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Alma Mater

DEAR Alma, we praise thee, who lighted our way;
Fond mem'ries of thee will we bear—
Wherever our ships on life's sea doth sail,
The crown of thy glories we'll wear.

Kind mother, thou art, in our sorrows and cares,
May we never in life cause thee tears;
Rather add to the glory and fame that is thine;
While passes the fleeting years.

—*J. R. Mitchell, '24*

CRIME AND COUEISM



HE magazine sections of all the metropolitan newspapers published on Sunday, the 19th of last November, contained lengthy articles dealing with the life, achievements, and strange characteristics of Herr Gustav Schumann, the man with the X-Ray Eyes, the Man for Whom There are No Secrets. He was termed the wonder of scientists, the marvel of the age; a man capable of scrutinizing a person's handwriting and not only telling exactly the qualifications and limitations of that person's character, but also that individual's unexpressed thoughts and intentions. He is not a handwriting expert in the accepted sense of the term. He is not scientific. He uses no definite system, but a person's handwriting seems to fire him with an uncanny, inexplicable insight. Herr Schumann is unable to explain his peculiar ability, nor can the marveling Continental scientists fathom it, but he himself remains firm in his belief that it is a divine gift and as such should be used only in aiding the needy and protecting society against crime. According to these articles, this unassuming citizen of Hamburg, Germany, has already solved several important mysteries, among them the famous Austro-Germanic bank forgery.

Just one week after the appearance of the articles, New York was startled to read in glaring scareheads, that Brodney & Co. of Fifth Avenue, world's largest dealers in gems, had been robbed of \$180,000 worth of precious stones. It was the biggest theft that New York had experienced since the Garrenton jewels were stolen. Chief of plainclothesmen "Johnny" Meehan was detailed to the case with permission to use every available man on the force. He did use them, but without result. No arrests were made; the newspapers were clamoring for prompt arrests and a speedy solution, so to pacify them, Chief Meehan had Tom Kane, Joe Dennis, and Maxey White, three cracksmen, arrested as suspects.

This ruse worked for a time, and furnished food for the crying news sheets.

On the 29th interest was added to the Brodney theft case by the

publishing of the news in the leading dailies that Herr Gustav Schumann, German soothsayer, reader of minds, and detective was on his way to America, having left Hamburg on the S. S. *Bremen* on the 27th. He was due to arrive in New York December 7th or 8th. One newspaper, the *Evening Universe*, hinting that Herr Schumann's trip to America was for the purpose of finding those guilty connected with the Brodney case.

The day following the announcement of Schumann's trip to America, Edward Bell, known to the police as London Eddy Bronson, was unexpectedly placed under arrest. When given the third degree he arrogantly refused to acknowledge any participation whatsoever in the now-celebrated case. Repeated questioning only served to make more steadfast his denials. He was finally locked up. While in confinement, he received more than ordinary care, which included the receiving of cigars and newspapers every day, much to the disgust of the jailers and reporters, but as Inspector Meehan had ordered it so, it was so.

The 8th of December arrived and with it came another questioning of Bronson, but this was different from its predecessors. As Bronson was led, handcuffed, into the inspector's office, he saw Meehan, the several police officers, and the usual stenographer. Bronson grinned. It was another third. They could not make him talk. He was dumb. Presently Kane, Dennis, and White were led in. Bronson began to wonder why Kane, Dennis and White were in the office. An officer bade him stand in the center of the room, facing Meehan. He did as ordered. He waited several minutes—and then the side door opened slowly and a little bearded, sharp-featured man with kindly blue eyes walked in and stood at Meehan's desk. "Eddy, do you know who this fellow is?" asked the inspector. "No, I don't know him."

"Well, Eddy, this is Mr. Gustav Suchmann of Germany. You may have heard of him. He can read minds, Eddy, and he's going to read your's. He's going to make you come through and admit you got the Brodney stuff."

Bronson merely changed his air of amusement to one of insolence. Meehan ordered, "Now you four birds write on these slips of paper these words: 'I had nothing whatsoever to do with the Brodney & Co. robbery.' Slip the cuffs off their right hands, Keefe, so they can write."

"What's this wise dick tryin' to do, anyway," seemed to be in the minds of the writers. They finished writing and an officer collected the slips of paper. They were handed to Schumann. He looked at the

writing of each man with an intensity that increased perceptibly until his face contorted into an expression of acute pain. His mouth twitched, heavy drops of perspiration rolled down his forehead. He remained silent for the space of several moments, meantime covering his brow with a trembling hand. Suddenly Herr Schumann grabbed Bronson by his manacled hands, and in a strained, broken voice cried, "You are the man! You are Edward Bell. You rifled the Brodney Co.'s vaults. Confess! It will make it easier for you." Bronson wavered a moment, as if hit in the face, and then fainted dead away. When he was restored to consciousness he gulped down a drink of water and said:

"There's no use—I did the job—I'll tell you all about it."

The newspapermen were called in to get the news; the news that London Eddy Bronson had confessed to cracking the Brodney vaults. Some dozen reporters were present, led by their dean, old Derry Gammons, star man on the *Evening Universe*, and the story they heard is a newspaper classic, for London Eddy started at the beginning and recited his narrative up to the time of his dramatic confession.

"I was born on the East Side forty-four years ago. My right name is Edward Bell, as you cops know. I was just a small-time grifter until I got in with a bunch of gophers (cracksmen). Their stuff was too crude for me, so I went out on my own hook, until I got to be pretty good. I could twirl a combination and feel the tumblers so's the bin (safe) would open almost every time. I got to doin' single jobs, and I cleaned up and after every job I'd hop over to London and hang around until the noise blew over. Then I'd come back and go to work again. That's how I came to be called London Eddy. And say, d'you know the dicks could never get me, either goin' up the gangplank or comin' down. I knew 'em too well. I began to work out a way for cracking them open without soup and drills and center-bits. I started just usin' cold chisels and a mason's hammer, and bye and bye I got so's I could open anything with them, from a candy box to a bank vault. I was the only boy in the business using cold chisels and a hammer, and I never got caught because I worked alone. But once I did a job upstate, St. Regis, and I got away, but the bulls railroaded Jack Logan, so I came back and confessed and did a nine-year stretch up the river, lettin' Jack off. I always played the game square. Why, I worked for Brodney & Co. once. That was when I was doin' the spell at Sing Sing. They lost the combination on one of their big boxes (vaults) and

the warden let me go down, under guard, and open it for them. I got a hundred bucks for ten minutes' work, and a couple of weeks ago I got 100,000 bucks for a half hour's work from the same people, but I guess it ain't goin' to do me any good. Why, I knew the whole alarm system, and where every vault was placed in Brodney's, and it was a cinch to put that old flat-footed watchman to sleep. Yes, I did a perfect job, but I guess it's all over. I'm at the end of my rope—a twenty-year bit up the line and I'll be all through, but if it wasn't for that Dutchman and his phoney tricks I'd a got away clean."

