

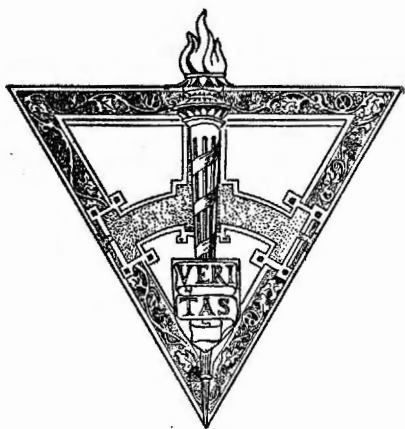
PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL. 2

MARCH, 1922

No. 6



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Providence College Alembic

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1922

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To Our Friend

Father Bernard Logan, O. P., P. G.



As the "Salve Regina" expired on his lips
To the message of Heaven he harked:
And our true benefactor and friend unsurpassed
On the ocean eternal embarked.

Ah, the radiant smile of that heart full of love
In a kindness dispelling all gloom,
Shall no more beam upon us its tenderest rays
With affection our souls to illumine!

Apostolic in zeal and Christ-like in truth,
Ever striving some blessing to give,
Though lost to our presence Saint Dominic's son,
In our hearts shall his memory live.

—J. P. W.



Very Reverend B. H. Logan, O. P., P. C.

Born March 16, 1858

Died March 9, 1922

First Benefactor of the Providence College Alumni

THE POETRY OF IRELAND



PERHAPS the greatest influence on the life of a nation, excepting religion, is the nation's poetry. The human soul naturally inclined towards the beautiful is easily swayed by the fervent expression of emotion, of virtue and valor, of joy and pathos, breathing in the lines of the poem. Thus we see the Iliad and Odessey of Homer created a civilization which the ages have since striven to emulate. The songs of the Cid aroused a patriotism that swept the Moor from Spain, and replaced the Cross for the Crescent. In like manner the Marseillaise created a spirit in France that no tyrant could break. But in no country has poetry played a greater part in the life of the people than in Ireland.

From the earliest times as far back as 500 B. C. poetry swung its magic sceptre over the minds of the Irish people. Long before the grand poem of Christianity made its appearance among the Scots, as the Irish were then called, the ancient bards were singing the praises of their people and the daring exploits of their kings and chiefs.

"Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all charge is heard
Sweet-voiced and strong."

After the coming of St. Patrick, these singing troubadours, who had done so much in the educating and civilizing of pagan Ireland, now tuned their lyres to the Christian Song. They were powerful with the king and respected by the people. And who shall doubt the spreading influence of their songs to Patrick's God over the hearts of the people. It is to be deeply grieved that most of the songs of these ancient bards fell in the path of the destroying invader.

From the invasion of Ireland by the barbaric Danes, and later by their successors from England, the poetry of Ireland is especially characterized by the national pathos, and plea for the ancient freedom. In the

"Downfall of the Gael" written by the Bard of Neil, in 1562, this spirit is exemplified.

"My heart is in woe
And my soul deep in trouble
For the mighty are low
And abased are the noble.

The sons of the Gael
Are in exile and mourning
Warn, weary and pale
As spent pilgrims returning."

The deep love of the poet for his country has ever been the source of the sublimest poetry. Dante, from a heart of pure patriotism, brought forth a poem, styled "the greatest single poem ever written." Before him Virgil had sung the praises of Ancient Rome, and Homer had deified the patriots of Greece. In a similar mood did the poets of Ireland sing their sweetest songs to her for whom their hearts bled. When it became treason to address her in her rightful name, they sang to her under the titles of "The Little Black Rose," "The Coolin'," "Granuaile," etc. Of all these allegorical poems the most powerful in expression, and the most finished in poetic style is "Roseen Dubh," elegantly translated by "Ireland's Poe," James Clarence Mangin. It is a stirring address of the warrior to his country, his "Dark Rosaleen."

"I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My Dark Rosaleen!
My fond Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My Dark Rosaleen!"

Among the patriotic poems of Ireland that have kept aflame the bright torch of Faith, the fires of patriotism, and have in great part aroused the people to the sense of the traditional nationhood of their land, there is none more effective than those spirited songs of the

"Nation" poets, of whom Davis, McGee and Duffy were leaders. "The Celtic Cross" by McGee symbolizes the Faith.

"Through storm and fire and gloom I see it stand,
Firm, broad and tall,
The Celtic Cross that marks our Fatherland,
Amid them all!
Driuds and Danes and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base;
It standeth shock on shock, age on age,
Star of a scattered race."

"Dear Land" is significant of their patriotic spirit:

"When comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If stanch they be or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother Isle?
My native heath is brown beneath
My native waters blue;
But crimson red o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you,
Dear Land,
Ere I am false to you."

It may be asked why Ireland, a land poetic by nature, did not produce one great poet, while England was becoming famous through Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden and Pope. Ah, if ever crime were committed by tyrants it is that which prevented Erin from giving to the world the poetic powers within her. The vehicle of thought, the tongue with which God had endowed her, was completely severed by the sword of the tyrant. It took her years, centuries to adopt in exchange for her own, a foreign tongue. But against all opposition she persevered and produced one of the sweetest lyric poets of any nation, her national bard, Tom Moore.

