremacy over the other. The final analysis, however, was disastrous for the sophomores who were obviously inferior to their opponents in this branch of athletics. This was shortly eradicated by the victory of our debaters over the freshmen, which while close was sufficient to demonstrate the advantage of our two years training over their one. The early days of spring saw spirit of both classes united in the making of a ball-team. Here again we find that spirit so early inculcated, breaking forth in a contest on the diamond with the rays of



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

victory shedding their light upon the sophs while the cloud of defeat hung heavy over the freshmen. The first Friday in May marked the final exodus of friendly rivalry between the chosen classes of our infant institution when the freshmen were officially uncapped and released from their state of subjection to be welcomed as a class worthy to enjoy the privileges accorded their upper classmen. The fundamental object of our year's effort was accomplished, a union obtained, and a spirit fostered that will exist throughout our college days and be perpetuated by their memory. Handicapped by the lack of precedent to follow we emerged with unprecedented success.

We have labored, and we hope not in vain, to establish a record bright and unsullied that those who follow us may share our pride as students in an institution wherein that patristic and patriotic spirit that creates men, is nurtured.

Charles J. Ashworth, '23

To Unknown Poets



HERE'S a Toast to all the Poets

Who have lived and died unknown.

Who with love and patience laboured

Over gems that ne'er were shown.

Let us pause and give them honor,

Noble Martyrs to their Art.

Tho the World their works rejected

This be said. "They did their part."

F. L. Dwyer, '24

SHAKESPARE—MASTER OF THOUGHT

IN the fragile flower which gradually has bloomed forth from inconspicuous bud there is beauty. The rose, with its velvety petals, emitting a fragrance that is heavenly, holds in itself a splendor that is manifest. Its beauty is supreme. The daisy, with its tint of yellow and its frilly collar of white is thought of only as a flower among flowers. Yet, this flower of the field possesses beauty, for the most part hidden, but ever seen by those who exult in nature and her wonders.

The individual beauty of these ornaments of nature may have oftentimes escaped the busy eyes of men, but there is no one who has not been fascinated by a garden of rare flowers. The wonder that has before been dimmed, is now brilliantly shown forth in this bower of beauty. The vines with their intertwining branches and the blossoms with their fragrance, make us think that there is nothing more wonderful.

But there is something more wonderful, something that we possess. It is that human bower—man's brain. This God-given gift holds more wonder and more beauty than we realize. For in the brain, there are vines and blossoms, intertwined into a mass of wonder. From the bud of "imagination" blooms forth that beauteous flower, "thought." This product of the brain should be cherished and cultivated with the utmost care and with the attention of one who is sincere and patient. The great majority of human beings have neglected this fact. As a result they have lost the big things of life and have been satisfied with the lesser things. But thanks to Divine Providence there have been real men and real masters of thought. We have heard of these, and hearing we have admired and respected their memories.

William Shakespeare was a master of thought. There is no person who will doubt this fact. Every one of his creations contains striking proofs of his wonderful brain-power and his marvelous concentration of thought. The beauty of his language, the choice of subjects, the inimitable power and beauty of his style affect us greatly. And all of these are but the result of his clear and simple thinking.

Shakespeare's life was in no respect different from the life of

other men. It was simple and almost uneventful. The path of his success led him to London. His days there were made difficult by hard work, but even then was his power conspicuous.

A man of such genius surely did not acquire his knowledge without the aid of books. Even in his choice of literature Shakespeare revealed his superiority of thought. Then as now there was a current form of writing that served more to break down rather than strengthen the citadels of thought. Shakespeare, with his sound judgment and persistent desire to become a real thinker, repudiated these writings, and chose the better and more thought-producing writings of the times. O, that we should follow the example of this master mind in the choice of our reading!

Then came the productions of his own brain, the writings that were forever to bring glory to his name. In these are reflected the qualities of Shakespeare himself. In the centuries past the people were fascinated by the beauty of literature as brought forth by this veritable genius. Men opened their eyes upon a new world, the explanation of which held on absorbing interest and an endless delight—a world new physically, where the old geographical limits had faded from sight—a new world morally where the minds of the people were made purer and fresher by the thoughts that were so simply stimulated into them by Shakespeare and his works.

And today this feeling has come to us, losing none of its strength and vigor, but rejuvenated by the freedom that now exists. To us Shakespeare is a marvel. To us the works of Shakespeare are a delight and a solace.

Do not think I am exaggerating when I say that the creations of Shakespeare are a source of delight, and more often a source of solace. To every man there comes a moment when he longs to be filled with joy and delight, when he wishes to get some amusement out of this weary world. This desire comes to every man. Some satisfy it in the pleasures of the world. Others are thrilled by a book; they cherish this more than the most precious jewel. These men are thinkers, and in those oft desired periods, they sit down to drink in the language of their model master of thought—Shakespeare. Engrossed in one of this author's works they are amused, while their thoughts take form in one of Shakespeare's verses and a sense of goodness, valor, bravery,

justice grips them—and then as the thought which is embodied in the words:

"The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;"

enters their mind, their hearts are filled with mercy. They are comforted; they are at peace with the world.

Such is the power of Shakespeare's master thought upon the minds of the usual every-day man. To the actor, Shakespeare means more. The thoughts that are expressed by Shakespeare in his plays show the wondrous power of his imagination. It may truly be said that Shakespeare was the real fosterer of the stage and of the play.

That immortal writer has done what his talented and energetic predecessors had tried to do and failed. It was he who gave to the stage its glory. It was he who moulded the bits of his imaginative sense into the model, that was his creation. This model was the play. With his unlimited talents and his creative genius he brought into being the works that were to be the means of joy and comfort to the world.

Shakespeare delighted humanity. He succeeded in making the stage a recognized institution. Those who came before had tried to become the authors of works that would bring undying fame to them; that would make their names immortal. They failed. Shakespeare lives yet. The great dramatic actor of today may ponder proudly over the triumphs of his career. He may look at the delighted audiences and say, "They are mine: I have won them; they are at my feet." But the ghost of Shakespeare, were it to return, could rightly look out beyond the glare of the footlights and say, "They are mine; for it is I who made the stage what it is; it was I who gave you the material, the children of my brain, the essence of your success, without which no stage nor actor could ever triumph—the play."

Indeed "the play's the thing," and in it are embodied characterizations that are true to life. The characters are but the products of imagination and its inevitable result—thought. These characters are but "thought-persons" in the world of drama. But there must be one who has created these—the one that possesses that inimitable will and perfect imagination that brings forward his choicest thoughts.

