

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



VOL.. 3

NOVEMBER, 1922

No. 2

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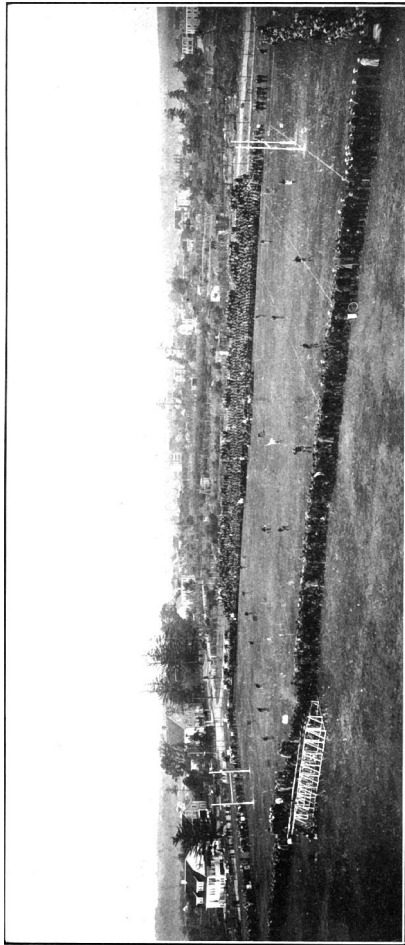
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Providence College Alembic

VOL. III

NOVEMBER, 1922

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Immutable

OT as the passing of a star,
Or as the sounds of raindrops are,
Or like the new day's brilliant light,
Or like the passing of the night,
Or like the spring that tints the wood,
Or daisies which on hillside stood.

Not such our God, our Holy King,
Whose changeless glory we daily sing:
The spring has passed, the daisies die;
The rain is gone, the star has passed,
But God remains until the last.

—V. J. Simpson, '25

POE AND LANIER

AERICAN literature, young as it is, has already given birth to two poets, Poe and Lanier, whose works show lasting qualities even now. Strange as though it may seem, their lives were very similar. Poe died, poor and neglected, in the City Hospital in Baltimore; in the hills of Carolina, after a futile struggle against that deadly malady, tuberculosis, Lanier yielded up his soul.

To compare Lanier with Poe at all points is not the strained parallel that it may seem; it may be done without exaggeration. The roots of Lanier's culture, as those of Poe, obtained their nourishment from sources unknown. There is very little in the intellectual ancestry of either to throw light on their subsequent productions. Their learning was not profound, although in Poe there are quotations from such forgotten and obscure authors as Glanvil.

In his early youth Lanier possessed a terrible fascination for music. Oftimes the sound of a violin would hold him spellbound. This musical tendency is predominant in his verse. Poe, at the same stage of life possessed an exceedingly, abnormal, sensitive imagination and gave evidence of that personality and disposition which later on isolated him from his fellows. The impulse to write poetry was inherent in them both. Lanier thinking this natural quality worthless strove the greater part of his life to rid himself of it. On the other hand, Poe increased and strengthened his peculiar powers of expression by never suppressing them during his youth. Poe and Lanier were both reduced to knock-work for the greater part of their lives.

Poe's irregularities of life, his restive, sensitive and capricious temperament rendered the task of supporting himself very difficult. Lanier, with the happy possession of reverence for God, love of music and poetry, nobility, purity, beauty and truth was well able to overcome all the obstacles that confronted him. Poe had youth, brilliant genius, ambition, and sufficient culture. But all was shattered by his one fail-

ing, an inherited weakness for liquor. It is said that drink had no effect on Poe. This is only partly true. Drink produced some effects, but it served to awaken his brain to amazing activity. Notwithstanding this, his energy was consumed in the useless attempt to overcome it. The tragedy of his struggle consists in his allowing his weaker nature to triumph over his will. So in the end Poe succumbed beneath the many misfortunes heaped upon him; namely, his inability to make a living, the losing battle against his passion, and the death of his girl wife. Shortly before his death he lost all power of resistance and his unusual powers of concentration lessened. Some have advanced the theory that his peculiar life was influenced by the decadents in France. But the absolute purity of his life and imagination clearly repudiates this misleading statement.

The life of Lanier is as beautiful and noble as his poetry. The high ideals he created for himself and the remarkable way in which he lived up to them give strength, beauty and sincerity to his poetry. By nature and by instinct, Sidney Lanier was a genuine poet and musician. As is mentioned above, he reigned in his musical and poetical gifts until towards the close of his life. In a letter to his wife he explained why he had followed such a course. The gist of it was this: he believed firmly in God and desired to live a perfect life. Consequently he undertook the study of law as the best way of using his talents profitably. But as the time passed on, he became aware of the increasing power of his poetical ability. He was convinced that God had given him the means by which he could create worthy verse. Therefore he centered all his energies on this one idea.

Both poets were dominated by the idea of beauty in Art. In addition to this Lanier added an ethical element, which Poe lacked. But the works of Poe were always pure and beautiful. Even his first efforts, "Tamerlane and Other Poems" expressed considerable poetical feeling, although they lacked power and originality. As Poe possessed an acute sensitiveness to the melody and rich imagery of words his later works, "Valley of Unrest," "City in the Sea," "Lenore," "Israfel," and, "To Helen," exhibit this same sensitiveness for verbal notation, his delicate touch, and his somber but beautiful imagination. Poe has no lessons to teach nor truths to enforce. His principle was, "Beauty for its own sake." Hence he mastered all the forms of verse, so that by the mere arrangement of sound he was able to produce an almost hyp-

