

# PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



**VOL.. 3**

**DECEMBER, 1922**

**No. 3**



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# Providence College Alembic

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VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1922

No. 3

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## The Homing-Time

(To F. F. K. and J. F. K.)

The Son of Man at Christmas  
Was sent afar to roam.  
He left His home in Heaven  
That we might still come Home.

So Christmas is the homing-time  
For loved ones far away  
"To walk together to the kirk,  
And altogether pray."

Come home to us! ye loved ones,  
Whom Christ hath sent to roam;  
For Christmas is not Christmas  
Unless you are at home.

J. F. K.



## CHRISTUS REGNET!

**P**ERHAPS the most inappropriate season for a criticism of any sort is the Yuletide. At a time when peace is decreed to men of good-will, even the most exacting critic should allow for the beam in his own eye when he points out the mote in his brother's. But even a young dog's best tricks are usually his eldest one's, so it is too much to expect the *censor librorum*, who is now writing, to hazard his abnormal status (which, according to an authority, has certain privileges) in an attempt to be anything other than a Jonathan Swift. Moreover, in Advent we are urged to mortify ourselves, and since mortification consists in making ourselves miserable in order that we may be happy, (?) we shall exhibit a recognized characteristic of misery and seek companionship. For, since we write during Advent and since we *must* criticize, what is more Christian than a diatribe against critics in general, which must include ourself? Surely nothing is more pleasing to the world at large than a critic criticizing criticism. And it is easier to be critical than to be correct.

The gentleman, who suggested the theme we are now expounding, quoted an article in the "New Republic" which placed the birth of criticism in the Stone Age. We hope we are not leaving an opening for Mr. Schopenhauer (O!) in stating that the first criticism was made by Adam when he blamed Eve for his fall from grace. But, whatever its origin, it has been an inevitable concomitant of even the most rudimentary civilization (see "New Republic"), though attaining its greatest development in the highest culture. Its utility—it has never been considered ornamental—is recognized in its acceptance as a necessary evil by its most unfortunate victims, though its use has undoubtedly done more harm than good. Little as it may avail us to point out the harm done, we can at least do some good to our soul by an open confession of the sins into which the modern Juvenal usually falls.

The first error of the rough-shod critic is the ancient one of Diogenes—superficiality. Diogenes' attempt to find an honest man by



means of a lantern is no more illogical than an attempt to criticize a movement or the production of a movement without a thorough study of the thing to be criticized. In these days of insistent editors and complaining compositors it may be unreasonable to demand that every literary judgment be prudent, yet "Judge not lest ye be judged" is still an ominous saying. A striking example of the result of superficial criticism is the treatment accorded free verse. A discursus on the following poem in the December issue of "Poetry" will be of interest. We quote in full:

*A Trivial Day in Early Autumn*

A China lily cup  
Upon a pool  
Lifts up  
Its bowl.

Over the pale sky  
Frail clouds;  
A butterfly  
About the garden flowers.

Subtle  
The wind  
Among  
The falling leaves.

The grass  
Is wanly brittle  
Beneath the feet  
Of those who pass.

The first impression derived from a reading of this (we speak from internal experience) is that it does not mean a single thing. Perhaps the title helps in this regard. Yet, if we analyze the poem we can discern four pictures, each the true grounds for a noble emotion, and each distinct, though part of the whole. With this analysis I trust the poet agrees. At any rate it may serve to remind us that first impressions are not always best, and explain why Chesterton wrote of Macau-

lay, most superficial of critics, that his prose is at its worst, like tin.

The second error of our partners in crime consists in the failure to understand the viewpoint of the hapless victim. Often the critic admits this failure, but attempts to palliate it by refusing to recognize any viewpoint. For example, in the article entitled "Expiring Art," which appeared in the October *Alembic*, the modern Petronius, speaking of the Imagist school, writes "it is of their essence that they be unintelligible." For the similar treatment accorded to Keats, Shelley consigned the "Quarterly Review" to an unhallowed grave. Man is a *rational* animal (Juniors please excuse) and, unless he is proved insane, it should be taken for granted that there is some functioning of the intellect behind his expressed thought. The aspiring critic who can not or will take the time required to discern the *causa vivendi* of his subject is betraying an almost sacred trust.

The third critical error, which is at the same time most widespread and least often excusable, is lack of Christian charity. In the article referred to above, the *arbiter elegantium* also writes of the Imagists: "Whatever viciousness arises from their vacuity can be ascribed to the workings of Satan in an idle brain." The brass sounds, the cymbal tinkles, and charity beats a hasty retreat. However, this particular infraction of the second great commandment happens to be partly excusable, for, at the time he wrote this, the offender was influenced (subconsciously at least) by a sample of the "New Poetry" which impugned the Virginity of the Mother of God. Yet that is precisely the sort of thing for which the impartial critic should allow the dispensation given to (let us be charitable) invincible ignorance. The radical is always inclined to batter down everything venerable from antiquity, though he break his own head in the process. The least the conservative can do is to pray for the soul of his adversary.

