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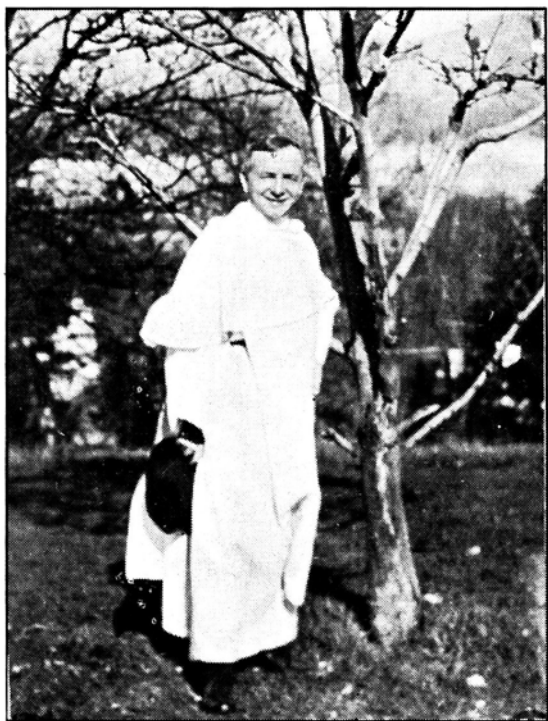
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### The Soldier

**H**E comes, this grey-haired veteran  
Of wars and labors done,  
With a soldier's gait and bearing  
And a smile of battles won.  
He wears no badge nor medal,  
But that of a peaceful heart,  
And in two of the greatest armies  
He has played a hero's part.

Through a score of years he's warring  
For the cause of Truth and Right,  
In the ranks of warrior soldiers  
Clad with an armor white;  
And we stand to greet this hero  
Of armies white and grey,  
For our hearts leap forth in honor  
To the Soldier of the day!

—John P. Walsh, '24

# Providence College Alembic

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## ALPHA AND OMEGA

**I**N the text-books of history by which American students are systematically misinformed there is a fiction current that the Protestant Reformation was the Dawn of Democracy. Scientific historians, conversant with the tenets of Protestantism and the principles of democracy writes something quite different. The truth is that the influence of Protestant individualism effected in the end a total transformation of Christendom from restricted and democratic monarchies to tyrannies and oligarchies. To prove this, let us observe how the three inherent principles of democracy, liberty, equality and fraternity, run full tilt against the doctrines of the Reformation which diverged from Rome.

Liberty is the God-given privilege by which a man is permitted to do what he believes good, provided that he infringes in no manner on the rights or privileges of his Creator or his fellow-man. That is the democratic doctrine of liberty. It is also the Catholic doctrine of free-will. Opposed to it are the two Protestant doctrines, the Puritan determination of Calvin, and the licentious irresponsibility of Luther, which were most influential in molding the opinions and motivating the actions of men of the Reformation and the centuries afterwards.

The doctrine of equality consists in the assumption that all men have the same fundamental rights. The Catholic interpretation of this doctrine is contained in the belief that all men are equal in the sight of the Lord and that to each is given grace sufficient for salvation. Calvin taught that a few men are created saints and the rest are eternally damned. Luther taught that all men are equally beasts. Neither dogma could have produced the American or French Revolutions.

Fraternity, the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, follows from the Fatherhood of God and is accepted by most sane men. Its practical application is Christian charity, the greatest of virtues. To accuse the various sects of lack of charity in its various manifestations would be unjust, and might result in the discovery of a house of glass. But modern industrial society, a true child of the Reformation, sins grievously against charity as well as justice, and boasts of charitable institutions whose most appreciable result is degradation.

Catholic doctrines that the Church fostered the democratic institutions of the Middle Ages.

The sins against charity and justice which the acceptance of the so-called Liberal economics had brought about in the nineteenth century made necessary a firm stand on the industrial question. In pursuance with the age-old policy of the Church and its Head, Pope Leo XIII gave forth to the world his encyclical on "The Condition of the Working Classes," in which the false "Liberal" doctrine of *laissez faire*, or unbridled competition, was condemned, and the rights of the laborer and the capitalist explained in the light of their duties. Ten years later, in 1901, the same pontiff, in another encyclical, laid down the principles of Christian Democracy, and condemned more strongly than before the capitalist who would make us slaves and the Socialist who would make us animals.

Most opportune and most powerful as were these encyclicals, they are but the expression by authority of principles which had been advocated for nearly a century. In the Social Catholic party in France and the Catholic Center of Germany the strength of the hills and the freshness of morning inherent in the precepts of Christ had been adequately exemplified. Never has there been a more striking vindication of the eternal truth of the Catholic religion than the ease with which its believers were able to derive, from Catholic principles, truths whose application to present-day society would save it from destruction. Two clerics, Abbe Lacordaire in France, and Bishop von Ketteler in Germany fathered the movements in their respective countries. In America the growth of Christian Democracy dates from Pope Leo's encyclical of that name and differs in matter and scope from the European movement not at all.

The many evils which afflict society have necessitated a somewhat elaborate program for Catholic social reform. As drawn up by Father Husslein, the Jesuit, in his "Democratic Industry," and adopted by various Catholic associations in English-speaking countries, this program seeks to establish what has been called the Distributive State. It recognizes as fundamental the right of private property, and hopes to obtain for the head of each family the enjoyment of that right. Socialism, which makes the State all, and "Liberalism," which makes the individual all, it rejects. The cause of the existing topsy-turvyism it places as the godlessness of the individual, the home, and society, and the lack of thorough practical education. The only adequate remedy for this chaos of

thought and deed it finds in the Catholic Church. All other programs of social reform seek to destroy the indestructible institution of private property or fail to reform. The Catholic, with his Church's experience of nineteen centuries behind him, finds a solution in the *voluntary* association of Labor, Brains, and Capital, the State intervening only when Christian charity or justice makes it necessary. Whether modern society, whose soul seems corrupt, can realize the grandeur and attain the splendor of the Church's counsel of perfection is a doubtful question. But it should at least remember the war-cry of the French Revolution: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death." Christian Democracy or catastrophe is inevitable.

The ordinary Catholic, even the educated, is content to take his religion as a matter of course. He fears God, loves his neighbor, and is ready to defend or die for his religion. But he fails to appreciate it truly. He does not know that its doctors have built up from divine and human wisdom a secure philosophy, which recognizes him as a social as well as a religious animal, a citizen as well as a potential saint, and a human being as well as a sinner. The Church is to him not a loving Mother, concerned intimately with all his hopes and fears, but a stern Spouse of Christ, whose hand is heavy on his iniquity. Until the sons of God know the greatness of their inheritance and wear its beauty as a garment visible to the eyes of the world, it is surely unreasonable to expect the sons of men to recognize their Antichrist as all things to all men, Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.

*James F. Keleher, '24*



## THERE ARE GUESTS AND PESTS



AMERICA has often been honored in the past by visits from eminent and learned foreigners. We have been fortunate enough to enjoy the distinguished presence of ingenious scientists, skilled surgeons and efficient engineers. We have been glad to welcome victorious generals, illustrious churchmen and famous statesmen. A warm welcome has always been tendered to every notable in this large army of honored invaders.

