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Rabboni

THE stone is rolled away.
The tomb is opened wide.
And Mary's Lord is gone.
Why must she weeping stay?
Whom seeks she? Him that died?
Is this not Easter's dawn?

Ah! Mary does not see
What all the prophets saw,
The Temple built again.
She only sees that He,
The Lover without flaw,
Is taken from her ken.

Not yet she bows to death:
Of one she seeks, unwary
That He tends not the sod.
Why weepst thou? He saith.
Whom seekest thou? Then: Mary
The clean of heart sees God!

J. F. Keleher, '24

FATHER LEVEL



HE Rev. Gaston Level, O. P., dean of the department of modern languages at Providence College, has been appointed to the presidency of Aquinas College, Columbus, Ohio, it was announced on March 16th, following the receipt of an official notification from the Very Rev. Raymond Meagher, O. P., Provincial of this province.

Born in Boulogne-Sur-Mer, France, August 31, 1878, he received his academic training in the schools of his native city, graduating from the City College in 1897, and received degrees from the University of Lille, in arts and letters. He joined the Order of Preachers in 1897, making his theological and scriptural courses in Jerusalem, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1902 by Monsignor Piavi, then Patriarch of Jerusalem.

After an intensive course in oriental languages, he was sent to Cuba, where he remained for 14 years, the last five of which he was president of the College Bartolome de las Casas in Cienfuegos, province of St. Clara. Recalled to France early in 1915 to join his regiment which was ordered into active service, he spent a year at the front during one of the most crucial periods of the war. In 1916 he was placed in the diplomatic service of the French government and returned to Cuba.

His meritorious service in this branch of work won the instant recognition of the Secretary of War and he was transferred to the United States, being assigned to a post in Ohio.—Providence News.

At the conclusion of the war he was assigned to Providence College, being one of the pioneer professors of the College, and his work during his stay here has endeared him to the faculty and students.

During the farewell exercises, Fr. Level, accepted the invitation tendered him by the Senior class to attend the first commencement exercises in June and told the students he would always cherish a fond memory of the days he spent at Providence's youngest institution of higher education.

Frank McCabe, '24, presided over the meeting and introduced Fr.

Level and J. Addis O'Reilly, '23, spokesman for the student body. The educator was cheered when he entered the auditorium and took his place upon the platform.

Responding to the ovation of the students, Fr. Level spoke briefly, urging the collegians to be diligent in their studies and thus show their appreciation in the truest way. "I am sorry to leave you young men whom I have had the pleasure of teaching," he said, "but my heart will always be with you. * * * The American boy is ambitious; he has an ideal which he strives to attain even at the cost of great sacrifices—be somebody, do something. With these two requisites in your minds you will succeed in reaching your goal in life, and you will be the leaders in the world of affairs, which your teachers trust you will become. Human life has a great object which you must find out for yourself and which you will be compelled to account for later."

President O'Reilly of the Senior class, replying to Fr. Level's farewell address, said: "Today brings back to some of us the memory of a day not so long ago when Fr. Casey, the first President of the Providence College, was torn from our arms. Now we witness another of those pioneer instructors leaving us to enter other field of endeavor.

"We are sorry and glad; sorry in the sense that we are losing such a learned teacher, but glad that Fr. Level has attained the crowning glory of his achievement in the Dominican Order, the presidency of Aquinas College in Columbus.

"We are happy that the order which we are proud to have as teachers has shown its appreciation of the great work accomplished by one of its most inspiring leaders in Catholic education."—Providence Journal.

A MATTER OF EVIDENCE

Prologue



Preacher in a Christian church in New York city: Miracles are impossible, because the laws of God are unchangeable.

Other Sensual Men: Miracles are impossible.

Various Uneducated Persons: A physical law does not allow for exceptions.

A Latin Aphorism: An opinion is worth as much as its expressor.

Any Jurist: The author of a law may suspend the law in a given case.

Presentation of the Evidence

John, the Evangelist: One of the soldiers with a spear opened his side, and immediately there came out blood and water.

Mark: Joseph of Arithmea rolled a stone to the door of the sepulchre.

Matthew: The chief priests and the Pharisees made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting guards.

Mary Magdalen: I saw the stone taken away from the sepulchre I saw two angels in white, sitting, one at the head, and one at the feet, where the body of Jesus had been laid Jesus saith to me: Mary.

Luke: Jesus went with Cleophas and another to Emmaus he expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things that were concerning him he took bread, and blessed, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him and rising up, the same hour, they went back to Jerusalem; and they found the eleven gathered together, and those that were with them Now whilst they were speaking these things, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and saith to them: Peace be to you And when he had eaten before them, taking the remains he gave to them.

John: Jesus cometh, and taketh bread, and giveth them, and fish

in like manner. This is now the third time that Jesus was manifested to his disciples, after he was risen from the dead.

Paul: Then was he seen by more than five hundred brethren at once; of whom many remain until this present.

The Catholic Church: I am nearly 1900 years old. One of my apostles wrote: If Christ be not risen again, your faith is vain. I proclaim his writings as infallible to my millions of children.

Christ: An evil and adulterous generation seeketh a sign, and a sign shall not be given it, but the sign of Jonas the prophet.

Epilogue

"I, the undersigned, Doctor of Medicine, declare that for several years I have attended Mdlle. Marie Marcelin Three times in the space of eighteen months this tumor (previously described by the doctor) resulted in the formation of an abcess About two months ago symptoms of peritonitis made their appearance The general state of my patient made me fear that it would soon prove fatal to her. It was at this time that Marie Marcelin declared her intention of going to Lourdes I saw Marie Marcelin after the pilgrimage and I can bear witness, together with my honored *confrère*, M. le Dr. Audibert, that there did not even remain any trace of the hardness that might have rendered the seat of the tumor recognizable I have seen her again lately, and I declare that her cure seems to me completely confirmed.