The greatest exponent of these three critical errors is Lord Macaulay. In him ingenuity of brain and mastery of language were so predominant that it would have been a miracle if he had subjected the one to his reason, the instrument of Truth, and the other to his will, the instrument of Justice and Mercy. Miracles being out of place in the Victorian Age, an almost unique genius failed to fulfill his destiny. Macaulay's contributions to the intellectual treasure-houses of mankind are negligible, and his place in literature is that in which we now pre-

sent him, as one who preferred the manner to the matter, and loved cleverness rather than accuracy.

Glaring as are the faults in Lord Macaulay's literary works, there is one offspring of twentieth-century criticism which he, with no remorse of conscience, could disown. It is the illegitimate habit of mind exhibited in the judgment of an artistic production absolutely *a priori*, i. e., without having seen, or read, or heard it. To Macaulay this would have been sacrilege. But the frankly omniscient spirit of this enlightened age has no such qualms (again we speak from internal experience). Perhaps the American habit of "four-flushing" and the occasional desire to appear "cultured" has fostered the practice. Nothing can justify it. It has been truly said—Chesterton again—that it is perfectly proper to *praise* a man with whose works one is not at all or but vaguely acquainted, but most outrageously improper to *condemn* him under the same circumstances. But that was said over seven years ago and, according to one who should know, morals change every seven years.

Perhaps the most inappropriate time at which to obtrude the pronoun of the first person is the conclusion of a critique of pure criticism such as this. But the sky looks dark (Schopenhauer was a pessimist); and the wind from the sea has an icy touch (like the whiskers of a walrus). If, then, in any respect we have rendered ourself obnoxious to the much-enduring reader or the betrayed fellow-purveyor of words by this attempt to mortify ourself (and others) at the same time diverting, instructing, and elevating intellectual Providence, hastily do we call to your attention the season of the year. Let your hot heart cool and your anger abate, for there is peace on earth today.

James F. Keleher, '24



## THE MOUSTACHE

**A**T precisely four minutes to nine Jonathan Larkin opened the office door and beamed, "Good Morning!" For five years, in fact ever since he had left the little village of Roeton and his two sisters, had Jonathan opened that door between six and two minutes before nine and beamed, "Good Morning," although at times he was soaked with rain or chilled with cold. Still his heart was good and he wished the best in the world for fellow-mortals.

This morning as he entered Jonathan experienced a feeling of triumph, for not a soul had snickered; but the entire force, or at least that part of it which arrives before four minutes to nine, greeted him cheerfully, in their varying degrees of familiarity. Now, generally speaking, Jonathan Larkin was not a man to be ridiculed, but a few weeks before he had made a daring decision: he would raise a moustache. All it required was strength of character. Didn't Fred Pearson, his best friend, raise a garden, and didn't Tommy Geers raise the roof every Saturday night? Why shouldn't he raise something? And since the boss assured him it would not be his pay, Jonathan determined to raise a moustache. His favorite movie hero had a one-inch adornment, jet black and as symmetrical as a domino, but the trouble he had in bringing it up so perfectly was known only to the Master of Properties. His employer had a dignified gray one, and his favorite candidate for Congress had a red one which indeed accurately fitted the vulgar expression of "soup strainer."

However, in spite of his wishes Jonathan could not have black, nor gray, nor red because his hair was none of those colors; but throwing caution to the winds he cultivated a beautiful yellow-brown—or rose gold moustache. For a week, looking straight into the mirror, he could not find it, but by arranging two so as to see his profile, he daily inspected and approved. During these days of care and worry he had even given up smoking lest the fumes prove harmful. His sacrifices were rewarded.

Today indeed he was in his glory. For not one had snickered,

but all, reconciled to his ornament, greeted him cheerfully.

On his desk he saw a letter in his sister's familiar handwriting which to his amazement ended with the words:

—"Can't you get home. May's just dying—O here's the postman. Good-bye, Anne."

Dazed for a moment he sat there motionless. Suddenly realizing that prompt action was necessary he reported to the boss, and dashed out. Another difficulty—Roeton was eighty miles away and the Ford was not behaving well, but after twenty-five minutes of vehement,—yes, violent persuasion, he rolled out or shook out at forty per, and a blue-coated preserver of Law and Order shook up his hand. It was twelve-thirty and he sped into Roeton with three court summonses and two flat shoes.

In a bound he was in the kitchen of the old home and Anne nearly burned her hand in surprise as she forgot to put down the kettle.

"How is May?" he gasped.

"Oh—fine. Why?" she queried.

"Fine!" he roared. "Read this."

When she finished the letter her amazement softened into a hearty laugh and she allayed his fears by saying:

"I meant to say, 'May's dying to see your moustache,' but the postman came and I forgot all about it. Won't you stay to dinner?"

"When I find a barber-shop," he answered, "May can die."