Now, however, we are experiencing a new kind of visitation. Almost every week some talked of person arrives, seeking our hospitality. Usually they have no outstanding qualities to recommend them. They have performed no signal service for humanity. They have nothing new to teach. They offer no remedy for international evils. In fact the majority of them possess nothing but a cast-iron nerve, an efficient press agent, a craving for notoriety and a burning desire to attach themselves to some of our good old American gold. This type of visitor should not be warmly welcomed. They should in my opinion be totally ignored by the American newspapers, which give them far too much free publicity. I have in mind while writing this little criticism, four prominent foreigners who are now, or were a short time ago, visiting this land of promise. One of these is a Russian and the other three are English.

The Russian, General Semenoff, came here seeking relief for some cause or other. That was his professed mission. But I think that the bewhiskered gentleman came here endeavoring to spend a comfortable vacation far from the somewhat fatiguing life in Russia. He figured that he could kill two birds with one stone. He could have a fine time over here, and when he had enjoyed himself sufficiently he could pack his baggage with American coin and return to the paradise of the Bolsheviks. But the poor old general was sadly mistaken. He is having his vacation, all right, but it is not the kind he intended to have. He is sojourning behind prison bars at the present time, but even that ought to be better than freedom in Russia. If all the charges preferred against

him are true he should be shipped back to his native land in the care of an undertaker. The three English visitors, to my mind, equally underserving of our welcome, are at large end enjoying themselves immensely.

The first of these three to come over was Mrs. Margot Asquith. She is nothing more or less than a common gossip. Her social rank may be higher than that enjoyed by the village scandal monger, but she is a member of the same tribe. Nevertheless, she is an enterprising busybody. She wasn't content to confine herself to mere talk, so she surpassed the ordinary blabber by writing a book. In this way she was paid for airing her knowledge of other people's private affairs. Even then she was not satisfied. She must come to America and lecture here. Well, she came. We are told that her extraordinary personality and her unusual way of saying things captivated many people. These same people are the very ones who would have been most disgusted if the speaker had been anyone else but Margot. But Margot, you know, is so different. Usually she was very frank in her speech, but I just can't remember how many American shekels she said she was bringing back to Merry Old England. If we knew, perhaps it would be another proof that Barnum was at least partly right. However, Margot has gone back, and we seem to be getting along just as well as we did before her visit. So now we will let her rest in peace and put another English citizen on the pan.

This time it is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This man made himself famous as the author of those interesting Sherlock Holmes detective stories. If he had come over here as the author of these stories he would have been accorded a worthy welcome. We would have admired him for his literary ability, and we would have respected him for his learning. But when he comes before us in the rôle of "Sherlock the Ghost Hunter," he is received, not with a welcoming smile, but with a good hearty laugh. Can you imagine an ordinary human being coming before the American people, who have at least ordinary intelligence, and telling them that he knows the kind of a place heaven is? It is indeed hard to imagine such a person, nevertheless, such is our friend Sir Arthur. He says it is a place where all women are twenty-five years old and all the men are thirty. Poor old Methuselah must think he is in a kindergarten. Again, he says that Heaven is divided into levels, each one exactly forty miles apart. To atone for their sins the souls of the dear departed will have to work their way up through these stages until they reach the top floor. He further declares, in his infinite knowledge, that there is no Hell. Then

he tells us that he has received messages from the dead. He would have us believe that he is the official interlocutor for the spirit world. I venture the opinion that any messages he may have received have come, not from souls in Heaven, but from that place which he says is non-existent. His talk would be amusing if it were not for the damage which it might do to the souls of weak-minded, ignorant, superstitious people. The more I read of his fantastic ravings the more convinced I become that he is using too often, the needle which Sherlock Holmes was accustomed to use after a fatiguing man hunt. There are many more things I would like to say about the Hon. Mr. Doyle, but space doesn't permit, so we will go on with the roasting by having Lady Astor, the politicianess, on the mat.

This lady was born in the State of Virginia, U. S. A. There didn't happen to be any lords, dukes or counts in this part of the world, so she disdainfully gave up her citizenship in the noblest country on the face of the earth and moved to a land where lords, counts and such people abound. She married there the son of another expatriate who, because he lost a political battle in New York, removed himself and his millions to England and married an English woman. America didn't lose anything by this "sorehead's" departure, and England can't brag about what she gained. But let us return to Lady Astor. She returns now, after being mixed up in English politics for some years, to pay a visit to the land which she renounced. She talks freely to the newspaper men on any question at all. She advises us to deny the soldiers a bonus. She tells us it is our duty to join the League of Nations. Now someone should inform the Hon. Lady that we can run America surprisingly well without her advice and suggestions. We could excuse statements like the two we have just quoted if we wanted to be sociable and avoid discussion. But when she objects to the campaign that the Knights of Columbus have inaugurated for the publication of historical truths; when she uses the term, "Our country was settled by Protestants;" and finally, when she tells American citizens of foreign birth that they should not mix in national affairs, then she cannot be forgiven. She should be told publicly, to mind her own business, and if she would understand more easily, if an adjective were inserted, then by all means insert the adjective. By what right does she use the pronoun "our" when referring to America? Has she forgotten the American Declaration of Independence? Does she think America is an English Province? Doesn't she know the part

that Catholics played in laying the foundation and preserving the structure of the American Republic? If she doesn't know American history, then she should hide her ignorance by refraining from speaking of historical events in public places. On the other hand, if she does know the true story of our great Government then she has uttered a deliberate and malicious lie. Lady Astor and people of her stamp, may be admired in certain quarters, but the great majority of American citizens recognize her for what she is and consequently take no stock in her public utterances. It is the small minority who encourage such people to visit America and inflict themselves on an already overburdened nation. I don't wish to be discourteous to these visitors, but I must say that the sooner they say good-bye the better off America will be. In fact, America won't seem like America to many of us until Lady Astor and her prototypes are far beyond the three-miles limit, speeding eastward.

*Frank P. Casey, '24*

### *Al Pleut*



BEHIND the grey curtains of the mist  
Apollo sleeps,  
And heaven indignant at his sloth  
In anger weeps.

*—J. P. W.*

### It's Easy to Dream

**I**T'S easy to think of Tomorrow  
To dream of the joys it will bring  
To dream, and in dreaming, be happy.  
To dream that your blue bird will sing.  
It's easy to dream of the future  
When clouds will be banished away.  
It's easy to dream of Tomorrow,  
But hard is the work of Today.

It's easy to think of Tomorrow  
All rosy, with skies sofest blue  
To dream of the fruits of your labor,  
To dream that your dreams will come true.  
It's easy to dream in the gloaming  
When the light's softly shading to grey.  
It's easy to dream of Tomorrow,  
But hard is the work of Today.

—Francis Lucien Dwyer, '24

## May



FROM out the grey mists of Eternity  
Majestic in her swan-like grace,  
Floating serenely, with white sails spread,  
Upon the mirrored waters of space—  
Comes May all fair and white.

No helmsman steers, yet straight she sails  
Into the new white port of Spring,  
And we run in childish glee and way  
To greet this ship the Angels bring,  
This May so fair and white.

Her decks are of glist'ning whiteness too,  
From stern to bow is a dazzling sheen  
This snowy sail on whose form reflects  
The chaste brightness of Mary Queen  
Of May all fair and white.