notic effect upon his readers. The key to this lay in beguiling the ear as much as stimulating the imagination. Again in, "Bernice," he showed his skill in captivating the reader's mind by the perfection of his verse form. By a subtle sense of suggestion and repetition he creates transition. The cleverness with which the transition is made from the actual to the phantasmal is the supreme triumph of Poe's mastery in poetic art. In brief, all of his good qualities are summed up in, "The Raven," namely, his marvelous command over the resources of sound, his magical use of vowels, his repetition, his parallelism, and his inventiveness which are all skillfully used to convey very striking effects. The most noticeable quality of his poetry is its dark and oppressing gloom. Although often this made his verse weird and uncanny, he converted it into bewitching melody, proceeding from the flowing music of measured lines. His poetical theory as he states in his "Rationale of Verse," is that truth gives expression to the intellect and passion to the heart, while Beauty is the language of the soul. Beauty is, therefore, the highest form of creative activity; passion and truth are involved in it; and, its chief aim is to produce a definite and convincing impression of its own nature, by arousing the imagination. He defined poetry as the rhythmical creation of beauty and laid down his one poetical law in the phrase, "a long poem does not exist." That is, Beauty confined within narrow limits is essential to lyrical production. He also asserted that a marked quality of metre or rhythm ought to characterize all verse. He follows this carefully, for in his poetry, the unity of design, the exquisite choice of melodious words and the concentrated passion is well nigh faultless. His chief limitation consisted in the lack of deep-rooted vitality in his characters and the narrowness of his poetical theory. But then, this accounts for the perfection of his craftsmanship and for the intensity of his impressions.

Lanier developed his natural gifts to the high degree they reached by working in a very methodical way. First, he set his ideals of the art very, very high. Then he studied the technical value and the underlying principles of English metre and by them developed a new and interesting theory that the quality of time in English poetry obtains the same effect as it does in music. He invented new metrical and stanzaic arrangements and revealed the new power of words in modern English poetry. Lanier stated that to attain perfection in his art, a poet must make mechanical verse fulfill its vast possibilities; he must gain mast-

ery over his imagination so that his imagination may become his servant. To him the saying, "Art for Art's sake," meant nothing, for he considered that Art was devoted to God and to man. That poetry should deal with truth and beauty, Lanier believed in common with Poe. But instead of being associated with the melancholy, he claimed that it should be garbed in such a way that it would be easily recognized by all men. He coincided with Poe's idea of individuality in the choice of melodious words and the use of verse that reflected the music of the mind. Thus before attempting to write poetry, Lanier acquired a complete knowledge of the technique of verse, for as he himself said, "Poetry comes not by instinct alone but by work." In his poetry Lanier portrays the glow and color of the South in an exuberance of imagination and with a rhythmic sweep. He exhibits skill and power in his handling of words and metres, in his rich rhymes and alliterations, and in his wonderful feeling for tone color. His poetry is enriched a hundredfold by the words he obtained from the old Anglo-Saxon language. Lanier was a master of technique, an original thinker, and a possessor of fine spiritual perception and fervor. He worshipped God in a broad way. His faith he explains in, "Trees and Master." In the, "Stirrup Cup," he proves the power of the soul over the flesh. He glorifies Christ in, "The Crystal," and professes a knightly devotion to womankind by "My Springs." The wholesome outlook on life, the recognition of the highest in character and thought, the passion for love and goodness, and the high conception of man that Lanier displays, proclaim his close kinship to Browning.

Henry Beyle-Stendhal wrote: "Romanticism is the art of presenting to the people literary works which in the actual state of their habitudes and beliefs are capable of giving the greatest possible pleasure; classicism, on the contrary, is the art of presenting literature which gave the greatest possible pleasure to their grandfathers. "Stendahl is half right for Lanier and Poe are not only Romanticists but also Classicists. However, outside of their literary abilities, there is one main point on which Poe and Lanier differ. Lanier was a staunch American. Poe was a man without a country. Consequently Lanier possessed more true human nature than "the Lucifer of American Poetry." But what incomprehensible, beautiful souls.

William Murphy, '26

Old Songs



HERE are no songs like the old songs,
We heard in the long ago;
The kind that my mother used to sing,
"Mavourneen," "Sweet and Low."

The music we get these days
Would quite contort the brain,
I long for the songs of my childhood,
With their soothing, restful strain.
With their soothing restful strain.

—*John Palmer*, '25

COURAGE—THAT'S ALL

“**A** COWARD ! That's what I am ! A failure — and a coward !”

Fine reflections these, to be racing through the mind of a young man barely out of his teens !

Outwardly calm, but inwardly boiling with suppressed rage and self-disgust, Jimmie Dailey faced the large audience which was attending the afternoon session at the Merrimac Zoo. The Merrimac Zoo was the product of unceasing toil and diligent labor on the part of his father, Edward Dailey. It had been a labor of love, and the “old gent,” as Jimmie privately called him, was proud of his work. What a fine picture his father made even now as he put a lion “through the paces”; but he was getting old; the strain of such an active life was beginning to tell on him, and revealed itself in dark shadows beneath the eyes, graying hair, and a slight droop about the shoulders of an otherwise graceful figure. Then, too, the “old gent” had been troubled lately with fainting spells.

Jimmie tried to shake off the depression which he felt. How he hated the Zoo, the animals, and everything pertaining to the Zoo. Hated them because he was afraid. If only he had the courage of his father; the courage that had made the Merrimac Zoo a success where others had failed, the courage that had enabled him to “carry on” in the face of scoffers and half-hearted well-wishers to success. With a start he came out of his day-dreaming. His father was in the cage with “Tom,” the biggest lion in the Zoo. But what was wrong? Old Ed stood in the center of the cage, his chin on his breast. His body swayed from side to side for a moment, then seemed to crumble up, and old Ed fell heavily to the floor. Jimmie's heart stood still for a moment. Then came the horrible realization that his father was in the throes of another fainting spell! He must get his father out of the cage at once. Jimmie entered the cage quickly. He stepped forward—and stopped short, panic stricken. He was directly in front of the lion who, sensing some-

thing wrong, was whining loudly and crouching as for a spring! Fear, overwhelming, stark naked fear held poor Jimmie in its inexorable grip. His whole frame shook, and the cold sweat gathered on his brow. There came a terrific roar from the disturbed, angry beast, and with it vanished the last remnant of Jimmie's courage. He darted to the door of the cage.

At that moment there was a sudden movement in the front ranks of the hushed, anxious crowd. A slim white hand was thrust between the bars of the cage and sent hurtling end over end a small vari-colored object which struck the beast square on the nose! With a terrible groan he seized it and tore it into shreds. Jimmie uttered a glad cry, and while the beast's attention was momentarily diverted rushed to his father's side and half-dragged, half-lifted him out of the cage.