In Moore's time Ireland was fast reviving after the Elizabethan and Cromwellian persecutions. O'Connell had won the Religious emancipation, and agitation for political freedom was daily increasing. The youth of Ireland were burning with the spirit of freedom. In every heart rebellion was brewing. Moore himself was a college chum of Robert Emmet. And so living in such an atmosphere we do not wonder at the grand stream of national feeling flowing through his "Irish Melodies." These melodies were something entirely new coming from an Irish poet.

Their literary merit attracted the attention of the great contemporary English poets. Their native hue found a warm place for them in the hearts of Irishmen at home and abroad. And their description of Erin's natural gifts, her mountains and valleys, her rivers and lakes, gave the "emerald gem of the western ocean" a grander setting before the eyes of the world.

Realizing the success of the "Melodies" he wrote:

"Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness
That even in thy mirth, it will steal from thee still."

In the following lyric he has truly expressed the spirit of Ireland's martyrs, of Emmet, Pearse, Plunkett and McSweeney:

"With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,—
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
O, blest are the lovers and friends, who shall live
The days of thy glory to see!
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee."

John P. Walsh, '24

THE VICTIM

YOU had better take a rest, Bill. That case was too nerve-racking for you, anyway. Now that it is over and King's faction is out of business, I think you deserve a vacation."

"Yes, Mack, this was a strenuous summer for me. I'll straighten out matters, and about the middle of September I'll go up to Maine on a fishing trip." Two weeks later Bill was seen bidding good-bye to his friends as he walked up the gang-plank to board the good ship *Comfort*. It was bound for North Haven, Maine.

No sooner had he entered his state-room than three deck hands pounced on him. Having gagged him, they bound him hand and foot. Then tying Bill to his bunk, they left the room, taking with them his baggage and clothing. Without waiting to figure out the mystery, Bill struggled until he was exhausted. The sudden ringing of the dinner bell aroused him. In walked the three men. The last one carried a tray of steaming food. Down they sat and ate their dinner before his eyes. Bill watched them with ill-suppressed anger. The only words they uttered were, "We said we would get you, and we did. A repetition of the mid-day performance was enacted at supper time.

Hungry, bewildered and tired, Bill tried to think. What does it all mean? What do they want me for? Finally it dawned on our victim that King's gang had gotten him as they had threatened. He dared not sleep. His unwelcome visitors called several times during the night, but on finding him awake left shortly. Fearing they were plotting to throw him overboard, he lay awake. At last the first ray of sunlight crept through the port-hole. The trio entered at breakfast time. The scene that had been enacted at the meals of the previous day, was gone over again. The same sneering phrases were ejaculated. They left the room. Bill was furious. Soon one returned with a pitcher of water and a piece of bread. He removed the gag. Pointing a revolver at Bill's head, the swarthy deck hand said, "Eat this; if you utter a word I'll blow your brains out." Our victim ate the bread and drank the water. The gag was replaced. The thug left. Bill, realizing that within a few

hours the ship would dock, and hoping that relief would come, tried to sleep.

The ship gently hit the dock. Bill was unslashed from his bunk. He was wrapped in a sheet and then was thrown into a barrel.

"Have you got him?" came from the wharf.

"You bet," was yelled back.

The barrel was rolled over the wharf and placed in the back of a Ford truck. For two miles nothing was heard but the chugging of the flivver and the noise of the bounding barrel. The old machine stopped with a jerk. The barrel hit the ground with a thump.

"Let him come!" was the fiendish yell that echoed in Bill's ears.

"Here goes," was the reply.

Bumping and tumbling down went the barrel. "Three cheers for Bill Smith," was shouted by a crowd at the foot of the hill.

The barrel was opened. Out rolled what was left of Big Bill. "This isn't Bill Smith," said Jack Mangon, a friend of Bill, as he beheld the victim.

"What!" came from the three deck hands.

Just then a big Stutz drove on the scene. Out jumped Bill Smith. Grabbing the hand of Jack Mangon he said, "Hated to fool you, old chap, but I couldn't afford to lose the bet."

All looked amazed. No one could speak. Bill continued, "About a week ago I decided not to take the boat. Father gave me that Stutz, so I thought I'd try it out. I guess it got me here all right. Looking at the victim, he added, "What's the meaning of this?"

"He registered as William Smith of Baltimore on the boat," replied one of the deck hands.

Bill looked at the distressed Big Bill. "Well, if it isn't Attorney Smith of Baltimore. Before I left home, I saw in the paper that he was on his way to Maine for a fishing trip."

By this time the victim had recovered from the shock.

Jack walked over to Big Bill and tried to explain. "You see, Mr. Smith, it was like this: Bill Smith and I were pals in "prep" school. I was a class ahead of Bill. I entered North Haven University last year. We learned that Bill was going to enter this fall. We set about to prepare a welcome for him. Bill learned of our plans. He boasted that we wouldn't get him. To make it interesting we laid down a bet. Learning that Bill was figuring on taking the boat, we appointed three

students to hire out as deck hands to take care of Bill. Unfortunately you took the boat that Bill intended to take."

Big Bill Smith was as broad in mind as in physique. He had always been first in initiations at college. Rubbing his head with an attempt to smile, he said: "Give me my clothes, my money and a meal, and I'll call it square."

John E. Dillon, '24

Youth



HO wouldn't be young
With life just a song,
With never a worry
The whole day long,
No thought of tomorrow
No thought of the past
Nor troubled with sorrow
Youth's sorrow can't last.
Visions of standing
A' top of the earth,
Showing the old ones
What Youth's really worth,
Modestly blushing
While praises are sung,
Tell me, I ask you
Who wouldn't be young?