—J. P. Walsh, '24

## MORPHEUS—THE PIRATE



IFE, from our entrance into this world until our departure therefrom, is one long round of trouble, labor, and above all, responsibility. Even in our infancy, we appear bound to provide nocturnal exercise for our male parent. Our infant powers of discernment fully realize the need of our parent for walking; hence the frequent pacing until the hours of dawn. Again, in our youth, we seem to have the responsibility of providing worry for our guardians by our scrapes and escapades. But, as we grow on and upward, responsibility is shifted; we cease being provided for by others; we begin to look after ourselves.

Yet there is often a time of relaxation when we hurl to the wind worries and responsibilities. Such an occasion of relaxation was this, as I sat in the stern of the chugging "Waterspout," and thus soliloquized. Having finished such philosophical reasoning, I turned to my friend who was busying himself with the motors of the craft.

"Red," I asked, "to what regions shall we direct our course?"

"I'd hate to tell where you should direct yours," he answered in his ironic way. Assuming the air of a bank president, I repeated my question.

"Well," returned he, "there's Pirate Flats. Thither are many clams, and luscious." He paused, then added, "Tomorrow's Friday, you know."

Mentally picturing clam chowder, I replied, "Me for those Pirate clams," and so saying shifted the tiller a bit. Both of us relapsed into silence, I into my land of dreams, as well. About noon, Pirate flats came into view.

The tide was almost out when we anchored the motor boat a little way off shore. Throwing the "uprooting instruments" into the row boat, which we had trailed behind, we clined in ourselves and rowed to shore. Pulling up the skiff on the beach, we proceeded to work. For three steady hours did we labor and we were rewarded. It was only when our backs were well-nigh broken, our faces and necks burned to a brilliant crimson and the tide risen too high, did we row back to the motor boat

with our shelled victims. "Let's go around the point," Red suggested. "The breze will be refreshing." I assented with the customary grunt of a person too tired to speak.

The boat was headed for Pirate's Point—everything was named "Pirate" in these districts—and both of us chatted about empty and insane subjects. We were mentally fatigued, also. The weather was beautiful, the sea exceptionally calm—the blazing sun beginning to descend toward his home beyond the purple horizon. The little craft was working its way ahead, the motor working finely. Far on the horizon, we could discern a sail rapidly disappearing. In another direction, a column of smoke forewarned the approach of a steamer. What breeze there had been died down. Little or no life was manifest except for the gulls, screeching overhead. By this time, we were far outside the point, on the glossy sea. Presently I spoke, "Fog coming; we must turn back," and shifted the tiller. The fog gained on us, and in a very short time we were enveloped in its weird, clammy folds.

As usual, the very thing which occurs inexplicably under similar circumstances happened—the motor went dead. You see, we were no exception to the general rule. Our relaxation had ended, our responsibilities were renewed.

"Well," savagely spoke Red, "if this doesn't beat all; I bet we hit a battle ship."

"Such is life," quoted I, as I went forward to throw over the anchor. Being in deep water, I did not expect it would catch, but I knew that if the boat drifted shoreward the anchor would catch hold, but if it should drift seaward \* \* \* Oh, well, it didn't! My companion was bending over the motor, perspiring and angry. I resumed my seat at the stern, trusting to his ability to better affairs. But I was tired. Wearied by the strenuous effort of the afternoon, and soothed by the gentle breezes which had followed the fog, I began to nod; I caught myself several times; for to sleep in clothes saturated by mist, and in an atmosphere filled with fog, is quite an accomplishment. But morpheus was calling. I began to go \* \* \*

Crash! The boat trembled from stem to stern. The shock threw me headlong. I had a vision of my companion hurled over the motor. I saw, through the lifting fog, a great huge shape, tall masts, and dripping sails on sagging yards. Our boat was rapidly filling. There must have

been a hole stowed in it. A voice, stern and heavy, sounded:

"Pedro, go forward and see what we struck." A voice in broken English told of our plight. We cried for assistance and were taken aboard the ship. To my surprise, it was no large, modern schooner, but a sailing vessel of the past century. I could see old fashioned cannon, half hidden. We were brought before the Captain. Our surprise was redoubled. He was a tall individual, clothed in short trousers and huge boots, a short jerkin encircled by a belt containing a knife and pistol. I glanced into a swarthy face, partly concealed by a bristling mustache.

"Well, gentlemen," spoke the captain, "I guess you're on here for a long time. I'm bound for the South Seas."

"What's your cargo?" I asked.

"None," he smiled. "I'm plying a little trade of my own on the high seas." I grasped the significance of his answer. He was a pirate.

"A pirate," questioned I, "in this twentieth century?"

"What do you mean, twentieth century," was the reply. "This is the year of our Lord 1801. Didn't you know that?"

Dumfounded, I weakly replied, "Oh, yes."

In a few lines the rest may be told. We were given suitable clothes for our work and were made little more than deck hands. For weeks and weeks we sailed into the tropic regions. I had long since given up trying to solve the chronological problem. Life was easy. We touched on several points, but we boys never had a chance to land. In a dry tone, the captain explained, "You might forget to come back."

In the South Seas, where the sun blazed fiercely down and the tar oozed from the seams, and the odors almost overpowered us, we came on our first quarry; a Spanish trader was sighted, overtaken, and being forced to surrender, was looted. From now on, in these heated regions, weeks followed weeks. Sometimes a trader would offer stiff resistance. In this case, when it was taken, the officers were forced to walk the plank, or were strung from the yard-arms. But strange to say, Red disappeared entirely. I have no recollection of ever seeing him.

As time went on, in heart and soul I became a pirate. For I knew that if captured, I would receive the same fate as the rest. As a regular buccaneer I cursed, worked, and fought with the rest. In a fight, my particular duty was to climb the rat-lines and with my rifle pick off the enemy's gunners. Thus did we spend life. Under a blazing sun, in a torrid atmosphere, degeneration was easy.

One day, we saw a huge ship bearing off to the north. Thinking it a trader, we went for it. To our surprise, it proved to be a frigate of unusual size; and when we came into range, the Stars and Stripes broke from its masthead. A fight was inevitable. But would I strive against that glorious banner? Never!

So when I was ordered by the captain to my customary position, I refused. He struck me unconscious with the butt of his pistol. When I came to my senses, a battle was fiercely raging. Indignation filled my heart against my pirate companions, and I felt a love for that shot-torn flag flying from the masthead of our foe. The pirate craft was proving superior to the American. Each minute were brave countrymen of mine falling in defense of that banner. I quickly decided how I could aid that flag. I, with aching head, painfully wended my way below. To the powder magazine I directed by course. Having seized a brand from the galley fire, I lighted a fuse and threw it amid the powder; I heard it burn. There was a rustle, a hiss, and as I waited with closed eyes, with fear in my heart, and a prayer on my lips, there was a roar, a terrible explosion.

I discovered myself standing in our motor-boat, the vibrations of the roaring motor shaking the small craft. Red looked up to me, a triumphant smile on his face.

"I got her going at last," he said. "It must of startled you, for you jumped.

"Say," I remarked, "we didn't happen to hit a boat or anything, did we?"

"Only an old barrel," he said, "a short time after you fell asleep. That's all."

