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**VOL. 3**

**MAY, 1923**

**No. 8**



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# Providence College Alembic

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### The Uncomprehended Light



HE world is like a honey comb of ways  
That evil has to render vain the will.  
Eyes see, ears hear, brain grasps but evil till  
At length the will no longer may upraise  
The heart to good. Subjected by the craze  
Which passion seeds that it the soul may kill,  
Men seek their minds unreconciled to still  
By cheating them of God with sounding phrase.

For this, O Lord, did Mary bow in awe  
That Thine Anointed might fulfill Thy Law?  
For this, Anointed, did Thy Pure Heart Bleed  
Until our sinful hearts had no more need?  
O Paraclete! for this did tongues of flame  
Give divers tongues, each telling men a Name?

*James F. Keleher, '24.*

## SANDWICH GLASS

**F**IFTY miles southeast of Boston and but ten miles east of the old fishing ponds of Grover Cleveland, the quaint little town of Sandwich looks out over Cape Cod Bay. It was settled in 1637, the first village on the Cape. Sandwich to this day can boast of Mayflower blood, but the town was not built up entirely by those who landed at Plymouth. To John Alden and Miles Standish is given the distinction of establishing the boundary line of Sandwich and it is claimed that a structure still stands that dates back to the beginning of the settlement.

In 1825 an industry was established in Sandwich which is recorded on the pages of Cape Cod history with a pen of gold. Until recent times two grotesque, gaunt smoke stacks towered high over the town and marked the site where Deming Jarves caused the ancient glass factory of Sandwich to be erected. This structure has long been dismantled. Its walls are falling and a portion of the place is now used for the storage of fish.

It was this building that Deming Jarves caused to be erected early in the nineteenth century. When he began business, an advertisement appeared in the *Columbian Sentinel* informing the public that a Flint Glass Manufactory was in full operation and that the subscriber was ready to fill orders for the making of such articles as were usually produced by establishments of this kind. This notice appeared in the early part of November 1825.

When Jarves entered business in Sandwich it was his intention to found a factory that would supply a large amount of the glassware used in this country. Little did he dream that some of these pieces would be cherished today by collectors of the antique. It all happened in a perfectly natural way, however, for it was at this time that pressed glass became known to the American trade. Instead of employing men to blow glass as had been the custom, an industry had sprung up on the other side of the Atlantic making various forms of Flint glass by means of pressure. Jarves introduced this sort of glasswear to America when he opened his business in Sandwich.

He imported many specialists from England and with their as-

sistance improved upon the machinery used abroad. The moulds that were used in pressing the glass required the skill of experts to design them, and so successful were the artists of the Sandwich plant that the glassware manufactured in this town won national reputation.

The background of the glass produced was stippled. At first this stippling was very fine and resembled work in fine lace. After the stippled background was somewhat similar to snake skin. This stippling was placed on articles of lower grade to meet a more popular demand.

If one is acquainted with the conditions that prevailed at that time, it is easy to understand why Sandwich glass is so rare today. The moulds that were used were made of iron, and iron was costly at this time. So scarce was iron that thrift was practiced to the extent of melting and re-running the moulds when they became worn from usage. Not only this, but in the evolution of new patterns old designs were destroyed, and the iron was used for new moulds. Since the patterns were destroyed it is impossible to produce the pieces today and as a result they have become rare indeed.

Among the rare specimens of Sandwich glass extant, the cup plate is most worthy of mention. We must confess here, though, it may shock us, that our ancestors were accustomed to drink tea and coffee from their saucers. They broke no law of etiquette, for it was the conventional thing to cool the cheering cup in this manner.

Now a problem confronted the housewife. How could she keep the unsightly cup stain from her spotless linen? Some Priscilla whose intelligence surpassed that of her neighbors devised a plan to do away with the unwelcome ring. She set an extra plate near each cup and and thus saved the immaculate appearance of her table. With the rise of the cup plate of Sandwich glass came the fall of the china cup plate.

These specimens of Sandwich glass cup plates can be better recorded if they are taken in groups, for though the designs differ vastly, there is enough similarity in some to group them together. Among the historical groups best known are those of the Eagle, Bunker Hill, Log Cabin and Ship.

The Eagle Group reveals fine workmanship in stippling. On these plates an eagle is the central figure, and for the most part the edges are serrated. On some thirteen stars are designed around the eagle. Among the pieces in this group is one worthy of detailed description. It is somewhat smaller than the ordinary cup plate and a mini-

ature rayed eagle appears in the center. The serrations on this piece are more numerous than on the others of this group. This cup plate is considered rather rare.

The Bunker Hill Group appeared about the time the Boston memorial was completed. Several changes were made in the mould before the artists were satisfied with their work, and as a result some designs were considered rarer than others. A replica of the monument appears in the center of these plates and in some of the designs it is surrounded by stars just as the eagle in the first group. The edges of some of these are scalloped, the borders are braided. Most of the cup plates in this group have inscriptions of historical importance.

Turning for a moment to the conventionals we find the rose design popular in the Floral Group. The stippling on these pieces is fine. In one design there appears a rose and a pansy while in another a wild rose is sketched with two rows of petals. There is another pretty plate in this group that has a thistle for its central design. This plate is a good example of the laced stippling.

The Log Cabin Group seems for the most part to put before the public the symbols of the Hard Cider Campaign of Tippecanoe. Besides the log cabin there appears in nearly all a cider barrel. Some of the designs have a flag and others allude to the first skirmish of the War of 1812.

When the Ship Group first made its appearance, the ship Constitution was about to be junked. It was a clever scheme to put this little plate before the eyes of the public and thus arouse popular interest. The plate Constitution is octagon in shape and displays excellent workmanship. In fact it is held as the highest art in Sandwich glass.

If cup plates were all that could be found in the storehouse of Sandwich glass the aesthetic taste of the collectors might be well satisfied, but in addition to these there is a varied line of other articles both of use and of ornament. Besides the cup plates candle sticks were molded at the Sandwich glass factory. The candle sticks were molded in two sections and then fused together. Due to the fusion the perpendicular lines on these pieces are not continuous from the base to the top. One of the artistic designs that appeared in these candle sticks was that of the dolphin. The dolphin is a symbol of the Holy Eucharist. The idea conveyed is that Christ is the spiritual food of the soul. The dolphin also appears with the anchor to represent the adherence of the

Christian to his crucified Saviour. However, there is considerable doubt that the dolphin design in the candle sticks had any religious significance. In the type with the double base in the dolphin group are two forms that are somewhat rare, being moulded in green glass and purple.

The designs found on the salts are many and varied. Some of them, like the cup plates, were produced to throw light on the political feeling of the time. Among these are designs of the ship Cadmus and also designs of the national emblem—the eagle. Besides those which are valued because of their political significance others are cherished because of the delicate stippling, an artistic accomplishment in its highest form seemingly proper to Sandwich workmen.

To set a price on rare pieces of Sandwich is the task of an erudite collector since a specimen that is rare in one place may be quite common in another. Some collectors may be troubled when they read of imitations, but one who has handled and studied a genuine piece of Sandwich glass cannot be deceived by the best imitation. Cheating is possible only with those who have not sufficient knowledge of the original, and the remedy against nefarious traffic in spurious antiques lies in a deeper study of those pieces that are indisputably genuine. Such a study will drive dull care away and bring the heart at least one hundred clear calls to walk unusual paths in the hope of picking up what is designated by present day mortals as a genuine antique. After many years the wisdom will surely come that the search is more valuable than the find.

