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Providence College Alembic

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Ode to the Grail

"Give me the road of thorns
Up the dusty trail;
Give me the road well worn
In search of the Holy Grail."

Thus spake the bent old sage,
In the depth of whose piercing eyes
Could be gleaned the truth of the ages,
And the wisdom of the wise.

"Give me the path of roses
Down the verdant trail;
Give me the path of happiness,
Along the sunny vale."

Thus spake inexperienced youth
To the wise and bent old sage,
"I live today and go tomorrow
Leaving behind a blank page."

Anthony Tedeschi, '26.

CIVILIZATION



ANOTHER year unfolds itself in the history of man. Within the past year the world has lost such great statesmen as Wilson, Lenine and Stiness; such artists as Giacomo, Faure and Herbert; such writers as Conrad and France. The year to come will see more great lights descend and new ones arise, for thus it has been in the past and so it will continue in the future. Whether the new ones are greater than the old has ever been a question. The world today has reached the highest point of civilization in its history. Who, a thousand years ago, ever thought of man circumnavigating the globe without travelling on land or sea; of machines that could travel three miles in a single minute; of being able to send the human voice or pictures, thousands of miles through the air; of factories capable of turning out, in one day, millions of yards of cloth and thousands of pairs of shoes?

Yes, man has accomplished much. But to what end? Misery is as prevalent as ever. We have more deadly diseases than the savage of the African jungle. The drink-crazed drivers of machines of destruction are more formidable to us than the man-eating denizens of the forest were to primitive man. Civilization has brought greater fears than the unenlightened man ever had. Civilized government is founded for the peace and happiness of its people; yet no one can deny that war has been more terrible since the instigation of that same civilized government.

We are proud of our churches, examples of magnificent architecture, and yet the house of ill-fame lurks within the shadow of nearly every one of them. We speak in glowing terms of our inventive genius, our wonderful safety devices. We have more deaths from accidents than any other nation, civilized or uncivilized. We have the best of sanitary conditions and health measures. Our hospitals are always filled with groaning patients. We point to our lofty sky-scrapers and fail to see the squalor in the shacks of the poor. We show off our beautiful homes and forget the poorhouses

always overflowing with the results of this civilization. We are thrilled with the broad avenues of our modern big cities and overlook the thousands of alleys. We vividly remember the swift passage of the resplendent and beautifully upholstered limousine, and find it difficult to recall the number of new baby carriages. Our educational system is the best in the world, and we have more crime than any other nation. We have increased the number of our laws and evidently perfected them, and lawlessness has increased in a greater proportion.

We are the richest nation in the world and a vast proportion of our people live from hand to mouth. Is not destitution the greatest, where abundance is the greatest? Since they seem to go together, is not lack of luxury preferable to destitution? We claim to be the happiest people and have the greatest number of ruined homes as the result of our wholesale divorce. But we might go on thus questioning indefinitely. We must ask one more. Is not our educational system at the highest point of its development? Primary education is open to all, and higher education open to many. The result is such errors as materialism and scepticism, and frank indifference with regard to spiritual affairs. Thus education, the great mark of civilization, has evidently brought out the bad, as well as the good in man.

We certainly must be mistaken when we call this progress. Perhaps we are looking at it in an inversed order, and it is only decadence. Who cares how rich America is, if the poverty-stricken become more numerous? What is so-called culture and learning without health and happiness? We are now able to hop the Atlantic in three days (it used to take a month); we spend five minutes trying to cross Main street (it used to take only a few seconds). We have a radio in every home and more unhappy homes. We have removed the barroom from the corner, and as a result, we have the dens and dives underground. We have removed intoxicating liquors, and substituted blinding and killing ones. We can successfully combat many dreaded diseases, and have to reckon with deaths from our twentieth century inventions to a number that yearly exceeds those of the greatest war in the history of the world. The ratio of the poverty-stricken is keeping up with the perfection and efficiency of machinery. The ease of operation in factories is tending to make the laborer's work more difficult, because more monotonous. Working

conditions are said to be better than ever, and yet the workman has never been more dissatisfied. In former times his work was more congenial. He worked with, as well as for, his employer. Then his labor was diversified and his mind was not grooved and rutted by one single operation all day.