The fog had lifted, the sea was no longer smooth; evening had come, stars shone in the sky.

"Hey there! Port your helm. I want to get home tonight," said Red, lighting the lamps. So I turned the tiller, the prow of the boat was pointed homeward. Stifling a yawn, I remarked, "Red, I had a funny Pirate dream."

"I guess between pirate flats, and pirate point, your head is full of pirates; but let's hear it."

So seated comfortably on my seat in the stern, I told him.

*Thomas Henry Barry, '25*

## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

How many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside.—Henry Drummond. In every community we find the fatted calf, who lives and grows fat at the general expense. The sleek, well fed, platitudinous type who gives you the vacuous bovine stare. Seen regularly at church, he goes to be seen. He will not tolerate filth. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." He does not see that more than mere physical cleanliness is meant. He will not support charities. "It encourages the poor to laziness." He advocates more stringent measures for the punishment of children's misdemeanors. "As the twig is bent." There is such a thing as breaking the twig. The fatted calf thanks Heaven that it is not as other calves. The feeling is mutual. But because the fatted calf is tolerated in our midst, the prodigal looking in prefers the husks. But remember the Bible story. Every prodigal has his day.

\* \* \*

Mr. Alfred W. McCann refuses to be made a monkey. In his new book "God or Gorilla," Mr. McCann pulls the tail off the evolution theory. After reading the book there is no doubt left in the mind that Moses really did write the Pentateuch and not Wilhelm Karl Grimm. Mr. McCann further proves that modern science does not violate religion. He places the Biblical and the scientific theory of creation side by side, and shows that they are identical in meaning. The "monkey men" may laugh at the "miracle men," but they must admit that the mere existence of the world is miraculous. As for the Walrus, he prefers an Adam's apple on his escutcheon than three cocoanuts rampant.

\* \* \*

Many students ask, "What shall I read." That is a very difficult question to answer. Every one has a personal taste, and in choosing

books this taste must be consulted. But taste can and must be cultivated. A book read just because everyone is reading it is often a book that one should not read and everyone does not. It is for the sensation seeker. There is plenty of clean stuff for everyone. But wading is not reading. We read to enjoy the noble ideas of others. So it is not the quantity of good books that we read but the manner which we read that leaves an impression. Good biographies are always interesting and helpful. *Eminent Victorians*, by Lyton Strachey is especially good. If you care for poetry, there is an *Anthology of Irish Verse* Padraic Colum, recently published. For lighter reading there are many good magazines. But read as many Catholic magazines as possible. The *Rosary Magazine*, *America*, etc. Even if you are not a Knight of Columbus you should read *Columbia*, the official publication. It is worth while. A Catholic should cultivate a Catholic taste. If we can't recommend Catholic books and magazines, who can?

\* \* \*

The bad loser is beaten before the game begins. We have not been bad losers or boastful winners. We have shown a great amount of school spirit in following our team. We have cheered mightily. If spirit counts, we have won every game. But don't stop. Keep winning. Our team is a good one. Back it with your support. Providence College expects every man to do his duty. The gallery's duty is to cheer, and to be there to cheer. Radio is getting too darn popular.

\* \* \*

Why must the Freudian hydrometer be dropped in all of our most ancient and sacred vessels? What if Leonardo de Vinci did love his mother passionately. What if it did influence his art? Do we enjoy his art more or less because of it? Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D., J. B., etc. . . the Darwin of the Scriptures, has even injected it into the Song of Songs, which according to him, was not written by Solomon but by several peasants. Dr. Jastrow makes the fig and vine erotic symbols, and altogether he turns a beautiful allegory into a vile poem of the Walt Whitman type. The Doctor also makes Job quite Ingersollian; in fact he turns the Bible inside out. But according to the latest reports, the Vulgate Version is still being printed. It seems the "uninspired and unintelligent proletariat" prefer the older version.

*Est et tuta merces fideli silentio.* Horace, Bk. III, Ode II. Translated means, He who refrains from the wise crack gets the cookie. Kidding is the great American indoor sport. There is no harm in it, unless we commence to get spiteful. It is mighty easy and funny to say things that hurt another's feelings. They are things we are sorry for immediately after they are said. Learn to shut up at the proper time. Carry a stop watch if necessary. As George Ade would say, many a dumbbell keeps ringing until its gets cracked.

\* \* \*

Thunderstorm Christians and Fairweather Americans are not the Siamese twins. They are even more closely related than that. They are those who pray during a thunder storm and bray in fair weather. Cowards pray in danger only, lizards bask in the sun. The T. C. has no childish notions about religion, unless he is sick or broke. The F. W. A. is American only when it is convenient. He denounces aristocrats only to reassure himself that he is still a democrat. But he will pay several American dollars to hear some titled Englishman tell him just how provincial Americans really are. He remains of Irish descent until he reaches the \$100,000 mark, then he automatically becomes Scotch-Irish. When he goes beyond that he purchases a first class cabin ticket from a geneologist and boards the Goode Shippe Mayflower.

*The Walrus*

### A Friend

**A**H wealth may have its powers great  
And fame its clients, too;  
Yet there is one unchanged by fate,  
A friend that's tried and true.

A hand outstretched to render aid,  
Or greet you in success;  
In trials and troubles, undismayed,  
In joy, a happiness.

A heart unchilled by time or tide,  
Unruled by set degrees;  
As boundless as the ocean wide  
Or summer's gentle breeze.

A soul unmoved by earthly gain,  
Most fertile to the end;  
When fortunes fade he'll still remain,  
God's greatest gift—a friend.

—Harold F. Boyd, '24

### Now Is the Time

**I**'VE noticed when a fellow's dead,  
No matter what he's been  
A saintly chap, or one whose life  
Was deeply steeped in sin,  
His friends forget the bitter words  
They spoke but yesterday  
And find a bunch of pretty things  
Which they will gladly say.

I fancy when I go to rest,  
Someone will bring to light,  
Some kindly words or goodly acts,  
Long buried out of sight.  
But if it's all the same to you,  
Just give to me instead  
The bouquets while I'm living,  
And knock me when I'm dead.

Don't save your kisses to imprint  
Upon my marble brow,  
While countless maledictions  
You hurl upon me now.  
Say just a kindly word to me  
While I mourn here alone,  
And don't save all your eulogies  
To carve upon a stone.

—J. A. Pierce, '25

## THE SPOKEN WORD

**J**UST what value do we place on the spoken word? Its power in the early ages cannot be denied, for history shows us how time after time the destinies of nations have hung on just one spoken word. Is it true, then, that today there is a tendency to underrate this power? It isn't my intention to exaggerate this condition, but can we deny the fact that there are among us today, a great many people, who if called upon before an audience to express their opinion on some subject in which they are well versed, become speechless and as helpless as a child. As they regain their seat there comes over them a feeling of mortification and embarrassment at their own inability to give voice to their opinions.

In the early ages, the art of conversation reached a much higher standard than it reaches today. Why should this be? Haven't we facilities equally as good, if not better, for training our people in this art? Perhaps the greatest reason for this condition is the complete revolution in the conditions of modern civilization. Formerly people had almost no other way of communicating their thoughts than by the spoken word. There were no great daily newspapers, no magazines or periodicals of any kind.