Dr. A. Maurel."

Marseilles, Aug. 9, 1885.

J. F. Keleher, '24

THE SAVIOR OF SAN JUAN



THE Road from Lisbon to Alcoba straggles slowly among the foothills before plunging into the barren Goba canyon that provides it access over the lower Picacho range. If you followed it to the summit and there paused you would see behind you the white dusty ribbon that connects Lisbon with the mountains. It is bordered on the left by brown rocky hills; on the right, the land slopes down to the blue Atlantic, stretching, calm and majestic, into the dim distance. But before you lies the fertile Bernardino valley. At its farther end the grand, massive, unsurmountable Mount San Juan stands above all. It towers, ragged and sharp, to a menacing height among the many bold knobs and ridges that cluster about its base. Its lofty, dome-shaped peak is forever capped with fleecy snow. At sunset, its canyons and spaces become filled with a deep purple haze; but, the peak itself, crowned in gold, lifting its top to the clouds stands aloof. What a sharp contrast to the lower hills and valleys. In every direction vineyards and well-cultivated orange groves gleam green and bronze, like islands in a monotonous sea of gray and brown. In the center of the valley is a bright yellow spot that stands out vividly. Upon closer examination you will find it to be a group of adobe buildings enclosed by a high stone wall. These buildings comprise the century-old Dominican Convent of San Juan.

Could you have visited the Convent on a certain day in the latter part of August at the time of the wars between the Constitutionalists and the Miguelistas, you would have found the Convent wrapped in perfect peace. Shortly before the Angelus, after they had finished their simple repast, the friars went out into the gardens. Some strolled to and fro on the gravelled paths, visibly telling their beads; others sat on the plain wooden benches or reclined on the grass and talked in soft tones. Then the big bell rang the Angelus in reverential tones. Every head was bowed in silent devotion whilst thanksgiving was offered to God.

The clang of the bell at the gate broke the stillness. The friars looked up in surprise. Never before had anyone visited the Convent at

such an hour. For the whole countryside knew that the short time after the Angelus was the friars' own. Hence the villagers and the farmers had always religiously refrained from disturbing it. While the perturbed men still stared in bewilderment the bell gave forth a wavering note. The old porter, at a sign from the Prior, hastened down the avenue, flanked on either side by giant camellias, to the huge, iron-bound gate. After timidly peaking through the little grill he hurriedly thrust back the ancient bolts and swung open the door on its shrieking hinges. There on the ground before him lay a ruddled figure in black. So begrimed was the person by the dust of the road that the old Dominican was forced to stoop low in order that he might discover the identity of the visitor. As he did so a moan reached his ear and the person's hand slightly moved. Immediately the good old man cried out to his brothers and then attempted to raise the poor unfortunate. So heavy was the inert form that he was only able to do so with the aid of one Sebastian, a young priest. Surrounded by the friars they carried their burden into the convent and placed him on a cot in one of the empty cells.

Huge shadows lengthened across the valley and crept up the foothills. They marvelously changed to purple and as the radiance of light continued their rich hue deepened. Mount San Juan stood out bold and clear in the illumined heavens. For a moment its massive bulk hid the sinking sun from the valley. Then from one of its ridges notched and cut by Winter's fierce blasts, the setting sun's rays, weak, though resplendent, shone down on the convent through a wind-worn gap. A single, golden shaft pierced the tiny latticed window of the unknown visitor's cell. Sebastian was alone with the limp figure on the bed. The feeble light barely enabled him to make out the man's dress. After a moment's scrutiny he uttered a little cry and bent closer to examine the black, torn cloth that the stranger wore. But just then the last vestige of the sun's light disappeared. Such was his chagrin that he exclaimed aloud, "I am almost sure that this man is wearing a Franciscan habit." At this the stranger groaned and slowly moved his head. In an instant Sebastian was at his side, proffering a cup of water to his parched lips. With a feeble gesture the water was waved aside. In a low, scarcely audible tone the man said, "I am a Franciscan." The effort he had made to speak exhausted him and he dropped into a deep faint. After caring for him as best he could, Sebastian went directly to the old Prior, Father Cypriano, and to him stated his discovery. The

news astonish the good priest even to bewilderment, until his saintly charity and kindness stirred him to vigorous action. He called for Father Benavento, a former doctor, and with him he made his way to the cell of the strange guest.

When Father Cypriano and the doctor-priest knelt beside his bed the Franciscan was still unconscious. Father Benavento laid his hand on the man's chest but only for an instant. With a cry of dismay he withdrew it. His hand was wet, not with water or perspiration, but with blood. The Prior himself procured a candle and by its flickering light the poor Franciscan's tunic was revealed soaked in blood. With the help of Sebastian, Benavento took off the dirty, blood-stained garment and bared the poor sufferer's breast. His entire upper body was a mass of jagged cuts and bruises. Many of the wounds were clogged with dust. But with warm water and lamb's wool they tenderly bathed the battered flesh and bound all the sores with fresh, clean linen. They settled the poor fellow as best they could and then knelt down to say the Rosary. For Father Benavento believed the man to be mortally wounded. When they were almost through the suffering priest stirred. He vainly attempted to speak but only indistinct mutterings reached the watchers' ears. Sebastian by dint of placing his ear close to the sick man's mouth made out, "Call—Reverend—Prior." Sebastian turned to Father Cypriano and said, "He seems to be calling for you, Father." The Prior bent low over the cot and raised the man's head. At his touch the Franciscan's eyes opened and even grew brighter. He strove to sit up. The effort exhausted him and for a few moments he was just on the verge of sinking again to the unconscious state. His lips moved as if in prayer and then with a quavering voice he gasped out in short, abrupt, though hardly coherent phrases, "My name—Father Albert Roan. In Lisbon—heard soldiers—talking—about—convent. Ordered—confiscate—it. Made—my way—over mountains. Discovered—drunk soldiers. Beaten—. Soldiers—on the way." Then in an awful, agonizing whisper he moaned, "Pray!—that—I—may—continue."