Man has been too optimistic, perhaps, in his theory of evolution and perfection. The theory of evolution, whose culmination would be the dissipation of all energy in the form of heat, and resulting in chaos, would seem to be more appropriate. For chaos may result from order even as order from chaos.

These indeed seem foreboding thoughts to consider at the beginning of a new year. They will linger for a time only, and then be forgotten. They are fit only for pessimists. Let us be optimistic? Yes, but not shut our eyes. We can help to solve the problem and combat the forces that produce misery. Let us not be content with the words of that great scoffer at the strife of man in his endeavor to attain happiness. "Men in general," thought Anatole France, "are worse than they seem." We know from personal experience that the number of those we know who are bad and seem good are far less in number than those who are good and yet we do not notice it. Man is not naturally inclined to evil. He does not therefore purposely cause evil to his fellow man.

Many have endeavored to solve the problem of misery. The sociologists and so-called psychologists are continually offering remedies; the socialists have theirs. They all have been failures. They have overlooked the individual and laid down rules for a soul-less society. They have tried to apply remedies of a human origin and have overlooked an ever-present supernatural remedy. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., may ask, "Has civilization outgrown religion?" He may realize that the development of mind and matter has outstripped the development of the soul and that this is the reason civilization, built on astounding discoveries and inventions, and with all its "luxuries, pleasures and opportunities" is headed toward destruction. But he cannot pull the world together by a kind of brotherly love, a general sort of nothing, a nice thought.

If we are to offset the evils of civilization we must have a united religion. The Church is the remedy for these evils. Christ came on earth to found this society and it alone, since it is supernatural, can cope with these evils. The individual must be taught to look

above the merely material. He must remember the age-old teaching that this world is merely a place of temporal passage and that his eternal home and supreme happiness is in a world to come. The society, the religion, that has as its foremost object to inculcate this truth into its members is the one that does most to check civilization in its headlong flight to destruction.

This is the truth, the great fundamental truth for men. It is not merely for the idealist and not for the dreamer alone. It is the real and practical solution. The squalor and misery of our great civilized city cries out to all of us. The Socialist feels it and offers his remedy. It is only a dream, the means are not present. The unjust social institutions as they are called will flourish and their bitterest thought is the "hopelessness of the effort and the futility of the sacrifice." The yearning for a further life is natural and deep. The rich and the poor alike must be guided by religion and then the great social problems will take care of themselves, since the individual who makes society will be guided by the great principles of Truth and Justice.

Let us then at the beginning of this year of 1925 look forward into the years that are to come when man will perhaps be united in one religion and let us realize that only at this time will misery and its causes be annihilated and then man shall see his social problems as mere errors and petty mistakes of former ages.

John F. Fitzgerald, '25.

My Garret Window

From out my garret window
I watch the world go by;
And when I tire of it,
I scan the blue-lit sky.


Comes thru my garret window
The moans of men below,
Till moonlight brings a silence,
And stars a quiet glow.

Below my garret window
Men grope their saddened way;
Above it lies the heavens
Where airy creatures play.

Beyond my garret window
High up I long to soar,
To see the weary faces;
To hear the noise, no more.

Thomas P. Carroll, '25.

THE EPIZOOTIC MR. MELL

NE is often apt to wonder, if after all, a college education is worth anything. Take, for instance, the case of the epizootic Mr. Mell.

It was six o'clock, and a hurrying crowd of tired-looking workers hustled along the snow-covered sidewalks of the Avenue. Standing at a crosstown intersection was a tall, young man, rather finely moulded, but roughly dressed, who watched with a keen interest the scurrying throng of pedestrians. A brisk breeze swirled through the early-morning air, causing him to button his short coat, and pull his wide-peaked cap down farther. The young man in question was Philip Bradford Mell, of the Mells of Beacon Hill.

At his side slouched a rather short, dumpy individual who gave the impression of having on many pairs of trousers and many sack coats. He was viewing the passing show lackadaisically, and with eyes that peered out from a stubby-bearded face. Of uncertain years, he yet had the air of a delayed youth. This gentleman was Biscuit Harrigan, and he was a man of note in his chosen field of endeavor. Biscuit was a tramp, a panhandler, an outstanding specimen of the genus hobo. He had received his *nom de guerre* of Biscuit simply because he had an inordinate amount of crust, like many of the biscuits one meets in life. Due to his inability to translate insult and his absolute imperviousness to rebuff, he managed to eke out a plenitude of nourishment under circumstances that would have made an ordinary tramp languish and die. In the circle, which has for its motto: "Ship by freight," Biscuit was recognized as among the leaders of his profession.