*Charles J. Gibbons, '24*

## RAMELIUM

**L**ATE one afternoon John Chambers Brice, the archaeologist, and I, were sitting in the University Club idly watching an April shower pelt itself against the window-panes. After a long silence, I suddenly asked his explanation of the recent death of Lord Carnavon, and the subsequent illness of Carter, following closely upon their now-famous discoveries at Luxor; together with the attendant superstition. I knew his view of the matter would prove not only interesting, but enlightening as well, for he possessed a thorough knowledge of the Tut-Ankhamen excavations, and besides was an internationally recognized authority on Egyptology. I waited expectantly.

"To my mind, Lord Carnovon died from the effects of blood-poisoning; not as the result of any curse that follows those responsible for the unearthing of Egypt's royal dead. In reality, Lord Carnavon's life might have been saved, had he been given prompt medical attention. As for Carter, he had a very slight attack of heart trouble due, doubtless to constant exposure to the intense heat of the tunneled tombs. A sensation-seeking American newspaperman, quick to scent news, saw an opportunity for a front page story, and as a result, Carter's slight indisposition following Carnovan's death, was heralded as proof that there was something in that old superstition about ill-timed death overtaking those who disturbed the Pharaoh's last resting places. No one knows exactly when or how this superstition had it's birth; but it seems the Germans placed some credence in it, for they are now claiming that they would have eventually discovered the tomb of Tut-Ankhamen had they disregarded a warning sent to Schlegel, who was in charge of their expedition. They point to Carnavon's death as a verification of their soundness of judgment in forsaking their excavations in the vicinity of the king's tomb. Their position in the matter may be correct—I will not say—but I will tell you about an occasion I remember, relative to the same superstition.

"I was working in conjunction with Lord Kendrel's expedition, which was engaged in excavating in the Valley of the Kings. This was in June 1914. As you probably know, at that time only three rulers



remained unaccounted for; Thutmose II, the doubtful Smenkhara, and the now-discovered Tut-Ankhamen. We were concentrating our efforts on uncovering the tomb of some one of these rulers. It was the end of Egypt's summer season, with its fierce, arid heat and ever-present hordes of flies. The native laborers were apparently unaffected by the heat and the insects, but the English assistants were in wretched shape. Then, for the time being at least, we forgot our personal misery, for we had tunneled to what appeared to be the entrance to a major tomb. Upon unsealing it however, we found that it was merely an ante-chamber to the burial place of Rameses III. Naturally our disappointment was great, but it was lessened somewhat at finding that we had unearthed a fully-wrapped mummy. We were perplexed however, at being unable to identify it. For a time we thought it might have been one of the king's cast from his burial place when prowling robber-bands looted the tombs, but later, when a more thorough examination of the mummy was made, it was decided that it was the embalmed body of Rameses III's favorite man-servant. Immediately following the discovery of the mummy, a series of misfortunes began to befall our expedition.

Jay Denman, an Englishman, fell sick with a raging fever. We thought he had become infected from a mosquito bite; in fact the expedition's physician found the spot on Denman's arm where the insect had punctured the skin. Every known means for combating the fever were used. Denman died just three weeks after he had fallen ill. Five days after his death, Hallerton Ranford, an English assistant on Kendrel's staff, was stricken with the same malady, and almost simultaneously, John Saybrooke, the youngest member of the expedition, fell a victim to the strange fever. By this time all Egypt was discussing the death of Denman and the further spread of the fever, and it was only natural that there should arise a great amount of rumor regarding the old superstition and its effect on our company of excavators. I will admit it seemed as if the old claim that death overtook those who disturbed the sleep of Egypt's pharaohs, was being substantiated. And it began to have its effect on the members of the expedition. We began to wonder if there was really something in the old superstition. Was it working out its fulfillment in the case of Denman and Ranford and Saybrooke? It most certainly looked that way. Then George Wainwright came down from Alexandria.

He arrived at our camp on an exceptionally hot day—hot, even

for Egypt—with the word that he took the trip down “just to find out what all the rumor and talk was about”. Doubtless you recall that Wainwright was the only chemist out of all those consulted, who was able to devise a system of ventilating the Hudson tubes. He is a Yale man, and was one of the principal speakers at the dedication of the new Sterling Laboratory. He was certainly a welcome sight to our company, and especially to us Americans. After reviewing what had occurred, he expressed a desire to examine the mummy. When he had examined it thoroughly, he said that as far as he could see it was in no wise different from any other mummified remains heretofore found in Egypt. This disappointed us, for we had had an idea that the outer covering of the mummy might have been saturated with some chemical poison, contact with which caused death. True, those affected by the fever had been bitten by some insect, apparently the common Egyptian fly, but for that matter, so had we all, yet the fever had not attacked us. And still wondering about the solution of the peculiar incidents of the last few days, we waited upon Wainwright’s investigation. And we found that our interest was not misplaced.

Preliminary to his investigation, he established a temporary laboratory in a vacant tomb which we used as a storehouse and preserving room for our finds. The amount of paraphernalia he had brought with him seemed out of all proportion to the end to be gained, yet he had transported the various chemicals and apparatus in remarkably small cases. His laboratory once fitted out to suit his needs, he set about his task. With meticulous care he started to search the tomb in which the mummy was found, and the first thing he encountered was two small piles of black sand. We sensed his interest in them by the careful way in which he scrutinized them. We had left them undisturbed in their dark corner, dismissing them with the thought that they had sifted down through tiny apertures in the masonry ceiling of the tomb, and the conical shape peculiar to such formations, which they had assumed, seemed to bear out the truth of our theory. Consequently, when Wainwright took a generous sample from each of the piles, we thought he was attaching too much importance and attention to details. And when he spent a week analysing and re-analysing the sand, we concluded that he was merely wasting time.

But one day I was in his tomb-laboratory watching him work, when he held out a little bottle of cream-colored powder. It was all that

was left of the samples of black sand after a process of successive analysis. And with his usual air of abstraction, he told me that in the parlance of the chemist, that cream-colored powder contained 75% magnetic oxide of iron and 25% titanium dioxide. And remarking that he was looking for something, he added that he was going to boil the powder in a strong oil of vitriol, for vitriol dissolves both magnetic oxide of iron and titanium dioxide, the only two quantities known to be in the powder. If the powder was completely dissolved he had failed in his search—but if it was not completely dissolved! Slowly the powder turned to liquid, and then started to boil. Then a look of disappointment spread over Wainwright's face, because none of the known chemicals had ever been known to resist the boiling vitriol. But suddenly a strange, buff-colored substance detached itself from the boiling mass, rolled slowly over to a corner of the crystal flask, and for ten minutes defied the intense heat. Wainwright's face was alight with satisfaction.