London Eddy had finished his story. A story tinged with the egoism of his kind.

The stolen stones were found in the possession of two New Jersey "fences," one in Hoboken and one in Jersey City. The company with whom Brodney & Co. was insured, regarded the finding as a stroke of luck for them.

But the strangest thing about the Brodney case and Bronson's confession was the fact that Herr Gustav Schumann never came to America at all. It was Benny Silverman, who owns a cigar store on Sixth Avenue, that made London Eddy confess. Benny is one of Inspector Meehan's bosom friends, so Meehan employed Benny and his beard to impersonate Germany's wonder-working detective. Derry Gammons, another confidential friend of the inspector, and his fellow reporters did the rest by way of press notices. It was all hokum and a mile wide, that report about Herr Schumann leaving Hamburg on the *S. S. Bremen* for America. Why, if Schumann ever came to the United States all the moving picture news-bureaus would have been waiting at the pier for him; his photographs would have flooded the country. No, he never came.

Meehan knew who did the work, but he lacked sufficient evidence, so he enlisted Gammons and Silverman; arrested White, Kane, and Dennis as a blind; and then banked on Bronson reading the papers, which he undoubtedly did. When London Eddy was confronted by Schumann, (ne Silverman) he had already convinced himself that Schumann could read minds of their every thought. He had reason for being so convinced; those latter articles were really very plausible, about Herr Gustav coming to the United States, but if Eddy had only stopped to

puzzle out how a German citizen, born and reared in Hamburg, could speak Gotham English without a trace of foreign accent, he might have saved himself a large amount of trouble.

Yes, Mr. London Eddy Bronson was most assuredly a victim of Couéism; he had absolutely convinced himself that Herr Schumann could read his mind.

James H. Lynch, '25

A Song Of The Reformed



FIRST you filled our hearts with horror
Of old things and clean and good.
Then you spied upon our envoys
To mold them as you would.

So now we sip hot chocolates
And scorn the cups that cheer;
With our food we drink clear water
Where our fathers drank good beer.

Though you've overcome our reason
And have twice enchained our will,
We have seen just why you did it,
So we're laughing at you still.

—J. F. K.

A Canoe Trip



ULL moon shining.
Birch canoe—
Paddling aimlessly with Sue.

Softly talking,
Sue and I—
All unnoticed, time flew by.

Moon o'erclouded,
Winds increased—
Waves grew choppy, chatting ceased.

Seeking safety,
On a bank,
Canoe capsized, almost sank.

On arriving
Home 'bout two—
Anxious parents 'waited Sue.

Barking, growling
At poor me—
Stood the kennel family.

Sue as you know
Is my dog—
Listed in Green's catalogue.

—F. J. T.

THE RADICAL INFLUENCE IN MODERN POETRY

AN accurate knowledge of the needs of man and their influence upon his growth and development is of primary interest to the true student. To know the need which was uppermost in the minds of men during the various periods of history is to know history. The fundamental needs of religion, economic wealth, and companionship are, of course, the basis of all civilization. It is only when one of these, or the desire for learning, good government, or beauty has been the overpowering concern of man that a definite historical epoch occurs. Thus to the Aryan the rise of Egypt, Babylon, and Persia are of minor importance, while to the Greek's attainment of beauty and learning, the Roman's perfection of political harmony, and the Jewish and Christian Revelation he looks for knowledge of the formative causes of his present being.

The principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity are buried so deeply in the heart of man that it is only when some direct influence touches them that they become active. When that influence is vitiating the result is catastrophe. Thus we explain the Reformation. Unfortunate as was that Satanic stroke of genius and greatly as it has hindered man's fulfillment of his ultimate destiny, it has failed to pervert his entire soul. His will still inevitably seeks the Good and his intellect the Truth. The various institutions which have blinded his vision since the Reformation are now slowly crumbling and, while we cannot be too optimistic about the near future, we are daily receiving additional confirmation of the fact that God wills not that the sinner be damned, but that he be converted and live.

To the Catholic it may seem strange to consider the radical poets of today as a manifestation of the mercy of God. Undoubtedly some of the best educated Catholics rank them with Luther the heretic, Louis XIV the tyrant, and Attila the Hun. But a study of their history, tenets, and practices will, I am sure, completely change that opinion. The history of man is the history of the various principles which have

appeared, the arguments (mental of physical) which have clarified and established them, and the institutions which have been built upon them. If for no other reason than that they have attacked an unsound principle of aesthetics, and, to establish a sound one, have adduced tenable theories and written poetry based on those theories, the *vers librist*s are worthy of thoughtful attention.

I perceive that the crux of my thesis that the radical poets are worthy of thoughtful attention is the statement that they have written *poetry*. Here it is necessary to ask "What is poetry?" The definition which in all probability would have been accepted by anyone before the inception of free verse is "the expression in metrical language of the true grounds for a noble emotion." It is precisely about the words, "in metrical language," that the radical contends. Poetry is a branch of art and the defenders of the above definition must admit that any production that expresses the true grounds for a noble emotion is art. If, then, it can be proved that the new movement has produced something which is not sculpture, music, painting, architecture, or beautiful prose, and yet adduces the true grounds of a noble emotion, we are obliged to change our definition of poetry. The adherents of the "New Poetry" will admit of a definition which substitutes *rhythmic* for *metrical*, and submit proofs of its fitness against which the conservative has only the argument of long established custom. Custom is not a criterion of truth.

It remains only to give an example of true poetry produced by the free verse movement and the recognition of the movement as a constructive force in aesthetics is necessitated. It seems fitting to take a poem of one who is an example of what happens to a modern radical when he goes to the *radix* or root of things. I mean Joyce Kilmer. I remember when I first read his *Blue Valentine*, I thought it a huge and successful joke on the Imagists that Kilmer, a radical turned Catholic—which to the ordinary mind is a radical turned conservative—should use the radical form to express a distinctly Catholic thought. But to me today *Blue Valentine* of itself and in itself is a complete vindication of free verse. After the lapse of three years I can still remember the concluding lines in which the poet, speaking of the Virgin, asks St. Nicholas

"To tell her
That I am very grateful to her
For wearing a blue gown".

After all no one can circumscribe beauty any more than one can circumscribe God. We can say only "This is beauty" and "This is not beauty" from our own internal experience; and when a constantly increasing number of normal people will affirm from their internal experience that some free verse is beautiful, the least we can do is to give the radical movement an impartial hearing. Internal experience is a criterion of truth.