*Edward J. Nagle, Jr., '26*



## OBSERVING THINGS



R. BARNUM made a sweeping statement when he declared that the American people loved to be fooled; but the truth of this bit of wisdom is proved when we consider some of the hoaxes tolerated by our fellow-citizens. But Mr. Lincoln also made a statement, less sweeping than Barnum's, but more exact. He said that you cannot fool all the people all the time. This was proved by more than one case, but the present example is all-sufficient. When that organization with the alliterative name, the Ku Klux Klan, made its debut it was about to humbug the American people; supported by various clergymen and by various religious organizations, more or less well-meaning, it was perpetrating an enormous hoax on American citizens. It fooled them into believing that it was an A-1 American organization, when in fact, there never was conceived a society more anti-American. The fact that the people took the Ku Klux Klan at its face value proves the assertion of Mr. Barnum. But—the few citizens of this Republic, who refused to be fooled, worked unceasingly to prove the evil of the K. K. K., and succeeded to the extent that Abraham Lincoln's contention was proved. The citizenry of our country has awakened; our legislators are beginning to realize fully the terrible intent of this malicious organization, and are now determined to deal with it sternly.

\* \* \*

The Ku Klux Klan are no sluggards when it comes to clever thinking. Considering (more carefully than some Catholics) the necessity of the parochial system for the preservation of Catholic ideals, and of religion itself, they have determined to undermine this foundation, and in one state have succeeded. The fact that their measure abolishing Catholic schools is not constitutional, is not the point; what should be realized is the enormous power which this organization can obtain to carry out their sordid plans. All must co-operate to check this flood of hatred and bigotry, from which is born disorder, and which are the forerunners of revolution.

December comes once again, the month in which we celebrate the feast of Christmas. This is the merriest time of the whole year; we feel more friendly during this season than in any other; and, strange to say, some of the merriest and friendliest are those who have no real idea of what Christmas means. There are some who have no idea of the advent of a Divine Saviour; they fail to realize that Christmas is an essentially Catholic feast, perpetuated by Catholic influence and custom; that this is positively not a pagan festival. It is the custom to present gifts at Christmas to exemplify our affection or friendship for another; and nothing is more logical than that the students of Providence College present to their Alma Mater gifts which should signify much. In saying this, the Observer has in mind this gift: the gift of renewed effort and greater loyalty in scholastic work that P. C. may attain the honor and end for which it was founded. Give to your college your best, and strive for perfection so that our College may be benefitted through an accomplished student body. This would prove an ideal Christmas, when we realize that we proved our affection to our Alma Mater by giving a gift, worth while, practical, and enduring; a gift which lasts not only during the Christmas season, but which makes its influence felt for all time.

\* \* \*

The attention of the Observer has been called to the "twoten birds." He has observed them; and also noticed other birds of the same feather who flock together. These are our "apologetic students"; gentlemen who consider that the mention of this institution entails nothing but shame. In the freshman class, we recognize them when they refuse to wear their caps for no other reason than that it makes them feel foolish. Our college has nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary it has proved by its accomplishments in every field to be worthy of praise. Now, why under the sun are there some here who dislike to be known as Providence College men? Strange as this question may be, it arises from a curiosity born of facts. To the Freshmen—the sooner you get over the idea that the wearing of the Cap is a penance, the better it will be. You do not wear the White and Black headdress to become objects of ridicule, but rather to show to all around us what a fine body of young men attend this college; men who love their Alma Mater and all pertaining to her. The Cap is a mark of distinction; a mark which points you out as objects of justified admiration. Wear the cap at all times, and cherish it for what it signifies.


Now we have the empty-headed fanatic, frothing at the mouth with scandalous excitement suddenly announcing that Admiral Benson is a Catholic, that he is the secret emissary of the Pope in the United States, and that he was presented by the Jesuits with a sword—all of which is interesting, especially the fiction. Certainly, Admiral Benson is a Catholic; he has publicly admitted it more than once. As to the fact of the Jesuits giving the Admiral a sword, it is nothing but fanciful fiction. The Jesuits do not pass out swords; what they deal with are facts and truths; and they contend, not with physical arms, but with mental and verbal weapons. The Jesuits never gave a sword to Admiral Benson. Some kind person should give the originator of this lie a sword, point end to. As to the fact that Mr. Benson is the American leader of the Papal Expeditionary Forces, this is truly humorous. Some people are dense. If the originator of this story announced this during the war he would have probably made a sensation; for at that time Admiral Benson, the Catholic, was ranking admiral of the United States Navy, for whom other admirals about whom we make much fuss, were mere messenger boys. Certainly if the Admiral had treacherous intentions against his country, then was the time to carry them out; when he had all the inside knowledge of government affairs before his retirement. It only goes to show how stupid are the planners of this latest piece of news. Soon these illustrious gentlemen will be throwing a cordon about the White House lest that edifice suddenly rise heavenwards under the impetus of Catholic gunpowder—a la Guy Fawkes, as it were. But no fear—Admiral Benson is an ardent Catholic; and a good Catholic must be a worthy citizen.