Shakespeare is one of the few who have brought forth and caused to live in our minds, thoughts that are clear and true. Everywhere the phrases of Shakespeare ring true. He is everybody's author. He appeals to the lowly and to the high, to the strong and to the weak, to young and old. And when there comes a time in life when we need amusement, inspiration, and even comfort, we may find hidden in the evident logic of Shakespeare a word or a thought that will fill the gap in our lives. For in Shakespeare's work we find knowledge; and in Shakespeare himself we find a real man, and what is more, a man who was a genius and a veritable master of thought.

Daniel J. O'Neill, '24



WITH EYES OF LOVE



FOR a long time he sat silent, her last letter in his hand. It was less than a year since the first had come, a timid response to one of his, written in admiration of some fugitive poems he had come upon in a rather obscure and unfashionable magazine.

Touched by their pure beauty he did what he had never done before, written to the author in care of the publishers, and in return had received a letter of almost childlike delight at his appreciation.

From that the correspondence had grown, till now no week was complete until he had received a letter. Strange to say, they were always typewritten, all but the signature, which was curiously childlike and unformed.

"Forgive the typewriter, please," she had begged, "I can write much faster," and he had gladly forgiven anything which did not stop the letters.

Now he sat, pondering over the last one. It held only a natural request, but he frowned as he mused and gazed into the ruddy coals. "Oh, my friend," he read, "how I wish I might see you, face to face. I know you so well, I am so sure—and I have never seen you."

He sighed. "Poor child, shall I shatter her dreams? Better be honest and do it now. Have it over with before she grows to depend upon me as, alas, I have come to need her. She shall see me 'face to face' and then?" Sighing heavily he rang a bell on the table beside him and said to the man who entered: "My chair, Paul, and wraps. I am going out."

The man returned and helped his master with overcoat and hat, then he half lifted, half led him to a wheeled chair, wrapped him warmly and opened the outer doors.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

"To the best photographer in town," was the answer. "I don't know much about such things. I'll trust you to take me to the best."

"Very good sir," replied the trained automaton with no expression on his wooden face, but wonder in his soul.

Arrived at a famous gallery, his master inspected different sizes

and styles of art and finally picked out a large card showing a full length figure.

"This size, please," he said to the artist.

"Yes, sir," the other answered, "Just the head I suppose you mean on this size mount," and he began to wheel a camera into position.

"No, I want a full length figure," replied the customer. He stopped and took a long breath. "Full length. It is for a very particular friend. I think a side view will be best. Please be quick for I can't stand any longer."

After a quick, amazed glance; the photographer went on with his preparations and at last said:

"All ready now, sir, if you please. Stand just there. It will take but a moment. There! Once more, if you please! There! I think that will be all, sir. I'll send the proofs tomorrow."

The next day's mail brought him a parcel bearing the photographer's name. Left alone he held it for some time before opening it. With a long breath he at last broke the seal and held the likeness in his hand. There it was, the full length figure! The face looked fearlessly at him as if to say: "See me! Here I am!" The pitiful, hump-backed figure, twisted and warped, seemed all too small for the noble head it bore.

Long, long he looked, then with a shuddering breath exclaimed: "She has never seen me! She wants to see me!"

He called his man and sent an order to have one picture finished as soon as possible.

When it came, he wrapped, directed, and sent it. Then, left alone, great tears dropped, dropped on his hand, but he did not notice them.

"It has been so sweet, and now it's all over," he thought. "When she sees a monster she will not write again nor want me for her friend."

Three days later came a letter from her. He let it lie some time without opening it. It was the last. He would keep it as long as he could. At length he broke the seal. Not typewritten this time, but all in the childlike, wavering hand he knew so well, and so up and down hill! Not a line in it straight! She must have been too angry or hurt to use the typewriter as usual and didn't care how it looked.

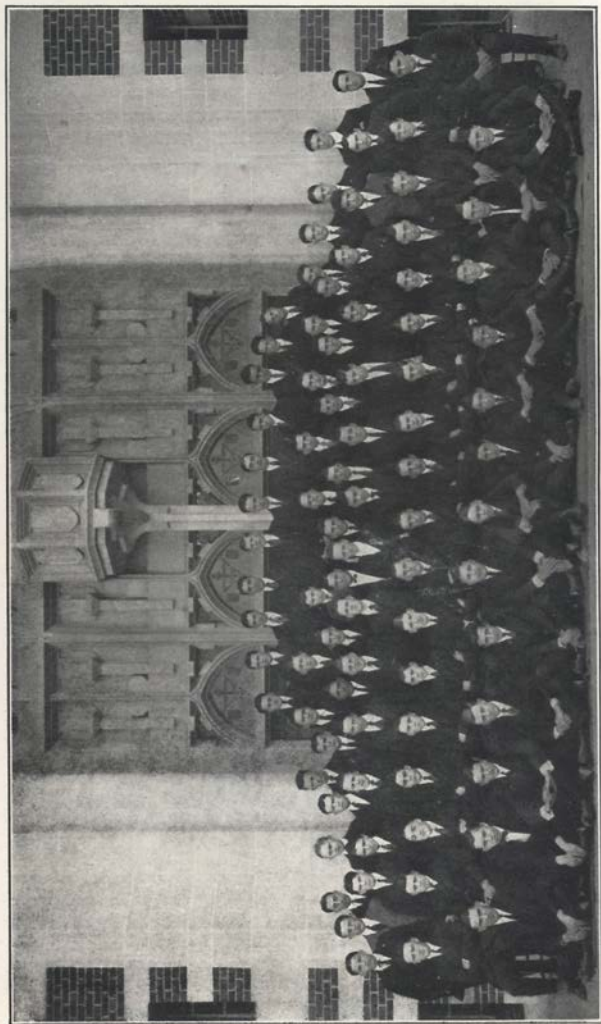
His eyes blurred so he couldn't see for a few moments, then they cleared and he read:

"My dear friend: It has come! Your picture! How can I thank you? When they put it in my hands and said: 'Here is a photograph from your friend,' I knew it could only be your own likeness and I have brought it off up here to my room where I can be alone to open it. My typewriter is downstairs and I can't wait to go to it but must write at once to thank you for your kindness.