At that moment, remelium, a new chemical element, was born to the World. And Wainwright had found it. When he had cooled the mixture, separating his precious find from the rest, he told me the story of what is now known as ramelium. At intervals for ten years, he had been testing a bottle of black sand sent to him from New Zealand by a classmate. Countless analyses had brought it to the oxide of iron-titanium dioxide stage, but due to pressing work, he had been unable to take the next step. After evolving a difficult formula for a new commercial dye, he had decided to take a trip, and hence his presence in Alexandria when rumor had the Pharaoh-superstition killing off our entire expedition. Seeing a chance for diversion, he packed up some chemical equipment and set out on a jaunt to visit our excavations. The rest I have told in detail. It was pure co-incidence and nothing more, that he found the two little piles of black sand. He had never even dreamed of its presence in Egypt. Wainwright called it ramelium because it was in a Ramesseum tomb that he discovered it. And best of all, America was the possessor of it; for having discovered it in 1914 just when the Great War was bursting upon the world, Wainwright saw the possibility of America entering the war, and he kept its discovery a secret, turning it over to the government. We may judge of its value by saying that it revolutionized steel compounding; placing America in a position where she could out-build all other nations in

marine, land and air craft. And strange as it may seem, it was the often-discussed, age-old superstition about an untimely death following those who unearthed Egypt's long-buried kings, that brought about Wainwright's wonderful discovery.

As a satisfactory aftermath, the deaths of the archaeologists in our expedition were explained. They proved to be the work of the poisonous fly, akin to the tset-se fly. Of late a preventive serum has been found that will offset the insect's venomous bite. But fairly speaking, we may say that we owe ramelium to superstition and a species of gad-fly.

And thus the archaeologist completed his story.

Listening to the steady patter of rain, I wondered at the profundity of thought, the marvelous store of experience that this tall, erect, blue-eyed old student had acquired in his years of research, travel and study, and wondering I found the answer. He had spent his years well.

*James F. Lynch, '25.*



# MATHEMATICS IN THE CALENDAR

## *Dominical Letter*

**W**ITH the advance of modernism many problems of vital interest to the Christians of past centuries have ceased to be of immediate importance to us. Among these is the construction of the perpetual calendar. Nevertheless this problem still has some practical importance when remote dates, past or future, have to be considered.

All our standards of measurements are either natural or conventional. Thus in the measurement of time we have the solar year, the solar day, and the lunar month as natural standards; while all other measurements such as the second, the minute, the hour, the week, the month, the year, and the century are conventional in character, having been made for the convenience of man.

The Church on account of her complex system of movable and immovable feasts has from the earliest periods taken upon herself as a special charge to regulate the measurement of time. It was necessary in order to secure uniformity in the observance of feasts and fasts that she supply a system of reckoning by which the relation of the solar and lunar year might be accommodated and the celebration of Easter determined. The task was so well accomplished that the methods and terminology then used have become traditional and are perpetuated in a measure to this day in the Prolegomena to the Breviary and Missal.

The Romans were accustomed to divide the year into *nundanae*, or eight-day periods, using the first eight letters of the alphabet to mark the day of which each period was composed. When the Oriental seven-day period or week, was introduced at the time of Augustus, the eighth letter was dropped as unnecessary. This device was imitated by the Christians and in their calendars the days of the year from January 1 to December 1 were marked with a continuous recurring cycle of seven letters: A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

The first of January was always denoted by A, the second by B, the third by C, the eighth by A, etc. The first seven days of the year being thus marked in their order by these letters, the following seven and all consecutive sets of seven days to the end of the year are similarly

marked; so that the 1st, 8th, 15th, 22d, etc. days of the month are all marked by A, and the 2d, 9th, 16th, 23d, etc by B, and so on. Following this it is found that C will represent January 31, then D will represent February 1 and as this month has only twenty-eight days in ordinary years, D will also be the first of March. The first day of each month is always represented by the same letter each year.

To aid the mind in remembering which letter represents the different months of the year, the following mnemonic lines have been formed:

1. Alta Domat Dominicus, Gratis Beat Equa Geventes Contemnit Fictos, Augebit Dona Fideli.
2. At Dover Dwell George Brown Esquire, Good Carlos Finch, And David Friar.

The initial letters of the above words in their order stand for the first days of the twelve months of the year.

Since every consecutive set of seven days is marked by the same letters, it follows that whatever letter represents the first Sunday of the year will represent every Sunday through the year, as the number of the letters and of the days in the week is the same. If we are able to establish the letter which represents Sunday for the year, we know in this way the letters which represent the other days of the week, with a special provision for leap years. Having established the letters which shall stand for the first days of the months it remains only to obtain the Sunday letter for the year.

The Dominical or Sunday Letter for any year is the letter of the cycle A, B, C, D, E, F, G which corresponds to the day upon which every Sunday of the year falls. When this letter is obtained, the letters which denote the first days of the various months tell us the days of the week upon which these first days will fall. Thus G, representing Sunday for the year and A being the letter which represents October 1, it follows that October 1, 1923 occurs on Monday. E being the letter which represents June 1, it follows that the first of June occurs on Friday this year. Thus being able to state upon what day of the week the first of any month occurs the days of the week upon which the other days of the month occur follows automatically.

A difficulty arises in the consideration of leap years. Ordinary years have fifty-two weeks and one day, but leap years have fifty-two weeks and two days. The letters for the first days of the months must always be the same, consequently it follows that some day in a leap

year must be counted twice, or else an extra day added. According to the Anglican and civil calendars this extra day is added to the end of February; according to the Catholic ecclesiastical calendar, February 24th is counted twice. But in either case March 1 is one day later in the week than February 1, but as it is necessary that both February 1 and March 1 be represented by the same letter February 29 and March 1 are both represented by D. Consequently, it also follows that the Sundays after February 25 will come one day earlier than they would in a common year and thus every leap year has two Dominical Letters.

Naturally a question arises, namely how are we to obtain the Dominical Letter for any year. Rules have been devised which make this a simple task.

Some fourscore years ago there appeared an article in the New York Observer entitled, "A rule for obtaining the Dominical Letter for any year." This rule was originated by a school teacher in Pennsylvania whose real name was concealed under the pseudonym of "Uncle Zadock". Therefore the rule came to be known as "Uncle Zadock's Rule." The rule is as follows:

*First*—Divide the centurial number of the year in question by four.

*Second*—Multiply the remainder, if any, by two.

*Third*—Subtract the product from six.

*Fourth*—To the remainder add the odd years and also the fourth part of the odd years, rejecting fractions.

*Fifth*—Divide the sum of these numbers by seven.

*Sixth*—Subtract the remainder, if any, from seven.

The last remainder indicates the Dominical or Sunday Letter for the year under consideration in the order of the first seven letters of the alphabet. Thus should the remainder be 4, the Dominical Letter would be D. In the case of a leap year the Dominical Letter thus obtained applies only to the last ten months of the year. The letter for January and February would be the next letter in order of the seven letters. Thus far for the year 1916 we would obtain by this rule the letter A which would be the letter for the last ten months. The Sunday letter for January and February of that year would be the next letter, which is B.

As an example under the above rule, let us see upon what day of the week, March 4, 1865, fell. To obtain the Dominical Letter for

1865 divide the centurial number 18 by 4, and you have, as a remainder, 2. Twice this remainder is 4, 4 from 6 leaves 2, and 2 added to the odd number of years, 65, and to one fourth of 65, which is 16, (fraction rejected), gives 83. Divide 83 by 7 and subtract the remainder, 6, from 7. The final remainder, 1, represents the first letter, which is A; therefore A is the Dominical or Sunday Letter for 1865. As D is always the letter for March 1, it follows that the first of March was on a Wednesday and therefore March 4, 1865 fell on a Saturday.