\* \* \*

Christmas Gift Suggestion: A year's subscription to the *Alembic*.  
*The Observer*



## Mother O' Mine

HEY tell me that her hair is white,  
From watching with the candle-light,  
That burns throughout the weary night,  
To send its message to me.

And they say she's growing very old,  
That her thin, wan, hand can hardly hold,  
From her eyes, the gleam of sunset's gold,  
Each day, when she watches for me.

I'll wait no more for fortune's smile—  
I'll home and make her life worth while—  
And never leave a hostile mile  
'Tween "mother o' mine" and me!

—J. V. Mitchell, '24

## PECCAVI, SED—

**T**HE Exchange editor of the Boston College *Stylus* has favored me with a criticism of "Expiring Art." As I have admitted in an article published in this month's *Alembic*, my criticism of free verse was both unjust and uncharitable. The refutation of it is at once sound and discerning. It may interest my critic to know that my opinion of free verse, as expressed at the time, was at least sincere, though it has since been changed by the poem quoted in "Christus Regnet."

But my criticism of the modern novel still remains sound. I disagree with Mr. Brennan's definition of art as truth in a new way and under a new aspect. His philosophic treatment of my statement that free verse is unintelligible would lead one to expect in him a knowledge of the nature of a definition. As he should know from his logic, a definition consists of the nearest genus and the ultimate difference. The definition of art according to which I criticized the modern novel is "the expression in sensuous form of the true grounds for a noble emotion." Concerning my nearest genus, "the expression in sensuous form," there is no chance for obscurity, but my ultimate difference, the true grounds for a noble emotion," requires an explanation. By the use of these words I exclude every literary production which is not based on a moral principle and does not satisfy an aesthetic need of man.

I exclude *Main Street* from the category of artistic productions because it is not based on a moral principle and does not satisfy an aesthetic need. Nowhere in the book is there exhibited an example of the virtues of Faith, Hope, Charity, prudence, fortitude, justice, or temperance. The book does, however, exhibit the result of the lack of any of them on the twentieth-century character, and as such it may be of interest to the future sociologist. Also, *Main Street* fails to satisfy an aesthetic need of man. Mr. Brennan entirely misses the point I attempted to make in this connection, viz., that the fact that there is no development of character in *Main Street* makes it a puppet-show and not an artistic production. Man's aesthetic sense is satisfied by an object where

his mind perceives that the object has realized its destined perfection. In *Main Street* there is recorded no attempt by any character to realize his destined perfection. The book is literature, as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is literature, but it is not art.

I exclude a novel of the *Success* type from the category of artistic productions because it is not based on a moral principle. Mr. Brennan's knowledge of Catholic doctrine should answer his question: "Is not such a situation, *without punishment*, relatively common in real life?"

I consider Basil King a sincere and often successful artist because he bases all his work on a moral principle. It is only when he violates the canon of art, that a moral should never obtrude itself, that he offends the aesthetic sense. His "Empty Sack" portrays a character exemplifying the theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the moral virtue of fortitude. The happy death of this character, exclusive of the deserved happiness of a pair of lovers, makes the book beautiful.

My paragraph on Charles Norris and Scott Fitzgerald is so ambiguous that I cannot blame Mr. Brennan for having misunderstood me. The word "rationalistic" was intended to be applied to Norris' treatment of *Salt*, and not to Norris himself; and the words "distinctly Catholic" and Fitzgerald's treatment of *This Side of Paradise* were intended to be likewise linked. *Salt* is a practical exposition of the theories of natural or "rationalistic" ethics, and *This Side of Paradise* presents a character whose development is strictly in accord with Catholic psychology. To me these two novels are great works of art, yet I read the one quite by chance and the other with a preconceived prejudice against it.

Mr. Brennan's assertion that he can think of many modern novels which are ethically sound, artistically perfect, and not mawkishly sentimental leaves the reader with the impression that he can think of so many others that the average, or perhaps the larger proportion of modern novels, furnish "true grounds" for exciting noble emotion. The critic would certainly do an inestimable favor to the reading world if he would enumerate from among the best sellers a list of those which he believes are capable of stimulating noble emotions, which leave their readers morally better than they were before the reading.

Truly an essay expressing one's views on the character of the modern novel calls out the man himself—his talent, his color, his personality, no less than fiction, poetry, or light monologues. It supposes a concep-

tion of ideals and right standards. Whether an undergraduate has the "maturity and scholarship" to write an essay on the art of the modern novel that "will make anybody sit up and take notice" can be truly determined only by a critic who has himself a proper conception of the ideal which a work of art should reflect, of the standard by which a work of art should be measured. We do not think that that standard should be "the truth in a new way, under a new aspect, and consequently newly intelligible."

*James F. Keleher, '24*

### Evolution



WITH liberation  
A little nation  
Does quickly grow till  
It rules the world.

Then comes corruption  
And next, eruption  
And strength is gone—So  
The Fates are hurled.