For an hour he lay still in the arms of the Father Prior. And Oh! What an hour it was. The awful news struck cold the hearts of the priests. For many weeks in the past they had heard that the government was taking over churches but they had never dreamt that the people would allow the state to molest the Dominicans. What were they going

to do? What was to become of them? How could they save the precious chalices, the art treasures, and the valuable books that had been handed down to them since the days of Saint Dominic? While they were revolving such dreadful thoughts in their minds Father Roan's eyes fluttered open. That heartrending whisper smote them again, "Only—one hope. Get—notary."

Within an instant Sebastian despatched Brother Francis, a lay-brother, to the neighboring farm where happily the notary resided. In half an hour the man was at the bedside of the Franciscan. By super-human effort, Father Roan made his voice a little clearer and bade the notary draw up a deed for the Convent and its lands. The simple Portuguese stared in astonishment at the Franciscan and then at the Prior. But a nod from Father Cypriano, who already showed effects of the startling news, set the notary about his task. For awhile nothing but the labored breathing of the sick priest and the scratching of the quill pen disturbed the night. Then from the hall the beautifully melancholis strains of the "Salve Regina" floated into the room. For Brother Francis had taken it upon himself to inform the community of the identity of the visitor.

When the deed was finished, Father Roan slowly and with many interruptions because of his intense agony, continued, "Make—out—to—Albert—Roan. Amer—ican citizen. Papers—money—in—tunic." Sebastian was the first to grasp the Franciscan's plan. His face, which had been downcast at the terrible news, brightened. At the sight the Franciscan's pain-racked eyes which had been searching every face, closed and he seemed to give a sigh of relief.

Sebastian brought out Father Roan's bloodstained bag and from it produced the Franciscan's American citizenship papers and an order on the Bank of Portugal for a huge sum. He placed these before the notary and had him finish the deed. With great solicitude, intermingled with irrepressible excitement, he raised the poor priest to a sitting posture and placed the quill in his hand. Father Roan expended so much effort in gathering sufficient of his failing strength to enable him to write his name that beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. After almost an interminable time he moved his hand and in grotesque, tottering characters he affixed his signature to the deed. At length his iron will gave way and again he collapsed. Sebastian gently laid him down and stood aside for Father Benavento. The doctor administered some

medicine that he had procured from his room. As it did not have any immediate effect on the priest, Benavento placed his ear over the sick man's heart. When he lifted his head he gave a long sigh. Sebastian taking it as a sign for the worst called in his brethren. They gathered around the bed and renewed their chanting of the "Salve". Tears streamed down the cheeks of Sebastian for he alone knew of the great sacrifice that the Franciscan had made. But then Father Benavento, who was so intent in watching the patient that he had not noticed Sebastian's procedure, turned around and said, "With God's help this man will live. Already he is slightly rallying from the shock of his injuries." As if to corroborate the doctor's statements a faint, peaceful smile illumined the haggard features of Father Roan.

Sebastian had no time to rejoice for this time the cracked bell at the gate broke out in an insolent din. The gate resounded with heavy thuds as though its protesting timbers were being driven in by blows from rifle butts. This time the friars were panic-stricken. Sebastian sprang up and cried, "Do not stir! Thank God that this poor, heroic Franciscan has brought us the means by which we may prevent the confiscation of this House of the Lord." Leaving the community he rushed to the gate and swung it open. He stood in the center of the gateway so that no one could enter. He shouted to the many soldiers, "Stop! If you go further you will incur on your state the enmity of a great power and shall bring destruction on yourselves. This is the property of an American citizen. If you lay so much as one finger on anything within these walls you will be held responsible." The soldiers became silent. The captain, muttering and cursing, swung from his horse and advanced to the lone figure in white. Sebastian said not a word but showed him the deed and the seal of the government of Portugal. The captain was so dumbfounded that he had not a word to say. He was speechless until Sebastian closed the huge gate before him. Then as the many dreams of plunder faded from his mind he expressed his rage and bitter disappointment by hurling foul blasphemies and curses at his men. But only one course was left open for him. He returned to Lisbon.

Several months afterward if you could again see that convent you would again find it in perfect peace. The friars had finished their meal. Just before the Angelus they went out into the gardens. But instead of walking about, the white habited figures cluster around one who is dressed in the habit of the Order of Saint Francis. He is seated in a

tall-backed chair well padded with pillows. It is Father Roan. He is well on the way to perfect health. Before long he will be strong enough to return to his own convent. When he does he will leave behind him many men headed by Father Cypriano, Father Sebastian, and Father Benvento who, eternally grateful, will pray every day to the Almighty God that His Blessings may descend upon their beloved Father Albert Roan, the savior of San Juan.

William B. Murphy, '26



THE THREE PRISONERS



SCENE: *What appears to be a large vault. Nothing is distinguishable, it is so very dark, excepting a small grill, placed about the height of a man's head on the rear wall, through which comes a flickering light. This gives the impression of greater darkness to the vault.*

Outside: *(A loud din is heard, and immediately the silhouettes of two heads are seen against the grill. The noise outside increases).*

First Voice: I wonder what poor fellow they have now.

Second Voice: I hope he's to be with us tomorrow. I guess it is easier when there are others.

First Voice: Why they haven't a prisoner. They are bowing to him.