All this is changed now. A new world has been opened up by inventions and discoveries. People are ambitious to seek wealth and position, and have no time to spend on developing their powers of conversation. In these days of great newspapers and periodicals, when everybody can procure for a few cents, the news and information which it has cost thousands of dollars to collect, everybody sits behind the daily paper or is buried in a book or magazine. There is no longer the same need of communicating thought by the spoken word as there was formerly. Printing has become so cheap that even the poorest of homes can obtain more reading for a few dollars than kings and noblemen could afford in the middle ages.

If we but reflect a moment, we shall see that this increase in print-

ing matter should be to our advantage, for it not only broadens our mind, but gives us new ideas. Why, then, do we find our people so backward when called upon to speak? With many it is because they do not realize the power of words. Others are too self-conscious. We all know what a pitiful figure a man presents when, because of his sensitiveness, he feels that his every word is being criticized. Some men are so sensitive and afraid of being gazed at that they do not dare open their mouths, even when a question in which they are deeply interested and on which they have strong views, is being discussed. At meetings of societies, or gatherings of any kind, we see this man, mouth closed, longing, yet fearing to speak. The mere thought of asserting himself or putting forth his views frightens him and causes him to shrink more into himself.

I think, however, this timidity is often not so much the fear of one's audience, as the fear lest one might find his vocabulary too limited for the clear expression of his thoughts. We need but look about us and see in the lower schools, the high schools and our colleges the terrible inroads the lack of teaching in the art of conversation is making on our people.

There is nothing that will indicate as quickly a person's fineness or coarseness of culture, one's breeding or lack of it, as his conversation. It was Confucius who said, "For one word a man is often deemed to be wise, and for one word a man is often deemed to be foolish." Very often it happens when one is corrected in his speech, he seeks refuge in the excuse that "Good orators are born, not made." We might as well say that good lawyers, doctors or merchants are born, not made. None of these would make much progress without hard work.

The power of words is often under-estimated by men, who in a fit of anger, utter words which they will perhaps regret for the rest of their lives. While forgiven, they are not often forgotten. Carleton says this about harsh words:

"Boys flying kites, haul in their white-winged birds,  
But you can't do this when you're flying words;  
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,  
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

In all ages, oratory has been regarded as the highest expression of human achievement. There is no power equal to that of the spoken word. Caesar controlled men by exciting their fears; Cicero, by capti-

vating their affections and swaying their passions. The influence of one perished with its author, that of the other continues to this day. Although the early ages produced some wonderful orators, we here in this country, have just reason to be proud of our orators, who in every way set standards worthy of our emulation. What inspiration could have exercised the charm and swayed the people of our revolutionary times, as did the crystallized expression from the eloquent lips of Patrick Henry: "Give me liberty, or give me death!" Shall we forget Lincoln's immortal words: "A house divided against itself, cannot stand!"

It is said that after Webster's great reply to Hayne, every Massachusetts man walking down Pennsylvania Avenue seemed a foot taller. And so down throughout our history, each decade shows some man standing apart from his fellow men, because of the eloquent, forceful expression of his own ideas. And as long as the strong oppress the weak, as long as there are wrongs to be redressed, as long as injustice seems to rule, the voice of the orator will be needed to plead for the rights of man.

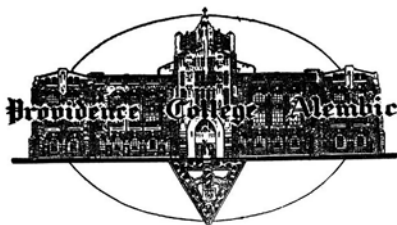
*William J. Connor, '24*

### **To Father Level**

*(On his twenty-fifth anniversary as a Dominican)*

**S**OLDIER of God and Soldier of France,  
Long have you labored, and well  
In service of God and in Country's Cause,  
Words are too feeble to tell  
Of your deeds.  
Their valor needs  
A mightier pen, perchance  
Like the Angel's recorder.  
But here's joy to you Père  
Oh, you finest of men,  
For 'tis said everywhere  
'Twas a glorious day when  
You took your vows of the Order.

—Francis L. Dwyer, '24



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The students of Providence College congratulate **PÈRE** Father Gaston F. Level, O. P., on the twentieth anniversary of his ordination to the Holy Priesthood, which occurs May 24th, and the twenty-fifth anniversary of the reception of the Dominican Habit, May 20th. Father Level, a native of France, was born in Boulogne-sur-Mer. After receiving the Dominican Habit he was sent to the College of S. E. in Jerusalem. His studies completed, he returned to France. He was then assigned to a professorship in the Dominican College of Cien-fuegos, Cuba. He became president of this institution, which position he held for ten years. When war broke out he returned to France and became a poilu. He was taken from the ranks and sent to

America in the interests of the French Government. After the Armistice he was invited by the Provincial of St. Joseph's Province to remain here to take the chair of modern languages at the Dominican College to be erected in Providence. While awaiting the erection of the College he taught at Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio. For the past three years he has been a professor of Providence College.

Père Level's ability as a professor is unquestioned. His interests are broad and his knowledge of things and events is great. He is one of the most loved priests in Providence College. He is loved for his kindness, humanness, and understanding. He is most popular because of his smile, while his military bearing makes him an outstanding figure. In him France has gained in her record of gallant gentlemen, brave soldiers, and brilliant scholars.

The entire student body, members of the Athletic teams, and the staff of the *Alembic*, which he has helped greatly, join in wishing Father Level congratulations and many returns of the day.

God became man to show us His great  
**MOTHER'S DAY** love. When God became man He became  
 a Son, the Child of a Jewish Virgin. Christ  
 loved His Mother devotedly. She is the link between God and man.  
 We, too, are sons. We should strive to be Christ-like. The Child knelt  
 at Mary's feet. He was God. Crucified, He looked down and saw  
 Mary weeping. In redeeming a world He found time to say to John,  
 "Son, behold thy Mother." Christ said it. Son, behold thy mother,  
 love her, guard her, respect her. It is Jesus speaking from a Cross.

On March 17th the Irish publicly proclaim their love for St. Patrick. That does not mean that they forget their Patron the other three hundred and sixty-four days. May 14th is Mother's Day. Many of us inherit certain Irish traits. We do not forget that every day is Mother's Day. It is the custom to wear a white flower on May 14th. Don't forget to send the other eleven to your gray haired sweetheart.

Trees are the noblest edifices of nature.  
**ARBOR DAY** Every tree is a living prayer to God. Trees are  
 God's gift to man. They are the talents which  
 we should plant in the earth.

### Trees

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

—Joyce Kilmer

And only God can infuse poetry into the soul of man. We should commemorate Arbor Day by planting a tree in memory of that great Catholic poet, Kilmer. Kilmer, the soldier poet, who gave his greatest gift for his country. Kilmer, who loved trees.

Next to the love of God is the love  
*MEMORIAL DAY* of Country. Christ was a patriot. He  
loved Judea. Men willingly suffer death  
for that which they love. For that is true love. The flowers we place  
on the soldiers' graves may perish, but the wreath with which Michael  
crowned them is immortal. Let us honor our dead, for in them we honor  
a great and glorious nation. It is indeed a sweet and beautiful thing to  
die for one's country. How about living for it?