—*Carl L. Heilman, '25*

## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"



ATER in itself is harmless. But the Chinese devised a method of execution centuries ago, still in use by that conservative people, whereby a prisoner was trussed up and water let fall on his head drop by drop from a tank placed above him. The first hundred drops were the softest, after that an anvil chorus would have been a mild diversion. Long before the last drop (see, *Annals of Volstead*, ch. 3, p. 17) the prisoner succumbed, presumably from dropsy. This is denied by some scientists, who persist in the belief that nine-tenths of the prisoners expired when their heads became water-logged. They base their claim upon the wooden expression assumed by so many laundrymen. But no matter, the drip, drip, killed the prisoner. Occidentals, being more civilized, so *they* say, shudder at the mention of this cruel procedure. Not a vulgar shudder, you understand, merely a raising and lowering, ever so imperceptible, of the eye-brows, the nose, the lips, the shoulders, etc., And then, as it will, the conversational worm turns from Chinese barbarism, barbers' barbarism, the weather and such, and the Velvet Hammer is dragged out. The introduction being something like this: "Oh, did you hear about so-and-so," or, "I don't want to knock, but Whosis, etc., etc." Nothing comes so easily in the great American game of Bull Fighting, or as it is called, harmless conversation, as detraction and censure. It seems to satisfy a sadic inhibition of our subconscious mind. And human nature is so debased as to find in gossip a mean gratification. The failing is Western. The Chinese may wear tails, but we bear them, at length. Because of this, Gossip is technically known as the White Man's Burden.

\* \* \*

"With a great sum obtained I this freedom." Acts XXII, 28. "This Freedom," do we really want it? First, when we were very small, we longed for a far away island. In our more filial moments we transported our parents with us, but more often we were alone on

our Ile de mirage. We would be free. Run, play, swim, any time, any place. And then gregariousness sets in. We were a little older. We took along with us a few chosen companions, sometimes one. Then latest, we reverted to the primal state of a tight little isle for one. Throughout life the isle remains a symbol. It typifies Freedom, a volcanic atol, showing only when our pride erupts; a haven of Ego; a corral of stray penseses. It is most conspicuous when we long to be untrammled, free; when we have offended; when we have destroyed some dear shibboleth. "This Fheedom," is, This fleeing? When we are normal we long for no unbinding. We do not crave license. The greatest of man's suppressed desires, is his longing to be good. He burns to worship his God. He wants love and charity. But no one "gets that way." There is no bellwether to lead. And so the Great Suppression goes on and on. But while we are not good we are continually offending against a tendency to be good. A pemmican goodness it is stuffed away in the dusty garret of the subconscious. Yes, we long for the Isle of Freedom. A tight little isle. Why not join these isles for a Continent of Content? But after all it is easier to find an honest man, than one with whom you can be honest.

\* \* \*

And from the house by the side of the road, comes a cacophonous melody. It is the critics singing about the new books. "This Freedom," comes in for its share. Share, indeed. The book is read everywhere, but it is not universally liked. However, it is far superior to "Babbitt." "Babbitt," is too horribly true. It isolates America's prevailing faults and idiosyncracies. A pen portrait of America before breakfast. Curling papers and all that. "This Freedom," is read without being unbalanced. And besides these there are many, many others, but like an ice man you must take your pick. But don't read everything, read the best, for,

"The Rich may read and nibble figs;

The Poor must keep on raising pigs."

But even a peripatetic swineherd has time for his favorites. Unfortunately we haven't one of those "Outlines" for fiction. So that the tired swineherd could read them all compressed between two covers. The nearest approach to it is Shakespeare. In his plays you will find every plot. Indeed there has been nothing new since Shakespeare. Try


him, not as a duty, or merely for veneer; read him for pleasure. Its there.

\* \* \*

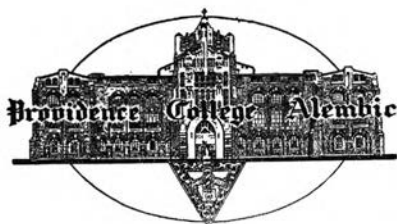
Christmas again and the usual bouleversement. A glorified bargain sale. Buying, shopping, selling, trading. The real meaning is overlooked. The old spirit is forgotten in these practical days. Santa Claus, the buffoon, still holds sway, while the Child and the Mother still seek an Inn. There is a beautiful Irish custom of placing lighted candles in the windows to light the Christ Child's Way. We should place a light within our hearts, so that the Child will find His way into our innermost penetralia there to dwell, a Willing Prisoner.

*The Walrus*

### Life

 HERE is no sound so happy  
As of children hard at play  
With their laughs and songs and shouting  
Throughout the livelong day.  
Their fun, poor things, is over  
Too soon, for you'll agree  
That childhood's days pass quickly  
And end their liberty.

—Edward Bolton, '25



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**CHRISTMAS**

“What is Christmas? Why, it’s the chance of a life-time for merchants to unload a bunch of stock they’ve been carrying on their shelves all year. It’s an awful bother, too, remembering who gave you presents last year and who didn’t, and sending Christmas cards and all that sort of thing.” So said the erstwhile and much maligned flapper.