Another application of this rule may be found in the following example: Let us see upon what day of the month the last Tuesday in March, 1923, fell. We must first find the Dominical Letter for 1923, which by our rule is found as follows:

1.  $19 \div 4 = 4$  and a remainder of 3.
2.  $2 \times 3 = 6$ .
3.  $6 - 6 = 0$ .
4.  $0 + 23 + 5 = 28$ . ( $\frac{1}{4}$  of  $23 = 5\frac{3}{4}$ , but fractions are always rejected).
5.  $28 \div 7 = 4$  (no remainder).
6.  $7 - 0 = 7$ . Dominical Letter for 1923 is G.

As D is the letter for the first of March, and G is the Sunday Letter it follows that the 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th of March were Sundays. Therefore the last Tuesday in March 1923 fell on the 27th of the month.

Within a given century the first three steps will always yield the same result. In applying this rule to any date within the present century, we may simply ignore the centurial number entirely and proceed with the fourth step in the rule. If we desire to apply the rule to dates prior to the Gregorian calendar, 1582, it is necessary to change the "Old Style" dates into "New Style". The Gregorian, or "New Style" calendar is at present thirteen days ahead of the "Old Style". Thus June 1, "Old Style", equals June 14, "New Style".

The Dominical Letter had another very practical use in the days before the "*Ordo divini officii recitandi*" was printed annually and when consequently a priest had to determine the "Ordo" for himself. Easter Sunday, as established by the Council of Nice, 325, A. D., is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21. Thus Easter may be as early as March 22 or as late as April 25, making 35 possible days on which it may fall. It



is also evident that each Dominical Letter allows five possible dates for Easter Sunday, but as Easter falls on one or another of these Sundays we shall have a different Church calendar. As there are five possible dates for each letter and seven letters in all, we have thirty-five possible combinations. The old "Pye" or directorium which preceded the present "Ordo" included the thirty-five calendars thus made possible. Hence for anyone wishing to use the Pye it was first necessary to determine the Dominical Letter for the year, and then by means of the Golden Number or Epact, and by the aid of a simple table, the calendar for the year in question was found. Such a table as that just referred to is to be found at the beginning of every Breviary and Missal under the heading, "Tabula Paschalis nova reformata."

*O Norbert Sevigny, '24.*



## A CRYING NEED



Y most enduring recollection of a biography of Theodore Roosevelt which I read many years ago is what Roosevelt called the "isolated peak" incident. It seems that the bespectacled idealist which Roosevelt was when he was first elected to the New York legislature became disgusted with the various practices which are common in the game of American politics and retreated to the "isolated peak" of disdain in order that he might look down upon his fellow politicians. In so doing he was reacting as every clean mind must react to the smell of the betrayers of the people. But a clean mind is not necessarily a logical mind—though the converse is true—and Roosevelt had the latter. After he discovered that his attitude on the summit of the mountain had no more effect on the legislature than Mahomet's command on his famous mountain, he decided that it was a duty to his constituents (apologies to Senator Sorghum) to descend from the "isolated peak", and—holding his nose between his fingers, if necessary—interest himself in his selected work. When he had made it evident that this was his intention he discovered other sincere men whose olfactory nerves had become so atrophied that they had been able to do some good and were willing to do more, though they had to work under adverse conditions. With these men he joined himself.

It is a frequent criticism of the student body of Providence College that the *Alembic* is too undeviatingly religious in tone. The fact upon which the criticism is based is undeniable. With the truth of the inference drawn from the fact we are not at present concerned. For it is another fact that the principles of the world and the principles of Christian living seem entirely at variance. The clean mind retreats to the "isolated peak", and therefrom it calls to its fellows—through the pages of the *Alembic* sometimes, perhaps—to establish themselves on similar peaks. But the logical mind remains in the Valley of the Shadow that it may fight with death. For the possessor of the logical mind realizes that most men still believe in a principle which is so fundamental to human nature that it is distinctly Catholic, and to fight

for that principle, which is democracy, he joins himself to other sincere men, be they infidel or heretic. In order to do that is most Christian to hold one's nose, if necessary.

It cannot be gainsaid that the principles of democracy are vitally threatened at present. An editorial entitled, "Aproximate Slavery", which appeared in the *Providence Visitor* of April 6th, gives three instances of an attack on the natural rights of man in different parts of the country upon hearing of which a medieval baron of the darkest age of serfdom would exclaim in horror. However, the danger is at least as old as the nation—though the struggle was never so vital—and to give encouragement to those who believe the struggle hopeless let us make an excursion into a period of American history when the democratic principle was vindicated after a struggle nearly as vital.

During Andrew Jackson's first presidential term it was manifested to him and the common people who had elected him that Henry Clay, Daniel Webster and the greater part of the other representatives in Congress were betraying their trust for the gold of the Second National Bank. But the politicians of the Clay type thought that the unlettered "mob" had eyes that saw not, and so Clay opposed Jackson at the next presidential election, with the strengthening of the bank as his platform. When Jackson was re-elected he broke the plutocracy, a similar form of which now afflicts us, and after Clay, Webster and Biddle (the president of the Bank) had "disciplined" the people—by methods still used—through an artificial depression of prosperity he had the satisfaction of restoring prosperity in spite of them. These facts are undeniable, and I refer the dissenting erader to "*The Party Battles of the Jackson Period*", by Claude G. Bowers for the solution of any difficulties.

Now it is only too true that in breaking the Bank, Jackson paved the way for the present industrial plutocracy. Henry Clay had previously given evidence of his desire to be right rather than President by attempting to betray the farmers of the Middle West to the manufacturing interests of the East. To him and his like may be attributed the reason why young America no longer believes with Washington that "agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man", and why money is more potent than that which it should represent, and "intellectuality" an excuse for betraying "the great dumb ox" that is the "mob" seeking guidance.

The historians who refuse to recognize the work of Andrew Jack-

son assume that the abomination of desolation for democracy is the rule of one man. When Webster and Clay were using their untenable hypothesis against Jackson, Cuthbert of Georgia replied to Webster once that, as Bowers states it, "the great danger to Rome was not the kingly name they feared, but in the patrician class, a moneyed aristocracy, combination of their political leaders, seeking to establish an aristocratical government, regardless of the welfare of the people". If the Webster who had replied to Hayne still loved the truth, he must have bowed his head in shame. For it is another undeniable fact that the few Presidents who have broken plutocracies have made their office what its practical nature is, viz., an elective monarchy, in so doing. This is not the place to state the Thomistic contention that a monarchy is the best form of government, for its opponents have Thomas Jefferson to fall back on. But this is the place to state that all history supports the contention that a king is more often the enemy of an oligarchy than of the people for whose well-being he is responsible to the God who gave him his "divine right" to rule them. Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I his Oliver Cromwell, yes, John of England had his Runnymede, and in each case it was some form of oligarchy which gained (as it was a form of oligarchy which lost because of Patrick Henry) and the people who ultimately lost. It is time to dispense with the unhistorical prejudice that Magna Carta is a democratic instrument for, as Willis Mason West writes in his *Modern World*, "the greater part of the document is concerned with the privileges of feudal vassals". It enunciated the rights of what it calls "free men". Thomas Jefferson's Declaration of Independence enunciated the rights of all men.