"How plainly I can see you"—he groaned,—“tall and fair and splendid”—oh, bitter mockery, what did she mean—“and I so unworthy of you, for now I'll have to tell—” His eyes flew onward. “I hold it in my hands and feel it and know its every line, though, oh, my friend, be patient with me, I have kept this from you, but now I must tell. I can only feel it in my heart of hearts and hold the card in my hands for—I am blind!”

Charles J. Ashworth, '23





THE FRESHMAN CLASS

THE FRESHMAN CLASS



WE are told that to a college man the days spent in the freshman class are the happiest days of his college life. In order that we may cherish as fond a recollection of them as they deserve let us now, at the end of our freshman career, record its chief events.

Although we cannot be called the pioneer freshman class of Providence College, yet we may well be called the first real freshman class. For what is a freshman class without an upper class to keep it continually informed of its verdancy.

We arrived at the portals of the college on the sixteenth of September for the sole purpose of acquiring knowledge. Realizing that there is strength in union we organized as a class. As our President we elected Donald Burke, a man of ability and initiative. John B. McKenna was chosen Vice-President, and Daniel O'Neill and Howard Bradley were unanimously elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Our newly elected President outlined what he thought was expected of a freshman class. Among other things he said, "We do not expect to do extraordinary things, but we do expect to do ordinary things extraordinarily well."

We went along about two weeks carrying out the above principle so well that the sophomores became alarmed at our initiative and progress, and they immediately set about, as they said, "To put us in our place." They elected a student council to legislate against us. They also appointed a student council-court to try all violations of the rules drawn up by the council. As a consequence every freshman was handed a booklet containing "Rules for Freshmen."

The first and most interesting one was "no freshmen shall appear within the State limits on week days, from October first to the first Friday of May, without his Freshman Cap." The cap was a small black affair with a white button. This was our first public mark of distinction. After expounding a number of other positive and negative commands, it concluded with, "Always remember you are a mere freshman and as such you will be treated."

Nevertheless we continued to prosper. Much of the success of the Hallowe'en Frolic was due to the presence of freshman talent. The

Providence College K. of C. Club was boosted and organized because of the efforts of Freshman Knights. It pains us much to mention the Sophomore-Freshman football game. The freshmen, under Captain Dwyer, defeated the Sophs 31-0.

The freshmen, however, have given these incidental activities but secondary consideration. The first and most important effort has been along the lines of a good student. The class thought it would be well to establish its prowess in scholastic as well as athletic lines, and in pursuance of this determination freshmen class work has been most gratifying to the faculty. Again in the debate held on Saint Thomas' Day the freshmen debating team crowned themselves with laurels. While our stars—McKenna, McCabe and Callahan shone brightly, they did not dazzle the minds of the judges as the sophomore constellation did. Nevertheless, we are very proud of their work.

We dislike very much to talk about ourselves but humility is truth. In our minds the burning of the freshmen caps was the great event of the year. On May sixth the student council court adjourned after a busy term. The freshman rules were no more. Our class elected a committee to prepare an elaborate celebration for that night. After a parade on the principal streets of Providence the freshmen in various costumes marched up the drive to the college. There we were met by our Very Reverend President, the reverend faculty, the "Sophs," and about a thousand spectators. Freshman President Burke opened the celebration by extolling the deeds of the class. President Roberts of the Sophomore class answered him by praising the second year men, but at the same time complimenting the freshmen for brilliant work. Father Casey then addressed the gathering, explaining the real significance of it all. After a mock trial of the student council court judges, the freshmen marched to the immense pile of wood which was to serve as the funeral pyre of the freshmen caps. Father Casey touched a blazing torch to the timbers. The freshmen, singing songs, marched around the fire and each one at passing a given point, threw his cap into the devouring flames.

Now we have ended a successful year doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. We are ready to take our place as Sophomores. May the spirit that guided us in the past continue to guide us in the future.

John Dillon, '24

HENRY CLAY, THE PATRIOT

IT was on the twelfth day of April, 1777, that the sunshine of happiness cast its rays into a southern homestead. The homestead was situated in the neighborhood of County Hanover, Virginia, commonly known as the "Slashes." This happiness was the result of the birth of a baby boy, who in after life was known as "the ardent, eloquent and chivalrous Henry Clay." Little did the visitors to that home think, while looking at the poor helpless child, that he was destined for such a noble career. Nor did they realize that he possessed a voice that would develop to such an extent as to be the admiration of his listeners; that by his sterling ideals of patriotism he would demand the respect and consideration, not only of his colleagues, but the entire nation. Much the less did they realize that this seed of American Liberty, this bud of American Democracy, and flower of American Patriotism would sway so many minds, but yet be left drifting upon the sea of political life, seeking that Beacon Light that is so earnestly sought by men of political parties, namely; the Office of Presidency.

His father, John Clay, was a Baptist minister, a man of great dignity and eloquence, and from him Henry Clay inherited his incomparable voice. Whenever it was known that John Clay was to preach people flocked to hear him. The Reverend John Clay died when his son Henry was between four and five years old. A short time after his father's death the boy was sent to a country school in the neighborhood. Here he learned reading, writing and a little arithmetic. In this log schoolhouse, the only school he ever attended, he spent three years. It seemed that he was to get his education in that school wherein has been fostered and nourished the minds and intellects of so many great men—the school of hard work and experience.

After leaving school he lived with his mother on a little farm which was their home, and assisted her in whatever duties a boy of his tender years could perform. He was often seen on his way to a neighboring mill with a bag of grain, wherefore his title later in political campaigns "The Mill Boy of the Slashes."

The young lad's diligence, honesty, and determination were very soon manifest, and at the age of fifteen, through the aid of Captain

Henry Watkins, his stepfather, he obtained a position in the office of the High Court of Chancery. After four years, at the advice of Chancellor George Wythe, he took up the study of law in the office of Attorney-General Brooke, who was afterward Governor of Virginia. For a year he was an inmate of that gentleman's house. This association was of infinite value to the young man, for through it he mingled with the best society of Richmond, and his character and manners were fashioned to the chivalric standards of "Old Virginia."

His faithful work, intelligence, courtesy, and engaging manners secured for him the most friendly consideration of Chancellor Wythe, who directed his reading and studies, and placed his own library at the youth's disposal. Nearly every day this enterprising young man met the most distinguished men of Virginia. Twice he had the extreme good fortune to hear Patrick Henry, whose birth and beginnings were also in Hanover County. Above all he acquired the friendship of George Wythe, who was not only one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the Virginia Convention which ratified the Federal Constitution, but one who signalized his love of human freedom by emancipating all his negroes before his death and making provisions for their subsistence. The influence of such friendship and such an example could hardly fail to manifest itself in the future of anyone who enjoyed it.