Johnny Barnes was only a drug clerk, but henceforth he was a hero in Merrimac, for it was his quick wit and alertness of mind that had saved the day for old Ed, when he had seized a child's gayly-dressed doll, thrown it directly at the lion, and thus engaged the attention of the beast while the rescue was effected.

How ashamed Jimmie felt now that it was all over. As days went by, his father said nothing, of course, which was all right; but old friends, as they passed him on the street, also said nothing, which was all wrong. The fellows ignored him completely and the girls viewed him with contempt, or avoided him altogether. Older people looked after him pityingly, as he passed sullenly by, but to crown it all, little Joe refused to have anything to do with him. Little Joe was the son of a neighbor of the Dailey's. He was barely five years old, but his bright manner, snappy brown eyes and dark curly hair had attracted Jimmie from the first, and despite the disparity in their ages, there had sprung up between the two a bond of affection—until the incident at the Zoo.

People's actions are but the outward manifestations of their thoughts and, reasoned Jimmie in bitter introspection, in this case they were thinking correctly. He had acted the coward, had failed, had—but stop! He was not a coward by nature. Had he not crawled out on his stomach on perilously thin ice and pulled Bill Slavin's daughter out of No Bottom Pond? Had he not entered Metcalf's Livery Stables during the height of a fierce fire and released three thoroughbreds? No, he was not a coward in all things. But when he entered the Zoo,—ah! that was what he feared and the fear against which he must fight. That

was the idea; he must fight. There was good fighting blood in his veins, and...

* * *

A mid-night visitor to the Merrimac Zoo on the night of August 12th would have witnessed a strange scene. All was quiet, save for the occasional soft howl or grunt of some animal in the throes of a dream. There was a sharp click from the Bay Street end of the Zoo as a door-lock was turned; the door was opened softly and quickly and as quickly closed. A slim, boyish form, clad in white flannels, sweater, and cap, and wearing gymnasium shoes, stole down the aisle and halted opposite the cage in which reposed the big lion. The boy switched on the light in front of the cage, and then swiftly drawing a key from his pocket, opened the cage door and stepped in! Striding to the center of the cage, the lad cried out, "Up, up!" at the same time snapping lightly over the lion's head a long whip such as circus ring-masters and trainers sometimes use.

The sudden flood of light and the old, familiar, insistent command startled and confused the beast for a moment, and in obedience it sprang to all fours. There came another snap of the whip and the command, "Round once!" and still obedient, the animal circled the cage once and came to a halt, quivering, trembling at the strangeness of the thing. Followed several rapid commands which were promptly executed, and then a sudden halt! Surely this was not its master. A fierce growl set all the other animals a-tremble. Who, then, was this presumptuous stranger? The beast roared in anger and poor Jimmie, for it was he, stood as though transfixed for a moment, and then, his new-born courage deserting him as the old animal-fear swept over him, bolted for the door. Once outside he switched off the light and made his way out shaking, ashamed, humiliated.

Several nights passed and there was a repetition of this performance, and then several nights later another repetition, with always the same result. Was he never to master that fear?

* * *

It was Old Ed calling. Jimmie looked at the clock on the bureau. It was but 11:00 p. m., and he had been in bed but an hour. Something was wrong. He rose, sleepily demanding, "What's wrong?"

"Little Joe Browne is missing," said Old Ed, shakily. "His mother put him to bed at 9 o'clock, and when at quarter to eleven she

passed through his room, he was not in bed! They think that it may be a kidnapping case. The back door was open, but there was no other trace to show just what it might have been.

Kidnapping! Impossible, thought Jimmie. Then a peculiar thought struck him. He remembered on several occasions when the Brownes had gone out of town for several days, and little Joe had shared his room, that he had caught the youngster walking in his sleep! Merciful God! if the little tot were walking the streets of Merrimac at this hour. . . .

This was the climax of two distressful weeks, and under the stress of many emotions Jimmie became equal to the occasion. Grasping his cap, and slipping on the light gymnasium shoes, he flew down the stairs. But where to go? He ran over to Browne's seeking footprints, but met disappointment. The cement walk yielded no traces. Alternately cursing, and praying softly, he ran up and down Main Street, seeking, seeking. Ten precious minutes he wasted on two more streets, then— "Heads up," he commanded himself sharply. Why had he not thought of it before? Little Joe had strayed away from home but once in the day time, and then had come direct to the Zoo! What more natural than that he would walk there in his sleep.

The Zoo was barely discernible through the night mist. It seemed as though he would never reach there. His breath came in great sobs, and his chest pained sickly. There were no houses south of the Zoo on Bay Street, and the entrance could be seen clearly now. He was about a quarter of a mile away when he noticed a small white object move near the door. Thank Heaven! That would be little Joe, and he could not get in—but wait! He must have gotten in, for he had disappeared. The door must have been left unlocked by the attendant.

Would he never reach there?

At last! The door! It was wide open. He groped around for a switch, and found it. But not a sight of little Joe! Hark! What was that? A pitiful cry of baby terror, and down the main aisle rushed Jimmie. There in the center of the lion's den was little Joe, clad only in a thin, white cotton nightgown. As Jimmie rushed toward the cage he realized that the cage door had probably not been locked, and the little tot must have reached in and turned the iron knob from the inside, as, no doubt, he had often seen the attendant do.

With a cry of anger, Jimmie, no longer a weak, fear-stricken boy, but a creature superior to any mere animal, a creature with a mind, a man protecting that which he loved, opened the cage door. A bound, and he had reached the side of the child, who was now wide awake. The lion was snarling horribly in one corner of the cage. A quick stoop, a sweep of his arm, and Jimmie had little Joe at the cage door. He opened it quickly and tossed the youngster lightly to the sawdust floor; then turned, slammed the door shut, and ducked just as the lion sprang. Then followed a battle that would have delighted Old Ed's heart. The boy of a few weeks ago, armed with a ring-master's whip and a revolver, would have been instantly cowed by the big beast, but the man of tonight, armed with nothing, was not to be denied; with steady steps he walked toward the beast, crying loudly, "Down, down!" In that voice there was no trace of fear, only anger, fierce, burning anger crying out for vengeance. Puzzled, fearing the unknown, the big cat, poised for another spring, hesitated and was lost. As the man came nearer and nearer the beast could stand it no longer, and with a cry of fright turned tail and dashed wildly along the far side of the cage. Jimmie seized the opportunity presented and barked out the old, familiar command, "Round once!" Instinct, training, and fear forced the beast to obey, and it circled the cage. "Round twice," and it obeyed; then the sharp command, "Corner," and trembling, panting as though it had been running miles instead of feet, the beast sank in a corner, defeated.