—*Francis L. Dwyer, '24*

ST. PATRICK IN HISTORY



HERE never was on this earth a conquest so bloodless and at the same time so complete, so successful and at the same time so lasting, as the Conquest of Ireland by St. Patrick. Alexander the Great conquered the whole world by the power of the sword. He spread consternation and bloodshed wherever he went. He raised a vast empire on the bones of conquered nations. But now all is gone. Nothing remains of this once glorious kingdom. Even the very name of Alexander is considered a by-word for slaughter. Caesar added Gaul to the Roman Empire by subduing the uncivilized natives. But it took only the mighty hand of time to wipe out his work. And today we see that all his overwhelming victories had no lasting effects. Even the mighty empire of Napoleon, bound together so strongly, has fallen to ruin. But not so with the glorious conquest of St. Patrick. It will stand as an everlasting testimonial to the power of truth.

It is unfortunate that St. Patrick had no chronicler—no one to do for him what Adamnan did for Columba or to assign him his proper place in history. His life is entwined in a maze of legend and tradition. 'Bannavem Taberniae,' which he himself states to be his birthplace, is a subject of much dispute. We are certain from his confession, that at the age of sixteen, he was taken captive to Ireland and sold as a slave. These years of slavery were to him the most precious of his whole life, for as he himself asserts in "The Confession," "at this time I came to know the true God, while before, I was like a stone lying in deep mud." His release from serfdom was brought about by a miraculous intervention, but the noble character of the Celt left such an impression on him, that he made the conversion of this race, the grand aim of his life. Years rolled by, and Patrick, after acquiring a vast knowledge in the celebrated monasteries of Europe, was ordained priest. Now he could fulfill his ambition, and in answer to the "Voices of the Irish," which continually rang in his ears, he returned to Ireland.

He found the people in a high state of civilization. They lived in rude but well-kept huts. They had ornaments of gold and silver, and various kinds of musical instruments. Their priests, the Druids, were in

possession of great stores of knowledge, which the youth eagerly devoured. Philosophers, poets and historians abounded in the land. On the whole they were a noble, energetic, affectionate race. Truth and honor held the highest place in their mind. But far surpassing all this was that spirit of generosity and patriotism, which was destined to make Erin "The Isle of Saints and Scholars."

Such was the people whom Patrick set out to convert. He moulded anew their already highly cultivated character. He took their pagan customs and Christianized them, for like that loving Master in whose vineyard he labored, he "came not to destroy, but to save." Once converted, the heroic Celts entered with whole-hearted zeal into the cause of truth. Their fiery spirit would brook no obstacle.


At the death of St. Patrick the Celts are no longer the same people. They are entirely transformed. That fiery ardor with which they heretofore threw themselves into battle or adventure is now consumed in the cause of the Gospel. They go out like bees from a hive. Monasteries and convents spring up on every hillside and in every valley. The gods of the Celtic pantheon vanish, and in their place rise altars to the Almighty. Never did a nation abandon itself so unreservedly to the cause of the Church. It was this unreserved generosity which made the Irish the most scholarly and cultivated people of the early middle ages. Ireland of this period has been aptly called "The Vestibule of Paradise."

Far from the baneful effects of an empire, long rotten within and mouldering without, Ireland fanned the spark of learning into a blazing fire. When the fall of the Roman Empire did occur, and the barbarian hordes threatened to merge all Europe in darkness, it was the zealous Irish monks who saved civilization for the world. They at once came to the aid of their stricken brethren and laid the foundations of those monasteries which preserved the torch of learning for all future ages.

All this and a great deal more we owe to St. Patrick. He is probably the most popular saint on the calendar. Even after the ravages of the reformation and after seven hundred long years of persecution, Ireland still possesses that precious legacy of St. Patrick—Faith. So deep an impression has this great saint made on the pages of history that, as long as time is, the name of St. Patrick will shine forth in glory and splendor unsurpassed.

James V. Beattie, '25

TEARS—THEN A TRUCE

 HERE is an old adage that the greatest things are the smallest things, *maxima sunt minima*. At least, many philosophers and those who make use of philosophy have a tendency toward that doctrine. Furthermore, a newly-turned B. S. demonstrated to the world by—well, suffice it to say that Algernon Denbush with the chemical ink still fresh on his B. S. sheepskin from Oxford, returned to London to take up the career of a very promising inventor.

Now Algernon was of the nobility, and his had been an extremely difficult task to induce his mother to allow him to study science. She had her own ideas concerning what the profession in life of a nephew of the Earl of Cranberry should be. But when Algernon promised that he would become a triplet to the twin constellation of Sir Isaac Newton and Michael Faraday, his mother naturally acquiesced,—for, just like a mother, she believed him.

Two months later, Algernon put away his B. S. to obtain a thorough drying, and went over to France with the "Princess Pat" regiment. He had never been over-fond of the seasonings which some of his fraternity brethren had used on their corned-beef sandwiches in the Oxford Grill, so it was not surprising to find him back in a base-hospital late in October, suffering from a prolonged inspiration of mustard-gas.

Poor Algernon was unfit for further military service, and Uncle Cranberry, proud of a nephew who had the D. S. O. and the V. C., felt it incumbent upon himself to procure for the hero a position in the Chemical Warfare Department. Algernon was delighted, in fact, he would have been willing to sample a little more "mustard" gas to obtain this secretly coveted appointment.

Despite his birth, his family, his ancestors and numerous other drawbacks, Algie was a born scientist. His close acquaintance with the "mustard gas" had been due to his prying,—or as scientists claim—to his experimental nature. And he had an idea. He knew now of a gas, which he hoped and almost believed would settle the war. All he needed was time to perfect his formulae.