# READ 'EM AND WEEP

## BOOK REVIEWS

Do college men think? That is the burning question. Much thought and many camels have been consumed in the consideration of this question. But that they do think is evidenced by the books recently published, written by college men of note (60 or over). In this number we intend to review books written exclusively by college men.

*The Trend of Music in America*; by S. Queek. Moron College, somewhere in the roaring forties. A book that no lover of music should have about. It gives the complete history of music, including the British Diplomatic Notes. Besides it gives many useful hints to musimaniacs. One chapter, we think its about ten, deals with, according to the chapter heading, "How to face the music although papa spansk as per usual." The author also warned young composers to avoid plagiarism. He said that as recently as last week he attended a try-out of a new opera given at Keith's, before the regular performance, and he distinctly heard Chopin, although the stage carpenter was not working at the time. The name of the opera was "Overture" by Anonymous, one of the younger unknowns. The book is one surprise after another. It goes on and on and on, until it reaches the high seas, and there it submerges with those beautiful lines of Sappho to Stradivarius. "Strad, old dear, let me be your bow."

*Esoteric Essays*; by Ima Bugg, Entomology Inst. 1492. As the author states in the preface, "These little things are meant to prick the sleeper." The opening essay is on corkscrews and keys. The second deals with fraternity, "Were the Siamese Twins Brothers." Every essay deals with some vital topic. When the reader closes the book he does so with a sigh. A sigh which seems to say, "So few in so much."

*Movies*; by Stogié Borràh, the Indian poet. Cranston College for Canaries. Sub-Deb: This petite volume of verse deals with the May Day problem. How can one induce furniture movers playfully called "movies" not to scratch the golden oak dresser or your mahogany dome? The author attempts to answer the question by asking one. Do moving men believe in Santa Claus or did my fumed oak smoking stand fall off

the wagon? The final ode is addressed to Hollowood, or, Where there is no sense substitute Educational films. It doesn't make any difference.

*Greek Art*; an anthology by several students, habitat, Providence; Notes on Greek art. Copious and fluent. It answers the moot question, Did the Spanish matador surpass the Greek horseman? By waxing epigrammatical. "The bullrushes on the Nile where angels fear to tread." There are also notes on sculpture. Do Greek statues speak to you? Yes, but what they say is above me. They speak in the Attic dialect and he studied Greek on the second floor. There are as many as sixty notes in the volume. Which is considered fair by every Greek student.

*Games*; by A. Husky: Muscle Shoals Inst., '00: A handbook for sportsmen. It weighs Athletics in the balance and concludes that the Yanks will win the pennant. The second chapter is quite spirited. It begins, "Reading makes a full man, but you can't blame the city officials. Pennsylvania hasn't its quota of Enforcement agents. The volume contains all the records of famous jumpers (bail) Berlinton system used. The records and biographical sketches form a combination no safe-blower can afford to be without.

*The Hub, a story of Greece*; by B. Bearing. Avocational School, 'XXX. A charming hysterical romance of Old Greece. King Axel is hopelessly in love with Princess Roulette of Monte Carlo, but he does not like the way she goes around. Still, he loves her, however, she is seldom still. One day he spies her out walking with Count Ten. The King picks up a handful of soil and makes a Greece ball, he then spots Ten, whom he intends to knock down for the count. He hurls the ball and knocks the Count for a row of wireless telegraph poles. The Count is now ranker than ten. Roulette perceiving that the King really loves her, wheels into Axel's arms. This starts tongues a wagging. They go on their honeymoon in the King's Norwegian Fjord (1916) and spend all day Saturday in the country. So you see the story has a week end.

*Lords of the Tree Tops: Fourteen Monkey Stories*; Youwin', Double O. Fourteen complete stories of the monkey kingdom by the king of story tellers. Each tail winds about a monkey. A book to be avoided by men with heavy beards or sensitive hides.

*Untrammelled Verse*; by College Poets: The only reason we can give for the stuff being untrammelled is that it is too deep for even a horse to step on. Several of the authors seem to lack such fundamental

things as the three "r's". Reason, rhyme, and respectability. The first poem is called "Jazz."

I love to travel.  
I like highways.  
I love Rhodes.  
A mountain rises before me,  
But it seems the Valley Falls.  
Tell me do they make Eskimo Pies in an igloo?  
If you don't use matchless gasoline for cleaning  
Ten spots.

The author did not have the courage to sign this. There are a few good numbers in the book, but you won't appreciate them unless you have a telephone.

*Anthology of Wet Verse*: by Bedstead. Less than one-half per cent.

*Ballade of a Movie Fan*

I used to like the movies once,  
And spellbound sit throughout each play.  
I used to think the man a dunce  
Who would their simple beauty flay.  
But early loves with you decay,  
And even stars from splendor fall.  
My idol, too, has feet of clay:  
They've made them educational.

We cheered to see the hero trounce  
The villain brought at last to bay;  
We laughed to see the "strong-arm" bounce  
The hapless "slapstick" getting gay.  
Hairbreadth escapes, love finds a way,  
Two deaths a reel would never pall.  
Now, bored, we see how heathen pray—  
They've made them educational.

It would have cheered us for the nonce  
To see how Belgium had her day,  
To see the grim retreat from Mons  
To see the Yanks get in the fray.  
But when they show us Old Cathay

And then get geographical,  
 We yawn. "What thrills in this?" We say,  
 "They've made them educational."

*L'Envoi*

Prince Bard, who lives for aye and aye  
 To be beloved and known by all,  
 With dunces Puck and Falstaff sway;  
 They've made them educational.

*James Keliher, '24*

*Sweet Essence of Reason with Perfume of Rhyme*

Some men like the flips while others like the flaps,  
 And some men care for neither while there's a chance for craps.  
 But all men, if they're honest, will tell you without fear,  
 They shun the old container that has to do with bier.

And so we're branded fakers and prohibition breakers.  
 In working hours as shifters, in dancing halls as shakers,  
 And all these super charges with bitter scorn and rage  
 Are cast in slurring fashion upon the present age.

Yet ages are but mirrors of all the souls who live,  
 Offenders and accusers the form and color give;  
 And ours is no exception in building or in tone—  
 Let him who would destroy it be first to cast the stone.

*Amerdown Iconography, '24*

## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

On Wednesday, April 26, Rt. Rev. Bishop *Our Bishop* Hickey, D. D., left Providence for Rome on his first *ad limina* visit to the Holy Father. When the Bishop appeared on the steps of the Episcopal residence he was greeted by the cheers of our student body. After repeated cries for a speech the Rev. Bishop declared: "I am proud of you boys, I am proud of your college and professors. When I am received by the Holy Father to make a report upon conditions in the Diocese I will tell him of the responsibilities assumed by the Dominicans in the diocese and the wonderful work they are doing at the Providence College. I shall be proud to tell His Holiness of this great demonstration. I shall carry the recollection of this eventful day to the end of my life, and I shall find it to be one of great inspiration to me. And in return I grant you all a half-holiday, and trust you will go to your homes and pray that I may come back safe and sound to you. This is truly wonderful." The student body then knelt and received the episcopal blessing. Before the Bishop's car drove off, the Very Rev. William Noon, O. P., president, and the Rev. Daniel M. Galliher, O. P., dean, wished him Godspeed. School children and groups of older people were gathered along the Bishop's route to Boston, where he boarded the S. S. Arabic.