But isn’t she about right? Doesn’t Christmas mean that and only that to most of us? We trot about with a bit of holly in our button hole and wish everyone we meet a “Merry Christmas,” whether we mean it or



not. Most of the time we don't, but everybody's doing it, so we might as well join the happy throng and help promulgate the so-called Christmas spirit. Christmas has become a fad.

There are still some good old souls in this ultra-modern world who observe the day for what it is,—the Birthday of Christ, the anniversary of the Incarnation of the Son of God, the Savior of the human race. Some still remember the scene in the little stable in Bethlehem where the Christ Child lay in swaddling garments in the manger filled with straw, tenderly watched over by the Blessed Mother while Joseph stood guard. They remember the journey of the wise men to the crib of the Infant on that first Christmas. They remember—and they pray.

The rest of us worldly-wise and self-sufficient beings could do well to forget this prevalent "gift for a gift" policy, and this commercialization of Christmas and get down on our knees and adore the Christ Child. Then, with the true Christmas spirit, we might get up and wish the whole wide world a "Merry Christmas."

We are about to begin a rather protracted  
*HOLIDAYS* period of vacation. When classes end December 20th practically every one of us will toss all our books into a heap, not to think of them again until classes are resumed a few days after the new year has dawned. That is the inevitable, it has always happened and probably always will happen. No one expects that any studying will be done over the holidays. Not that there is any law against it, but it just isn't being done.

However, a fellow might squeeze in a few sober thoughts about his college course between more pleasant thoughts of dances, parties, and general good times. There ought to be plenty of leisure moments when one could reflect on the work of the past few months, wherein it was good, wherein it was mediocre and, worse and more of it, wherein it fell short of the requirements.

At this stage of the game the most important question for consideration is whether or not it is worth one's while to continue if the work has not been up to grade. In other words, is it a waste of time to stay in college when several subjects have been flunked and the possibility of making up the work is small?

The answer to the question lies with the student himself, depends on his own ability and on his determination to succeed. But, if he has

failed because of indifference, in plain words, laziness, then the best thing for him to do is quit college before he is invited to leave and spend the tuition money for a new outfit of clothes or deposit it as the first payment on the "Universal Car."

*PARENTS* "I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. . . . but I was brought up to lead a clean, useful life, to honor my father and mother, to be just to all men, to respect law and to promote order, and I have tried to carry out those fundamentals."—Gov.-Elect William S. Flynn.

It is rather unusual and quite refreshing to find a man of public affairs who gives his parents credit for his success, especially a man of the much-touted "self-made" variety. These men usually rant and rave on the slightest provocation, about their phenomenal rise to prominence, by dint of their own effort alone,—along the line of least assistance, so to speak. They seem to forget the early days of what might be termed, public non-existence, when their parents instilled into them those qualities which were responsible for their success in later life.

Governor Flynn sounds a chord to which the hearts of every one of us might well respond. All too soon the son in his egotism forgets that his father and mother gave the best part of their lives and bent every effort for his advancement. Lock that thought in the chamber of your heart and never forget to give credit where credit is due.

*FOOTBALL* Providence College has just completed its second season of football. All things taken into consideration, the season was more successful than had been hoped for, and the members of the squad and the coach are to be congratulated upon the showing which was made. The inauspicious but successful start which was made in 1921 under the most unfavorable conditions, laid the foundations of the sport, and the accomplishments of this year tend to show that football is a permanent institution at the college.

The schedule for the coming year is already being arranged. All that is needed is the loyal support of every member of the student body. Every true son of Providence will respond. It is a privilege and not an obligation to support your team.

F. L. D.

## Dope Springs Eternal

**I**N the kindly mellow autumn when the wind gets brisk and keen,  
And the pigskin goes a-booming in the air,  
As the bruises and the wrenches and the broken bones are seen,  
Then the dopest runs his fingers through his hair.

With his head a mass of figures, plunged nose-deep in last week's  
files,

He compares the backs, the quarter, and the line—  
Suddenly he's typing madly, telling different styles and wiles,  
Quite convincing me your money's almost mine!

But some unsuspected half-back from the ozone takes a heave;  
Or an end picks up a fumble—and he scores!  
How the last two minutes vanish! Dolefully the field I leave,  
Quite convinced my hoarded shekels now are yours!

Day by day the dope grows weaker, all the while it moans in pain;  
Every Saturday they throw it for a loss.  
Phoenix-like it rises yearly, confidence itself again—  
Has it ever, will it ever, go across?

*J. F. K., '24*

## THE PRESENT TIME

Authors Note: Though the time and circumstances are in the present, the characters are fictitious. Any person having claim to one or another place in this story, will please Radio the author, B. P. E., (before Prohibition ends).

**F**OR several days the neighbors had been witnesses to the fact that there was a break in the Jones family. Rumors came and went as rumors will. Mrs. Jones was going to divorce Mr. Jones; who was going to take the children. Faster flew the busy tongues. Would the break never come? Ah—hot words from the Jones camp. Keen ears are pricked.