The definition of an oligarchy is "the rule of a few". Those who deny that we are ruled by a "few" will do well to inquire into the foundations of that statement. To attain truth in the matter, they must be guided, not by their favorite historians, but by the source-books which those historians have misused. Therein they will find that rarely has a government been established which was openly oligarchic. Also they will find that more rarely has there been a political government which did not eventually become oligarchic. We Americans believe that we have a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, which shall not perish from the earth. The first, last and always enemy of such a government is the oligarch, the seeker of privileges for his class. The form of oligarchy which is our foe is plutocracy, the rule of the wealthy. For the other form is aristocracy, and

is usually based on birth. No one takes credit to himself for being born of certain parents, thought he may consider that his parentage entitles him to certain privileges denied others. But men do take credit to themselves for becoming wealthy—usually when they do so dishonestly—and if they are encouraged in that false pride by erring legislators a man-rotting plutocracy is the result. That representative democracy whose underlying ideas are still a light to the world, and whose *form* is still visible in this land of the free spender, can be kept representatively democratic only if it has clear-thinking—and therefore clean-minded politicians.

Theodore Roosevelt went into politics because he did not have to go to work. The ordinary American politician has gone into politics because he did not want to go to work. In a consideration of these two facts lies the solution of the vital problem of American politics today. The American democracy can be regenerated, as Andrew Jackson and his adherents, the first "practical" politicians, regenerated it. To misquote the stenographers' classic: now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their *country*. For it is surely the duty of the man of inherited or acquired wealth to participate actively in the necessary activities of the group of families, known as the State, which supports him, and if he has any opportunity to do so, the ministrations to the fundamental need of good government is obligatory. On the other hand, the honest man who needs lucrative employment will never make politics his vocation, for a politician made rich means a people betrayed. If he is willing to make the profession his avocation, he is not a practical believer in democracy unless he makes sure that he is chosen before he is sure that he is called, for in this way Andrew Jackson, a Tennessee backwoodsman, rode to Washington on the noble steed that is the people's voice over the rutted road the hirelings of Nicholas Biddle had made.

In Roosevelt's youth it was considered highly intellectual to sneer at politics as a dirty game. The logical and clean mind that was Roosevelt's saw through the fallacy of this "bluestocking" class to his evident duty, and to see with him was to act. A great Catholic organization has for its motto: God and Country. No Catholic layman can better serve God and country at the present time than by turning his educated mind and Christ-fed heart to solve the problems which the enemies of democracy have caused. That he will find in all honest men a sincere cooperation cannot be doubted. The democratic princi-

ples are a part of a man's nature, whether he kneel to a just king or vote for a just man. The Catholic who seeks to further their valid application or preserve their wholesome integrity has been assured of popular support by the "intellectuals" who oppose his Church. For they have at last been forced to admit that her philosophers have spent their lives in justifying those concepts to which the "intellectuals" instinctively assent even when they attempt to impugn them, by which honest men are guided, and from which, as first principles, the Catholic derives the reasons for the faith that is in him.

*James F. Keleher, '24.*

### Singing Heart

**I** HAVE a little Sorrow  
But it will not stay sad.  
I have a little Anger  
But it will not stay mad.  
I have a little Joy and  
It refuses to depart.  
So that is why I travel  
With a singing heart.

*—F. L. D., '24.*

## "STILL" WATERS, THE BENT TWIG



VALENTINE Derek Waters was the only son of a self-made man. Waters Senior had early decided that his son would not lack the learning and culture he himself had never acquired...

So when Valentine was three years old his tutor, who received mail addressed to Mr. Angus Walpole, M. A., would roll a large rubber ball towards him and say in a perfectly modulated voice, "Arma", to which Valentine was expected to answer, "Virumque". At the age of six, he could recite from memory the first book of Vergil, without the aid of the rubber ball. Mr. Walpole took his meals in the nursery with Valentine. It might be said that both took their meals in French. At this stage, if anyone mentioned a potato in the presence of little Val, Val would make a mental translation and think of *pomme de terre*. At the same time, although he never played Indian and cowboy, he was able to give a rather learned dissertation on mound builders and their relation to cliff dwellers or vice versa. At fifteen young Waters had completed the Grand Tour and he spoke familiarly of La Scala, Oberammergau, the British National Museum or any other place where one goes.

But do not think that Val's physical education had been neglected. Oh no! He had actually won first prize in an archery tournament. And he really liked golf, which was extremely lucky, for it helped develop a strength which Val himself never suspected.

In spite of books and the care lavished on him, Val felt that there was a void in his life. He did not know what it was that should have filled this void, but we do. Mudpies, companions and the more mature game of sand lot baseball.

On Val's eighteenth birthday, Mr. Walpole suggested to Mr. Waters, Senior, that it was time for Valentine to go into a broader field, the University. Mr. Waters agreed, as usual, for in spite of his wealth he respected Mr. Walpole's superior learning and wisdom.

After a phenomenal success in entrance exams, Val was admitted into Seneca University. He took rooms in the Campus Dormitory and

settled down with Mr. Walpole, M. A., as companion, to the University routine.

For a few weeks everything went along splendidly. Outwardly he was just the same as other fellows. Healthy, strong and while not handsome, he had a strong face, tanned from the daily round on the links. His quiet manner had earned for him the nickname of Still. "Still" Waters. But soon it was felt that the University harbored a genius, which was all very well with the Faculty, but the fellows looked askance at Val. When he walked across the Campus, invariably someone would say, "There's Old Man Grind."

As the Velvet Hammer Column of the Seneca Rostrum had it, "Still" Waters' chief ambition is to be locked up in a Phi Beta Kappa Tomb with Einstein's Theory, the complete works of Amy Lowell, a loaf of bread and a jug of wine. But he will flow into the fourth dimension before his dearest wish will materialize. All this good natured horseplay really hurt Valentine for he disliked to be thought queer. He would rather be like the others, but he was just growing the way in which he had been bent.

It is said that a tiny pebble may determine the course of an embryo river. It was a very little incident which changed the trend of Valentine Derek Waters' life.

On a Friday evening, about eight, Val was returning to his rooms from the Library. About half way across the Campus he came upon an interesting little group, three sophomores instilling rules of etiquette into Ted McNabb, a classmate of Waters. The process of instilling had reached that stage which might be termed rough. Val had completed the reading of Scott's works at an early age and he had some very decided ideas on knighthood and its attendant duties. He stopped to assist McNabb. The unexpected arrival enlivened the fray. A soph recognizing Val immediately landed a blow on the left eye. Val struck back. That blow tore asunder the veil of culture and civilization. Val was a cave man. He fought with all the pent-up energy which had been lying dormant in his strong young body. The battle was short. The sophs retreated with one casualty and two walking cases. Ted thanked Val and walked as far as his door with him.

Val entered and slammed the door. Mr. Walpole, who had been sitting at the fireplace reading, looked up. His astonishment at Val's appearance was so complete that he was speechless long enough to allow Val to enter and lock the door of his bed room, unchallenged.



Mr. Walpole went to the door and knocked and pleaded to be allowed to enter. The only answer he received was, "Gwan away".

The next day being Saturday, there were no lectures to attend. So about ten o'clock Ted called for Val and invited him to walk over to the field where the football team was practising. He accepted after informing Mr. Walpole that their little Saturday morning trip to the Museum would be deferred. Walking across the Campus Val was greeted by the freshmen in no unmistakable manner. He was a hero. Ted had spread the story of his rescue. And now Ted had verified the story by displaying a black eye and several bruises.