The annual retreat was held April 10th to 12th. The *Retreat* retreat master was the Very Rev. E. G. Fitzgerald, O. P., S. T. M., of Washington, D. C. Father Fitzgerald is to be congratulated for the successful manner in which he conducted the retreat. It was brought to a close Wednesday noon with the bestowal of the Papal Blessing, followed by Benediction.

The College Glee Club will hold its first public concert Sunday evening, May 7th, at the Elks Auditorium. *Glee Club* Harry Cumpson of New York will be the accompanist.

*Caps* On May 8th the Freshmen will don their headgear for the last time. For on that night the Campus will be the scene of the annual cap burning. A Freshman committee is in charge of the affair. John Palmer, chairman; Joseph Morrissey, secretary; Hugh Hall, Albert Feid, Fred Brennan, Frank Holland, James Lynch, William Daly Byrnes, Robert Curran, and Harry Aloysius Graham. Although the program is not complete, among the events will be an address by the Reverend President, followed by the Rev. Dean, and the Class Presidents.

*Dramatics* The cast for the school play has been decided upon, and rehearsals are being held daily in Room 25. The cast selected is:

Louis, George Conway, '25; Duc d'Orleans, Arthur Tierney, '25; Baradas, Raymond Quinn, '24; Richelieu, John McKenna, '24; De Mauprat, Paul Redmond, '24; De Beringhen, Peter O'Brien; Joseph, Daniel O'Neill, '24; Muguët, James Mulcahy, '24; Julie De Mortemar, John Hurley, '25; Marion De Lorme, William McLaughlin, '24.

*Condolences* The Class of 1924 extends its sincerest sympathy to Joseph E. W. Wittig, '24, in the loss of his father.

The Class of 1924 extends its heartfelt sympathy to Harry Coleman on the occasion of his sister's death.

*Harry Graham, '25*

# ATHLETICS

## MIDDLEBURY, 8; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 7

Providence College lost to Middlebury on April 13th by the score 8-7. The game was close and interesting and Coach Duff's men showed a big improvement over the fielding and hitting which they displayed in their contest with Harvard the previous week.

Larry Kelliher pitched a fine game, and in the early stages it looked as though Providence would have little difficulty in turning in a victory. Larry struck out nine men, while he and his teammates gathered 10 hits from two Middlebury pitchers.

At the close of the fourth inning the score stood 5-2 in Providence's favor and it was here that victory seemed certain for the home team. But Coach Morey's charges staged a rally in the fifth when a walk, a triple, a passed ball and an error boosted Middlebury's score three runs, making the score tie. The game went on without event until the eighth, when Middlebury piled up three more runs, while Providence failed to score.

Larry Kelliher walked to first and reached second on a wild throw by Hastings. He was advanced to third by Holland's sacrifice and scored while Beck raced to first when the catcher dropped his last strike. Morrissey scored Holland by a long single to center, but he was caught stealing second. Feid was thrown out at first, ending the game.

### The score:

MIDDLEBURY						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	lb	po	a	e		ab	lb	po	e	e
Hastings, p . . . . .	2	0	0	0	0	Holland, 2 . . . . .	5	3	1	4	0
Stockwell, m . . . . .	3	1	4	0	0	Beck, m . . . . .	5	1	2	0	0
Klev'w, 2 . . . . .	5	1	3	2	0	Morrissey, 1 . . . . .	5	1	1	1	0
Gallagher, 1b . . . . .	3	2	11	1	0	Feld, s . . . . .	5	3	0	1	0
Timb'an, 1 . . . . .	5	2	2	0	1	Curran, r . . . . .	2	0	0	0	1
Daley, 3 . . . . .	5	1	0	3	0	Coleman, 3 . . . . .	4	1	2	3	0
Papke, s . . . . .	5	2	1	1	1	McGee, 1b . . . . .	3	2	11	1	1
Connolly, c . . . . .	4	1	4	1	0	Brennan, c . . . . .	3	0	10	0	0
Gonzales, p . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0	Kelliher, p . . . . .	4	0	0	3	1
Withim, p . . . . .	4	0	2	3	2	D'Angelo, r . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0
Edwards, r . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0	Graham, r . . . . .	0	0	0	0	0
						*McCaffrey . . . . .	1	0	0	0	0
Totals . . . . .	37	10	27	11	4	Totals . . . . .	38	11	27	13	3
Innings . . . . .											
Middlebury . . . . .					1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Providence . . . . .					0	1	1	0	3	0	0
					1	2	1	0	0	0	0
					1	2	1	0	0	0	0

Runs—Hastings 3, Stockwell, Kievenow, Gallagher 2, Withim—8; Holland 2, Beck 2, Coleman, McGee, Kelleher. Stolen bases—Coleman, Hastings, Morrissey, Holland, Beck 2, McGee. Two-base hits—Gallagher, Connolly, Kievenow, Holland, Feld, Coleman, McGee. Sacrifice hits—Brennan, Gallagher, Connolly. Double play—Morrissey to McGee. Struck out—By Kelliher 9; by Withim 3.

## BOSTON COLLEGE, 8; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 3

Coach Hendricksen's Boston College nine defeated Providence College by the score 8-3 on April 20th at Weston field. In spite of the cold wind which swept across the field the game was a pitcher's duel up to the sixth inning, when the score stood 2-2. Vargas, the Boston pitcher, started a four-run rally in the sixth with a long single to left. The game was called at the close of the eighth inning to allow Boston to make train connections.

Capt. McCaffrey pitched a fine game up to the sixth inning, but after that could not find the left-handed batters. "Mac" struck out six men and pulled himself out of two or three holes with ease. He allowed but one hit in the first four innings.

The Phillips brothers were the stars of the Boston team. Tom, the outfielder, was credited with a single and a home run. He also counted one runner and scored twice himself. His brother, the catcher, allowed no one to steal second.

In the last inning Morrissey started a rally for Providence with a home run over left field fence, but the following hitters failed to score. Morrissey, Feid, and Kelliher were the stars at the bat for Providence.

## The score:

BOSTON COLLEGE						PROVIDENCE					
	ab	1b	po	e	e		ab	1b	po	e	e
Palmer, s .....	5	2	1	2	0	Holland, 2 .....	3	1	2	4	0
Foley, 3 .....	3	0	2	1	0	Beck, m .....	4	0	1	0	0
Halligan, 1 ....	4	2	7	2	1	Morrissey, 1 ...	4	2	1	0	0
Wilson, r .....	3	1	0	1	0	Feid, s .....	4	2	2	0	0
E. Phillips, c... 5	2	5	6	0	0	Cassidy, 3 .....	4	1	2	2	2
Darling, m .....	5	0	1	0	0	McCaffrey, p ...	4	0	0	4	0
T. Phillips, l.... 4	2	0	0	0	0	McGee, 1 .....	3	1	8	0	1
Cody, 2 .....	4	0	5	0	0	Brennan, c .....	3	0	7	0	1
Vargas, p .....	3	1	1	2	0	Kelliher, r .....	3	2	1	0	0
Totals .....	36	10	22	14	1	Totals .....	32	9	24	10	4
Innings .....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Boston .....	0	0	1	1	4	2	0	8			
Providence .....	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	3		

Runs—Foley, Palmer, Halligan, T. Phillips 2, E. Phillips, Vargas 2—8; Beck, Mahoney 2—3. Stolen bases—Halligan, E. Phillips, T. Phillips. Two-base hits—Wilson, Feid, Kelliher. Home runs—Morrissey, T. Phillips, Struck out—By McCaffrey 6; by Vargas 5. First base on balls—Off McCaffrey 6; off Vargas 2. Passed ball—Brennan. Umpire—Devron.