Outside: Hail to the King! Hail! Hail! *(The shouts drown out the voices for a time).*

Second Voice: Ha! They are only mocking him. See, they strike him now!

First Voice: He doesn't look like a thief.

Second Voice: They are the worst kind. The ones that don't look bad. I had one I called Cherubim. He was a terror, although he looked as if his mother's milk was still wet on his lips.

First Voice: I suppose he's for the third gibbet.

Second Voice: I've been trying to lift mine. It's heavy.

First Voice: They are stripping him for the scourge. Why does he smile?

Second Voice: I wonder if he'll yell much.

First Voice: He couldn't have been very bad.

Second Voice: Fifty or a hundred?

(A sharp crack is heard. It is repeated at short intervals).

Second Voice: One, two, three *(He counts to forty).*
It isn't going to be a hundred after all.

First Voice: Perhaps they will let him alone now.

Second Voice: I guess not, they have only begun to play.

(Both are silent for a considerable interval).

Second Voice: What did I tell you! They are pretending that he is a king. There's the crown, the sceptre, the robe. He doesn't look a king.

First Voice: He hasn't said a word all this time.

Second Voice: He's either a coward or frightened speechless. I'd curse 'em.

Outside: Hail! Ha, who was that? Speak my lord. Who was that one? (From now on the noise outside diminishes).

First Voice: At last they tire of it.

Second Voice: These soldiers are sots, they tire easily.

First Voice: They are going to put him in here.

Second Voice: If he whimpers, I'll beat him, too.

(A door is opened and a figure is thrust in, and the door slammed. It is all done so quickly that nothing can be distinguished). The two heads leave the grill).

Second Voice: What are you here for?

Third Voice: (Softly). They say that I have blasphemed.

First Voice: Here is the water jug.

Third Voice: In my Name.

First Voice: What did you say?

Third Voice: I thanked you.

(Knocks are heard from the opposite side of vault from the First and Third Voices).

Second Voice: Well, here it is. Your tree, you are to be the fruit. What a joke. Tree! Fruit! (Laughs).

First Voice: Rest your head on my shoulder.

Second Voice: He'd better get used to resting it on his own shoulder.

First Voice: Who are you?

Third Voice: Men call me, Jesus of Nazareth.

Second Voice: Oh, the prophet.

First Voice: Shut up, he's unconscious.

Second Voice: Weakling.

First Voice: (In frightened speech). Some one else is in this room. I felt some one touch me.

Second Voice: It's his father's spirit. Mine said he would haunt me, too, if I was ever caught. (*Laughs*).

(The light in the grill grows dimmer and finally disappears altogether. No noise is heard, except after a short interval, the deep breathing of a sleeping man. A strange glow begins to light up the room. Two figures are seen sitting against the right hand wall. One figure has his head upon the shoulder of the other. At the base of the left wall a figure is sprawled. Although no one else is seen, the room seems to be crowded with vague figures. The glow slowly diminishes and it is dark).

Paul J. Redmond, '24

The Saving Grace



QUEEN, an unhorsed knight am I
With broken lance and blood-stained mail.
The head thy heel alone has crushed
Shall soon my inmost soul assail.

O Queen, a boon I crave of thee:
Though I should fall, let not me say
"I failed because I had to fail,
And not because I failed to pray."

J. F. K.

A Prayer of Thanks

I



WHEN the cloak of night
does shield me
And the sun has sailed
away,

Then I meditate and thank you
For the blessings of
the day.

II

I recall the glorious
sunshine
And the early morning's
dew,
I recall the birds
and flowers
That were sent down
here by you.

III

I can see my friends
about me
True as angels up
above,
And to you I am
most thankful
For a darling mother's
love.

IV

Then the Sandman
gently leads me
To a calm and peaceful
bay,
And my last prayer
is to thank you
For the blessings of
the day.

C. Ajie

THE IMAGE

FOR the first time since 1870 the hills about the Village of Monvert reechoed to the sound of arms.

Monvert, dreamy little village in an Alsatian mountain valley, was tasting the first of war's bitter dregs. Her men had long since responded to their country's call. Gone were fathers, brothers and sons. But they had gone with a smile, for were they not to fight "Pour La France?"

Now in Monvert were left only women, children and the Curé. The old gray-haired Curé who was ever among his flock with words of encouragement and cheer. Monvert loved its Curé and its church.

On the side of a hill was the church. Here the people of Monvert met daily at Mass to pray for the safe return of their loved ones and the success of France.

One morning while the villagers were at mass, a liaison officer drove up. The French line had broken, a retreat had begun and it was but a matter of hours before Monvert would be occupied.

At that very moment a shell screamed over the village and burst on a neighboring hill. Hurriedly the people left the church, the Curé only remaining to finish the sacrifice. Consuming the Hosts the Curé departed, taking what few of the sacred vessels he was able to carry. Scarce had he gone when a shell shattered a portion of the roof and another burst in the centre of the village.

That evening the Germans occupied Monvert.

There was little pillage, strange as it may seem. This may have been because the 18th Hussars, assigned to Monvert, was composed of Westphalian Catholics and its commander, Colonel von Straheim, was a splendid type of German officer and was constantly a model to his men.

The sole blot on the escutcheon of the regiment was Herman Pfeiffer and his two cronies. Unschooled and lawless, they were shunned by their fellows and had for the most part kept to themselves.

Midnight. The men were either on duty or sleeping in their allotted places in the village or in the trenches, hastily thrown up. All save Pfeiffer and his cronies.

Why were these three prowlers slipping through the flight-hushed streets of Monvert—to the church? Was it to pray? No. There were other churches in war—wrecked France whose sacred vessels had disappeared after the good Curés had been forced to flee.