Although a just consideration of the merits of free verse will entitle it to recognition as poetry, there remains a certain plausible objection to be answered. This consists in the statement that if free verse is of any value it is not poetry but rhythmic prose. The distinction between prose and prosody is a difficult one to establish, but to answer the objection it is necessary. If we define poetry as the art which seeks to satisfy the aesthetic needs of men in written or vocal language and according to a normative rhythm, we may include under it the successful *vers libre* and at the same time exclude the passages from literature, however rhythmical, which are concerned solely with religious, academic, social, economic, or political needs. Those rhythmical passages which, while primarily concerned with any of these needs, also appeal to man's aesthetic sense, have always been considered as belonging to the soul of poetry. The words, "according to a normative rhythm," allow for Homer's *Iliad*, St. Thomas' *O Salutaris*, Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Keat's *On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer*, and Whitman's *Captain, O My Captain!*

The fact having been established that the radical movement in modern poetry is an authentic one it still remains to be seen how it manifests the mercy of God. The reason why the movement is of great importance is that, if it is successful, it will bring about a fundamental change in the development of modern civilization. The present phase of the movement consists in an attempt to make the plain citizen conscious of the fact that he has aesthetic needs and the power to satisfy them. The discovery of that fact would be equivalent, in many cases, to the discovery that he has a soul. Until a short time ago the whole trend of our civilization was against that discovery. So entirely had the man in the street been concerned with his social, economic, and political needs that he was in danger of forgetting that he had an intelligence capable of acquiring knowledge, a will concerned with the rectitude of his acts, and an appetitive faculty perfected by a noble emotion. With man's academic and religious needs the radical poet is not primarily concerned;

but the Christian Revelation would not have been perfected by humanity if it had not been preceded by Greek art and learning. Therefore, it does not seem inconsistent with sociological facts to state that upon the success of the present aesthetic movement depends, in some degree at least, the complete success of the Catholic Church in its attempts to win the world back to God. The love of beauty is a step toward the Love of the Lord.

Let us see how the tenets and practices of the Imagists and their allies help the man in the street to discover his aesthetic sense. Their radical contribution to the cause of poetry is, of course, the new forms. It is not necessary to restate here their comparatively simple, quite tenable, and oft-repeated theories of form. Their ultimate effect on the man in the street (if his intellectual leaders would put him in touch with them) would be a realization that, after all, poetry is a simple thing. However complicated the Imagist theories would appear to him, the result of their application to poetry would, it seems to me, rather intrigue than appall him. As there is in most of the free verse a discernible meaning, he would then be responsive to the influences which the poet attempts to set at work. The clearness of imagery, the exactness of language, the concentration of essence, and the sharp definitiveness which the successful radicals have attained would not fail to impress him. If the impression were not more than a fleeting glimpse of something to be sought again, the discovery of his soul would in all probability follow.

It may be urged in this connection that the old forms of poetry would accomplish the same result in the same circumstances; but the fact remains that before the coming of the radical poet the successful productions of the old poets had fallen into disuse. Whether this is the fault of modern life and modern education does not at present concern us. We do know that, if for no other reason than the novelty of the thing, the ordinary citizen would be interested in this essentially modern movement if he were given any encouragement by his betters.

We have seen that primarily the Imagist school is concerned with those whom we have always with us—the poor in beauty. Consequently, there is a duty incumbent upon the intellectuals to whom the uninitiated look for guidance. The editor, the professor, and the essayist should attempt, at least, to bring to the attention of their respective audiences that which is good in the new movement, at the same time indicating that

which is bad. In their hands is the power to help or hinder the success of the movement. They cannot destroy it.

In looking at the entire free verse movement from the standpoint of Catholic sociology we find certain condemnable things. There is, in some of the younger poets, a tendency—now almost vanished with the birth-struggles of infancy—to be obscurely self-analytical. It is the function of the poet in *interpret* beauty to his fellow-men, and insofar as he fails to be a poet. This dictum is not directed at what the Imagists call "suggestion," for a perfection of that form of free verse is a fascinating thing. It is also one of the obligations of a poet that he seek truth above all things. So it may be somewhat disappointing to the Catholic to see the assumption that the entirety of man is a product of evolution used as a basic principle by the most prominent radicals. But it must be remembered that a *vers librist* is above all things a modernist. While we cannot excuse we can at least allow for the defect. However, it might be well to remind the radical poet that, as one of his first monitors has said:

".....he alone builds
Who builds for beauty, shricing his *truth**
In stones that make it fair."

*Italics are ours.

James F. Keleher, '24

Day By Day



WITH deep reflection
And imperfection,
I nightly prepare
That loathsome Greek;
Whose words complexing
And oh, so vexing!
Drive me most crazy
From week to week.

—Edward Dwyer, '25

The Snow

WHEN sun had set the eve before
The earth so very cheerless, wore
A cloak of brownish hue, all torn.
But on that bright and sparkling morn,
I saw the earth, a robe of white
All drawn about it snug and tight.
This robe had wrought a wondrous change
And mother earth was not so strange,
So cheerless, haggard, cold and drear,
For now her barren hills so dear
Were clothed, and safe from winter's night,
It proved a most delightful sight.
The trees whose branches had been bared
This wondrous robe now also shared,
And seemed to bow, so they might hide
Their look of joyous, humble pride,
They seemed to long to look and cry
"O Fall, we now don't have to snigh,
For though our leaves you snatched, 'twas vain;
In ermine are we clothed again.
The ground that was so bare and cold,
Now asked the people to behold
It's latest mantle, bright and new,

And seemed to ask for comments, too;
As now she thought that very few
Could say a word of else but praise.
Orion sent his shining rays
To make the robe a brighter one
And this he did,—his best he shone
Yet did not spoil the pearly cloak,
But in the words of poetic folk,
Just made it sparkle as the light
Of diamonds on the darkest night.
I saw that house upon the hill
That always seemed so strange and still,
Just smile and say "Hello" to all,—
In thanks for nature's sheltering fall
That clothed its dingy roof and sides—
"Here warmth and shelter Love provides,"
And gave it such a rare disguise.

Some people hate to see the snow,
But why it is I do not know,
For is it not a lovely sight
To see all nature clothed in white?

—V. G. Simpson, '25

AMERICAN LIBERTY OUTRAGED



HE startling commotion caused by the revival of the Ku Klux Klan is now past. The novelty of seeing a return of the weird figures in flowing robes with flaming cross has satisfied the passing curiosity of some and has for a time gratified the craving of the "thrill" seekers. Now they think no more of it—to their carefree spirits the Klan is dead. But to millions of thinking Americans, its revival and continued existence are matters for serious thought. Men who did not express themselves with rage and exasperation at the original exposure of the singular and amazing purposes of the Klan, who could not fully enjoy the ridiculousness and preposterousness of the triple aim (curbing the Catholic, Jew and Negro)—now, when revelation is past and public interest is running low, regard the Klan as the embodiment of America's superlative menace—lawlessness.

Should I enter into an attempt to prove that one cannot condemn a whole sect or race, I should be deservedly branded an idiot and should be laughed from the presence of any intelligent man. Little better would I hope to fare should I let fall, "Well, some Catholics, Jews and Negroes are all right," for then I should be so illogical as to doubt the right of these citizens to associate with higher per cent Americans.