\*Holland out, running outside base line. Holland out, foul bunt on third strike.

## PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 5; CLARK UNIVERSITY, 1

Larry Kelliher's great pitching brought the first victory to Providence College when Clark University was defeated by the score 5-1 at Weston Field. Larry struck out 19 men and would have turned in a

no-hit game but for a weak grounder along the first base line in the seventh. McGee, the first baseman for Providence, threw himself at the runner in an effort to tag him, but narrowly missed.

Kelliher issued his first pass in the ninth. The next batter reached first when Feid juggled his grounder. Fowler overran third base and was boxed between third and home, but Brennan's throw to Cassidy on third was too low and the runner scored. Fowler, of Clark, was the only man to hit Kelliher's deliveries.

D'Angelo starred in right field for Providence. He had a perfect day at bat with two triples and a single, scoring twice. Feid also starred at the bat, coming through with a double and a single. Brennan played a great game behind the bat, allowing no one to reach second.

Ryer was the twirler for Clark for the first five innings and allowed six hits. Pelletier pitched a better game, however, allowing only two hits and no scores.

The score:

PROVIDENCE						CLARKE U.					
	ab	1b	po	e	e		ab	1b	po	e	e
Holland, 2	3	1	0	2	0	Fowler, 3	4	2	3	4	0
Beck, m	3	0	0	0	0	Colwell, s	3	0	2	1	1
Graham, m	1	0	0	0	0	D. Prince, m	3	0	4	0	1
Morrissey, l	4	0	0	0	0	Winn, c	4	0	7	2	0
Feid, s	4	2	0	1	1	R. Prince, r	3	0	0	1	0
McGee, 1	4	1	8	0	0	Smith, 3	3	0	1	1	1
Cassidy, 3	4	0	0	0	0	Schul's, 1	3	0	5	0	1
Kelliher, p	3	0	0	2	0	Ryer, p	2	0	0	0	0
Brennan, c	3	1	19	1	1	Pelletier, p	1	0	0	0	0
D'Angelo, r	3	3	0	0	0						

Totals	32	8	27	6	2	Totals	30	2	24	9	4
Innings	.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Providence	.....	2	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	X—5
Clarke University	.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Runs—Holland, Feid, Brennan, D'Angelo 2—5; Fowler—1. Hits—Off Kelliher 2; off Ryer 6; off Pelletier 2. Stolen bases—Feid, McGee. Two-base hit—Feid. Three-base hit—D'Angelo. Struck out—By Kelliher 17; by Ryer 2; by Pelletier 3. First base on balls—Off Kelliher 1; off Ryer 1. Passed ball—Winn. First base on errors—Clarke U. 0, Providence 2. Left on bases—Clarke U. 2, Providence 4. Umpire—Meehan. Time of game—1h. 56m.

### UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT, 6; PROV. COLLEGE, 0

The Providence College nine journeyed to Burlington, Vt., and met defeat at the hands of the University of Vermont by the score 6-0. The Providence team played excellent baseball in every inning but the third, when the Vermont team found Fitzgerald's delivery and scored five runs. Kelliher then replaced Fitzgerald and kept the score down, although he walked six men.

Newton, of Vermont, pitched a fine game, allowing but five hits and striking out six batters. The Providence batters could not find his curves.

## The score:

VERMONT U.					PROVIDENCE				
	ab	lb	po	e		ab	lb	po	e
Young, m	5	1	1	0	Holland, 2	4	1	4	5
Harris, 3	5	1	1	1	Beck, m	4	0	2	1
McGinnis, 1	4	2	10	0	Morrissey, 1	4	1	1	0
Burns, 1	3	1	1	0	Feld, s	3	0	1	1
Tryon, c	4	0	7	1	Coleman, 3	4	1	4	1
Douglas, r	3	1	1	0	Kelleher, p	3	1	1	1
Duba, s	3	0	3	3	McGee, 1	3	0	6	0
Driscoll, 2	3	1	3	0	Brennan, c	3	1	5	1
Newton, p	2	1	0	4	Fitzgerald, p	1	0	0	0
Totals	32	8	27	9	D'Angelo, r	2	6	0	1
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Vermont	0	0	5	0	0	1	0	0	x-6

Runs—Burns 2, McGinnis, Tryon, Douglas, Duba—6. Two-base hits—Morrissey, McGinnis. Sacrifice hit—Driscoll. Stolen bases—Morrissey, Douglas, Burns 2. First base on balls—Off Fitzgerald 3; off Kelliher 6; off Newton 1. Left on bases—Providence 5; Vermont 16. Struck out—By Kelliher 4; by Newton 6. Double play—McGinnis, unassisted. Hit by pitched ball—Duba, Newton, McGinnis; by Fitzgerald—Duba. Umpire—Stark. Time—2h. 10m.

## MIDDLEBURY, 3; PROVIDENCE COLLEGE, 1

Middlebury again defeated Providence College, this time on the former's grounds in Vermont. The game was much closer than that played in Providence, the score being only 3-1.

The game was scoreless until the seventh inning when Timberman, the Middlebury right fielder scored one run. In the next inning Capt. McCaffrey evened the score on a two-base hit by Holland. But in the last of the Eighth Gallagher, the Vermont first baseman, drove out a smashing home run, scoring Hastings, who was then on second.

McCaffrey pitched a fine game, allowing only four hits and striking out 10 men. William struck out only one man and allowed 6 hits.

## The score:

MIDDLEBURY					PROVIDENCE				
	ab	lb	po	e		ab	lb	po	e
Hastings, m	3	1	0	0	Holland, 2	3	1	2	1
Stockwell, 1	4	0	2	1	Beck, m	4	0	2	0
Klevenow, 2	3	0	1	0	Morrissey, 1	3	0	1	0
Gallagher, 1	4	1	14	1	Feld, s	4	0	1	0
Timberman, r	3	0	2	0	Coleman, 3	3	1	1	1
Daly, 3	3	0	2	2	McGee, 1	4	1	5	1
Papke, s	3	0	2	2	Kelleher, r	2	2	2	0
Conley, c	2	1	4	0	Brennan, c	1	0	10	1
Witham, p	3	1	0	2	McCaffrey, p	3	1	0	1
Totals	28	4	27	8	Totals	30	6	24	5
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Middlebury	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	x-3
Providence	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-1

Runs—Hastings, Gallagher, Timberman—3; McCaffrey—1. Two-base hits—Holland. Home run—Gallagher. Stolen bases—Hastings 2. Coleman. Sacrifices—Conley, Stockwell, Gallagher, Feld, Brennan. First base on balls—Off Witham 4, off McCaffrey 3. Struck out—By Witham 1; by McCaffrey 10. Double play—Klevenow to Gallagher. Passed ball—Conley. Umpire—Kenworthy.

John McKenna, '24



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