Presently, the young man, Mr. Mell, turned to the older and spoke. "Biscuit, we have just forty-seven cents left. What shall we do? Get something to eat—or look for work? Mr. Mell's *a's* were Harvardenesque.

"By all means, brother, let's eat. I'm empty inside," spoke Biscuit.

"Please do not call me brother! I despise that form of address. If you must, call me Philip."

"All right, all right, Ph'lip, but anyhow, let's eat."

"Where shall we go to eat?" asked Philip.

"Down to Coffee Jack's where forty-seven cents will get you everything but finger bowls."

"Come, then, we shall go."

Downtown they went, down to Coffee Jack's, and there the strange pair ate voraciously from Weapon Period crockery. The cups were thicker than a man's skull for very good reason, and the plates presented fine examples of the time when discus-throwing was an art. Presiding over the savory odors and the formidable crockery, was the personage Coffee Jack himself. He was large to the point of bigness, and robust, and he carried with him a memento of more active days, in the form of a partially cauliflowered ear. Coffee Jack and another man were engaged in discussing the employment conditions that then existed in the busy city of New York.

"It's terrible the way a poor guy's got to scratch for a livin', nowadays," bemoaned Coffee Jack.

"You said it. Why they tell me that there's fifty thousand birds out of work right now, and they ain't no chance of gettin' a steady job this year." The man conversing with Coffee Jack had a profound knowledge of his subject, and it could be easily seen that his opinion was respected by the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Well, what are you goin' to do? It's the Republicans that's the cause of it," said Coffee Jack vehemently. He belonged to the Magnolia Club and did his bit for Tammany every election day.

"Whoever's the cause of it don't make no difference to the poor guys that can't get work. There's a bunch of 'em over on the Bowery, now, tryin' to find work or a place to flop."

At this point, Philip Bradford Mell pricked up his well-shaped ears, figuratively, of course, and with a purposeful look on his face led Biscuit into the great outdoors, much to the latter's displeasure.

"Did you hear what that fellow said about employment conditions here in New York. Why it's simply horrible."

"Maybe it's the bunk," stated the practical Biscuit.

"The man seemed to know what he was talking about. He evidently knew his ground of argument. Do you think there are men over on the Bowery, who haven't a place to eat, or sleep?"

"Sure, there always is some."

"Take me over there and I shall see for myself. If such is the case I will do something to alleviate the conditions."

"All right, but if you start makin' speeches the cops will make you move along."

In Chatham Square, Philip and Biscuit met a gentleman of the wide open spaces who answered to the quaint cognomen of Tin Can Perry. It was a popular belief among his brethren that all he needed to concoct a delicious Mulligan stew was a tincan and a fire. Tin Can was effusive in his greeting, and when duly introduced to Philip by Biscuit, he showed his delight by smiling benignly with a gold tooth. After being questioned by Philip, and entering into the spirit of the occasion, as it were, he expanded to his full expansion, and the queries he could not answer with fact, he answered with fiction. So successful was his expose that it brought a look of resolution to Philip's aristocratic visage, and right then and there, he swore an oath that he would become the savior of the unfortunate, the champion of the down-trodden, and the rescuer of the weak.

"There are poor guys here on the Bowery imitatin' derelicts in the Mission so they can get a place to sleep. They go in an' lay on a cot and the people from the yap wagons tourin' Chinatown come in an' gawk at them, and then go home to Oshkosh an' tell the folks they saw the evils of New York."

Such was the tale of Tin Can, only better embroidered. Under the sway of his individual audience, he waxed eloquent, and cast aside regard for figures. What he wanted was effect.