Despite the despicable meanness of mind and vehemence of heart that the creation of these ideals display in those who advocate them, we are told that thousands of young men have hurriedly rushed forward to become initiated into the mysteries and secrets of this order. Mad indeed they must be to embrace such contradictory doctrines. It all goes to show what the nocturnal display of "Old Glory" in a setting of hooded villains with undeveloped brains will do. Hearts expand at the sight of the Stars and Stripes, though an anarchist be its bearer. A little reflection would teach these pitifully ignorant klansmen what their fanatically bigoted brother knows and disregards,—that such an organization cannot justify its existence on either legal or moral grounds, and that a banditti of this sort encourages the establishment of others in kind to the ultimate ruin of the United States. Tarring and feathering a fellow

citizen is abhorrent to us all. Of course this is plainly unlawful and at best is a fiendish and inhuman practice. Yet these hypocritical rascals and cowardly gangsters, intoxicated with pretended love for the goddess of American liberty, thus violate the native rights of Americans. How galling is this to any real patriot! What right have these self-appointed ministers of justice to override the law, the bulwark of society, is a question prompted by reason.

But right is not the question here—it is might. If the victims are guilty why not apprehend and punish them legally? It has always been the American way, the only safe method. Would not one be justified in doubting the guilt of a victim and inferring that private antipathy is the underlying cause of it all? If every able-bodied citizen of America did individually what these deluded and villainous rowdies do collectively, America would be the scene of bloody combat and universal slaughter. Personally to disagree with another is not in itself justification of violence. Law is established to check this very human passion—repulsion of what displeases us. To thwart the law is the work of the revolutionist. To deprive citizens of its protection is tyranny not to be endured. The good of the nation rests upon it; hence intelligent men look askance at the high-handed actions of these self-appointed guardians of liberty. You cannot evade it. An organization that usurps the power of the courts has no place in this country; and no protestations of good intentions or noble ideals can obscure the fact that it is deserving of the severest censure. They outrage with impunity the very liberty which enables them to organize.

How self-sufficient, dogmatic, and arbitrary to declare, in one sweeping edict, war upon one-half of America's population! What wonderfully amazing confidence the individual clansman must have in his own judgment, to harrass towns, to outlaw and slay citizens, and to strike terror into communities for what appears to him a sufficient reason! Needless to say, if these men are sincere, their brains cannot encompass more than one thought at a time. This is calamitous, for the original thought is lasting. Evidently, fair-dealing does not prompt an investigation into its opposite. But either a savage lust for battle, a cold calculation for revenge, or a deplorable sense of patriotism leads these men into violence. Is not such a man a danger to society? Is not an intellect so limited, a passion so uncontrolled a terrifying evil to all law-abiding Americans?

Does he really believe he aids American progress by setting a path for every highwayman and bandit to follow? It is all clear enough. Intolerance, unreasonableness, and passion alone mark the activities of these men. Given the opportunity, the fullness of their strength would be directed against anything that displeases them, law, order, government notwithstanding. In what other light can we regard it all? A band of men conceive the idea that Catholics, Jews and Negroes are a menace to the best interests of the United States, if not actively working for its destruction. There is absolutely no reason to believe this. It is the offspring of a bigot's brain. Yet they overreach the law of the land and terrify when they so please.

These are the self-styled Americans of today? These are the champions of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. These are the men who insist upon America for Americans, providing we come up to their standard of Americanism. These are the salt of America, whose conduct if universally followed, would plunge the world into chaos and irretrievable ruin. By arbitrary violence they would bring safety to the land they would by arbitrary violence sink deep the shafts of justice. By their threats they would put us at ease. The law courts, the legislatures, the state and national governments are not fit to meet the exigencies of government. These ludicrous, white-capped creatures; these audacious outlaws; these bragging, murdering knaves of light heads and venomous hearts appoint themselves as safeguards of the constitution, missionaries of patriotism, and as saviors of outraged American liberty.

Robert Emmet Curran, '25

BEDTIME LUCUBRATIONS

PEOPLE who imagine they must have a reason for doing something give to the whole world the crop of intelligent remarks that blooms every year. It seems that the world could not get along without these wise reflections—at least the would-be philosophers think so.

Did you ever consider the queer things that people say? You should, you see if you invent some wise saying they may put it in some flashy magazine like *Smart Set*. Of course it would have to be in the class of "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones," nor brinkbats, since someone might get hurt. Now you understand that there are classes in this philosophy business. One might as well be among the four thousand more or less. Who knows or even cares? Of course by the four thousand we mean human beings.

If you belonged to the crawlers you would probably use, "Never be crushed." But really it doesn't matter. You may die of indigestion or swallow a Greek verb. In such a case you would say, "You never can tell." We never swallowed a Greek verb, but we have had them crammed down our throats, and all we could say sounded like "O slush."

Now we come to the intelligent people. They are such a comfort, don't you know. Our special delight is intelligent people. They read such books as *This Side of Paradise*, *The Sheikh*, and *Les Misérables*. You know they are intelligent if they read those books because they will tell you they are. The surprising part is they really believe it. Their motto is, "Try anything once; then get a worse dose." However, to show off our knowledge of the classics we cry, *Ne credite equos*, which means, horse sense preferred.

If you wish you may write real high-brow reflections. Just think of it. Do you not feel honored? You understand that high-brow and intelligent are not the same. One is worse than the other. The only thing you have to do is find out which one. You will need extra quality phrases for that kind. The usual one is, "Never say die, buy monkey glands instead."

Come to think it over they may never print what you write. But that is nothing. Most of our stuff is never printed, anyway. Try, try again. If at first you don't succeed, go hang yourself. You didn't aim the gun straight. That having expired we will return to our theme.

Wherever you go you will find maxims, mottoes and wise-cracks. The rich and the poor, good and bad, glad and sad, even the mad are afflicted. They vary in style but even men's overcoats do. We are much too gentle to mention other things. When a thug commits a murder he says, "Go hang," which he does.

Smart persons, would-be sports and society darlings have an expression, "Hell." He does not realize that he has chosen the most expert and truthful expression that exists for him. He denies a hell, jeers the idea and day after day a thousand fold he repeats the one word that points the inevitable end of all his ilk, for smart persons, would-be sports and society darlings are only polite names.

Our information department does not know how the expression "Awfully sorry" used by the exclusive, came into use. It may mean something, for who can really tell when the exclusive mean anything. No, my friend, do not be exclusive. Be sociable and join the Democrats.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you." The one who said that never tried it at a funeral or at an Irish Republican meeting. Perhaps he was thinking of when he got married? They did not laugh with him. They laughed at him.