At the field they watched the practice for a while. Val's new-found spirit had not left him and he longed to get out on the field with the teams and roll around. He confided this feeling to Ted. Ted, knowing what Val could do, dragged him over to where Mike Owens, the coach, was seated and he told him that Val wanted to play football. Val insisted that he had never played before. Nevertheless Mike looked him over and seemed satisfied with the result of his scrutiny. He said, "It's just as well you don't know the game, it's easier to learn than to relearn. Most fellows that come here thinking they know how to play have to be taught everything. You come out tomorrow with the squad." He did.

No, you are wrong, he did not make the All American *that year*. But in his junior year, "Still" Waters was second All-American tackle, President of the Junior Class, member of Student Council, etc.

Which all goes to prove that "Still" Waters still run deep and sometimes bent twigs snap back to their natural position.

Francis S. McAvoy, '24.

## OBSERVING THINGS



URKEY has at last a rival. Hitherto unequalled in his reckless destruction of human life, hitherto unsurpassed in his unquenchable thirst for the blood of the weak and unprotected, the unspeakable Turk now must share with Soviet Russia that black abyss of degradation and moral and civil decadence. With a hypocritical air, with a whine and a pitieous plea, the Soviet begged for recognition by the United States. There were those amongst us, who, blind to the innate savagery of Bolshevism, were willing to resume relations, under the grossly mistaken impression that such a step would prove of benefit to America. But before such an unfortunate move could have taken place, all the pent-up barbarism, and hate and fury against religion of the Soviets burst forth and shocked the world to indignation. The murder of a prelate and his associates representing the religion of the greatest number of people in the world, showed that world that Soviet Russia could with justice assume with Turkey that despicable appellation of being savage and uncivilized in a reasonable universe. Soviet Russia has rejected what semblance of religion it once boasted, and a country that has no supernatural ideals or admits no moral principles is doomed to destruction. When we desire that our nation, clean, young and vigorous, resume intercourse with such a monster, we are but planning our own moral destruction. That nation, Russia, should never be recognized by any civilized power until it is willing to deport itself in accord with reason and with the rules and manners of civilized governments.

\* \* \*

Russia and Turkey stand today as a positive menace to civilization. For they have openly declared war on Christendom by the slaughter of thousands of Christians. Without Christianity, civilization is but a farce, as attested by those two nations who war on it. With the coming of Christ came true civilization, and it is in the acceptance of His principles that the highest civilization is attained. And thus it is, that, when countries with diabolical and malicious delight, attempt to pull down the cross of Christ and with fiendish glee at their apparent

success attempt to substitute a rule by fear and threats, they become the arch-enemies of civilized countries. We today boast of our high standard of learning, that we have attained a degree of intellectual perfection; and in a hypocritical state of mind, we patronize the poor, ignorant Middle Ages. But it was in those so-called "Dark Ages" that the people, with clear minds and great intellects, realized that Christianity and civilization go hand in hand. And when an encroachment was made against Christianity, they rallied around its standard and defended it with cold steel. Today we should regard this in the same manner; the principal nations should deem it their duty to protect our standard of civilization against the assaults of the earthly agents of the devil, barbarous Turk and despicable Soviet.

\* \* \*

Until the end of time will the Catholic Church be persecuted; as a result of its Holiness, one of its distinguishing marks, the Church of Christ will ever be assailed by the Powers of Evil. The vigor of the opponents of the Church differs in various times and places. Whenever those opponents see that the influence of the Church is growing in moral power and increasing in moral stature in any one particular place, then their rage breaks forth and by slanderous means try to overcome the handiwork of God. And rarely do they realize that they are attempting the impossible. But there are other times when the Church of Christ has suffered and has labored under woe and oppression; and then there is a happening which shocks the minds and opens the eyes of the enemies of the Church, so that they begin to realize the futility of persecuting a divine Institution. Then, oftentimes, do bitter enemies become firm friends. An example of this is France. Led by Atheistic Socialists who desired to separate Church and State by destroying the Church, that nation, Catholic at heart, but stifling its in-born principles, declared war against God. But the peal of thunder which awakened that nation from its lethargy of infidelity was the World War. And after the trials and vicissitudes of an almost unbearable struggle, France, from the depths of its soul cried: "There is a God!" And as if in reparation, France is becoming today, like the France of ages ago, a child of the church. No longer do pagans seek to crush the flower of Christianity, but God-fearing men are planning to nourish that blossom they so long left to parch and fade. That nation offers help to Catholic institutions; it is taking once again an active interest in the propagation of the Faith; and today, France, by its

Christian conduct, forms a great contrast to the unfaithful and cruel nation of yesterday. And so it is throughout all Europe wherever a responsible government rules. Catholicity is coming into its own. Men whose minds are great and whose souls are deep, from whose eyes the scales of doubt have fallen are doing their best to repair the damage sprung from blind prejudice that for so many years they entertained against the Church.

\* \* \*

On May 30, Memorial Day, the whole nation will do honor to those men and women who have made the Supreme Sacrifice, who have given their very lives for the perpetuation of American ideals and institutions. The blood these noble heroes have shed has hallowed our national existence. If for no other reason than that these martyrs have died for the country, we, the citizens, whose security was guaranteed by their sacrifices, should revere our country, love it, and look to it as to something of noble birth and noble destiny. Our nation, baptized by the blood of its children, must not be an object of disrespect or disregard; its laws should be obeyed cheerfully, its living children should be loyal and worthy of the name of Americans. Patriotism, that magic love of country, imbued with which so many have suffered death, is not a spirit essential only in time of war or trouble, true patriotism consists in loyally living up to the rules of the state, and in ever manifesting firm faith in our country. When we become imbued with this spirit, then we become true citizens, and it is in the loyal trust of its people that a country prospers. Then will we manifest our gratitude to those martyrs to patriotism, and honor them, not by empty words, but by true action.

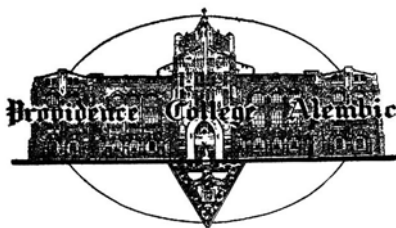
*The Observer.*

## ODE TO A PREVALENT SUPERSTITION

(As revealed by a certain minister of uncertain religion).

A skull in Patagonia has set the world a-quiver,  
For scientists now scratch *their* skulls and many views deliver.  
The years it has, 'tis safe to say, are thousands . . . . What? Well,  
millions—  
Wells has another book to write, so let it be quadrillions!  
Let not the reason  
Commit a treason  
Against its mighty Lord, the free imagination.  
Let no defiance  
Be given science.  
Disturb with naught each God-like (made from naught) creation.  
It's vitamins, not calories, the glands *have* useful powers,  
And skulls that prove us once but apes held greater brains than ours.  
But we still know that sin is good and free will but a fiction—  
Though even this tomorrow may be called archaic diction!  
No defiance  
Hail! Science!  
Give us more imagination. Down with reason!  
Truth-unveiling!  
Good unfailing!  
Scorn to punish (save with laughter) any treason.