Accompanied by Biscuit and Tin Can, Philip Mell of Beacon Hill marched on the Mission, and there he found three recruits who promptly deserted the humdrum of the Mission for the possibility of excitement. Philip was eloquent in his appeal for them to rally to the standard of the down trodden, and he was copious in his promises to better their several lots in life. As is usual, it did not take very long for the news to spread that Hobohemia had a new apostle of hope, an Elias-like raven from Boston who promised to feed his subjects. What Philip was going to feed them he himself had not the slightest idea. Where he was going to house them he knew not. By nightfall, the vicinity of the Bowery saw Philip Bradford Mell of Beacon Hill, Boston, being followed by an increasing number of men who admitted they were unemployed—and who need not have admitted they were unshaved. It was evident.

There were young men, old men, short men, tall men, in-between men, thin men, fat men, men who wanted work, and men who

did not want work, sad men, glad men, amateur tramps and professional hoboos in his army. Philip began to think that there were more than fifty thousand unemployed in the city of New York, for early in the evening, he estimated that there were following him at least twice that many. February nights are cold, and Philip thought he sensed a waning of enthusiasm in the parade that had wound and straggled its way up and down the Bowery, Chatham Square and around innumerable El pillars. He was getting desperate in his endeavor to find a solution to his problem, when Biscuit came to his rescue.

"Say, there's an old church down around the corner that's never used, and maybe you could get it for tonight, huh?"

"Show me where it is, and I will see what I can do. I must do something quickly or I will put at naught all the good work that has been done today," said Philip.

The army proceeded to the little old church, which looked sadly neglected, and of a different era entirely from the present one, and after inquiry they found where the trustees of the church lived. Philip was eminently successful, for his youthful ardor persuaded Mr. Squago, the trustee, that he (Philip) was either crazy or a genius come to lead men. Thus it was that Philip and his army found themselves installed in the old church. About the same time, the reporters began to arrive, and in meeting Philip, they realized they had met one of the best stories of the year. They asked at least a million questions, and to everyone they received an adequate answer. The reporters hurried back to their several city rooms and let the rewrite men go to work on what they had gathered. The morning editions were full of "Mr. Mell" and his "Army" as the reporters immediately dubbed the proceedings.

Strange was the sight in the old church that evening, for a bird's-eye view showed a tatterdemalion crowd sleeping in the pews of the ancient house of worship. The snoring was symphonic and if an impressionistic composer of either the atonal or polytonal schools had been present, the world of music would have been enriched. Philip stayed awake all night, planning the morrow's campaign. At an early hour the reporters were again present, and Philip let it be known through the newspapers that he planned on opening a soup kitchen, which would sell a full meal for ten cents and still make three cents profit. Once again there was glee among the news-

papermen. Hot stuff, this! True to his word, Philip opened the soup kitchen in a basement after first leading an assault upon the municipal employment office. He was making his army go to work shoveling snow for the city. The soup kitchen was made possible by donations of money and foodstuffs which came from wealthy and unhappy people who saw the account of the project in the papers. Then, too, the name of Philip Bradford Mell was a help.

Business was picking up, decidedly. There was an air of prosperity in Hobohemia. The leader of it all was pleased with himself, and well he might be, for his was an accomplishment of note. The army was increasing, and so was the number of Philip's attacks on the heartlessness of a city which allowed such conditions to exist. He had become famous almost overnight, had Mr. Mell. But the city fathers were tired of reading his attacks in the newspapers every evening, so they sought a way to be freed of the presence of Mr. Mell. His honor, the Mayor, told the police commissioner to tell the inspector of the sanitary squad to tell Mr. Mell that he would have to cease using old churches for rookeries, and that no longer would hoboes be allowed to drape their bodies in the pews of houses of worship—and that was final. The inspector did as he was told, and Philip was righteously indignant. So that was the reward for humanitarianism and philanthropy from a city which worshiped mammon! He so informed the reporters and they did full justice to it with their trusty typewriters. But the soup kitchen was still proving a success—until—

She was sort of small and had snapping brown eyes, and a very business-like air about her. Yes, she wanted to study the conditions surrounding the institution of the soup kitchen at first hand. She was a bit of a sociologist and loved statistics, and she met the one and only Mr. Mell himself, on an excursion to the soup kitchen. She was business-like, all right, but at the same time Philip could not help noticing the way her eyes snapped and how keenly alive she was. Both being self-confessed sociologists, there was a congenial topic on which they could exchange views. It got to be a regular thing, this exchanging of views. They began to cultivate the habit of going out to lunch together—and they usually would go upstairs in Riggs.