"Rome was not built in a day," sounds pretty well. But some never get their Greek at all. Some of us are pretty well greased over by now. Uneducated people say that if it were not for the above expression Rome would be obscure—like Chicago.

The lover says that the path of love is strewn with thorns, or is it tears? Both can be used. I suppose said lover had to wade through the brook to get into the back yard. That is where the tears come in. Then being barefooted he stepped into the blackberry patch. Thus he got the thorns. Leaving all joking aside we were not aware that love had to use the cow path. We always believed that it stayed home in the parlor. But then if you cannot reach the parlor the cow-path will do.

"Business is Business" is very satisfactory for a certain class of people. You know the kind that is meant. You see them everywhere—on the street, in the movies and in the front pew of the church on Sundays. That motto gives them a chance to take a lot that doesn't belong to them.

It is fine for the profiteer and the food speculator especially. They love their black hearts with a red blanket which says in the voice of wooly sheep, "Business is business." The wooly part covers our eyes so they get away with it. In this free country of ours we are letting a crowd of buzzards commit highway robbery and cover it over with a sugar-covered phrase. Then they declare a sugar shortage and give you molasses, which they tell you is just as sweet anyway. When the packers give you bully beef, make them at least throw out the bull. The French call it canned monkey. We are being made monkeys of now. When business men use the hackneyed expression about business they know that it is because they have no other legitimate excuse. Someone once said that the law was a line and that we were either on one side or the other. Maybe so, but he forgot to add that the line is made of flexible material and can be bent quite a way before it breaks. Modern business doesn't need to break. It just pushes. It is time for us to wake up. When they try to get all you have got say as your little brother says when you try to take his weekly allowance of candy, "Try and get it."

No account is complete without the bootlegger's reflection. His first and last remark is always *mortuus est*. Real estate men take notice. Buy cemetery lots.

The hour is late. Our eyes smart. Our hand quivers. We must cease to give advice. We bid you all good-night, and as we leave sigh, "There ain't no place like home"—nor bed.

Francis Kielty, '25

Oh!



WITH deepest pleasure,
I take the treasure
Of Grecian verses,
"Euripides,"

Whose plots so vivid,
Turn one's blood livid,
When reading the horrors
Of Pelides.

—John F. Fitzgerald, '25

WARDS OF THE NATION

"No more are sun and cloud his banners,
The Stars and Stripes above him wave,
And he hath drunk the White Man's Burden
Deep as is the grave."

IF late there have been numerous articles published discussing the plight of the American bison; the fate of the Rocky Mountain big horn sheep, and the extinction of the antelope. How often do we see mentioned the rapid passing of the original natives of our country?

No more is it permitted us to see the white lodges of the Crows, Dakotas and Blackfeet, hung with their trophies of bow and lance and shield; no longer can we see the bark-thatched huts of the Ojibway and Iriquois; nor can we gaze on that magnificent spectacle, an Arapahoe war-party filing out of the Medicine Bow, gaily-colored eagle feathers and beaded, whitened, buffalo robes on vermillion-cheeked chiefs and braves, for these are glimpses into the past.

Just as the bones of the buffalo lie on the plains, bleached to a stark whiteness, so also does the glory of the most picturesque people in the world, lie, a thing faded and forgotten.

At one time there were 200,000 Indians east of the Mississippi and now there are less than 200,000 in the entire United States. The gradual, but certain, extinction of the American Indian is our national tragedy. We have nothing to be proud of in our treatment of the Red Men. We appropriated his lands by force or questionable treaties, and in very rare instances, by purchase. Year by year his reservations grow smaller and smaller, and his numbers dwindle and dwindle, for the Indian, that majestic figure that once called this land his own, is doomed to be but a memory.

The present reservation of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico is desired by American speculators and Chief Manitou comes to our President to ask protection. What a pathetic sight! A chief, who in the past held as much power and authority over his people as our Presi-

dent holds over us, humbly asking for the right to live—to exist unmolested on a government reservation, when in the past his was the whole southwest! What can he do when White Brother moves on his reservation? He can do like his plains-dwelling brethren did, "fold his white house like a shroud, fold it—and fade away."

The Indian of today is not treated as a foreigner, nor as citizen, but in the words of the law, "as a domestic, dependent nation." The race of men who preceded Columbus and his expedition of discovery, are treated "as a domestic, dependent nation!" He is not allowed to vote unless he becomes naturalized! He must move off the reservation, become a land-owner, go through a process of naturalization—and then—he is a real American! Were it not for the Indians, the Pilgrims would have starved to death during those first bitterly-rigorous winters, for it was the Indians who taught them how to plant corn, to gather wild rice and to dry cranberries. Yet we, who owe our very country to the Indian, we who have heaped untold burdens on him, we withhold full citizenship rights from him! It is the only smirch, the only ineradicable stain on our country's otherwise fine and noble history.

The Indians who live on the Pacific coastal plain, working as lumber-jacks in the redwood forests, are dying in great numbers, victims of the white plague. This condition is due to their drinking of spiritous liquors which poison and weaken their naturally strong bodies. This liquor is openly sent from the neighboring towns to the Indian settlements, in a country where prohibition is supposedly in effect. It is degrading and gradually wiping out a people who earn a livelihood by lumbering and salmon fishing, taking their earnings in exchange for destructive drink. The government agents seem not to see this degradation or demoralization, for they do nothing to stop it or arrest it. In practically the same region the Cayuse tribe of Indians was entirely killed off through their contact with the pioneering whites, and their successors are rapidly following in their footsteps.

For the most part the Indian on the reservations live in squalid poverty, listless, inactive, for they are merely whiling away their lives until their time to meet the Great Spirit comes. It is true that some of the Indians have become tremendously wealthy through the finding of oil on their lands, but these are in the minority.

At one time the five civilized Indian nations, the Cherokees, Chocktaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles, established system of public

schools, but unscrupulous reservation agents appointed by the government, hampered their efforts for political reasons until these school systems gradually disintegrated. At every turn the Indian has been imposed upon. We have tried to make him assimilate new ideas, new customs, an entirely new mode of living, and we have not succeeded. His was—and is—a different world; a world of unbounded space, sunrises and sunsets, mountains and rivers and the creatures of forest, prairie and stream, for the Indian was the child of nature.

The Indian's viewpoint has not changed. When being interviewed recently, Dr. Charles Alexander Eastman, famous Sioux Indian writer asked, "Do you know what the Indian says of the white man? He says the white man of today does not scalp his enemy; he blows them to atoms." Which shows that we possess a savage instinct as did the scalping Indian.

Reliable authorities say that the buffalo and elk have increased in number during the past two years. Why have they increased? Because we have set aside natural preserves for them where their surroundings are compatible with their nature. Why can we not at least do the same for the Indian? Give him the life that God patterned for him. He has a soul—a buffalo or big horn has no soul. Why should we expend such effort to save dumb creatures and then let the Indians become as figures of an age that has gone?