Pallid, but proud, Jimmie stepped out of the cage and faced not only little Joe, but Old Ed, his father, and George Mullins, editor of the *Merrimac Star*, and a score of neighbors who had aided in the search. All pressed forward to grasp his hand. "We saw the light,—and we also saw the finish," said Old Ed, in explaining how they got there, "and I'm proud of you, my son. I just knew you'd win out."

Mullins looked up from some notes he had been taking, and said importantly, "Proud of you? Why, the whole town will be proud of you tomorrow. This will be great copy."

Someone tugged at his sweater sleeve. "Ya beat him, didn't ya, Chimmie?" exclaimed little Joe, happily.

"Better than that," said Jimmie slowly, as he gathered the little fellow in his arms, "Better than that, Joe—I beat myself."

Earle F. Ford, '25

THE NINE DAY LAUGH

IT must be comforting for Art to have Mr. Keleher in attendance at her death bed. Keleher's sacrifice will never be appreciated fully unless one knows that he rose from a bed of pain to perform the work of mercy. The comforter suffers acutely from a very serious case of hyperaesthesia. The only cure for the disease that we know of, is for the sufferer to remove himself from the milieu of the Five Foot Six Best Seller Shelf and the Demi-classics. Until Mr. Keleher is cured of his present illness he will never appreciate Rejuvenated Art,—the Art of Lowell and Sandburg, Futuristic creations, Realism in Literature, the New Music which Baudelaire preferred above Wagner. "I love Wagner; but the music I prefer is that of a cat hung by his tail outside of a window, and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating, and singularly harmonious." In the above quotation we have a summary criticism of the New Art. Strange, irritating, harmonious. How magnificent! The true beauties of which Mr. Keleher will never enjoy until he has demolished the walls of his subliminal consciousness. Until he hastens to be his true self.

In his recent article, "Expiring Art" the embryonic critic makes the bold statement that this new art is the mart for the frothings of farm hands, bankers, and a long list of other varieties bourgeoisie. He includes everyone except the ex-vice president, whom he somehow overlooked. However, the grouping of water colors and divorce decrees was a highly original touch, which only goes to prove that Mr. Keleher has a few inhibitions. But do not take umbrage at this, for it is not an unpardonable sin in this case, nor is the comparison an impossible one. It is a well known fact that all the better class decrees are issued on water marked paper, highly colored. But *en passant* we should like to know just what are civilization's "Higher needs?" It sounds questionable and very intriguing. But that isn't all.

The youth does not content himself with writing on the wall, he

goes forth Jasonlike with pen in hand to slay the Medusa. And then he gets cold feet and refuses to face the lady, with this shield for his conduct, "With that pseudo-art whose leading exponents are the imagist school, we shall not concern ourselves, etc. . . . Of the non-literary arts, also, we shall not treat, partly because of our ignorance of their subtleties, but mostly because on the whole they have taken the same materialistic trend as the others." He contents himself with stabbing the lady's infant child, Current Fiction. But phlebotomist that he is, in the very next paragraph he takes a nasty dig at the old lady, being careful, however, to shield himself behind the expiring child.

Take for example "Success," by Samuel Hopkins Adams. We did. The darn thing has moss on it. The same old story of misguided virtue. We begin to suspect that Mr. Keleher holds a brief for the publisher. Knock the book and all the amateur critics read it. I did. Mr. Keleher's remarks on marriage and morals are certainly naive. "Who said the wages of gin is breath?"

And then our noble hero saunters up Main Street. S'welpme he **tramples** all over it. If Mr. Keleher rejects "Babbitt" in the same fashion, we will be forced to the conclusion that he is one of those fellows that have a city home to close up in the winter to go to Palm Beach, and to close again in the summer to go to Newport, sort of an arbor to hang sour grapes on for the delectation of the *hoi polloi*. But as K. (apologies to M. R. Rhinehart) says there is no development of character in Main Street. True, Sinclair Lewis is less interested in people than in motives and events. In this he is absolutely jovian. You feel Sinclair Lewis in every character. Sort of a Tony Sarg show with Lewis up, pulling the strings. Then K. goes on to say that people are not entirely interested in moral struggles. Well, this is an age of prefixes, ex-Kaiser, un-sanitary pro-English, etc.

And now we come to the place "where there ain't no Ten Commandments." We rather expected Mandalay, but we dropped anchor in the dishpan. The British Ambassador from the United States to Great Britain, Harvey, says that women have no souls. Mr. Keleher goes him one better, Dishpans have no morals. Here, at least, is one case where a little lye is excusable. (Positively not an advertisement). And so it goes.

We next come to Bertha M. Clay who is according to K. neither

a successful failure nor a failing success. In fact Mr. Keleher says that Bertha's name is Mud. But enough of the soft stuff. Yet can we ever forget "Thorns and Orange Blossoms."

This is truly the individualistic stage. Besides one man tops, one button union suits, monogeny, and lily cups we find we have a one book man. K. gives a few single examples. Charles G. D. Norris and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

And as for the books that are ethically sound, artistically perfect and not mawkishly sentimental, I'm a little afraid that if I did save them for my children, they would not appreciate them. Morals like appetites change every seven years. And now for the great paradox. The delicate elephant.

Scott Fitzgerald delicate. Shades of Margot Asquith. As for, "This side of Paradise," being better than, "The Beautiful and Damned," not so, merely less damned. Mr. Keleher now presents the cake to Basil King, but first he licks off the icing, "He is good except for one thing——"

We now come to H. G. Wells Keleher's list of Six Best American Fellows, Jordan, Johnson, Hergenshimer, Farnol, Prouty, and Rowland. The list is more Wellian than well. Indeed we can think of others, but not all as bad as these. Even Phyllis Bottome, who according to K. is very deep, is above some of the above mentioned. And please Mr. Keleher remember that even "Success" would not be so successful unless it had a few wedding marches, so don't blame Phyllis too much. She is doing her duty as she sees it. You are a trifle radical in wanting to abolish the custom entirely.