For over two and a half years, Algie worked doggedly, untiringly,

day and night, to develop the conception of his scientific brain. This time was not wasted by any means, for, accidentally, in the course of the higher pursuit, he stumbled over many chemicals and gases which were the delight of the Allies and the death of the Germans. Yet he was not satisfied. He was looking for something that would settle the war, peacefully, but practically.

Denbush was soon a recognized figure at the War Office, and by the grace of God and George, he became a "Sir" in his own name,—and Mother was delighted. Algernon had amounted to something.

When nations are at war, diplomatic gentlemen, or as they are more commonly known, "spies," do not go out of existence. In a short time, in alien eyes Algie was walking this earth with the sword of Damocles over his head, suspended ethereally from a Zeppelin. But they knew that he was on the verge of discovering something greater than all his previous experiments had ever evolutionized. Until these foreign gentlemen knew that he had succeeded, Denbush was safe.

Then, one day, the theory of the transmigration of souls seemed to be proved. Algie, like Archimedes of old, rushed from his laboratory, crying "Eureka." There were tears in the poor boy's eyes. It was the first of November, 1918, a day memorable for the population of the civilized world.

The English Secret Service demonstrated its vigilance, and soon Algie's precious formulae were in the hands of the chief of the War Office.

A few days later, the invention was tried out on the Austrian battle-front. Within two days, Austria had applied for a separate peace. Then the French battle front was visited, and, as we know, on the 11th Germany officially declared an armistice.

Why she did so is a mystery to many. But those in authority at the War Office could tell you that it was the effect of Algie's gas, coupled with the aid of the linen mills of England and Ireland. Algie had wished to obtain peace peacefully, and his desire was gratified,—for, immediately upon the discovery of his formulae, millions of handkerchiefs were transported to the front. Then Algie's "pet" gas was turned on. It happened to be the now-famous "tear" gas, against which none but the Allied masks were proof. The Germans were overcome—with emotion. To show their sympathy, and that all their ill-will was borne toward the Kaiser and his "Potsdam Review," alone, the Allied soldiers,

via the aeroplane route, presented their quondam opponents with handkerchiefs. The ensuing scene was touching. This act of generosity caused the German tears to break out afresh. Surely, one could no longer quarrel with such kind-hearted foes. That was the thought of every Boche mind. Result: The truce—and Algie's beatification.

James P. Kearney, '24

Hers Libre

REBELLIOUS child of a rebellious age
Would you so dare a battle to presume
Against the mighty horde whose name illumine
The passing centuries of time? Would you enrage
Imperial Homer, beloved king and sage
Of the Elysian field; enshroud with gloom
Pierian Muse; and like Lucifer assume
The sword of pride, Olympic heroes to engage?

Withdraw, retreat, while yet is gracious time
To Dante's art and Shakespeare's magic skill
Thy genius to ally, nor tempt to spurn
Apollo's lyre in Shelly's mystic rhyme.
But true unto thy calling strive to will
Thy wand'ring thought thus homeward to return.

—Jack Creaby, '24

The Master Piece

SHE told her amber beadlets, one by one,
Moving her lips in soulful silent prayer,
And thru the leaded glass the slanting sun
Streamed in to make a halo of her hair:—

Oh, Painter, if you could but just transfer
Onto the canvas with your brush and paint:
This maid, the sunlight bathing her,
It would be your masterpiece, to call "A Saint."
—*Francis L. Dwyer, '24*

Sciomachy

THE past is past with its sciomachy
Black phantom shapes retreating in disharmony
The golden castle is but an airy shape
Sinking swiftly in Oblivion's lake
The brightest image sinks with sweet regret,
The black, well, youth can soon forget.
—*Francis S. McAvoy, '24*

“SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER”

Communication:

My dear Walrus:

You are indeed the striking litterateur of the hour. And truly you possess the jewel of originality with no mean setting. I have read your articles with much enjoyment and have really benefitted by the perusal. Your mellifluous flow of English is delightful and melodious. In fact, your column, in my opinion, is the perhelion of the *Alembic*. In thus addressing you I have no thought of flattery, for I am no sycophant, or yet a Greek bearing gifts. In these days of paroxysmal literature, effete thought, free verse, “eviscerated politics and saturnine literature,” it is indeed delightful to find that there is at least one undergraduate who can maintain equanimity of mind. You are accused of lurking in cavernous depths and of harboring tenebrific ideas, and even resorting to the Virgilian dip to procure matter for your column. But minds like yours rise above the mundane and even look down upon the nebulae crowning Olympian thought. Yes, the great intellects are oft misunderstood. But let not opinion deter you in your progress. Browning said, “If so my worldly reputation burst, being the bubble it is, why burst it may.” And remember that for you Minerva was exceedingly willing.

Your sincere friend, usque ad mortem,

The Walrus

* * *

In the *American Magazine* for March, George Ade writes on, “Today’s Amazing Crop of Eighteen-Year-Old-Roués and Nineteen-Year-Old Vamps.” Who planted the seed? Surely the infants were not born blasé. Did some previous crop go to seed? Or did “Noisy Bill” just grow up like Topsy. “Little Rollo” must have left some landmarks on the sands of the Primrose Path. How else could “Noisy Bill” advance so far, and then some. No, George, children will be children until some superannuated roué will lead them. Moral: The

roués and vamps in their second childhood have the first lappers pushed out of focus.