*Thersites.*




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**A MILLION  
FOR SOULS**

These modern Crusaders, under the leadership of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hickey, have set out to capture something infinitely more precious than the Holy Sepulchre. They are intent upon the welfare, spiritual, mental and physical of *Catholic Children*. They are fighting a noble battle that these little ones may be suffered to go unto Christ. As students of a Catholic College we too should have this crusading spirit, and like the squires of old, enter the contest at the side of our leaders, aiding them and keeping their banners aloft.

The goal is a million dollars. It is a large amount, but it will be

reached, and passed. As money it means nothing, but what can be accomplished with it is everything.. As one of the Crusaders, Father John F. Murray, said, "*It is a Million Dollars for High Schools, and Every Cent is for Souls.*"

As to the need of Catholic Schools there is no doubt. President Meiklejohn of Amherst College has voiced this need when he said, "a return to the spiritual effectiveness that marked great learning in the past" is the *only hope* for our educational system. As Catholics this means to us Catholic Education.

It is well to remember that the Catholic Church has no quarrel with public education.. Father Michael O'Brien summed up the whole question when he said: "We are the enemies of no man, but we are the friends of God. And as the friends of God we know that the salvation of souls depends on Christian Education.."

*JUNKING THE BOY* John Wiltbye asks in America, "Shall we junk the Boy?" He looks back to the golden days when boys were *sufficientes sibi et diei*. Then there was no need of Boys' Clubs, Camps, Boy Scouts. There was no boy problem then. But with the growth of cities this problem has arisen. Shall we junk the boy or make him over to fit this new environment? As Christians we cannot do the first, but could we do the second if we desired it? Boys will be boys. As far back as Adam, perhaps, boys were spanked for "swiping" apples. Boys are no different in their new surroundings than their fathers were back on the farm. Boys are and always will be hedonists, and they always want their own way. The answer to the problem is then, a minimum of supervision and a maximum of guidance. Let them amuse themselves, just point out the safe roads. This does not mean to junk all boy movements or societies, no, for these are merely organized and glorified "gangs".

The Providence High School Drive is meeting the problem in the right way. Schools and more of them. Centers of learning and of play. It is up to us to cooperate in this and solve the boy and the girl problem.

*THE RETREAT* The Students' Annual Retreat, was held on March 26, 27 and 28. We were fortunate this year in having for Director of our Retreat, Very Reverend M. J. Ripple, O. P., P. G., National Director of the Holy Name Society and Editor of the

Holy Name Journal. . Father Ripple was formerly head of the Dominican Missionary band and is a powerfully eloquent preacher with a thorough knowledge of men and a keen sympathy for their needs.

From a spiritual point of view of course the retreat was a success. It did us a "world of good." Even in the limited time of the retreat Father Ripple hit straight from the shoulder on several topics of vital importance to the student; business and professional ethics, the modern "isms", marriage and vocations.

We sincerely hope some day to hear Father Ripple on the lecture platform in our college.

### Beauty

**I**N a deep and dankling wood  
 Beauty paused a moment. Stood  
 On tip-toe, kissed each tree  
 Then she fled away from me.  
     Beauty ever on the wing  
     Spirit, elf-like, fairy thing  
     Tell me where your trailings wend  
     That I may my searching end.  
 On a hill-top far away  
 Beauty stopped a while to play.  
 Turned and saw me panting after.  
 Left me but her echoing laughter.  
     Beauty ever on the wing  
     Spirit, elf-like, fairy thing  
     Tell me where your trailings wend  
     That I may my searching end.  
 Long I've followed Beauty's trail  
 Through city maze and rustic dale  
 Followed faithful where she led  
 Always, always far ahead.  
     Beauty ever on the wing  
     Spirit, elf-like, fairy thing  
     Tell me where our trailings wend  
     That I may my searching end.

—Francis Eldy.



## "SAID THE WALRUS TO THE CARPENTER"

**I**F YOU had it in your power to create your own mother, you would exhaust the virtue and beauty of the universe in the making. Her soul would be as radiant as the sun, her features unsurpassed in form and color. Well, Christ created His Mother, and that is why She is worthy of our love and veneration. This is Her month, a subtle compliment to the Fairest of all Flowers. Christ gave Her the seven gifts. The last and greatest of all being Motherhood.

\* \* \*

Of late the papers have heralded the fact that a young man refused to accept an inheritance of over a million dollars. Both the Carpenter and myself admire him. We too would like to have had the opportunity to refuse a million for the sake of an ideal. Money isn't everything. It will not buy the soul of a tree. It may imprison it, but it cannot enslave it's beatuy. Beautiful things both of nature and of man are the property of every roving eye. Music is for every ear. The wealthy may enjoy their symphonies. However, birds sing at no man's bidding, but all may listen. Masterpieces may adorn the walls of mansions, but they cannot excel their models. A sun melting on a distant hilltop is a picture which no man can buy. No happiness can be bought with gold, but nevertheless I wish that I had that million and my ideas.

\* \* \*

Fame is as elusive as Dame Fortune and she is as much desired. Great men, famous men, die, but you and I live forever. Tutankhamen has created havoc in scientific and modistic circles, but what is fame to a mummy. Alexander conquered the world, the world outlives him. You and I were trodden on by haughty Roman emperors. We live while they are dysology. So why be famous or celebrated, a name, a mere word reaps all the glory of your efforts. The great die, you and

I will go marching on, unknown but alive. But just the same I wish that my name was de Vinci or Babe Ruth.

\* \* \*

The Carpenter tells me that I am getting quite pessimistic. But I'm not. It is just that Spring is here and I have need of my Pillow Philosophy to soften the acute realities of life. Duty calls, but that lotus bud of my disappearing youth lures me away, the old swimming hole over the hill. Latin and Greek call me, but not too loudly, but "Wake Robin" catches my eye and I lie with it under the old apple tree, a happy truant. Once in a while my conscience prods me. Then I get a pillow of "what's the use". Fame! Fame! Pooh, Bah! Riches, a curse! I light my pipe and all is well.

\* \* \*

Upton Sinclair's book, "The Goose Step" is one of those interesting if true books. To him even the college janitors are not sincere. Only College Presidents and their Grand Dukes have that gift. They are sincerely rapacious. The professors and students are all canting hypocrites, socialistic at heart but concealing the fact through cowardice. A sad state of affairs indeed. Perhaps Mr. Sinclair should know beter, he went to college once. Some of us are hopelessly bourgeois and wont come out of the rut and see "*the light*". And after all, are social sciences the only useful ones? Mr. Sinclair stands in the valley cursing the mountaain tops. He doesn't take a slant at the slopes. The Middle Classes, God bless them!



## EXCHANGES

FORDHAM MONTHLY This publication is always welcomed at P. C., there is plenty of material to interest all kinds of readers. Both prose and poetry departments are very well developed and surely give credit to those students who are working for the upkeep of their college publication.

The poetry, and especially "Song o' Spring" is worthy of note and shows complete mastery of rhyme and rhythy.

Of the prose works we wish to mention especially "Pioneer Trails" which is very clear in its conception and expressed in concise terms and happy.

"Opinions on Books" is a great help to the college student who is always in quest of good reading material. This department gives the most recent books a thorough study and puts before the student's eyes a philosophical study of their contents. Very few college publications devote a few pages to such study, and "The Fordham Monthly" is one of the few who have recognized the value of recording opinions on current literature.