Mary Van Tine, for that was her name, would on these occasions chide the philanthropical Philip on his attire.

"Philip, why don't you get some decent clothes? You embarrass me by dressing the way you do."

"Mary, I must wear the clothes of the men with whom I live and for whom I work," Philip would answer.

"You don't have to wear those old corduroy trousers, do you?"

"Yes, I must. It is the symbol of labor."

"Indeed, it is not. All the boys at Princeton are wearing them."

"I shall wear them no more," asserted Philip. You see he was a Harvard man.

One day he asked Mary to marry him, and she spoiled it all by rudely asking on what he hoped to subsist. He was not making any more money than any leader of hoboes does. And things, anyway, were beginning to go against him. The inspector of the sanitary squad made his final pronouncement concerning churches as hostelrys, and the city government, in self defence, turned open the doors of the municipal lodging house to whomsoever would care to rest his weary head in peace and quietude. All these charges of Philip, stating that there were thousands of unemployed in New York, had been given too much publicity, and the city wanted to disprove it by inviting all and sundry to partake of the municipal hospitality free of charge.

His army had begun to desert him, and the soup kitchen was closed. Warm weather was coming soon, and the countryside was luring the footloose. Biscuit remained faithful till the last. He knew on which side of his cake rested the jam. It was now that Mary began to take Philip in hand. He confessed that he was a failure—and she scornfully said that he was parasitic on human life because he stultified initiative in many of his followers, and did their thinking for them. She said that he should have been termed the "Epizootic Mr. Mell" by the newspapermen. Philip agreed with all she said, so you can see how deeply in love he was. Back to Boston went Philip, with Mary Van Tine as his bride, and once there he begged his father's pardon for being a long-eared hybrid, and his father being a Mell of Beacon Hill forgave him. Philip wanted to be a sociologist when in reality, he was a good Congressman in the making.

Biscuit became a surprisingly good chauffeur.

T. J. Dale, '25.

Boy

Behold our rising hope,
Whose growth we vainly cope!
The master dreamer, whom fair pillows fully gall;
Pearl purest to our eye,
Who makes salt tears to cry;
Our care and love; our labor sweet, our all!
Our pious prayer, and greatest joy;
'Tis these you are, and more, our boy!

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

THE OBSERVER

THE vast majority of the inhabitants of this country belong to that class generally referred to as average American citizens. Now, a member of this great body is usually a sober, sensible, deep-thinking man who works hard and, on occasions, plays hard. He has his attachments, his fads, and is loyal—it is he who is the veritable backbone of this young but flourishing American republic. To the average citizen, religion is a serious thing. Most consider it as equally important as their business, and many deem it of far greater import than any material pursuit—which is quite a surprising thing, for the A. A. C. lives only for his business. To a great many, religion is a one-day-a-week affair, and to others it is but a one-day-a-year concern. However, this average citizen respects religion highly; and though he is in many cases indifferent to the particular mode of worship he may see fit to practice, he practices some kind and experiences a sense of spiritual satisfaction. He is usually too good a business man to think of denying the existence of an eternal Creator—for he recognizes wherever he may see them, cause and effect. In time of trouble, after he has exhausted the good will of his creditors and the patience of his family, he is not at all averse to imploring Divine aid—which is a good thing; he remembers the hours spent at his mother's knee. So we may conclude that the average citizen, himself a man of faith, would not hesitate to protest were his religion attacked or ridiculed. For just as he makes a daily fight for the maintenance of the source of his physical necessities, so will he resent any slander or slur against the object of his religious tendencies. In a word the average American citizen will not permit anyone to make a fool of him.

So, we were subject to great surprise recently, when reading an editorial in an Eastern newspaper, concerning the late Robert G. Ingersoll, the notorious infidel, the editorial writer displayed more brotherly love than prudence. Now, everyone will admit that to love one's brother or neighbor is a very commendable means of practicing virtue, unless this practice becomes too maudlin. One must be on one's guard against a neighbor whose proclivities for destruc-