Henry Clay was admitted to practice in the Virginia Court of Appeals in 1797, shortly afterward changing his residence to Lexington, Kentucky. He did not immediately begin to practice his profession, but wisely waited until he had become acquainted with the statutes of Kentucky, and peculiarities of procedure. In March, 1798, he was permitted to practice as an attorney-at-law in the District Court of Lexington. He was not slow in taking his place amongst the more prominent lawyers of the state, and was admired and sought for by the people. Slowly and steadily climbing the ladder of fame, Clay stopped long enough to make his first appearance in the political world while addressing the people of Lexington in opposition to the Alien and Sedition Acts which Congress had passed. Thus we see our friend entering the field of political life, taking unto himself the duties of a true American citizen, and displaying that spirit of patriotism which was his outstanding characteristic.

We next see Clay in the House of Representatives, as a representative from Fayette County. This office he filled to the complete satis-

faction of his supporters displaying at all times his marked fierceness of expression, and courage of conviction. Through the fearless use of these two remarkable characteristics he won entrance to the United States Senate, taking his seat as a Senator from Kentucky, December 29, 1806. Although lacking several months of the requisite age, he "showed the way" to his senior colleagues by his bold initiative. Four days after taking his seat in the Senate he offered a resolution conceiving the circuit court system. In the brief period in which Clay served in the Senate, as he was filling Adair's unexpired term, from December 29, 1806 to March 4, 1807, he was a most attractive figure, spoken of by a fellow member as "the ardent, eloquent, and chivalrous Henry Clay."

Upon the adjournment of Congress, Mr. Clay returned to Kentucky soon again to be elected to represent Fayette County in the lower house of the Kentucky legislature. At this period resentment toward England was growing and this resentment finally turned into hatred. Under the stress of this feeling some member introduced a motion to prohibit the reading in the courts of the state of any British decision, or any British elementary work on law. Clay left the Speaker's chair and in one of the greatest intellectual efforts of his life he showed the fatal consequences which would follow should this motion pass. In the spirit of compromise, he proposed an amendment, that the exclusion of British decisions and legal opinions should extend only to those which had been given since July 4, 1776; as up to that time the laws of Great Britain and of the American Colonies were derived from the same source. He denounced as barbarous the spirit which would "wantonly make wreck of a system fraught with the intellectual wealth of centuries." His impassioned appeal overcame all opposition and the amended resolution was adopted. Thus at the early age of thirty Henry Clay saved for Kentucky, "that system with which is associated everything valuable and venerable in jurisprudence." This is but one of the many examples of the patriotism which he exemplified throughout his entire life, and proved beyond a doubt that one thought was ever foremost in his mind—that he should always strive to preserve that for which his forefathers fought and died.

One could fill pages in giving details and accounts of his acts of patriotism, or proofs of his love for his fellowman, and his ardent desire for the freedom of mankind. The enumeration of a few outstand-

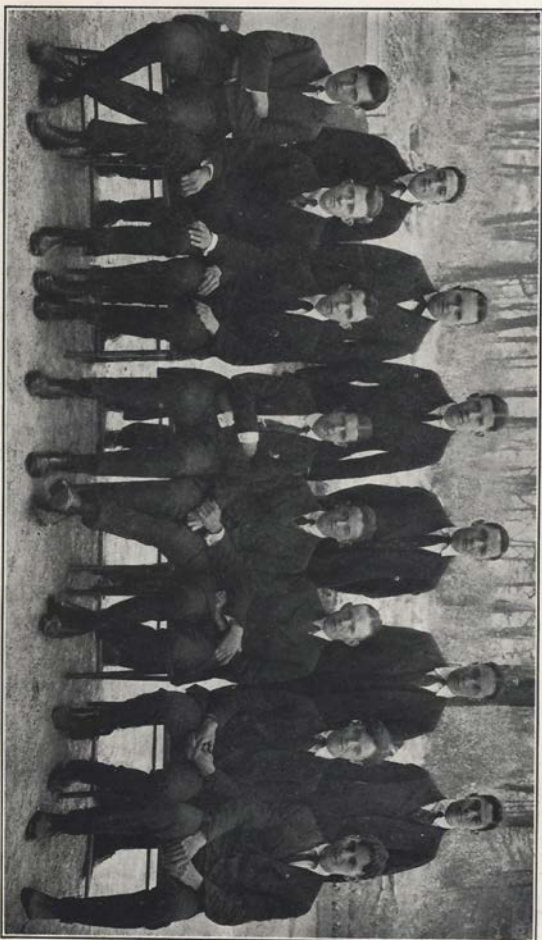
ing incidents, however, will suffice. On the 20th of January, 1824, when a resolution came before the house extending sympathy to the Greeks, in their revolution against Turkey, he uttered some of his most impassioned measures. He finished his speech by saying, "If it were possible for Republicans to cease to be champions of human freedom, and if Federalists become its only supporters, I would cease to be a Republican, I would become a Federalist."

Following this incident came the slave question. Here we see Clay with all the vigor of his physical stature, utilizing all the magnetism of his speech, and sending forth his vociferous denunciation against anything contrary to liberty, justice, and brotherly-love. It may well be said that he spent the rest of his life in the defence of those down-trodden and shackled slaves. His speeches and debates in defence, of these poor unfortunates are, even to this day, sources of inspiration and enlightenment to those who read them. They are the acme of English Literature, and are saturated with pure American ideals.

Henry Clay's last active work occurred in the Compromise of 1850. He was successful in his attempt to have it passed, sincerely hoping the Compromise would apply to the nation's open wound the healing influence which he believed the great measure to contain. It was his wish to keep the sections, in as much harmony as possible, within the Union. To that end he put forth every energy, and if the country could have gone on without a clash of arms, he would still seem to be, as he was considered before that event, one of the greatest men in our public life. Another of his wishes was that he should not live to witness this heartrending spectacle. He was spared that distress. He was siezed with a severe cough which finally proved to be his last sickness, and he died, June 29, 1852.