* * *

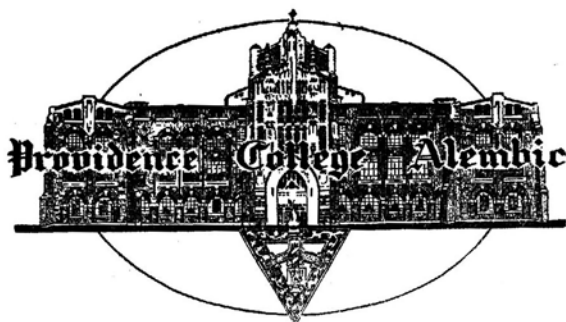
Jazz is new only as a name. A few years gone by, the waltz was "not done." Adventurous gourmands might attempt a banana or a tomato. Before that the pusillanimous possessed forks and one did not dance. Names and fashions change. Things that are new are not necessarily bad. But we must be wary of old evils masquerading under new cognomina. Jazz in music is not so romantic a thing as musical expression of the "restless spirit of the age," or yet is it a rehashing to the days of our flinty forbears. Perhaps it did originate in Africa. What of that? "Batuola," which recently won the "Prix Concourt" also originated there. No, jazz in music is like picking up O. Henry after a volume of Belloc, to some.

Jazz, in the generic sense, is not to be tolerated. Jazz, Medical Jazz, known among the elite as Psycho-analysis is said to be the means of performing bloodless operations on the mind. It cannot be said, however, that the operations are mudless. Jazz politics, well, they are old enough to speak for themselves. And sorry to say there is Jazz religion. Hutchinson in "If Winter Comes," speaks of it. "Plumb down in the crypt and abyss of every man's soul is a hunger, a craving for other food than this earthly stuff, and the answer to this craving is, "Lift the hearts of the people to God, they say, by showing them that religion is not incompatible with having a jolly fine time." But returning to the music questions. Many will be glad when Jazz will be excepted unconditionally, and not the rule. Life is sufficiently febrile without "blue" music.

* * *

Is it to be marvelled at that in Russia they went from one extreme to another? But it is startling to think how much alike the extremes are. To the moujik, a ukase is just as bitter signed by any other name. What does it matter if Nickolas or Trotsky place their name on the dotted line. If anything, the new order is more intolerant than the old. But this will not last. The Russians have learned the lesson that individual freedom depends on mass action. They will soon tire of vulgar emperors. Then will they enter upon the via media. Will recognition hasten the day? Recognition, not of principles or methods, but of a nation and a national aspiration.

The Walrus



VOL. II.

MARCH, 1922

No. 6

Joseph A. Fogarty, *Editor*

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ST. THOMAS "Love of God leads to self-contempt, where-
as self-love to contempt of God." Education is
not incompatible with humility. St. Thomas, one
of the most learned of men, was withal one of the humblest. We ven-
erate him as the patron of Catholic schools and colleges. He is not only
a patron but a model. In his pursuit of learning he lost not a shining

faith. He combined prayer and study. Apostasy through learning is an impossibility.

If you have any love for argument, merely
ST. PATRICK mention the fact that St. Patrick was born in any given place. Immediately you will have upon your ears torrents of words. The supporters of the Scotch, Welch, French, and Irish theories will assail you. But after all has been said, what does it matter. From an historical viewpoint it is interesting. But the fact remains that St. Patrick lived and labored in Ireland. Yes, St. Patrick lives in Ireland and in Irish hearts.


There are certain names which every one knows.
NAMES These names are linked with every progressive movement.

They appear again and again in connection with college activities. Studies, Athletics, Dramatics, Debating, Societies. The roster for each is in many instances identical. Is your name in the list? We have heard a great deal concerning carpetbaggers. Every college has them. Are you one of them? If you are, did you ever stop to think that college life extends beyond the pale of the lecture hall? That its activities do not cease at 2 p. m. or 3 p. m. to be resuscitated at 9 a. m. The sun doesn't shine long in college. So make hay while you can. Attendance at the Debating Society Lecture Series is an evidence of your college spirit. Those who attended Tom Daly's lecture were fully rewarded, not from any sense of having performed a painful duty, but in sheer enjoyment. It is also a duty for you to attend as many of the college baseball games as possible. But that is a combined duty and pleasure. It is your college and your team. When the team wins you win.

Now that we have had the "Mirrors of Downing
MIRRORS Street" and the "Mirrors of Washington." Let us have the Mirrors on our dressers. Such a work would knock the pedestal out from under our ego. Then let our charity be an active virtue. Think what would be our meed if we received what we deserved. Father Donnelly, S. J., wrote that seeing yourself as God sees you, is an improvement on the Scotch formula.

HORACE BOOK X ODE XI

Carpe Diem

 IS not for you to know
(For God has willed it so.)
The end of you and me.
No mediums consult,
Far better the result
To suffer what shall be.
What if some winters more
Be granted to our shore,
Or this which in the blast
Against the Tuscan rock
The raging sea doth mock
Should be the very last!
And thus may you be wise:
The sediment which lies
Within your wines—remove.
Presumption in a race
So long, to a space
Of life so short—reprove.

But time unnoticed flees,
And dark are future seas:
The present moment—seize.