We are vainly endeavoring to fathom that unfathomable mystery, "the gulf eternal 'twixt red man and white."

Shall we allow the American Indian, that silent, copper-hued, primeval race of men, so rich in romance and legend, to fade into oblivion, become lost in the mist of tradition?

James H. Lynch, '25

OBSERVING THINGS

ONCE more we view the departure of the Old Year and the entrance of the New. Once again the Old Year goes, and the New Year comes, bringing new life, new courage and new hope to accomplish better things. When we consider that another year has gone, it seems to fill us with awe—to think of a year that has passed forever ; of time that will never be experienced again. The years roll by—Old Years go, New Years come, and these years pile up to make centuries—long and grim. During this New Year are we going to keep moving in the same old groove, satisfied with the same old things? Or are we to make resolutions to do better things—resolutions that will not be broken as soon as their demand for sacrifice be felt ; resolutions that are firmly made and faithfully kept? At any rate, it is to be hoped that our resolutions be meant and that they be worth while. For some, a good resolution would be that they have less useless talk and more useful action. The best way in which some can put to the test their ideas is not broadcasting them by word of mouth, but by acting them. For others, a greater appreciation of college loyalty would prove a worth-while resolution. If one does not consider the various college activities up to the standard, let him join them and help to raise them up. In a word, actions speak louder than words. Loyalty to the school can be proved in no better way than by supporting the college paper, which stands as a concrete example of our collegiate accomplishments. If you do not consider the attempts of others as satisfactory, work yourself. All of us are always striving toward perfection, and the nearer we get to it, by the help of others, the better we feel. Thus, let our resolutions take a concrete form and may Our College be benefitted by those promises in as many ways as possible.

* * *

Day in and day out the newspapers are full of accounts of conferences going on to settle after-war claims, reparations and divisions of the spoils. For several years have these meetings been taking place, and today they are no nearer solution of the discussed difficulties than

they ever were. The main reason for the lack of agreement is the great amount of suspicion rampant, and the small quantity of every-day Charity. Each nation is clamoring and striving to get the most it can of the spoils of war. Each country is darkly suspicious that the other will, in some latent manner, do better than itself. Secret agreements are too many; frankness and open-heartedness are unknown qualities. Had the suggestions of the Pope and of his predecessor been heeded, the objects of these conferences might now be accomplished. If the countries each think a little less of itself and more of its neighbor, the world would have brighter hopes. If each nation considers the rights of other countries there would be less selfishness and less disorder. Introduction of honest virtue into these conferences would produce gratifying results; and instead of these international bickerings taking up the greater amount of interest, more pressing problems could obtain their share of attention.

* * *

Contrary to general opinion, France is not sitting down waiting for the allied conference to hand over her share of reparation money. But France, since the armistice, has set to work, and although bankrupt has repaired almost all of the injuries she suffered in that war in which she was the greatest sufferer. When we consider the figures produced by the American Ambassador to France showing what France lost and what France has reclaimed by her activities, it awakens in us a sense of admiration. Time and time again, France has showed that in time of pleasure she could enjoy herself, and that in times of war France could fight—but today we see that France can work, and work in such a manner as to make other nations blush—nations whose debts and losses are not as heavy as those of the French. France is setting a glorious example for the rest of the world—work and plenty of it as the solution of industrial problems.

* * *

The Fascisti—that Italian party which so quickly controlled Italy—opposed violence with violence; a very good way to deal with it. Some such plan should be adopted in the treatment of the Turk, who, today the war-lord of the Near East, sits at conference in Europe and with a supercilious smirk on his face tells the rest of the world that he is going to do what he pleases and to keep hands off him. And then when he tells the American delegates who are interested spectators of the

conference that American suggestions for Near East peace will be heeded if emphasized by an army of a hundred thousand men, he becomes unbearably insolent. For centuries the savage Turks have been a menace to Christendom—repeated outbreaks and unspeakable outrages have been perpetrated by them. Today the world boasts of its rapid strides toward a perfect civilization. It certainly is far from acting like a civilized world when it allows Turks to go unpunished for its thousands of crimes. Although the world is sick of war and exhausted from strife, drastic means must be used to prevent the Turk from going any further. When we set out to make the world safe for democracy we did not intend to leave the job half-finished; but viewing the conditions of the East we must admit that such is the case—the world is not safe for democracy; hardly safe for anything there. What is needed is united action on the part of our highly-civilized countries, and have them lay down the law to Turkey, telling the Turk that he has reached his limit and must be heard from no longer. And if the Turk has half as much common sense as he has lust of blood, he will see the futility of disregarding the orders of civilization. He will realize that the world has finally lost time and patience and means what it says; and being a maker of war only on weak and defenseless peoples, the Turk will quit.

* * *

In our institution here, we hear a great deal of criticism; this person attacks that plan, that one criticizes another idea. Criticism is all right if used in moderation and with a view to better affairs. Without criticism, the world would stand still; if we were always satisfied with existing conditions we would never obtain better ideas or greater results. So, here in Providence College, criticism is invited whenever there is need of it. But—the biting sarcasm and bitter criticism of the chronic complainer is distasteful to everyone. There are some who take a keen delight in poking ridicule at an established rule or institution. We do not object, mind you, because of the ridicule, but because of its destructiveness—it carries no ideas whereby to make conditions better. Then there are others who never take an active part in the goings on of the institution but who watch with sarcastic demeanor whatever occurs. They suggest this and they suggest that—never dreaming of entering themselves into the activities and giving their valuable aid to produce better results. The sooner this mean spirit is stamped out wherever it shows itself, the nearer

will we approach a high degree of perfection. Let all enter wholeheartedly into the spirit of things and not stand on the side lines jeering and ridiculing. There is always room for united action; let all put their shoulders to the wheel of every Providence College enterprise and push it to success; then no one will have any extra breath whereby to complain of the shortcomings of others.

The Observer

Our Debaters

R. W. R.

SAM GOMPERS with his "stub of sword"
Is but a novice to this lord
Of eloquence,
Of silence tense,
And voice that snaps the sounding board.

J. A. O.

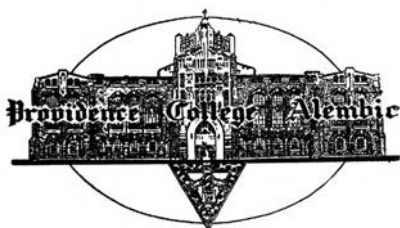
With gesture fitting word exact
He piles upon you fact on fact.
But like a torrent
He's abhorrent—
He never gives you chance to act.

J. A. F.

Like aimless wind he runs along,
Twists wrong to right and right to wrong.
With all his faults
He never halts,
And when you're weak he waxes strong.

J. F. K.

His use of syllogism, scant;
Too much inclined
To change his mind
Of Tully all incognizant.