To be serious, Mr. Keleher, your article is a little far fetched. Art is not expiring. How can it? It may sleep, but beauty is eternal and there is always a Prince to imbue it with life by his kiss. The 'istic arts may thrive for a time but they are solicisms. They live and die in the "Villages," which are more provincial than Chicago. (If read in Chicago substitute New York).

No, there is no need of *Sauve qui peut*, as yet. However, we are now in a critical period (this one dates from Adam's apple ducking contest). But it is Perspiring not Expiring Art.

O. Schopenhauer, '24

Insinuation



MAN laughs at every sort of thing
From dawn to dawn again.
And in his mirth he finds surcease
From toil and grief and pain.

Man laughs at every sort of thing,
At love, life, death, right, wrong.
But any man who laughed nine days
In Butler's would belong.

—J. F. K.

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

AFTER successfully passing through her nonage, America has now come to the don'tage. Keeping off the grass is about the most we do of. Legislation has become simplified, "We won't let 'em do this, if you will stop 'em from doing that." We can't have our cookies and we can't eat it. The cookie in this case being a pretzel. Prohibition may be fine, but when it brings wealth and power to the lawless elements in the community, we begin to wonder if bootlegging is its own reward. Disregard for the law seems almost universal. Our national conscience is outside the three mile limit. A few of us are not child wonders; we have reached the age of indiscretion, all of which is apropos of saying, "Go to the polls thou sluggard."

* * *

The gentleman in the last row rises to remark that, "Not attending some colleges is in itself a liberal education." Does he base his remark on observation of the men whom these colleges have turned out,—with diplomas, of course. We do not think that this is so. The world too often judges a college by its extremes. It should remember that colleges are not alligators. What isn't head is tail. There is the happiest and by far the largest medium. The folks at home get the idea that college life is a rough tussle from the way Rollo acts when he comes home. It is, but it's not stepping out, it's toeing the line. All college men are not overcome "With-the-will-to-raise-hades." And every college production is not a wolf in sheepskin clothing.

* * *

There is one Ghost we always like to see walking the deck, it is college spirit. The opening game on the new field was ample proof that the ghost was never laid. Attend all home games, and if you can't ride to the out of town games, walk. Attend the "pep" meetings in

the gym. Get there on time and listen. We would like to have the *Observer* observe the "twoten birds." They are too light for football and too light headed for the Debating Society or for any of the literary clubs. They take their last lecture with slides, in a cinema emporium.

* * *

"Save the women and children first," was never meant for religion. Yet one would think from a classification of church goers that such a cry had been sent across the waves. As for the women, is it a wasted effort? Ambassador Harvey makes the statement that women have no souls. *Nemo dat quod non habet*. Being born of a creature with no soul is not a far cry from the theory of monkey ancestors. The Ambassador could be given more rope, but it would be useless. He is now in the same pickle as Uncle Henry's picture, when we moved the piano. You could not see it any more, but we were too lazy to have it rehung. And we boys like to imagine that it is not the piano but Uncle Henry that is making the noise when Sister Effie practices. It's a sort of a game. We never know when Unc is going to bellow forth a "blue note." But, getting back to England. And is there a Mrs. Harvey? Being a Walrus of Irish descent has its consolations. An Irishman would disclaim a soul for himself sooner than he would deny one to his mother. But then, that's in Ireland, and sure they are all heathens there. It is too bad that Queen Vic, or even good Queen Bess (may heaven forgive me!) were not on the throne at present. The Colonel would have a case then. And if it were the Virgin Queen, we rather think that the Ambassador would lose his head in the argument. And Colonel, whisper, remember the Old Lady that lived in a shoe? Even if her soul was only tacked on she must have had a heart or she would not have raised such a large family.

* * *

New England has not been bothered much by the Ku Kux Klan. We should like to think that it is because of the common sense of the New Englanders. But it seems that the thrifty housewives, such as we have here, keep careful count of their sheets and pillow cases. And there is no fun parading unless you can dress up. In Texas it has been discovered that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Since Prohibition, they have lost the cure for snake bites, so now they give

the rattlers a drink of the new stuff, making them stiff, stark and wiggly, thus preventing any monkey business on their part. Take warning, keep a good lock on your linen closet, but don't ever attempt to give the White Knights a taste of their own medicine. It's a little too much off color for us to handle.

The Walrus

Returning Youth



CEPTION lurks when woman strives

To hide the truth,

With painted cheeks, that Age now thrives

Where once was Youth:

Senility is there to stay.

But Autumn decked in bright array

Defies old Age, with no pretence

To lie to men,

For well she knows a few months hence

She's young again.

—Leo Bappell, '25

OBSERVING THINGS

DON LUIGI STURZO is the name of an Italian priest who guides the political destinies of nearly a half million Italian people; he is the leader of a party which has more than one hundred representatives in the National Assembly. To an American the thought of a priest as a political "boss" seems absurd. Many inhabitants of this country whose minds are of the single-tracked species will scoff at the idea of a priest being in political prominence. "Let him stick to his job of saving souls," they say. "We have plenty of good political leaders." To this manner of reasoning, the answer of Father Sturzo is most appropriate. He says that politics are a part of our social existence and so, must be guided by ethical principles. A priest is especially prepared for the infusion of moral principles into material affairs; hence, what is more necessary, or who is better suited for a nation's political guidance than a priest? With clergymen at the helm of a country's legislative departments, morality is assured; we need not fear rotten legislation; nor would regulation be for a part of the people, only. People would follow priestly leaders with more security, knowing them so well from their religious guidance. Let us hope for the rise of a few more Father Sturzos when such leadership as theirs is imperative.