In silence they climbed the hill to the church. Without pausing they passed through its doorless portals. Then they halted, gazing with startled stares toward the centre of the nave. There lay a wide patch of mellow light, cast by the soft beams of a full moon, shining far above through a shell hole in the shattered roof. As they gazed, footsteps resounded from the gloom beyond. They drew hastily behind a pillar and waited.

A form, ghostly gray, appeared, becoming more clear as it drew near the centre of the church. Then suddenly it stopped in the moonlight, drew itself up to its full height and as it gazed upward there was revealed to the three in the rear of the church, the face and figure of Christ, clad in a German uniform. One moment passed and the form moved on.

The next day through the courtesy of the Commander of the Hussars, the Curé of Monvert returned and removed his vessels to a place of safety within the French lines.

Note

By the Associated Press of September 1st, 1914:—On August 27th, Anton Lang, Christus of the Oberammegau Passion Play enlisted as a private in the 18th Hussars, a crack German unit.

George O'Connor, '26

"SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"



HEN we see in the news that a young boy commits suicide after reading *Les Miserables* the truth of the assertion that moderns are living for the most part in books and moving pictures, is evident. Nowadays when we feel the "call of the wild" we dust off *Tarzan* and we forget our "daily dozen." If it is love or romance, we have a surfeit of these on the printed page and the animated sheet (not the K. K. K.) A million dollars or a kingdom is easy of attainment in the best sellers. We can be "glad", morbid, that is Russian, or we can assume any character we please. We can have a wild time at home, or feed our ego on another's imagination. Such easy attainment deadens ambition. Imagine handing a child in the cradle his career neatly bound. He could make his mark on the last page and then go to Heaven or wherever he came from. But the difficulty is that we have to live our own lives. No matter how many times we are in character we must play our own part now and then. And here's the rub. In stepping in and out we neglect to remove all the make-up. That is where we get our "misunderstood." No doubt it is a relief to step onto the stage and make believe once in awhile, but make a clean exit. In other words, Be yourself.

* * *

Think of all the fun one could have with a five-foot shelf. After supper to gather around the cellar door (So Father wouldn't have so far to walk), and announce the evening's adventure. Tonight it will be Head Hunters of the South Sea Islands. Now this is the interesting part. You and brother Bill are on the outs. You step into the cannibal chief's part and brother Bill will be the promised stew. So you can eat Bill's head off to your heart's content. With this advantage, you can have Bill for breakfast. Not to eat again. But you will see his smile across the table and you will forget that you are brothers and be pals again.

Or say, you have a philanthropic complex without the wherewithal. Then get a life of Carnegie and dot the i of every main street with a little library. The possibilities are infinite. Why you could murder all of your pet hates, and when they brought you up for trial, your defense would be that you were in character as *The Bat* and therefore not responsible. If the verdict was guilty all that would be necessary would be to get a copy of the Koran and go to the seventh heaven. But be sure to wear asbestos underwear.

* * *

Some day, Lord Carnovan will dig up some prehistoric Tut's chief prophet. And in the tomb mayhap he will find some flinty tome foretelling the devolution of posterity. Then the joke would be on us. That's reasonable. Leonardo de Vinci made a model of an aeroplane, Tut had one. The old Egyptians had such accessories as bendable glass, clocks and other modern improvements. Even divorce. Although to many the latter is not an improvement. Going back even to the stone ages, who knows but what the Cro-magnon men were Utopians. When all is said and done is appendicitis an improvement or elevators a step up? We refuse to think of what the future holds in store for mankind, and will not think that man was not always man, in most cases. In this we are Jansenistic evolutionists. Like the Irishman who didn't believe in Hell until he was asked where Cromwell was, we say let them have their monkey business, but as for us we prefer Eden, way down East, where man was man.

* * *

Seriously speaking, we are now in that hectic season that poets rave about and when young men's fancies turn green. Soon we shall see Twain's "oesophagus birds" catching fish in a "salmon sky." But aside from aesthetics, baseball season is here. If you are not a candidate for the squad, the bleachers are calling you. He also serves who stands in the seventh inning.

The Walrus

COLLABORATED WORK

NOW, fellows," said Bill Bailey, glancing around at his four fraternity brothers, "what do you think of my plan?"

"Let's get this straight," and Jack Briggs slowly raised his six feet of brawn from a much-worn morris chair, "you're to start the story and write the first chapter or so; then you'll send it on to one of us and that one will write the next bit, and so on, until the last one to get the manuscript will finish the whole business. That right?"

"Exactly. Pardon my modest blushes as I repeat. Prof. Neilan openly declared we five are the best of the Senior English class. We all have taken final honors, so let's see how much that means. If we're any good the story won't be half bad. I'll start it and we'll draw lots now to see who'll take it next.

Slips of paper with "2", "3", "4" and "finish" were quickly prepared and drawn from Bill's Stetson. The second installment went to good-natured Jack Briggs; the third to Hugh Johnson, a quiet, methodical sort of fellow; the fourth to Charles Morse, a rather practical chap, and the climax to Ed Channing, a veritable joke box with a love for the unusual.

Two weeks later, at camp, Bill started the story. He began:

"Jack Norton was a fine chap; quiet on the outside but jovial inside. He followed all athletic pursuits with pleasure and interest. In fact his friends could count on him for anything but to make up a four-some for Jack was considered a woman hater. Had he been asked about it, he would have firmly denied the charge, and modified the degree of his dislike by saying that he didn't hate women, but didn't like any one in particular.

When Jack went aboard the Oceanic which was to carry him to Liverpool where he was to take up his duties as American Vice Consul, his pal, Ray Capron, half jokingly, half seriously, said: "I hope you'll fall—and fall hard—no girl in America suits you so here's hoping the girls on the other side will."