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No. 4

Francis Lucien Dwyer, *Editor*

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**WHAT DO
YOU THINK?**

The *Alembic* staff takes this opportunity to wish no one a Happy New Year who does not work hard to make it happy for someone else.

During the past year, many made the year unpleasant for themselves and their fellow students. They did not serve, they merely stood and waited. These men have succumbed to a great evil of the modern world—exaggerated individualism. These men criticize the college and everything in it. It is a fact that a college cannot be built to please any individual taste. Essentially it must be Catholic. They criticize, and always their criticism is destructive.

We should remember that we are not here as individuals, but we are gathered together as a means to an end. And to attain this end we must serve the general good by performing each one his special duty, so that we may obtain and enjoy together our common success. It is our duty to use our intelligence. Study and learn. Not only in justice to ourselves, but it is our duty to the College. After we have performed this primary duty there are others. Chief among these are, either being on a team or supporting it whole-heartedly. In being an active member of class organizations. In being agreeable to others besides ourselves.

Stone walls and iron bars do not make a prison, but they do create an atmosphere that is very confining. The Individualist must dissolve the shell into which he has withdrawn. He must be freed of the fallacy that he owes a duty to himself alone. At any rate the college and most of its men will grow. Why not grow with it?

Bishop Harkins' vision of a Rhode Island Catholic College was big. The realization of his vision proved that he did not plan and labor in vain. He intrusted the building of the College to the biggest men among Rhode Island Catholics. Their success is perpetuated in this living memorial. Bishop Hickey, who succeeded Bishop Harkins has done much for the College. He plans even greater things. Those entrusted with the care of the college have centuries of tradition as teachers linked with scholastic achievement in the present. Providence College is big. Its growth has been phenomenal. It is a thing in which the Catholics of Rhode Island may well be proud. As has been said, Bishop Hickey has done much for the College, he is justified in expecting great things of us. The college was made by men for men. You must be a man, try to be big with the College. The time to begin is now.

The announcement made recently by the Dean of
STUDENT COUNCIL Studies relative to the establishment of a Student Governing Board marks the beginning of a new era at Providence College. The plan, as briefly outlined by the Dean should work for the mutual betterment of the institution and of each individual student. The approbation or censure of all student activities is left in the hands of the Board, which is given discretionary powers to dispose of all cases which may come before it as it sees fit.

This arrangement relieves the Faculty of what, at times, proves to be a disagreeable duty and places the controlling of the students' activities directly in the hands of student representatives. Each student

is bound in conscience to report any violation or infraction of the rules and regulations of the College, thus making every student personally responsible not only for his own actions, but for the actions of his fellow students and student organizations.

The plan should work out well and should result not in a New Providence College but in a Better Providence College. There is but one hitch in the program. Some students will not realize their responsibility and will fail to live up to the obligation placed upon them.

Those who have crossed the English
MID-CHANNEL Channel tell us that when the ship reaches mid-channel the sailing is extremely rough, but as the ship progresses the choppy sea, soon subsides and the going is smooth again. We are approaching the mid-channel of the college year—the mid-year exams. The sailing will be rough for a while, but if we sit tight and weather the storm the sailing into port in June will be comparatively smooth, if we follow the charted course and heed the danger signals on the quarterly report cards.

The *Alembic* for the past few months has had
MATERIAL to cope with the problem that has faced every college publication from time immemorial, a dearth of suitable material to publish between its covers. When the *Alembic* was first published it was hoped that every student would co-operate with the staff in an effort to make it a truly representative publication of the student body. "Or, By and For the Students" was the slogan.

Of late we have fallen short of the mark, not only as far as literary contributions are concerned, but also in the matter of subscriptions and the student co-operation with the advertising department. It would seem that with a student body the size of ours sufficient suitable material for publication should be forthcoming. Surely in the English Department there are essayists, story writers and poets whose work would be acceptable for publication in the *Alembic*.

It is not too late to make a fresh start and make the *Alembic* the magazine of the student body and not the work of a few members of the editorial staff. It's up to you.

Echoes Of Christmas Chimes

I DOUBT if bells will ever chime,
Like those of blessed Christmas time.
Those chimes whose sounds from steeple high,
Ring out and say with loving sigh:
"O lift your hearts in praises clear,
Upon this day of Christmas cheer;
O lift your hearts to Christ above,
In praise of his undying love."
Those chimes that swelled about the earth,
Have ceased to sound our Saviour's birth.
Though I those sounds may no more hear,
Their echoes yet are in my ear.

V. J. Simpson, '25

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"



COUÉ is here and he is making many converts and a surprising number of cures. Mr. Coué is not an empiricist. He but realizes the old truth that blessings come as soon as we are prepared for them. It has been said that Couéism is in a logical sequence to psychoanalysis. That is not true. It is an antidote for that doctrine which seeks to destroy free will. "He only is free whose body is the servant of his mind and whose mind, untrammled, is the servant of God." Coué cures physical ills by cleansing the mind. The Catholic Church has from its inception cleansed the soul in a similar manner through confession. Coué advises his patients to have recourse to a string with twenty knots in order to count their "Every day" formula. Many years ago another physician, St. Dominic, healed the Midi of a blasting heresy by a String of Beads. We admire Mr. Coué, we honor St. Dominic, and every day we are getting better and better, with the help of God.

* * *

Laughter is for health, sometimes. We have laughed long and loud at the antics of the Ku Klux Klan. They thrived on our mirth. A laughing hyena never bites, when it is laughing. It is time to show our pearly whites in something besides a grin. The parish of Mer Rouge does not smile any more. The whole world regrets the loss of the art treasures in the Cathedrals of Quebec. The taking of life is serious, but this 100% American body has an Oriental view in regard to life. That is life outside the sheet. Art treasures do not belong to individuals, they are the common property of mankind. A man who locks up a masterpiece misuses his guardianship, but one who destroys art, kills a portion of the genius of the human race. It is unforgivable. It is time to stop laughing, and it is high time to restrain those who cannot hate intelligently.

Science progresses while Art retrogresses. We are harking back to the primitive in art. And because it is new to this generation, many class this primordial art as inferior to our advanced specimens. Our ancestors and indeed our fathers used their imagination (the mark of the primitive). That is the *raison d'être* of aeroplanes, etc., the products of "crazy notions." Imagination has always fostered science. It also sired art. But comfort and convenience cannot necessarily follow traditions, e. g. open sewers. Our pleasures are customized. Grand opera must be grand and free verse sat on. The novel either has an asbestos cover or it hasn't. No, the primitive is not bad, *ipso facto*. Only when it antedates Adam does it really need the asbestos envelope. Monkeys, positively do not have ideals, stark realism is theirs. Yes, let us have free verse, realism, but always remembering that license is not freedom.