* * *

There is no doubt but that priestly politicians, or clerical office-holders in this nation will never be practicable. Popular prejudice is too much opposed to such a plan. But there is no united opposition to decent Catholic young men holding office. If anything there is a need for such. Only men who are practical exponents of the tenets of their religion are fit to rule for the people at large. Only they can be relied on to put into effect their promises. Only they will conscientiously perform the duties of their office. An office holder in this nation is enveloped with too much power to be elected at random. When a man is elected, he becomes possessed of an enormous amount of legislative

power; and so, the very fact of this power is sufficient for the public to watch cautiously their representatives; and to praise or rebuke them at need. The common people must not be trifled with. Only responsible and upright office-holders will not attempt to trifle with them. Those are the men we want to keep in office.

* * *

The last Thursday in November, as usual, has been set apart for the feast of Thanksgiving. To one who is corporally inclined, this holiday suggests in their mind's eye a bounteous spread wherein a well-roasted barnyard king is attended with various vegetables, all edible. Then follows a watering of the mouth, and a sharpening of the appetite. Such a manner of viewing this day is legitimate, so the Observer thinks, to those who have but one square meal a year; and that on Thanksgiving Day. To a serious person, Thanksgiving is not a day of gratitude to the lord of the appetite but to the God of all. This is a day which is set apart not so much in gratitude for plenty of things to eat, but to thank God for His wonderful benefits to the nation during the past year. We have much for which to be thankful. Let us consider with what dread we would await the approach of a dire winter if the Near East crisis had not been successfully averted; if the New England textile strikes had not been settled. Each particular section of this country has had its own gift from heaven in some shape or form for which it should express in an appropriate manner heartfelt thanks on the Day appointed for such. God gets too little credit in this nation of ours. Surely we can give Him one day of the year; one day on which we can neglect the lords of business to worship to God of all.

* * *


The Observer does not wish to preach, but he thinks it well to be recalled that November is the month of the Holy Souls. These members of the church suffering are the chosen of God, the elect of Heaven; and as such possess great power. But they cannot help themselves. They rely on the faithful for prayers and sacrifices. Help often these souls by a little prayer or self-denial throughout the month; realizing that the Holy Souls never forget those who aid them.

* * *

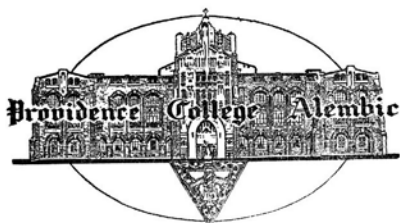
The latest issue of *Columbia* answers well a governor of one of the western states whose indignation led him on to dangerous ground.

The Observer

Winter

S cold pale death in hanging wraps
Of grayish hue,
Stealing life from the door he taps,
Without a cue,
So Winter steals across the land
His sharpened scythe is in his hand,
His weapon cold bespeaks no cheer
To those he seeks;
No foes nor friends to him seem dear,
When once he speaks.

—Maurice Beale, '25



Providence College Alembic

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No. 2

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Thanksgiving, currently considered, is
THANKSGIVING a day given over to feasting. Families gather 'round the festive board and make merry. Everyone eats his fill, and when the bird is picked clean and the nuts and choice private stock disposed of, rises from the table,—the inner man completely satisfied though somewhat distressed,—with the feeling that Thanksgiving Day has been duly and justly celebrated. The prevailing creed seems to be, "Thanksgiving comes but once a year, make the most of it for we'll have hash for breakfast." This is the

catechism of the worldly. It is wholly discordant with the purport of the day.

The Pilgrim Fathers, after surviving the hardships of the first winter in this new country, set apart a day of Thanksgiving to God for the many benefits and blessings he had bestowed upon them. It is with that intent, that we give thanks to God for His innumerable blessings and favors, that the day is still observed and proclaimed a national holiday.

We have much for which to be thankful. We have prosperity and peace. We have physical comforts, the necessities and even the luxuries of life. By the grace of God we have good Christian homes and devoted mothers and fathers who are ever working for us and watching over us and praying that we may grow to manhood a credit to the community, to our Faith and to their faith in us.

We students at Providence have the advantage, aye, the privilege of a Catholic education, supervised and directed by the priests of the God Who in His bounty permits us to enjoy these privileges.

Review the past year and in your heart give thanks to the Almighty. If you can find nothing else to be thankful for, praise God that you're still alive and kicking and not helping to push up daisies through a mound of greensward.

Congratulations are due Bishop

HENDRICKEN FIELD Hickey and Father Noon upon their choice of the name of the new athletic field. It is fitting that the memory of the first Bishop of the Diocese of Providence be perpetuated in the hearts of the people, and although some may hold that it would be more proper to name a new building, rather than a field of sports after Bishop Hendricken, we beg to differ and revel in the supposition that the Bishop will not look askance upon the honor, and from his place in Heaven will look smilingly down and bless the warriors of the College as they take the field, prepared for each forthcoming fray.

The popular conception

CATHOLIC EDUCATION of education is that of a direct means to some practical end. Thus to the unthinking commoner a college education, which does not

directly fit a man for a profitable position to be secured the day after Commencement, is of no value. A great many secular colleges have bowed to the popular dictum and have become little more than trade schools by the depletion of their once thorough courses. *Vox populi non vox Dei.*

Catholic education, on the other hand, while allowing as much latitude as possible for specialization, always insists on a fundamental knowledge at least of the culture of the human race. In so doing it is striving for the true object of education, a sane mind in a sound body.

To us who are in a Catholic college it is at least a duty, if not a pleasure, to assist our Alma Mater in the attainment of her object and what should be our own. A member of the Junior class in college, who likens the play, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" to "Hamlet" because there are court scenes in both, is surely a cause for the weeping of angels. Life is too short to be made anything less than complete.

The Source



LOWLY falls the evening dew,
Like a grey descending pall.
Kissing upraised flower faces,
Spreading coolness over all.

Daily blessings gently falling,
Light upon the upraised face.
For who looks to heaven seeking,
Gazes on the Source of Grace.

—John McDermott, '25

Tumult !




UCH have I wandered in the realms of Greek;
And many painful states of mind been in;
Dead Latin's weary lines have made me thin
As struggled I, and plugged, from week to week.

In other studies, too, where I did seek
To gain the hidden wealth that lies therein,
My mind has ne'er felt such lively din
Till I began the Sonnet's weird technique.