—*John P. Walsh, '24*

"READ 'EM AND WEEP"

BOOK REVIEWS

The Moon Laughs: A Novel by Froid Ell. Published by the Notaseme Sardine Company. A serious attempt at Prose Libre by an embryo Muscovite. Can be given to the children, in Sanskrit. The story is of one Helix Hay, a country rick, who went to the city. Then the plot sickens. From this point on the bright passages cannot be matched. For example Chapter Ten opens in this manner: "You are going to extremities," she cried, as he stepped on her feet. "You simp——," he attempted to reply, but alas he suttered. And all that he could say was, "You simp——." By the time that he had finished, "You simply must forgive me," she had packed up and left. And so until the last chapter when at last she understands and write to him, "Come back to me, Douglas." But his name was Helix, so he replied, "Go to Ell, the author." And that night Helix went to Chicago. If you would follow the hero further you may do so in

The Fiery Brush, or A Full Cup of Demi-tasse: Review Later.

A Book of Verse. James Lynch. Not Published. Consisting of ten verses and a Preface. Read the preface and burn the book. Of the poems the best is, "A Poor Constitution."

Yea, pull its shattered engine down.

Long has it groaned in high,

And many a man has prayed to see

The day when it would die;

Beneath it clanged the loose cutout,

And burst the motor's roar; . . .

This chariot of the gas and spark

Shall spurn the earth no more.

Its hood once blue with painter's art,

Where danced the varnished glow,

With sunbeams riding in the sky

And wide roads brown below,

No more shall feel the motor's pulse,

Or know the summer clime; . . .

The junkmen of the town have plucked

A gift from Father Time.

Oh, better that its battered bulk
 Should meet this kind of end;
 Its clattering shook the public calm,
 Let them its innards rend.
 Nail to its side this truthful tag,
 "I've lived long weary years,
 To man I gave my honest best,
 My passing brings but cheers."

Worst Verse: By F. L. D. Published by the U. S. Rubber Company. Chiefly propaganda for the Freedom of the Varsities. Towards the end of the book the author buckles right down to his work and writes a striking pair of stanzas named, "Unattached."

It has caused a lot of comment
 And a variance of views
 This fad the girlies have of
 Wearing open overshoes.
 But they say this is the reason,
 And at that it may be right,
 If a girlie is engaged she wears
 Her gaiters buckled tight.

But if perchance the maiden
 Hasn't quite made up her mind
 As to who the lucky chap will be
 I'm told that you will find,
 That when she dons her overshoes
 This girl who can't decide
 Upon the one she likes the best
 She leaves them open wide.

The Beautiful and Darned: By Great Scot Fitzgerald. Published by the Asbestos Holeproof Company. Price \$1.20 or what have you? This is a case against the back door. The story is that of a young architect who falls in love with the Bradstreet's rating of a beautiful heiress. He draws up plans to capture her heart. She has musical aspirations and longs to play first bass on Paderewski's team. She dearly loved her grand piano, so Red Brick, our hero, played upon her weakness. This cemented their friendship and in this way he laid the foundation of his plans. He built high hopes and soon reached the attic. . . . But that's another story.

Venus de Milo, a treatise on disarmament: By Sir Saturday,

knight of the Bath. Published in England. Sir Saturday besides being the editor of that knightly daily, the Weekly Wash, is also an authority on disarmament, on which he treats seldom in his latest book. Among other things he says, "We must get down to define points," and his superb ending, "And that's why I use ebony soap."

Ode to a Lost Pet: By Peter Paul. Printed by The Gone But Not Forgotten Bindery Press. By permission.

Ode to a Lost Pet

I had a little pony
And a classic name he bore.
He carried me quite safely for awhile.
Thru old Grecian halls we wandered
Where Demosthenes once pondered
On many a daring plan of battle
Many a while.

How I loved my little pony
With his back of emerald green,
And I kept him out of sight of prying eyes
But at last came one who spied him
Though I tried so hard to hide him
And he calmly took away my cherished prize.

Now I plod with drooping spirits
Through those dreary Grecian halls
In the footprints left by wise men in the soil.
But the ground is awful stony,
And I miss my little pony
For my days are full of weariness and toil.

Along the Oiled Linoleum: By J. A. F. Being the impressions of an Eskimo traveling salesman, received during his first trip to Providence. To give you an idea of the enormous scope of the work I quote a few painless extractions:

Dedication Poem

He shuffled for the shifters
And shifted while shuffling
They caught him at it and
Now 'tis coal he's shoveling.

Get the emotional response? From the beginning until the end of the book the author has these little reactions waiting for the unsuspecting

reader. For instance he suggests, "For Smile Week: Ode to Laughter. For Gloom Week: Owed to the Bookstore." And also, "Promise me: you won't breathe it to a soul. Not unless your breath gets stronger." Spirits to spirits as it were. And towards the end, "Soon the fancies of the young men, the old men and some women will seriously turn to golf. One or two to love or poetry, which causes the author to remark that: "Poets are born, but not paid."



COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Very Reverend Father Bernard F. Logan, O. P., *Fr. Logan* P. G., pastor of St. Raymond's Church, passed to his eternal reward on Thursday, March 9th, 1922, in the sixty-fourth year of his age and the thirty-ninth year of priesthood. After reciting the Rosary in the Church, a daily custom in all Dominican parishes, he returned to the rectory. There he complained of illness and retired to his room. Father Cull, O. P., administered the last sacraments at the request of his superior, and shortly afterwards Father Logan expired.