* * *

Make every day a lifetime and you will have a Happy New Year. If, when you go to rest at night, you have the pleasure of having completed your allotted task for that day, then sleep the sleep of the just. You have completed the span of human existence and you are ready for Eternity or Tomorrow. Do the little things well, the big ones need a strong foundation. Study hard, play hard, and above all be a credit to your college. Providence College expects every man to do his duty, every day in every way. If you do that you couldn't be better.

* * *

The chief requirements for success as a biographer is to have a few indiscretions to your credit. Men and women of England are busily admitting dark red pasts to a blase world. A new confection for jaded appetites. It is human to wish to present an appearance different from the picture we have of ourselves. Good or indifferent men draw bold bad pictures of the Ego. But who is impressed by these revelations? Are the bourgeois thankful to know that their "betters" are subject to the same infirmities? Does the sole derive any pleasure from the knowledge that the upper is also worn out? Or does the great unwashed enjoy the dark secrets? Are they properly pleased to learn that the upper crust can be burnt? That Liliom can and does wear a monocle? Will some nice old man step forward and write on the board: virtue is not so rare as it is concealed, and really it is interesting. We promise any-

one who will chronicle a virtuous life that it will run into more editions than Margot had indiscretions.

* * *

If you read Stephen Leacock's "My Discovery of England," perhaps you discovered how ridiculous the American press can be. Maybe you agreed, it is more likely that you did not. Criticism, even humorous criticism, is not relished when it comes from outside the Volstead limit, especially when it is justified. Recently a New York daily published a picture of a beautiful young lady, the story telling how she was the sole uninjured survivor of a wedding party in the metropolis. An enviable record. Of course it was exaggeration. That is American humor. But the Foreign Office can't explain all the jokes. And our Mr. Harvey has plenty of his own to elucidate, anyhow. Would editors please label such stories "Joke." And perhaps if they would not rely too much on New Jersey for news the heathen of other lands would not get the impression from our papers that we go in for murder and bootlegging altogether.

The Walrus

Cycle Of Years

OUR life as a day is just dawning
 A day filled with sorrow and joy;
 How bright we are in the morning
 As we trifle with bamble and toy.
 Then noon time comes with its worry,
 Its struggle for fame and for might,
 Yet as thru the cycle we hurry
 Before we're aware, it is night.

—John Palmer,* 25

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

After what seemed death, but which in reality was simply coma, the Providence College Knights of Columbus Club—has come back to normalcy. At the recent get-together-on-the-job meeting of this organization the following were elected as officers: President, Lloyd Coffey, '23; Vice-President, John P. Smith, '24; Secretary, Frank Casey, '24, and Treasurer, Joseph Flynn, '24.

Great things are forecast. *Alembic* hopes devoutly that the usual plethora of promise and paucity of fulfillment which has characterized the past in many college activities is truly past in the present case, and that the P. C. K. C. will "deliver the goods," and do it grandly.

Under the mentorship of Fr. L. C. McCarthy, O. P., the Providence College Debating Society has been quietly at work since the opening of the college last fall. Inter-class debates have been held with results gratifying to the members and all interested, in this highly important phase of college life.

Providence College has lately been the recipient of several gifts from new and old friends of the institution. Mrs. I. A. Clark of Providence has given the college a work of art in the form of a piece of hand-embroidered tapestry of great antiquity. It depicts a medieval church scene. The colors are still in perfect preservation. This is a valuable acquisition to the numerous paintings which now grace the college halls.

Rev. George A. Paulukas, of Brooklyn, has donated to the college library a set of twenty volumes of the *Messages and Papers of the Presidents*. Fr. Thomas A. Schwertner, O. P., S. T. Lr., Editor of the *Rosary Magazine*, and an unfailing friend of Providence College, has again sent us quite a notable collection of modern books for the library. The college acknowledges its sincere thanks to these benefactors for their thoughtful and timely gifts.

The Faculty, student body, and the *Alembic* staff offers its profound condolences to Mr. John Baglini, '24, and Mr. John Dillon, '23, on the loss of their fathers.

EXCHANGE

THE mid-year examinations will soon be at hand, and with their approach comes also, for some students, the anticipation of sure success, while others are being gripped by the overhanging fear of a "flunk." Yet why is it that some look at them with a rather pleasing eye, considering them no more than a mere review of the matter studied during the semester, while others dread them as though they were a mortal blow. True enough, they will be a mortal blow for a few, and the beginning of the second semester will leave a few vacant chairs in the class rooms, will mark the departure of some of the old familiar faces.

Yet, is there reason for such a thing? Have college men so little intelligence that they cannot study and learn well the subject matters which have been assigned to them? Can they not master languages, mathematics, natural sciences and even philosophy? I hold to the theory that if each student put his whole heart and soul in his studies, there would never be question of "flunks," conditional examinations and expulsion for lack of efficiency in studies. If each and every one realized fully his duty toward his professors, toward his parents and even toward himself, college life, instead of being most boring, would become most attractive and pleasurable. But how many realize these duties?

The professor who puts in his best to the preparation of his courses, who is always willing to explain most clearly whatever may be obscure, who sits up to the wee hours of the morning that his lectures may be to the point and also interesting, has at least the right to expect that his pupils will co-operate with him to their utmost. The professor expects results, the student must give them.

The parents who sacrifice themselves, who labor that their sons may secure a better education, who deprive themselves of the necessities of life that these same sons may enjoy the comforts of an easier life in the years to come, what have they a right to expect? That their chil-

dren should work with an ambition proportionate to theirs, that they should bring home success and honors. The parents expect results, the son must give them.

Finally the college man should establish for himself a reputation of hard work and earnestness. There should be enough honor in him to force him to rival with the best of his class, to aim higher than he may at least hit a passing mark. It is a duty for every student to establish a high standing for himself. He expects results, let him work for them.

Let us then look upon the coming examinations not as a commonplace fact, an every-day event, but let us realize its importance and concentrate all our efforts to make it an overwhelming success. So, up fellow-students, and "over the top" with the exams. The fair friends will do without you for a few weeks, the boys will play their cards and roll their "dominos" without your aid while you will be preparing for successful examinations which will be a greater source of joy and pleasure for your professors, your parents and yourselves.

Although small when considered from the point of view of the number of pages, the *Timepiece* is big as to its contents. "If Dreams Come True" is especially interesting and is a perfect satire of the ways and feelings of most college boys. The jokes are real humorous and original and the cuts are excellent, both from the imaginative and the descriptive points of view. Hearty welcome to P. C.; hope to see you every month.

Each and every department is well developed, but is your college absolutely destitute of poets that we see but two little poems in the Christmas number, when everywhere there is generally an outflow of poetry for the occasion? Better division would help immensely to the attractiveness of your magazine, especially in the Exchange Department. The humor is versatile and pleasing.

Dreams

I KNOW a land
Where bluebirds sing
And happy swallows
Flutter too.
Where in the breeze
Sweet lilacs swing,
And in my heart
Is love for you.

—*Jos. A. O'Brien, Jr., '25*

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