"John, John, don't: not for my sake, think of the children."

"Its all for the best, Maria."

"But your home; your parents."

"Don't, Maria, don't, you make it harder for me to bear, I've warned you, now I'm going to act."

Tempus fugit, a half hour; our hero gains audience in a busy office.

"I would not advise you to take that course, sir, wait a few weeks, things will have quited down."

"Don't say no—you can't refuse—I'll offer"—

"I am sorry Sir, but I can't do it—its for your good."

"By Zeus you've got to do it."

"Your family"—

"I have thought of them; there will be sufficient for my wife and children."

"Consider your action, wait a few days."

"No."

"I would advise you"—

"Don't warn me, my mind is made up."

Tempus fugit, our hero returns home.

"Father, Father; you didn't, did you?"

"Yes daughter, I have acted."

"Oh Mother, Mother, Father has—"

"You haven't, John?—your children?"

"Maria I have; its for the best."

Mrs. Jones screamed twice and fainted. The children howled. The neighbors ran hither and thither in shocked amazement, but with knowing looks.

A policeman hurriedly approached.

"I've done it, Officer, and I'm glad," said Mr. Jones. "Though it cost me my last cent, it was worth it."

*"The Ton of Coal, will arrive next year."*

Moral: Watch your step. Play safe. Things are not always what they seem.

*Edward Holohan, '26*



## EXCHANGE



UTUMN has always been the source of outbursts of feelings and sentiments as well as of the outpouring of numberless verses of more or less value among the younger writers who are striving to gain fame in the pages of a college magazine. It is true that the majority of college students are at an age when sentiment is the dominant factor of their lives, when everything is feeling, with very little place for reason. This overflow of sentimentality must find some passageway, must be confided to some other sympathetic heart who is willing to listen and is able to understand and to feel as we feel all things at twenty.

This sentimentality is generally given off by way of confidences to another person whose heart beats with the same emotions and the same strains, and this generally gives rise to friendship and even love, according to what sentiments the heart feels and also the manner in which these sentiments are conveyed to others. Not always being able to find an attentive listener to our songs of sentimentality, we search for other means of relieving our hearts, and the field is already found: poetry, verse. But, as we are not all poets, and, I may say, as very few of us are poets, much of the verse that is written is of small literary value. I do not mean to say by that, that all who try to write verses are absolute failures. I do maintain that there is a great gain to be made, both as to the subject of the theme and the structure of the verse.

### HOLY CROSS PURPLE

Here we find matter to please and interest most readers. It has always been the policy of the *Purple* to give nothing but the highest type of articles. The writings are well chosen and are a great credit to their authors.

"The Open Door" is by far the most interesting story of the October number, and although the plot is not a new one, it is exposed in such an interesting and novel way, that one cannot help but enjoy its reading from beginning to end. The parts are well divided and the

body of the story rises gradually to an effective climax, but the conclusion is perhaps a little lengthy.

THE  
ANSELMIAN      The prose writings are especially good values. I refer to "The Family and Civilization" and also "The Moral Aspect of Macbeth." We never have too much about our classical authors. Why not give us more studies or criticisms like that on "Macbeth?"

"A Tale of Rock Rimmon" is well balanced and very interesting, but the verse could be improved. The Alumni notes are excellent, and no doubt this department increases greatly the circulation among the members of the Alumni.

COLLEGE  
DAYS      About the most elaborately set up magazine among our exchanges, with every department well marked off. Both verse and poetry show great work, but perhaps too much of that sentimentality characteristic of women. "Quips and Cranks" is very snappy.

PURPLE  
AND  
GOLD      On the whole we may say that every number which appears in the autumn issue shows great workmanship, especially the prose work. Each and every department is well developed, but could not place be found for an Exchange Department?

THE  
LABARUM      Hearty welcome from P. C. This is the first time we see you, but hope that our friendship will be everlasting and true. What about an Exchange Department? Your criticisms would be wonderful help to all. Titles stand out well and attract immediate attention.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Anselmian*, The, St. Anselm's College, Manchester, N. H.

*Ateneo*, The, Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands.

*Beacon*, The, R. I. State College, Kingston, R. I.

*Brown Alumni Monthly*, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

- Brown Jug*, The, Brown University, Providence, R. I.  
*Boston College Stylus*, Boston College, Boston, Mass.  
*College Days*, St. Benedict's College, St. Joseph, Minn.  
*Fordham Monthly*, The, Fordham University, Fordham, N. Y.  
*Labarum*, The, Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque, Iowa.  
*Loyola*, The, Loyola High School, Baltimore, Md.  
*Micrometer*, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
*Xavier*, The, St. Francis Xavier, New York, N. Y.  
*Holy Cross Purple*, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.  
*Gleaner*, The, Pawtucket High School, Pawtucket, R. I.  
*Regis Monthly*, Regis High School, New York, N. Y.  
*St. John's Record*, St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn.  
*Purple and Gold*, The, St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.  
*St. Joseph's Chronicle*, St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.