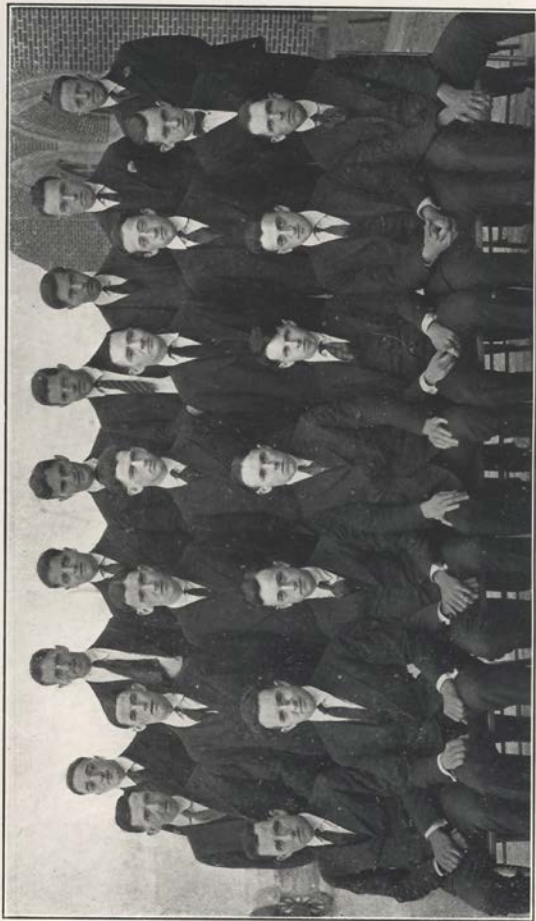
Though Henry Clay be looked upon as a man of compromise, he never stepped aside as much as a hair's breadth when the safety of the Union was at stake. His ringing speeches of 1850 surpass in devotion to the government the utterances of many less ardent patriots whose fame and popularity, have by some chance, surpassed his in fickle history's page.

John L. Affleck, '24



CAST FOR "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."

(Standing)—W. V. Roberts, N. Forestal, D. J. O'Neill, P. P. O'Brien, J. A. Higgins, T. J. Gilligan
(Sitting)—E. J. Kelly, J. J. Kenny, J. J. Feeney, R. J. Quinn, H. J. Farrell, R. Lloyd, C. Curran, P. J. Redmond.



THE ALEMBIC STAFF

(Back Row)—W. V. Roberts, M. J. Carolan, A. P. Famiglietti, P. J. Redmond, F. L. Dwyer, E. J. Kelly, D. J. McCarthy, J. S. Kelley
 (Center Row)—H. F. Boyd, J. P. O'Gara, D. J. O'Neill, J. Crawley, P. P. O'Brien, J. B. McKenna, C. Gibbons,
 (Sitting)—J. L. Affleck, T. C. Grimes, C. J. Ashworth, Adv. Mgt., J. A. Fogarty, Editor, P. F. Skehan, R. Roberts, R. Dewdney



EDITOR'S PAGE

VOL. I

JUNE, 1921

No. 7

Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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FATHER, FOUNDER, FRIEND

Providence College, the living monument, the material crown of the life work of the second ordinary of Providence bows its head in sorrow at the passage of its founder, its father, and its friend.

On May 25, 1919, the Right Reverend Matthew Harkins, D. D., performed his last official public act as the Bishop of Providence. His dream of the years was at last a reality. Amid the golden splendor of a glorious May day, the gentle old shepherd

who for a score and a half of years had labored and prayed unstintingly for the spiritual weal and the temporal advancement of his loving flock, with a smile of contentment on his countenance and a song of joy in his heart, held high his priestly hand and raised his gentle voice, to call down God's blessing on the long desired object of his hope, on an institution of higher learning for the young men of his fold, on the first grand structure of Providence College—Bishop Harkins Hall.

Two years later to a day, quietly and gently as he had lived, Bishop Harkins died. He answered the inevitable call that leads to the reward the Creator has reserved for those who perform well the duties entrusted them. He rests in peace in the city and cathedral which he loved. He lives and will continue to live in the memories of those for whom he sacrificed in the administration of spiritual consolation and material comfort. Education, the dominant factor in his brilliant career, was expressed in the numerous institutions which he founded, the foremost being that which we have been so singularly honored in attending. His simple, humble life, and his extraordinary accomplishment merit our undying gratitude. We mourn his death. We find joy and consolation in recollection of his life. To Providence College, he was a true founder, father and friend. May he rest in peace.

In retrospect we view the activities of the
THE YEAR'S second year of Providence College. We can
PROGRESS look back upon the inauguration of the *Alembic*,
formation of the K. of C. Club and St. Thomas
Sodality, and the augmenting of the Dramatic Society and the Glee Club.

Less than five months of humble effort resulted in *Alembic* achieving renown. We close the first volume with this number, extending our sincere thanks to those who have aided in the commercial part of the enterprise. The appreciation we have for the contributors has been reflected in the publication of their work. We are confident that the purpose we had in view will be maintained in the future, and that *Alembic* will continue to forge ahead in the field of collegiate publications, being at all times a true representation of the spirit of Providence College and its constantly increasing activities.

Joseph A. Fogarty '23

Caveat !



OMEWHERE within those chilly walls
My Robby is—I seek in vain,
Politely flourish I my card—
But Northward swung the weather vane.

I pass by "Maplehurst" each day
In snow, or slush, or dreary rain;
I've loited near the Chaplains door—
Yet North pointed the weather vane.

I've pushed my flivver through its gate
And drove quite proudly down its lane
A sister heard the rattling noise
Then Northward whirled the weaver vane.

Last week I saw my Robby wave
From out a spiteful window pane;
I climbed the wall—the gardner yelled—
And Northward turned the weather vane!

When I've acquired my degree
And earned the right to swing a cane;
I'm going to purchase "Maplehurst"
And Southward nail the weather vane!

Thomas C. Grimes, '23

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

A solemn requiem mass was celebrated at the college on Thursday, May 26, for the repose of the soul of the late *Bishop Harkins* Right Reverend Matthew Harkins, D. D., Bishop of Providence, and Founder of Providence College. The mass was attended by the whole student body. Those officiating were Rev. J. T. Fitzgerald, O. P., celebrant; Rev. Paul Cunningham, O. P., deacon; and Rev. Vincent F. Kienberger, O. P., sub-deacon. The college chant choir sang the mass. At the end of the mass Very Rev. Albert Casey, O. P., President of the College, spoke very feelingly of the deceased prelate and leader of this diocese for so many years, referring most reverentially to the saintly character of Bishop Harkins as he himself had known it through personal contact with him in the founding of the college.