He was born March 15, 1858, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and at the age of nine attended St. Teresa's College, Montreal, Canada. He entered St. Rose Convent, Springfield, Kentucky, to begin the Dominican novitiate when he was sixteen years of age and was professed October 10, 1877. He was ordained at St. Rose, November 28, 1883. His first appointment was at St. Dominic's Church, Denver, Colorado. He was promoted to be prior of St. Louis Bertrand Convent, Louisville, Kentucky, and later prior at St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, and then at the Holy Rosary Church, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

He came to Providence in March, 1911, as pastor of St. Raymond's Church. He built the present church and purchased the rectory. Three years ago by vote of the Provincial Chapter he was awarded the degree of Preacher General.

Father Logan was a true priest and a kindly father. His interest in the College was very great. To him the *Alembic* owes a debt of gratitude. He was interested always in every undertaking of the Providence students. In him we had a true friend. *Beati mortui qui in Domino Moriuntur.*

The funeral was held Tuesday, March 14, from St. Raymond's Church.

* * *

Debating Society Tom Daly, poet and humorist, lectured in the Andrews Assembly Rooms, March 2. The lecture was under the auspices of the Provi-

dence College Debating Society. Mr. Daly's topic was "The Laughing Muse." In his lecture he paid tribute to America's first great comic Poet, Eugene Field. He also paid tribute to Bert Leston Taylor, recently deceased. F. P. A. and Don Marquis were reserved for greatest praise. He read many of his own dialect poems. Mr. Daly is a native of Philadelphia, where he is prominently identified with several Catholic organizations.

The next lecture in the series is that of Dr. Derry's, to be given Monday, March 13, in Gymnasium Hall at the College.

Providence College was defeated by Holy Cross in the debate held in Alhambra Hall, Worcester, under the auspices of Alhambra Council, K. of C. The question debated was: "Resolved, That Amendment to the Federal Constitution Should be Submitted to a Direct Vote of the People, Constitutionality Waived." Providence College argued the affirmative side. Mayor Peter F. Sullivan of Worcester presided. Members of the debating team were: Providence—Joseph F. Flynn, '24; Henry J. Winters, '25, and Raymond W. Roberts, '23. Holy Cross—Edward J. Haniver, '25; Edward A. Conway, '24, and Francis A. Drumm, '22. Alternates—Francis R. Foley, '25, Providence College, and John F. Keating, '22, of Holy Cross. The judges were: William F. Butler, principal of Belmont Street School, Worcester, Frederick A. Carroll, A. B., LL.B., and Thomas A. McAvoy, A. B., LL.B.

The annual St. Thomas prize debate was held in Gymnasium Hall, March 6. The question was the same as that debated with the Holy Cross team. The affirmative was upheld by Raymond Roberts, '23. Francis Foley, '25, and Robert Curran, '25. The negative by Charles Ashworth, '23; Frank McCabe, '24, and Justin McCarthy, '24. The judges, Rev. Father Meeny, O. P., Rev. Father F. G. Level, O. P., and Rev. Father Fitzgerald, O. P., awarded the prize donated by the Reverend President to the Negative.

* * *

After the Philomusian Players production last year, *Dramatics* many people said that it could never be surpassed. But it has been, and so for the nonce; no one can imagine a possibly better performance than "Who's Who," a three-act comedy presented by the Philomusian Players of Providence College February 22, 23 and 24.

The theme of the play dealt with mixed identities, and while it is not a new idea, it was clothed in a novel development and a clever presentation. The comedy element was extremely good. And it was not found necessary "to kill the fatted laugh for the prodigal joke."

The curtains were drawn at 8:30 p. m. John Dillon as Professor Alexander Wright was the first character to present himself. As a serious-minded professor he was so realistic that several freshmen in front reached for their lecture notebooks and pencils. Howard Sparks as Mrs. Wright filled a large part with his slenderness and finished acting. Then followed one of the surprises of the evening. William McLaughlin as Mildred Wright was superb, and his appearance was greeted with a great deal of applause, especially by those who remembered his fine acting last year. Lewis Nugent, president of the Philomusian Club, played the part of Robert Mangan, Mildred's fiancé. Hilda, the maid, was portrayed by Gilbert Robinson. His was a minor role, but his clever impersonation made it a distinct hit in the play. His brogue was flawless if brogue can be that way. Peggy, Jimmy Kearney, a foil for the leading man, was a typical flapper. Many in the audience were heard to murmur "college" after Jimmy's first advent. Florella Primrose, James Evans, was the leading female impersonator. His was an outstanding characterization. His impersonation of a romantic elderly spinster was finely drawn. Then there was Smith. "There is a new player this year in the person of John E. Driscoll, '24, who did excellently in the major role. His naturalness was his greatest asset, and sensing this in the opening, he played well during the remainder of the performance." George Conway, Dramatic Director, was excellent as the Bishop with a specially imported English accent. The minor roles were filled by Frank Routh, John Walsh, and Patrick Hammill. Pat Hammill is worthy of special mention. While his impersonation of an Indian was not a true one, his imitation of a lunatic was great.

The players—Prof. Alexander Wright, John E. Dillon, '24; Mrs. Wright, Howard L. Sparks, '25; Mildred Wright, William J. McLaughlin, '24; Robert Mangan, Lewis M. Nugent, '24; Hilda, Gilbert E. Robinson, '24; Peggy, the Professor's Ward, James P. Kearney, '24; Florella Primrose, unattached, James T. Evans, '24; Smith, John E. Driscoll, '24; Carey, Precinct No. 5, Francis A. Routh, '25; Bishop Antony Wright, D. D., George J. Conway, '25; "The Injin," Patrick J. Hammill, '25; Arnold, Superintendent, John P. Walsh, '24.