## ATHLETICS



**T**HANKSGIVING morning at Hendricken Field the football season at Providence College ended. Out of nine scheduled games our team won five and lost four. But we enjoyed a very successful season. Due credit must be given to Coach Huggins for the way in which he whipped the eleven into shape.

The awarding of letters and the election of next year's captain will take place within a short time.

Armistice Day saw the powerful Boston University eleven invading Providence. On that occasion the Providence College team went down before one of the most powerful elevens in these parts. So great was the work of the Providence boys that the final whistle blew with the score 7-0 against them. For Boston Cochrane was the individual star. For Providence Joyce and Tarby featured.

The lineup:

B. U.	PROVIDENCE
Freedey, l. e. ....	r. e., Joyce
Miller, l. t. ....	r. t., J. Ryan
Lonergan, l. g. ....	r. g., Reall
Levenson, c. ....	c., Beck
Fanger, r. g. ....	l. g., Alford
Koplow, r. t. ....	l. t., Connors
Harris, r. e. ....	l. e., Tarby
Worcester, q. b. ....	q. b., Brickley
Williamson, l. h. b. ....	r. h. b., Peloquin
Cochrane, r. h. b. ....	l. h. b., Gilmartin
Tonry, f. b. ....	f. b., Triggs

Touchdown—Williamson. Point after touchdown—Cochrane.  
Substitutions—Cap. McGee for Peloquin, Kempf for Brickley, Capone for Beck, Landrigan for J. Ryan, Slattery for McGee.

Officials: Referee—J. J. Drummey, Tufts. Umpire—Maj. Taylor, Brown. Head Linesman—J. Kehoe, Providence.

Saturday, November 18, marked a resting day for the squad. But the following week the team went to Buffalo and suffered a defeat. They played under all sorts of favorable conditions—weather, officials, etc. The bright feature of the game was the playing of Beck. F.

McGee also played well, as he made the only score for Providence by scooping up a fumble and running for a touchdown. The game ended in favor of Canisius, 15-6.

The lineup:

CANISIUS	PROVIDENCE COLLEGE
McGrail, l. e. ....	r. e., Joyce
Nolan, l. t. ....	rt., V. Ryan
B. Lynch, l. g. ....	r. g., Reall
McCormick, c. ....	c., Beck
Collins, r. g. ....	l. g., Alford
Feist, r. t. ....	l. t., Connors
Guerani, r. e. ....	l. e., Tarby
Donahue, q. b. ....	q. b., Kempf
Lynch, l. h. b. ....	r. h. b., Gilmartin
Mahoney, r. h. b. ....	l. h. b., J. McGee
Welden, f. b. ....	f. b., Triggs

Touchdowns—Donahue, Welden, F. McGee. Field Goal—Lynch. Officials: Referee—Mr. Keel, Duquesne. Umpire—Mr. Thomas, Pennsylvania. Head Linesman—Mr. Sullivan, Buffalo.

On Thanksgiving Day our team closed the season with a smashing victory over St. Stephen's College. Joyce and Brickley for Providence College and Deloria for St. Stephen's were the stars of a hard, clean game. Score 22-13.

The lineup:

ST. STEPHEN'S	PROVIDENCE
Coffin, r. e. ....	l. e., Tarby
Lyle, r. t. ....	l. t., Connors
Stickle, r. g. ....	l. g., Alford
Gronver, c. ....	c., Capone
Judd, l. g. ....	r. g., Reall
Langdon, l. t. ....	r. t., Beck
Simmons, l. e. ....	r. e., Joyce
Simonds, q. b. ....	q. b., Brickley
Kilby, r. h. b. ....	l. h. b., J. McGee
White, l. h. b. ....	r. h. b., Gilmartin
Deloria, f. b. ....	f. b., Triggs

Touchdown—Brickley, White, Deloria, Joyce 2. Field Goal—Brickley. Officials: Referee—Mr. Halloran, Providence. Umpire, Mr. Kehoe, Providence. Head Linesman—Maj. Taylor, Brown.

## Enigmas

**I** COME twice in greeting,  
But once, in good-bye;  
For I love a meeting  
And part with a sigh.  
I end every sunrise  
And begin every eve  
The day does not know me  
Though I crowd every breeze.

From the inside of heaven I am always debarred;  
Doubly welcome in hell, for the soul I have marred  
Though never in sin, still from good I have strayed  
For often I've knelt, but never have prayed.

—*L. Boppell*

I'm with the boys when they swim, though not in the pool,  
And though with the mistress, I'm never in school  
Not much have I travelled, still I'm always at Rome,  
Though just for the present I'm staying at home.

—*J. W. McCarthy*

I'm with all the girls but ne'er with a dame  
Though I've met one called Helen I don't know a name;  
I hide in a dwelling at the end of the hall  
I'm dancing with belles who attend every ball.

—*G. Conway*

Though much with the new-born  
I stay in a tomb  
I signify nothing  
Yet fall with a bomb,

—*T. Nolan*

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