"But, Ray," said Jack, "some men are born to be single, and I'm one of them."

"Singular," murmured Ray, and waved his handkerchief as long as he could see Jack's outline on the deck."

Bill felt that he had done his bit, and put it into a long envelope, addressed to Jack Briggs.

Jack received the letter from the hands of a bored club porter, and not having much time he rushed to a waiting table, determined to make short work of the trip across. He wrote:

"The voyage to Liverpool was uneventful. Jack was a good sailor and reached his destination in fine health and humor."

Then he in turn placed the story in a club envelope and sent it on to Hugh Johnson who received it from the letter man on his way to the laboratory where he was working that summer.

"Well, I'll be darned," he ejaculated. "Jack must have spent a lot of time and thought on his bit." That night after dinner he reread the story and started his chapter:

"When Jack found himself in Liverpool he felt rather at sea (!)—everything was so different from what he had been accustomed. The streets, the cars, even the horses didn't look like those solemn old American animals. He finally secured a cab and went at once to the American Consul's residence, and in a day or so began his work which so interested him that he completely forgot his old pal, Ray, and didn't even drop him an 'Arrived safe' card."

He read what he had written. "Darn it all, I may have been good once, but never no more!" and Hugh sent the masterpiece to Charles Morse, who was just recovering from a siege of typhoid.

Charles read the collection of contributions and wondered at their nerve in undertaking such a thing, even in fun. He was rather weak and in no frame of mind for imagining, so the nurse, at his dictation, wrote:

"Things went on for five years and one day Ray, who had not heard from Jack happened into Liverpool and ran into his old friend."

The nurse rather suspected a relapse into delirium, but carefully placed this immortal bit with the rest of the story and sent the whole to Ed Channing.

Ed read the romance carefully and snorted. "Gosh, but we had an awful nerve to do this. Rotten, punk, fierce. I'll finish it up in a hurry," and he wrote:

"Well, old stick in the mud! Of all the people to meet," and Ray fairly tore Jack's arm from the socket. "How the deuce are you, you old woman hater?"

"Fine, fine," answered Jack, just as enthusiastically, "Come along home for dinner."

"Sure—do you eat where you room?"

"Ah—yes."

"Good eats?"

"Ah—yes."

"That's funny for a landlady to cook good eats."

"Well, she's not exactly a landlady. She's my wife."

"Your——," Ray by a superhuman effort said no more, but spent the time before they reached 'home' in conjuring up a vision of Jack's wife. He eliminated all the types he knew Jack had met before, and finally hit on a slim, sylph-like person, with golden hair and violet eyes. She just had to be a peach if Jack had fallen for her.

When Jack said: "Meet my wife," Ray nearly passed away. Instead of a sylph-like form he saw a most substantially-framed woman with no golden hair and violet eyes, but jet black straight hair and eyes of no particular hue. She was dressed with an eye to sense rather than beauty, and Ray mentally patted himself on the back for not showing more surprise.

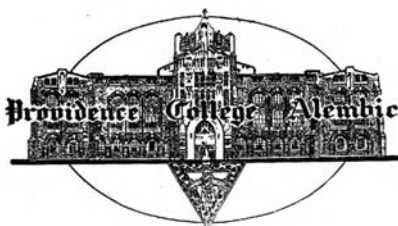
Later when the men were alone, Jack of his own accord brought up the subject. "I know you're wondering how I ever happened to marry, and I'll be perfectly true with you. Remember when Rudolph Valentino had such a run and all the ladies wept and wailed and enthused and giggled over him? Irene was the only one I met who didn't. Then when all the girls started that Coue stuff? Irene was the only one who didn't. Then they all cut out the short skirts and put on the ground trailers? Irene didn't. Those are the reasons—I just asked her to marry me and she did. We all fall sooner or later I guess."

"That's all?" asked Ray.

"That's all."

Five months later when the five friends met and read the story aloud they one and all agreed it was rotten, punk, fierce, terrible, and inwardly each wished he had given the matter more time, or done it all himself, by Heck! To be sure, the story wasn't wonderful—far from it. The wonderful part is that the instigators would admit it wasn't. All of us can't be fine writers, but we all hate to admit it—until we have to. Ahem!

John J. O'Brien, '26



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APRIL, 1923

No. 7

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EASTER

To write at length about Easter would be sheer folly, for everyone knows the story of Christ's resurrection. Yet to publish an Easter Number of the Alembic without a few remarks about Easter in the editorial columns would be worse than folly.

The glad season of the ecclesiastical year is at hand. The Church, penitent and sorrowful during the sad days of Lent, dons rich raiment and appears joyous and triumphant on Easter Morn. The Christ is risen! The prophesies are fulfilled! She has reason to be jubilant.

But ah! Her people! They, too, put on the glad rags. They, too, feel themselves moved by an exalted spirit of joyousness. But can one be sure that this feeling is not caused by the realization of the glances

of admiration and envy cast by their neighbors and fellow parishioners on the new spring suit or bonnet or wrap?

To an altogether too large majority Easter means a fine chance to display good clothes. It is an occasion for a kaleidoscopic fashion parade. To Catholics at least it should mean a little more than the mere rolling of colored eggs down the White House lawn.

THE FEVER THAT SPRINGS IN THE SPRING

Spring is to most of us an ideal which is never attained. But spring house-cleaning is reality which

none of us wholly escape, for the comic sections are always with us. Moreover a "Gentleman with a Duster" is a fashionable figure just at present, so it is at once seasonable and *à la mode* to clear our intellectual abodes of some of the *débris* which has gathered there in the last year. Even the most astute cannot have failed to collect some dust in his the price of recognized success. *Oleum Omnia Vincit*. While the mental machinery in these days when the salary of a good press-agent is *linoleum* which covers all things is being more thoroughly cleaned than usual it would be profitable for us to cleanse our minds of the year's deposit of prejudices and lazy habits of thought in order that the truth which shall make us free may shine upon us. At a time when the spring fever is the most imminent danger for us who are seekers of truth, the realization that the willing spirit is master of the shrinking flesh is most necessary.