Classes dismissed Friday as a mark of respect, and the college building was draped with the mournful colors of purple and black. The following college students were ushers at the services Friday afternoon at the Cathedral: Harold Boyd, William McLaughlin, Joseph O'Gara, Newman Forestal, Charles Gibbons, James Evans, Lewis Nugent, and Howard Farrell. The entire faculty attended the funeral services Saturday morning.

* * *

St. Thomas Sodality After several months of consideration and preparation, the Saint Thomas Sodality was officially organized during the latter part of May. The opening meeting was attended by a very large number of students, all eager to see a true sodality formed in our midst. The spiritual director of the sodality, Father Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O. P., explained the nature and ideals of a sodality and indicated the high standard to which this, the first sodality of Providence College, would adhere.

The first work before the body was then the election of officers. Those elected are: Raymond Dewdney, Prefect; Leo Carlin, Assistant Prefect for the Sophomore Arts and Letters departments; James Lyons, Assistant Prefect for the Sophomore Science and Pre-Medical departments; Earl Hanley, Assistant Prefect for the Freshman Arts and Letters departments; and Raymond Quinn, Assistant Prefect for the Freshman Science and Pre-Medical departments.

All the members of the sodality received Holy Communion on the first Friday of June and were enrolled in the Confraternity of Saint Thomas on the same day. The sodality does not expect to carry out any projects this term due to the shortness of the time remaining, but it has several charitable works under consideration, to be acted upon early in the fall.

* * *

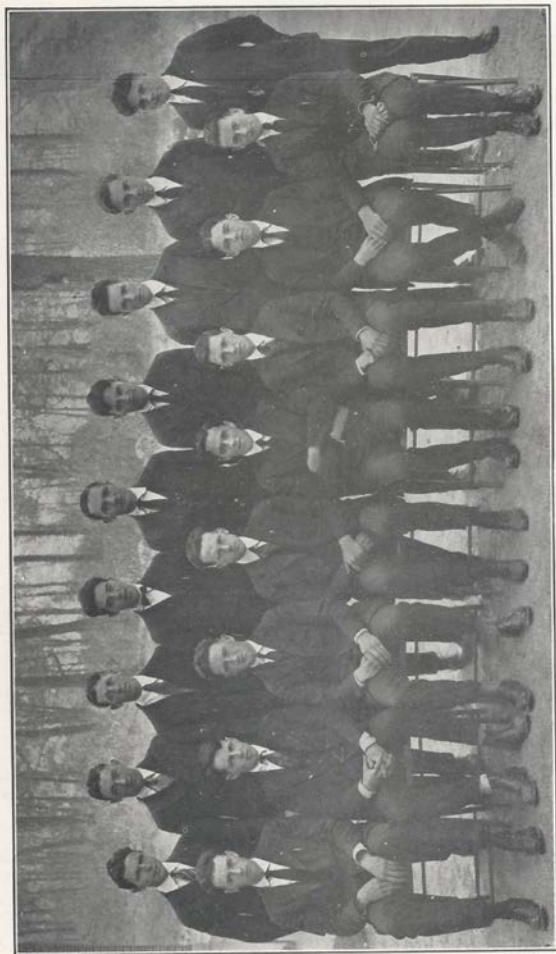
The second Arbor Day in the history of the college was celebrated May 13. Last year the Pioneer Class of '23 planted a philodendron tree on the right hand side of the drive leading to the main entrance of the college, and dedicated it to the Right Reverend Matthew Harkins, D. D. This year the student body placed a maple tree on the left side of the drive. The ceremonies were simple but impressive. The students assembled in the rotunda and ranged themselves about the walls under the balcony. The young tree about to be planted was then carried in and placed in the center of the rotunda. President Roberts of the Sophomore Class delivered the opening speech, dedicating the tree to the Right Reverend William A. Hickey, D. D., and John Affleck of the Freshman Class read Henry Van Dyke's poem, "A Salute to the Trees." The Very Reverend President of the College then spoke, mentioning the combined symbolism and practicibility of the custom of tree-planting on a special day each year, and urging the advisability of its wider observance, even at each student's home.

Following this, the Reverend Dean blessed the tree, and the special committee in charge, consisting of Thomas Grimes, Vincent Dore, John Affleck, and Matthew Carolan moved the tree to the prepared place and completed the actual planting in spite of the heavy downpour of rain.

On Thursday night, May 12, the Philomusian Club of Providence College made its first public appearance in college activities, by the presentation of a four-act comedy entitled: "*For One Night Only*."

The play, which was given for the benefit of the Providence College Athletic Association, was presented for a second time Friday evening, May 13. The direction of the dramatic work was in the hands of Charles Maher, who has distinguished himself and established an enviable reputation as a director by the gratifying outcome of his work. The first performance was awaited with curiosity and interest, due to the unexpectedness of the announcement—which was made just one week before the opening night—that the Philomusians would display "art for athletic's sake." The hall was well filled by 8:15 and, contrary to all amateur theatrical traditions, the entertainment commenced promptly on time. The Providence College Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Martin, rendered the light overture and the incidental music throughout the evening. The drawn curtains revealed John Walsh, President of the Philomusian Club, disporting himself in female attire, taking the part of an old family servant. In rapid succession, the other members of the cast appeared, and quickly wove an uproariously funny and well-nigh hopelessly tangled plot. Paul Skehan, as a gray-haired, absent-minded, hen-pecked professor, portrayed some very interesting character work; Lewis Nugent, as Doctor Leopold Newman, the Professor's son-in-law, cleverly displayed the trials and tribulations of a newly-wed; and William McLoughlin, as the Doctor's "better-half" brought down the house by his artistic impersonation of a young, distrustful wife.

The interpretation of the part of Spartan Spurgius Spotts, actor, theatrical manager, leading heavy, and first old man, revealed unexpected dramatic talent of stellar magnitude in James F. Tully. From his first swaggering entrance, through his climatic barn-storming philippic, to his last dishevelled appearance in a Roman toga, Tully lived his part and carried his audience away with him. Matthew Carolan as the domineering wife of the meek professor, and Gilbert Robinson as the ingénue of the play gave highly enjoyable and quite plausible versions of the feminine genius. Their varied display of gowns was the envy of every young lady in the audience. The work of both John Dillon, as the opulent (and corpulent) New York capitalist, and Paul Redmond, as the impassionate young lover won repeated bursts of laughter and applause.



CAST "FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY."