"Fordhamensia" supplies the medium through which all the students, present and past, come in touch with one another and make them live that happy family life which has been developed during the few years spent in the dear "Alma Mater."

THE MICROMETER Very attractive magazine, not only by its designs but more so by its literary value. Although the departments are not very well marked off, the articles published in the March number are creditable and show the qualities of a letters student. But the spice of the program is without a doubt the space devoted to humor. The jokes are original and provoke much laughter. The originality especially should be noted, for, in this department, many are inclined to let the others think out the jokes while they bring them out as their own. This plagiarism should be decried in humor more than in anything else.

HOLY CROSS Still continues to be one of our best exchanges. We do not wish to instill pride in the heart of its editors, but we do wish to give credit where credit is deserved, and surely, the "Purple" deserves all the credit that we can give. The prose writings especially are of excellent character and shows perfect mastery of the English language.

We wish to note among the poems, one entitled, "In Hoc Signo Vinctes" whose melody rings out in the ears like tuneful song full of faith and sentiment.

The "Editorials" are worthy of praise and touch the most vital points in the life of a college student. This department is well developed and is adjudged its proper value where most college publications underestimate the worth of editorials and place them on the list of secondary subjects.

ATENEOMONTHLY  
The commencement number is at hand, and we are forced to admit that it is one of the finest pieces of work we have laid our eyes upon. The commencement number has always been the great question in every college, the main problem of the Seniors. But the graduates of Ateneo have fully understood the question and have solved the problem in a most creditable way.

VERSL'IDEAL  
The "Alembic" feels very deeply the loss which Assumption College has just suffered by the fire which destroyed part of the building and threatened to sweep away everything in its rage. The Exchange Editor, having been a student of Assumption College for six years feels that this loss in his as well as that of those who are now studying under its roof. In the name of the "Alembic", and more especially in my own name, I wish to offer our sincerest sympathies. We are assured that in this loss the college will gain new strength and new vigor to fight the future battles and that, in a short while, it will be born anew from its ashes to greater success and glory.

*Lucien A. Olivier, '23.*



## COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The College rejoices in the good fortune of having a new member of the Faculty—  
*Father Welsh* Fr. M. S. Welsh, O. P., S. T. Lr., J. C. D.  
Ordained in 1906, Fr. Welsh has carried on his priestly duties in various parts of the country with such zeal and success, that greater responsibilities have been entrusted to him time and again. He served a term as Novice Master in the Dominican House of Studies, Washington, D. C. For the past six years, Fr. Welsh has served as President of Aquinas College, Columbus, O., where his efforts have raised the enrollment, facilities and standard of the school until it now ranks with the best in the State. Father Welsh brings to Providence College the experience of seventeen years of teaching.

The Alembic extends a hearty welcome and hope his stay will be both long and happy.

The Seniors are still advancing, with unabated  
*Senior Gate* zeal, toward their great objective, a gate for the College. The undertaking has been in progress only a short time, but the goal is in sight.

Nothing like success: that's why the Junior  
*Junior Prom* Prom is still the talk of the town. On May 3, the ballroom of Narragansett Hotel presented a lively and brilliant scene when 250 Juniors and their friends met to enjoy the festivity. No wonder! Look at this Prom Committee and you have an explanation of triumph: Francis J. McCabe (chairman), Howard Bradley, William Beck, John O'Neil, Edward Quinn, William J. Connor.

The Patronesses were Mrs. John P. Beagan, Mrs. Richard Boucher, Mrs. Charles Carroll, Mrs. James J. Corrigan, Mrs. Katherine Dockery, Mrs. Timothy F. Dwyer, Mrs. William H. Jordan, Mrs. John B. McKenna, Mrs. John F. O'Connell, Mrs. Percival de St. Aubin, Mrs. John Whitby. The occasion was graced by the presence of the Hon. Joseph A. Gainer, Mayor of Providence.

The war ended May 9, when  
*Sophomores and Freshmen* the Freshmen caps were consigned to the huge bonfire on the Campus. The glare could be seen for miles around, a symbol of material light over darkness, and of the emancipation of the Freshmen from the dark-

ness of ignorance. The Sophomores were at hand in large numbers to welcome the new brethren into the fellowship of wise fools.

Speeches were delivered by Arthur Brickley, President of the Freshmen, Robert E. Curran, President of Sophomores, and Very Rev. Dr. Noon.

The third annual play of the Philomusian Club *Dramatics* proved a huge success and surpassed the two previous triumphs. The catchy title of the play, "*What's What?*" aroused great interest and curiosity and the audience overflowed Gymnasium Hall both evenings of the play, May 26 and 27.

The expectations of the audience were fully realized as the play went on, and the almost continuous ripple of laughter, inspired the players to greater heights which soon changed the ripples to waves of laughter and applause.

The wonderfully appointed reception room made a fitting auxiliary to the costumes of the characters, and speaks eloquently of the zeal and artistic ability of Manager Paul J. Redmond, Wilfred Roberts, Leo Arnault and William Murphy.

The plot was centered about the mysterious disappearance of wedding gifts just as the wedding ceremony was about to be performed. A new maid, and her male accomplice, cleverly hide their spoils in various characters' pockets and in other strange places, throwing suspicion on the groom, the best man and the father-in-law, as well as convincing the groom and the father-in-law that these two are kleptomaniacs.

The cast was composed of: Mabel Lord, Earle T. Powell 26; Jeremiah Lord, James J. McManus 25; Nellie Murphy, Joseph F. Taylor 26; Michael Rooney, Edward M. Leary 25; Benny Bergen, Wolcott E. Lay 25; Dr. Robert Carolan, Joseph Donovan 25; Rev. Elijah Toots, Howard L. Sparks 25; Jack Doran, Ambrose C. Regan 25; Joe Doherty, Paul Twamley 26; Sergeant Dolittle, Arthur J. Tierney 25; Officer Clancy, Harry A. Graham 25. All the members played their parts well, leaving small opportunity to single out any one in particular for individual mention.

Harry V. Coleman, a former student of Providence College, '24, died at his home in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, on Thursday, April 5, 1923, after an extended illness. "Dick" Coleman played first base on the Varsity baseball team and was a popular man in the college. The Junior Class extends its heartiest sympathy to his bereaved parents.

## War Became Too Personal!



HEN Mike gave up his well-paid job,  
And left his home to go to war,  
He showed no signs of tear or sob,  
Mike merely smiled the same as yore.

He took a boat to sunny France,  
The sea grew rougher more and more,  
Food was the same as doctors' lance:  
Mike merely smiled the same as yore.

He got no pay for many a week,  
The sights he saw from box car door,  
While cooties frolicked hide and seek;  
Mike merely smiled the same as yore.

He hit the lines and dug in deep,  
A hidden spring lay 'neath the floor,  
And always flowed when he would sleep:  
Mike merely smiled the same as yore.

The shells fell far, the shells fell near,  
And aeroplanes encircled o'er,  
And from his dugout tossed him clear:  
Mike merely smiled the same as yore.

He lost his souvenirs and pack,  
He almost lost the clothes he wore,  
But his good nature did not crack:  
Mike merely smiled the same as yore.

One day he stood in line for chow,  
A shell sailed thru the kitchen door,  
And Sherman's words meant something now:  
Mike did not smile—He raved and swore.

Take my good name, my jewels, my cash:  
God help the one that takes my hash.

*Leo J. Boppell, '25.*