APRIL FOOL

There's no fool like an old fool so the ancient and time-honored saying has it. But nothing is said of the young fool—he's disgustingly unmentionable.

Surprising it is how many kinds of fools there are in our colleges and universities. In every class, seniors not excepted, the fool is found in all of the fifty-seven varieties. The class Jester, the Indolent, the Lazy, the Indifferent, the Irresponsible, and all the other brands of fools that we all know and perhaps are ourselves. Like the Dog, every Fool will have his day. If it isn't the first of April it will come some time before graduation.

BASEBALL Within a few weeks the major extra curriculum activity of the college will be centered about the baseball team. We have a pleasant obligation to fulfill. We must support the team. We will support it.

The members of the squad have a far greater obligation which rests on them. They must represent the college as best they are able. Though in some aspects this may be deplorable, it is by the athlete that the college is known. The world outside judges not by academic achievement, but by prowess on the gridiron and on the diamond. Clean play and good sportsmanship, good winning and better losing, are the criteria by which the multitude judges.

During the last baseball season the team drew upon itself, and consequently upon the college, much adverse criticism for the laxity of the discipline displayed by the players when on the field. Crabbing and wrangling among the players was very much in evidence but worst of all was the practice of smoking on the bench during the game.

The blame for the poor discipline and lack of team-work last year has been placed upon the shoulders of several individuals. Whether they are worthy of the blame or not is a question. Some one was at fault. It can't go on the same way this year. The unfavorable impression made last season must be erased. If the newly-appointed coach allows such liberties as were permitted last year this season may well be the last for athletics at Providence.



READ 'EM AND WEEP



ROUTLINE ON HISTORY: or some True Fish Stories: by Ells Bells. Littlebright Pub. Co., of New York, New Haven and Hartford. Words fail us. We give you a sample chapter, judge for yourself.

Chapter X. The Real Discoverer of America. It is an accepted fact that Columbus did not discover America first. Without doubt, Derick the Well Fed was the first white man to touch our shores. Derick was a Nord, every inch of him, excepting of course his fine Italian hand. His father was Hugo Zehndaumen, a Scotch-Irishman, and his mother was Sophie Tucker a Welsh-Englishwoman. This no doubt accounts for his arms being quartered. He first saw the light of day, Friday, April 13th, six months after his birth, having been born at twilight of an Arctic night. He was raised in Iceland, which somehow does not account for his warm nature. At an early age, Nords age early, he married Elevator, a Danish pastry cook. Between them they raised a large family. Their first child was named after Derick's wife, but to distinguish her from her mother they nicknamed little Elevator, "Lift." Of Derick's married life we know but little, for the simple reason that he used muddy ice to build his igloo. But we do know that he was a gentleman. He never once stooped to strike a child with his fist clenched, he used either the back of his hand for the tall ones, or his deer hide boot for the little ones. And he never struck a woman unless she teased him. He was very prominent locally, having horned into the local lodge of Elks. He was well known as an after blubber speaker the length of Iceland or possibly longer. One of his most famous bon-mots is still in good taste. "People who live in Ice Houses should not throw hot water."

Why he came to discover America, no one knows, but probably there was a reason. Some of his critics have been so unkind to say that he absconded with ten cases of salt mackerel from the local Fishing Bank. But there is no ground for this theory. Suffice it to say that he fared forth in his daughty bark, The Fleischman (and landed where

the Providence Railroad Station Stilts now stand and wait, on October 23, 1313, B. C. (Before Columbus). He was hailed by the aborigines as the Young Lochinvar out of the Yeast, this no doubt because he disembarked from the Fleischman all caked up. Derick has left us many accounts of his first and last trip to Providence. None of them are reliable however, being palimpsests. The original documents being reports of the Harbor Commission. For this reason Derick's words are sometimes muddy. But to clear up any misunderstanding. Our Hero never wrote that he found Coco trees growing in Providence. What he did say was that he met a couple of nuts on Washington Street.

On his return to Iceland he was greeted rather coolly. So he retired into the Interior to a little ice chest he had on his family preserve. Nothing is known of him from this point on except that his last words were, "It is not the initial discovery, it is the upkeep."

Birthdays and Bywords of England: Princess Tabasco. Burnt Oats Limited. E. C. In kingdom's the king's birthday is celebrated with great pomp and circumstance, while the king is alive. But when he dies, all they remember of him is his name. They do this in order to give the new king a good line. The weather bureau also has use for the name. It lends color to the twenty-five years ago today column in the local paper. e. g. April 1, 1492, Oscar the Worst's Reign, Snow. Mixture debilitating. Of course for a Queen birthdays are embarrassing after the 16th. So it is considered quite diplomatic to celebrate every third birthday. This method of course has its drawbacks as it gives the Queen a longer reign and makes her harder to handle. On our other topic we have not much to say except that contrary to popular belief the Prince of Wales is not a fish in the Royal Aquarium. They have no Royal Aquarium. But the Prince is responsible for the Duke's mixture. It happend this way. The Queen had twins and George told her to pick out the one she wanted and he told the Prince to give the other one to the Butler. He did, but he forgot which one. So to this day they do not know which duke they kept. Embarrassing to say the least. But speaking of anecdotes. The other day a Labor Member said to Lady Astor, "Go home." Without a moment's hesitation, she replied, "I wont." Or the one about Lady Aubrey falling off her horse. Without turning her head, her neck was only broken in one place, fortunately, she said, "At last I've landed on something soft." This was a delicate reference to the hay rick on which she had fallen. Then

there is the story about the new game of Beaver. It was on account of this innovation that the King was forced to send a proxy to open Parliament this year. Last year the Lower House had to set the Upper House up to lunch. Because the King entered the Upper House first thereby giving the members a distinct advantage over the Commons. The Lords rose to a peer and shouted Beaver winning the game by a chinfull.