Then felt I like a bridegroom sore distressed,
Who anxious seeks to find the ring misplaced;
Or like a nervous man, as, almost dressed,
He drops his collar button and makes haste
In wild confusion to begin the quest
For that which fled—not soon to be replaced.

—*Leo Boppell, '25*

EXCHANGE

HE *Alembic* editors have come to the conclusion that their monthly is lacking in one department. The help which constructive criticisms of other college magazines have freely and justly given, has clearly pointed out the utility of a good Exchange Department.

That we, on our side, may be able to give sound advice to poets, novelists and critics who are now ascending the literary heights through the pages of a college magazine, the *Alembic* wishes to introduce among its departments, one that will add, not to greater production in the number of pages, which would mean only a waste of paper and ink as well as a waste of precious energy on the part of the editor, but one that will aid the young writer by giving a just and impartial criticism of his works, one that will give credit where credit is deserved, but which will not keep silent when a bit of sound advice is to be given.

It is our ambition to put our department on the level with that of other college publications, and although we will shun the use of flowery language, we will do our utmost to strike justly and firmly. If you like our work tell others so that they also may enjoy it; if not tell us and we will try to better it and make it more interesting.

To all our friend "Exchangers," a cordial welcome and may we establish an everlasting friendship; to all those who wish to exchange, we are but waiting the word to do so.

Among the latest arrivals we have *The Fordham Monthly*, whose literary value is already well recognized. The poets of the October number deserve special praise. "Hope," "The Lesson" and "The Siren Call" attracted our attention. "The Lesson" is indeed a lesson, but could not the verse be a little more elaborate? We greatly enjoyed "The Siren Call"; the thought is very deep and the verse well mastered.

The prose writings keep the reader's interest to a high pitch, but

"Purple Asters and Goldenrod" seems to drag a little too much, the introduction being too lengthy.

A little more order in the presentations of the writings of the O. M. I. *Micrometer* might add more attractiveness, interest and charm. The humor is "catchy" and of the highest type.

The Boston College *Stylus* is keeping up with its high grade productions, the Exchange Department deserving special praise for its article on "Romance."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ateneo, The, Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I.

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

Boston College Stylus, Boston College, Boston, Mass.

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

Brown Jug, The, Brown University, Providence, R. I.

Fordham Monthly, The, Fordham University, Fordham, New York, N. Y.

Micrometer, Ohio Mechanics Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Xavier, The, St. Francis Xavier, New York, N. Y.

Holy Cross Purple, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Lucien Arthur Olivier, '23



COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The New Athletic Field The new athletic field at Providence College was formally opened on the afternoon of October 21st, with simple exercises, at which state, city and church officials took part. The president, Dr. Noon, was in charge of the dedication of ceremonies. Appropriate music was furnished for the occasion by the college band. The student body was in full attendance and accorded a rousing reception to all the honored guests, who had specially reserved seats on the Providence side of the field.

Shortly before the game, the student body formed on the campus. Led by the college band, the faculty, and the distinguished guests, they marched around the field to their seats in the stands, directly behind the notables. Bishop Hickey threw the ball on the field, where it was taken up by the referee, who then directed the first game on the new field.

Among the honored guests present were Bishop William A. Hickey; Dr. William Noon, O. P., President of Providence College; Governor San Souci; Mayor Joseph H. Gainer; Malcolm G. Christie, who is attached to the British Embassy at Washington; E. Merle Bixby; Michael Norton; Frank E. Fitzsimmons, Collector of the Port; Capt. Evans, son of the famous "Fighting Bob" Evans of Spanish-American War fame; Lieut. Commander Cochrane of the New London Submarine Base; Rev. William A. Doran, a founder of the college; Rev. Thomas Collins, who accompanied Bishop Hickey, and Capt. Berrien, chaplain at the submarine base.

The Hallowe'en Social On October 31, the annual Hallowe'en social was held in the gymnasium.

A large number of the students was on hand, together with the faculty. An attractive program was presented, which included musical numbers, dialogues, dances, humorous speeches, boxing bouts, and ducking contests. The feature of the evening was the ducking contest between the Freshmen and the Sophomores.

which the Sophomores were the victors. Credit is given the class of '25 for a very successful evening.

A letter has been received at the college recently, *Fr. Walsh* from Rev. John Walsh, O. P., S. T. Lt., who is now in Rome. Fr. Walsh stated that he had a rough trip from the day he left New York until he arrived in Naples. Fr. Walsh was formerly a professor in the Science Department at Providence College. He is now pursuing special theological studies at Rome.

The first subscription to the *Alembic* *Our First Subscription* was received from John J. Kenny, who is studying at the American College at Louvain. Mr. Kenny was a member of the class of '24, Providence College, until this year, when he traveled to Europe to study at the American College. This thoughtful act manifests the high esteem which Mr. Kenny holds for his Alma Mater, and for the *Alembic*.

The moderator and the staff of the *Alembic*, together *Sympathy* with the faculty and entire student body, extend their most heartfelt sympathy to George A. De Luca, on the recent death of his father.

On Saturday, November 11, the College *Hendricken Field* Athletic Field was dedicated in honor of Bishop Hendricken of the Providence Diocese. The dedication of the field marks the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of the late Bishop as the first leader of the Diocese. The dedication was a gala event—even more impressive than the formal opening exercises held recently.



ATHLETICS



WITH two-thirds of the season over our team enters the final period with flying colors. So far in the football world we are proud of our success. In this, our first year of 'varsity football, we have outclassed and outplayed other teams of our calibre. With but two defeats out of six games we have every reason to boast of our achievement. Turned back by two very powerful teams, we came back and defeated Lowell Tech, New York City College and Connecticut Aggies. With such a record we sail nearer to the contest with Boston University, confident that a stubborn battle will take place. Following that Canisius will engage the team at Buffalo, and the season will end on Thanksgiving Day with St. Stephen's at Providence.

But to show the team's ability a trip was planned to New York. In that city before a large crowd our boys defeated their opponents, New York City College, by the score of 16-7. Outweighed at least ten pounds to a man Providence College's team displayed a marked superiority over their opponents. Time and again the line charged through for long distances and the backs took advantage of this in fine style. New York was unable to score until the last few minutes of play, when Coach Huggins had his second-string men in the game. The outstanding feature of the game was Brickley's runback of a kick-off 70 yards for a touchdown. Tannerbaum showed well for New York.