(Standing)—J. Cheney, J. V. Dore, M. J. Carolan, E. L. Maginnis, P. O'Brien, P. J. Redmond, C. W. Maher, J. T. Evans, J. E. Dillon
 (Sitting)—J. F. Tully, P. F. Skehan, G. E. Robinson, W. F. Martin, J. P. Walsh, L. M. Nugent, J. F. Kearney, W. J. McLaughlin

The news of the play's great success spread rapidly, and the second performance opened to a more than packed house. As on the previous night, the performance went over without a hitch. The great success of the first night proved an inspiration to every member of the cast, and the Friday show proceeded—to quote a line from the play, “with the rhythmic flow of goose-grease.”

The scenery and stage settings for the play were designed and constructed by Peter O'Brien. The reproduction of a home-like, useable living room was strikingly true to reality in every detail. The pleasing lighting effects were arranged by Wilfred Roberts.

The cast and synopsis of scenes were as follows:

Rosa, a maidservant.....	John Walsh
Prof. Martin Goldwhinney.....	Paul F. Skehan
Dr. Leopold Newman, his son-in-law....	Lewis M. Nugent
Mrs. Newman, the Professor's eldest daughter.....	
.....	William McLaughlin
Spartan Spurgius Spotts, actor, theatrical manager, etc.	
.....	James F. Tully
Mrs. Goldwhinney.....	Matthew Carolan
Paula, her daughter.....	Gilbert Robinson
Mr. Chas. Harkins, wealthy New Yorker.....	
.....	John Dillon
Jack Harkins, his son, now on the stage as “Emil Hawkins”	Paul Redmond

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- Act 1. Living room in Goldwhinney home in Elmsburg, Vt. Early in March.
- Act 2. The same. Four days later.
- Act 3. The same. Two days later.
- Act 4. The same. The next morning.

The two performances, aside from their dramatic success, were very profitable financially. Besides donating the proceeds of the entertainment to the athletic association, the club likewise presented the college with the new green stage curtain and the solidly built sectional scenery which were procured especially for this affair.

The club has set a high standard for college dramatics, and it is to be hoped that its appearance in dramatics will be an annual affair.

The grand closing event in the social calendar of the term was the presentation of "*The Private Secretary*," a farce in three acts, by the Providence College Dramatic Society on three evenings, June 1, 2, and 3, in Gymnasium Hall. The play is one of international popularity, having been first given in London with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the noted English actor who died but recently, numbered among the cast.

The Dramatic Society's production, which was prepared under the direction of Rev. Vincent C. Donovan, O. P., moderator of the society, was of exceptional merit. The cast proved to be excellently chosen and quite capable of handling the farcical situations. The inherent humor of the play joined with the mirth-provoking drollery of some of the actors and the impersonation of all the feminine parts by fellows made the entire performance, each evening, a riot of mirth and laughter. The complication of the plot consisted in the exchange of identities of two vastly different young men and the ensuing errors of all their friends and long-absent relatives.

John Feeney, as Robert Spauling, the meek little private secretary, and Howard Farrell, as Douglas Cattermole, the gay young man-about-town with whom the private secretary trades places, both interpreted their parts in a remarkably smooth and convincing manner. Feeney made an ideal comedian. His pacifistic demeanor and unchangeable gravity of visage brought the whimsicality of his part into high relief. Farrell, as the blasé, gay young dog, always impecunious and fearfully dodging his irascible uncle, who has just returned from India, proved a clever dissembler and a realistic lover.

Peter O'Brien filled the difficult role of Mr. Cattermole, the choleric uncle from India who is always bewailing the state of his liver and never so happy as when hurling epithets at some unhappy victim. The part called for some difficult acting and a wide range of voice control, both of which qualities O'Brien supplied admirably. Edmund Kelly as Sidney Gibson, a tailor, was very enjoyable, especially when in his cups. James McGwin, president of the dramatic society, played the part of Mr. Marsland, a dignified old gentleman who has been a college chum of old Mr. Cattermole. His part was difficult, as it depended a great

deal on speech and very little on action and oddity of character. McGwin, however, was probably the most polished actor in the cast, and he distinguished himself, even in such a quiet part.

The "ladies" of the cast consisted of Daniel O'Neill, as Miss Daisy Ashford, spinster and devotee of spiritualism; Charles Curran, as Edith Marsland, the beautiful young object of the affections of our hero, Douglas, and Raymond Quinn, as Eva Webster, the giggly young chum of Edith. All three were highly enjoyable. There was considerable artistry in O'Neill's impersonation, and he very successfully chaperoned all the young people. Curran had some difficulty in getting away from his baseball field gait, but his occasional lapses, especially when clad in his evening gown, were as funny as Judian Eltinge's unexpected reversion to his natural swagger. Quinn proved an ideal vivacious lassie. His kittenish pranks sent the audience into spasms of hilarity. Paul Redmond capably enacted the part of Harry Marsland, Eva's lover; Robert Lloyd made a very charming old busy-body of a house-keeper; Thomas Gilligan was the heavy-handed writ-server; and James Higgins made a stern and impressive butler.

The entire cast was as follows:

Douglas Cattermole.....	Howard Farrell
Mrs. Stead.....	Robert Lloyd
Sidney Gibson.....	Edmund Kelly
Harry Marsland.....	Paul Redmond
Robert Spaulding.....	John Feeney
Mr. Cattermole.....	Peter O'Brien
Knox, a Writ Server.....	Thomas Gilligan
Miss Ashford.....	Daniel O'Neill
Mr. Marsland.....	James McGwin
Edith Marsland.....	Charles Curran
Eva Webster.....	Raymond Quinn
John, a butler.....	John Higgins

The scenes were laid in the bachelor apartment of Douglas Cattermole, and at the country home of Mr. Marsland.

The special orchestra for the production, consisting of John B. McKenna, Wilfred Roberts, Francis Hannon, and James Colgan played a number of very appropriate and catchy tunes each evening.