Longing

LONG for the days of Summertime
 When robins sweetly sing,
 When all the world is filled with rhyme
 And Happiness is king.

The time when roses, crimson flushed
 Send forth their fragrance sweet,
 And all the woods seem deeply hushed,
 And sorrow's in retreat.

The time when Beauty tints the hills
 With colors brown and green,
 And gilds the host of daffodills
 That adonize the scene.

The time when brooks the banks caress,
 Journeying to the sea,
 And leave their songs of happiness
 To summertime and me.

V. J. Simpson

EXCHANGES

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

The latest exchange to reach Providence College, and surely not the least, in point of merit, is the Yale Literary Review.

In literary value, it is far above the average college publication. The prose shows thoughtful and profound work. Ideas are conveyed to the reader in a striking manner. This is evident especially in the "*Leader*", where we see the radical element at play with the old conservative element, in the very university buildings. The psychology of the article bears well on the character of the majority of college students and is a vivid picture of the thoughts which fill their minds. Nevertheless the conception of the article is rather materialistic and mechanistic, giving to youth aspirations which are more material than spiritual, giving greater credit to emotional rather than to rational opinion. The mechanistic idea is more clearly expressed when the author says: "the philosophy of 'all things must change' applied to conditions as well as to matter, extends a sweet and optimistic prospect to youth." It is true that our emotions, in youth, guide us more than reason, and that is exactly why we, so often, go wrong. It is only when the young man of twenty has realized that his emotional dreams will only lead him to a useless waste of energy that he will consider life from a rational standpoint.

HOLY CROSS PURPLE

The Freshman Number shows well what the "baby class" can achieve. It is a recognized fact that the Freshman class is looked down upon by the upper class men with a rather haughty look. But let us take notice of the literary achievements of the Holy Cross class of '26 which shows the wonderful effects of united action. It is a credit to the class to put up its own number where literary value compares favorably with the work of the older men. It is my firm belief that such a system ought to be established for every class. It would spur each individual class to better work, and would arouse the pride which for the most part lies dormant.

THE LABARUM Continues on its high standing among college magazines. The literary criticisms deserve special praise. They bespeak more than passing acquaintance with literature, foreign as well as domestic. "Twentieth Century French Academicians", is not only a review of modern French authors but also a deep study of the philosophical trend of thought which dominates the literary world of France. Rostand, Bourget, France, Lemaitre and Loti are studied in turn, and each is given his proper stading among the Academicians.

The Labarum seems to specialize in prose for very few poems, and these of little value, appear in the February number. It should be remembered that poetry as well as prose is necessary for the development of the mind.

Lucien Arthur Olivier, '23

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Yale Literary Review, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

Vers l' Ideal, Assumption College, Worcester, Mass.

DePaul Minerval, DePaul University, Chicago, Illinois.

Red and Blue, St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, N. H.

ATHLETICS



WITH the arrival of spring, baseball prospects are assuming definite form. The state of the field still forbids outdoor workouts, but the candidates are limbering up by daily practice inside. Coach Connolly made his debut early this month and addressed a few words of advice to the players.

Manager Burns has arranged a creditable schedule. He has some 17 games at home. Of a total of 24 games only 7 will be played away from home. The coach expresses satisfaction with work of the manager thus far.

Assistant-Manager Quinn is busy arranging his schedule for the second team. He promises some fine contests for the scrubs. As yet, however, his list of games is not ready for publication.

The varsity team will open the season on Saturday, April 7, with Yale at New Haven. That game is only a short time away. It consequently leaves little time for whipping the squad into shape. Despite this, when the team arrives in New Haven it will bear watching. After this game follow those with Clark, Holy Cross.

The candidates for all positions are numerous. The outfield and infield positions are being hotly contested. The same is true of the moundsmen. There is a wealth of material for the pitching department and a few bright stars are sure to shine.

The schedule follows in full:

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April	7	Yale.....	New Haven, Conn.
	11	Clark University.....	Providence, R. I.
	14	Holy Cross.....	Providence, R. I.
	21	Lowell Tech.....	Providence, R. I.
	24	Colby.....	Providence, R. I.
	25	Boston College.....	Boston, Mass.
	28	U. S. Coast Guard.....	Providence, R. I.

May	2	Brown.....	Andrews Field
	3	Villa Nova.....	Providence, R. I.
	5	Middlebury.....	Providence, R. I.
	8	Lowell Tech.....	Lowell, Mass.
	11	Boston College.....	Providence, R. I.
	12	Boston University.....	Providence, R. I.
	14	Norwich University.....	Providence, R. I.
	16	Submarine Base.....	New London, Conn.
	19	Springfield.....	Springfield, Mass.
	26	St. John's, Brooklyn.....	Providence, R. I.
	29	St. Michaels.....	Providence, R. I.
June	31	Georgetown.....	Providence, R. I.
	2	Cooper Union.....	Providence, R. I.
	6	Harvard (Pending).....	Cambridge, Mass.
	8	Holy Cross.....	Worcester, Mass.
	9	Submarine Base.....	Providence, R. I.
	14	Dartmouth.....	Providence, R. I.

Justin P. McCarthy, '24



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