For the Philomusian Players—General Manager, Paul Redmond, '24; Business Manager, James A. Mulcahy, '24; Advertising Manager, John J. Casey, '25; Stage Manager, James T. Evans, '24; Properties, Gilbert E. Robinson, '24; Electrician, Wilfred Roberts, '24; Art, Peter Paul O'Brien, '24.

Ushers—Edward M. Leary, '25; Harry A. Graham, '25; James McGill, '25; Francis Keilty, '25; William D. Byrnes, '25; Arthur Tierney, '25; James Beattie, '25; John Moreley, '24.

The Philomusian Club wishes to thank those who aided them in making the production a success, especially Mrs. Charles Carroll, Mr. John F. O'Connell, Mrs. Russell, Miss Alice Fitzgerald, Miss Lillian Riccius, Miss Kathleen Cotter, Miss Kenyon and Mr. Kelly.

At the invitation of the late Father Logan, O. P., P. G., the Players gave their production in St. Raymond's Hall. They met with success equal to that won in the College Hall.

St. Patrick's night the Players "went on the road" to Conimicut at the request of the K. of C. of that place.

The rehearsals for the school play are progressing rapidly.

* * *

The Knights of Columbus held its regular *K. of C. Club* weekly meeting Wednesday, March 7. At this meeting Peter O'Brien, Earl Hanley, John Cheney, J. Considine and Arthur Tierney were appointed a committee on entertainment for the remainder of the year. John Smith, Harold Boyd and Paul Redmond were selected as a committee on reception of new members.

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ATHLETICS

BASEBALL practice has been progressing rapidly among the 50 or more candidates at Providence College. For two or three weeks, owing to weather conditions, the men were forced to practice in the gymnasium; but during the past two weeks Coach Duff has taken advantage of the excellent weather by putting the squad through regular workouts at Davis Park. As a result the members of the squad are already in excellent physical condition.

A few days ago the squad was reduced to about thirty men, and from these the Coach expects to develop a team which will do credit to our college when it opens its schedule with Harvard, April 8 at Soldiers' Field, Cambridge.

Among the candidates there is now plenty of experienced material for all the positions except first base. McCaffrey, the 'Varsity twirler of last season, Larry Kelliher, Hudson, Considine, a southpaw, and several others are showing fine form on the pitching mound. Among the catchers are Charlie Curran of last year's squad, Fred Brennan, and Art Tierney. Brennan is a Brockton man, coming from Little Rock College, Arkansas. He is a catcher of no little reputation and has a fine method of handling pitchers. Charlie Curran is again in the excellent form in which he played last year, allowing few, if any, to steal second. He is also continuing his fine work at the bat.

Art Tierney, a star of the football eleven, is also doing great work behind the bat. His arm is in fine condition, and at the bat he is furthering the reputation he made on the Aquinas College nine of Columbus, O.

Manager O'Reilly reports a few more additions to the schedule as yet unsettled. Springfield College, of Springfield, Mass., requests a game to be played on their grounds on the first of May. This institution usually puts out a fast nine, and if satisfactory arrangements are completed an interesting game may be expected. Boston University, wishing to open athletic relations with Providence College, has written for a game for the early part of the schedule. Another game which might be looked forward to with interest, may be arranged with Trinity College of

North Carolina. Trinity has arranged a northern trip and wishes to include our institution in its list of games.

Another interesting report is the arrival of La Point, a star from Connecticut State College. La Point was formerly the star outfielder of Dean Academy and has also made a big reputation in college circles.

* * *

Joseph P. O'Gara, '23, football manager for the coming season, has already arranged a schedule of eight games, three of which are to be played at home. The schedule opens with Holy Cross at Worcester, which Coach Fred Huggins expects to be a hard fight. The first game at home will be waged against the New London Submarine Base, for which the new field at Providence College is expected to be in readiness. The field will be planted this spring, and during the summer bleachers and stands will be erected.

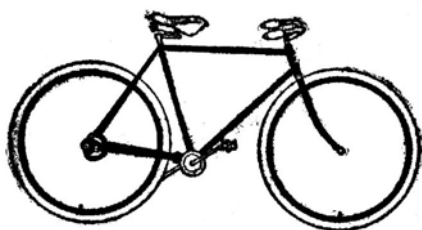
Boston University is on the schedule for Armistice Day. The game will be played at Providence and an interesting battle is expected. On Thanksgiving Day the final game of the season will be played with St. Stephen's College from Annondale-on-the-Hudson. A game has also been arranged with Canisius College of Buffalo. Luke Urban, former Boston College star, coached this team last year with Morrissey, also of B. C., as assistant. Next season Morrissey will have full charge and an aggressive squad is expected.

Coach Huggins has some fine material in readiness for the fall, among whom are Beck, Connors and Coleman, all three formerly of R. I. State. Many members of last year's squad will also return, and the majority of games are expected to be placed on our winning list.

The schedule:

Sept. 30—Holy Cross.....at Worcester
 Oct. 7—Lowell Textile.....at Lowell
 Oct. 14—College of City of N. Y.....at New York
 Oct. 21—New London Submarine Base at Prov. (Pending)
 Oct. 28—Open
 Nov. 4—Conn. Agricultural.....at Storrs, Conn.
 Nov. 11—Boston University.....at Providence
 Nov. 18—Open
 Nov. 25—Canisius College.....at Buffalo
 Nov. 30—St. Stephen's College.....at Providence

J. B. McKenna, '24



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