The committees attached for the society were as follows: Hall, tickets, and printing—Dennis McCarthy, Chairman, Edmund Kelly, Joseph Fogarty, Vincent Dore, and John Dillon. Properties and costumes—Alban Ryder, Chairman, Newman Forestal, Leonard McAteer,

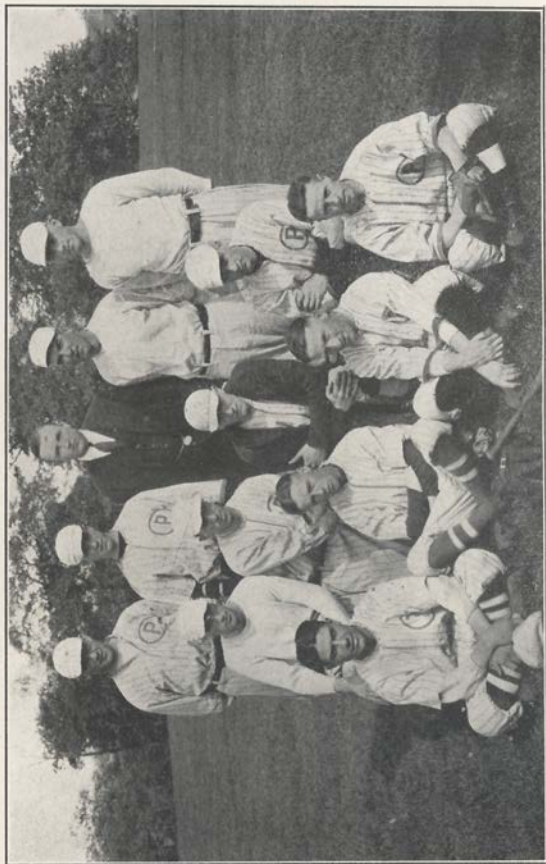
and Wilfred Roberts. Program—Robert Lloyd, Chairman, Robert Turbitt, and Joseph O'Gara. Settings by Peter O'Brien and Paul Redmond. Lighting effects by Wilfred Roberts and Charles Maher.

The Providence College K. of C. Club made the Thursday performance a special K. of C. night, when Knights made up the majority of the audience. The new State Deputy, Joseph P. Riordan, and several other notables in Columbian circles were present.

The three performances were splendid successes in every way and have lent additional prestige to the social activities of the college.

The closing exercises will be held Wednesday night, June 15. The presence of the Right Rev. Bishop William A. Hickey, D. D., is expected. Bishop Hickey will in all probability confer the pre-medical certificates on those men of the pre-medical department who have completed the prescribed course and are now intending to enter medical colleges. The tentative program for the evening is as follows:

Opening Chorus—Ecce Sacerdos. Glee Club
 Opening Address. Chairman Raymond Roberts
 Oration—Economic Reconstruction. Calvert Casey
 Breton Hymn—"Before the Shrine". Glee Club
 Historical Paper—"History of Reconstruction".
 John B. McKenna
 Orchestral Selection. Providence College Orchestra
 Oration—Character Reconstruction. James McGwin
 Selection—Landsighting. Glee Club
 Address and Conferring of Certificates.
 Rt. Rev. William A. Hickey, D. D.
 Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.



THE BASEBALL TEAM

(Back Row)—V. Dore, C. Curran, A. O'Reilly, Mgr. P. Duff, Coach, C. Casey
 (Center Row)—J. Dolan, M. Carolan, J. McCaffrey, Capt.; J. Tully
 (Sitting)—A. D'Angelo, D. Burke, L. Dunphy, S. Kelley

ATHLETICS

Brown Game After failing us for several games, Old Sol peeped through the clouds on May 17, and we were able to meet our rivals, Brown 2nds, at Andrews Field. In a game replete with sparkling plays, we were forced to bow to them by a score of 5-3. McCaffrey and Leddy were the opposing moundsmen and although the latter was a bit unsteady in the earlier stages of the game, yielding three runs in the first five frames, after that he settled down and had the "Black and White" batters at his mercy; while McCaffrey allowed nary a bingle until the fifth when a fatal misplay together with three hits enabled the 2nds to push across three counters. In the seventh, Bleakney's circuit clout with a man on put them in the lead and decided the game. Both pitchers twirled superb ball and deserved to win; McCaffrey whiffing twelve and allowing four hits, while Leddy breezed eight and four safe drives were gathered from his delivery.

M. I. T. Freshmen On the day following the Brown 2nd game, we met M. I. T. Freshmen team on Technology Field, Cambridge. Despite the effects of the hard game the preceding day and the long journey, we defeated them easily 6-3. Dunphy was in fine fettle, striking out eight men, besides winning his own game with three timely drives, one a four-sacker. In the first three innings, Tech. tallied three times before we could cross the plate once, but after our nine struck its stride, she was obliged to use up three pitchers in a vain endeavor to stop our batting rampage. D'Angelo in his initial appearance at second made a good impression.

The Harvard Game In a dull and uninteresting game, Harvard 2nds beat us on Thursday, May 26, by a one-sided score of 9-3. McCaffrey was in poor form and bunching hits together with several passes and a couple of errors, and allowing them to pile up a seven run lead, put the game on ice in the first two innings. Dunphy finished the game in great style for us, being touched for only one bingle in the last six innings, but lack of hitting prevented our threatening at any time to take the lead.

Holy Cross Davis Park was the scene of battle between the Holy Cross 2nds and our team on Wednesday, June 1.
2nd's Fall which resulted in the former being obliged to accept the short end of the game. Dunphy pitched his usual wonderful game and at no time was he in danger until the ninth when he loosened up, having a lead of 6-1. Several hits bunched together drove three runs across and made the 2nds a dangerous factor. With men on second and third and one gone D'Angelo saved the day by spearing a low liner to right. The man on second beat the ball back to the base, but when the man on third tried to score L'Angello's throw to Curran nailed him at the plate.

The Year With the Boston College game comes the close of our first year of Athletics. We were represented on the basketball court and baseball field while we had an opportunity to get a look at the prospects for our coming football season.

Under the coaching of Frs. A. Howley, O. P., and J. T. Fitzgerald, O. P., our five took on some form and although handicapped by the lack of a suitable court on which to practice made a fair start in the indoor game. Our first opponent was the wonderful East Greenwich Academy team which snowed us under by a score of 65-20. The boys showed evidence of being able to play a good passing game but were poor shots at caging the ball. Our next game was with the speedy R. I. State outfit. In the first half we played them to a standstill, the score being 30-24 when it ended. Lack of practice and the superior condition of our opponents showed their results in the second half and when the final whistle blew the score stood 85-35 in their favor. Following this we met the R. I. College of Design and lost out in the last few minutes 29-25. This ended our first year in basketball and although we were not successful as regards wins, we found several stars in our midst who will form the backbone for a good team the coming year.

Although the college was not represented on the gridiron, the two classes engaged in an inter-class game which was won by the Freshmen, 32-0. The showing of both teams augers well for a successful season next year.

Matthew J. Carolan, '23

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Summer

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