The lineup:

PROVIDENCE

NEW YORK

Capt. McGee, l. e.	r. e., Rosewaser
Connor, l. t.	r. t., Kudin
Alford, l. g.	r. g., Vogel
Beck, c.	c., Shuterman
Landrigan, r. g.	l. g., Shapiro
Ryan, r. t.	l. t., Miller
Jamgotchian, r. e.	l. e., Brauer
Brickley, q. b.	q. b., Mofty
Tarby, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Oshens
Peloquin, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Farber
Triggs, f. b.	f. b., Tannerbaum

Touchdowns—Triggs, Brickley, Bauer. Goal from placement—Brickley. Drop-kick after touchdown—Triggs. Referee—Mr. Henegage of Dartmouth. Umpire—Mr. O'Shea, New York. Linesman—Mr. Mann, New York University.

Following the New York game the team met the powerful Submarine Base team at Providence. It was the dedication of our new field, and before a crowd of 4000 the sailors defeated us 42-13. For the first half our team held their heavy opponents to a 7-7 score, but in the latter part of the game they were outclassed. Clark of the sailors was the individual star of the game. For Providence the entire team played stellar football.

The lineup:

NEW LONDON

PROVIDENCE

Zubriski, l. e.	r. e., F. McGee
Bartscheck, l. t.	r. t., Ryan
Morse, l. g.	r. g., Landrigan
Bailey, c.	c., Beck
Coombs, r. g.	l. g., Alford
Gullon, r. t.	l. t., Connors
Alberton, r. e.	l. e., Capt. McGee
Capt. Clarke, q. b.	q. b., Brickley
Fielding, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Tarby
H. L. Clark, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Peloquin
Locke, f. b.	f. b., Triggs

Score: Touchdowns—H. Clarke 3, Fielding 3, Triggs Gilmartin.

On the following Saturday our team defeated the Coast Guard College 26-0. For Providence the entire backfield starred.

The lineup:

COAST GUARD

PROVIDENCE

Leamy, r. e.	l. e., Crawford
Anderson, r. t.	l. t., Connor
Sullivan, r. g.	l. g., Tierney
Rowland, c.	c., Beck
McNickle, l. g.	r. g., Real
McNeil, l. t.	r. t., O'Neil
Lord, l. e.	r. e., F. McGee
Clarke, q. b.	q. b., Brickley
Marron, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Capt. McGee
Jordan, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Gilmartin
Baker, f. b.	f. b., Triggs

Score: Touchdowns—Gilmartin 2, Triggs, Capone. Drop-kick after touchdown—Brickley, Triggs.

Saturday, Nov. 4, the team traveled to Storrs, Conn., to play the Connecticut Aggies. Hailed as a set-up, our boys handed the sturdy farmers a 10-0 lacing. It was the finest game our team played this season. For Providence Tarby did well and for Connecticut Hurley.

The lineup:

CONNECTICUT

PROVIDENCE

M. Eddy, l. e.	r. e., Tarby
M. C. Eddy, l. t.	r. t., V. Ryan
Schleichert, l. g.	r. g., Alford
Patterson, c.	c., Beck
Ashman, r. g.	l. g., Jamgotchian
Juralewicz, r. t.	l. t., Connors
Rodovich, r. e.	l. e., Joyce
Morelund, q. b.	q. b., Brickley
Hurley, l. h. b.	r. h. b., Capt. McGee
Ryan, r. h. b.	l. h. b., Gilmartin
Capt. Daley, f. b.	f. b., Triggs

Score: Touchdown—Gilmartin. Drop-kick—Brickley. Referee—Mr. Halloran, Providence. Umpire—Coulter, Hartford. Linesman—Dole, New Haven.

Armistice Day, Nov. 11, Boston University and Providence College staged an admittedly brilliant exhibition of first class football on the home grounds—now known as Hendricken Field.

Unquestionably outweighed, our men fought from the first whistle to the last moment, and the result was more than satisfactory to all the friends of the college. Joyce was ubiquitous, and wherever he went he made himself felt. Connor and Beck, as usual, gave the best they had.

Fred Huggins has reason to be proud of his team—and the team of its coach.

The lineup:

BOSTON UNIVERSITY

PROVIDENCE

Fredey, l. e.	r. e., Joyce
Miller, l. t.	r. t., J. Ryan
French, l. g.	r. g., Reall
Levenson, c.	c., Beck
Fanger, r. t.	l. g., Alford
Koplow, r. t.	l. t., Conner
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. (Capt) f. b., Triggs

Touchdown made by Williamson. Points after touchdown made by Cochrane (drop kick). Substitutions: Boston—Wheler for Fanger, Feldman for Worcester, Conelly for Freeday, Carlson for Tonry, Worcester for Feldman, Marshall for Harris, Buckley for Williamson, White for French, Tonry for Calson, Marshall for Feeday, Miller for Buckley, Harris for Connelly, French for White, Perry for French. Providence—McGee for Peloquin, Capone for Beck, Kempf for Brickley. Referee—Drummie for Tufts. Umpire—Maj. Taylor, U. S. A., Brown. Head linesman—Jack Kehoe, Central Board. Time of periods—15 minutes.

Score—Boston University, 7; Providence, 0.

Autumn



FADED "beaut" in rouge and paints of ghastly hue;
 "Vamping" the seasons 'till she faints and then is through—
 So Autumn creeps across the land.
 Yet none will offer her his hand,
 Except sere Winter who is old
 And cheerless, too;
 Who's destitute; whose heart is cold—
 He'll have to do.

—T. Henry Barry, '25

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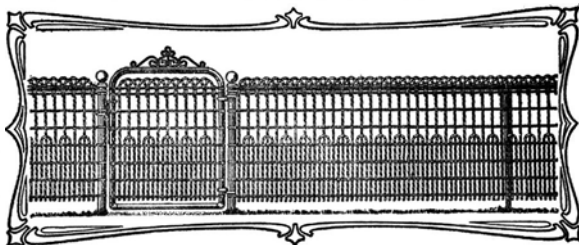
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