tion are greater than a propensity for doing his duty to his God and his fellowman. When an unknown country pastor completely annihilated the equivocating Ingersoll and proved him to be a "notorious little fraud," who was ignorant of the laws of logic and unable to quote honestly, it was thought that those who were charmed by Ingersollian tones of honey would come to their senses. But there is one who has not, evidently. The editorial writer to whom reference is made takes occasion to say a good word or two for Robert G. Ingersoll. We honor him for his charity, but when he declared, referring to Ingersoll: "His daily walk in life was quite as blameless as the average law-abiding, God-fearing, family-loving man" we hastened to choke an exclamation of disgust at such a verbal travesty on the average American citizen. In the first place the average law-abiding man did not, and does not, go about the country charging his fellow citizens fifty cents to hear him deny the existence of God, jeer religion, and poke malicious fun at all that is sacred and holy. Again, the average American citizen, after denying the existence of a God, does not, most illogically, charge God with the *murder* of millions, and declare that God is unjust because, to him, that justice is invisible. We are entirely unable to see how Ingersoll was as "the average God-fearing man" when he refused to admit a God existed; how he could have loving fear for a God he called unjust, merciless and cruel. It is truly an Ingersollian proposition, a farcical contradiction.

It is to be readily understood that many people were charmed at the wonderful oratorical abilities of Ingersoll; that he was a student of human nature who knew the minds of the crowd. He could play on feelings and sentiments and he drew wonderful applause—and many half dollars. But it is many years since he delivered his last oration, perpetrated his last burlesque on Christianity. People who were swayed by his sweet and powerful words, to whom his beautiful phrases were as so much exhilarating wine, have had sufficient time to cool off; to come to their senses and look around. But evidently some people have failed to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear the other side of the question—to read the crushing and excreting answers given to Ingersoll's blasphemous writings, by that able logician and masterful metaphysician and theologian, Rev. Louis A. Lambert. The type and worth of this reply to In-

gersoll may be judged by the fact that Ingersoll—usually so glib of tongue and loose of jaw—never answered. He was crushed. Any one who had been sufficiently broadminded to read Lambert's answer to the blasphemies of Ingersoll—anyone who was fair enough to listen to the defence of Christianity against the assaults of atheism would be unable, were he in possession of his right reason, to say that Ingersoll was as blameless as the average law-abiding, God-fearing man.

Again we read what the same editorial writer has written: "Historians tell us Robert G. Ingersoll was a disbeliever, an agnostic, a doubter and what not. We could never figure out "Bob Ingersoll." Historians are not necessary. Ingersoll, from his own lips, stands condemned; for there are many living today who heard that orator years ago accuse God—on the occasions he admitted His existence—of evil designs and practices. And one is forced to remark that if an editorial writer is unable to "figure out" Ingersoll, how can he come to his ridiculously universal conclusions concerning him. When a man cannot solve a problem, he does not obtain an answer until the solution is effected. The memory of Ingersoll may live long—there are many to whom his writings bring much delight; but as long as the irreligious outbursts of the orator will remain in the printed word, just so long will the work of Father Lambert remain; both exemplifying types of men and offering the reader his choice of destructive infidelity or Christianity founded on the faith in, and love of, an infinite God.

The average American citizen has made his choice, for, to use the vernacular, he knows a good thing when he sees it. Atheism had nothing to offer; Christianity everything. He has chosen to retain the principles of Christ, for he cannot, and will not, deny the existence of that One to whom he turns in times of tribulation.

T. Henry Barry, '25.

Life's Wreck

Upon Despair's bleak coast,
Without a single boast,
There lies a ghastly hulk, which Hell now claims;
Once whipped by Storms of Strife,
Now beached by Sea of Life,
And lashed and tossed by pitching Surf that blames
And cries to him who, sinning, sailed,
"By evil whim, oh fool, you've failed!"

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

RESIDUUM

THAT GUILTY GARLIC!

(Without Apologies to Horace.)

What charm think you did dire Medea use
To hearten Jason 'gainst the fiery bull,
Or with what viper's blood anoint the wool
When she conspired to slay the fair Creus?

With what fell drug did Dejanira lave
The huge, majestic bulk of Hercules,
By which she made the massy shoulders cease
Their toils, and seek releif in Stygian wave?

The same, Maecenas, that last Friday night,
When I, a guest, sat at your festive board,
And ate of all your bounty did afford,
Suspecting not your own vindictive spite.

Alas! Medea's venom counts for naught,
And Dejanira's, but your garlic's hot!

John L. McCormick, '27.

HANDSOME ISN'T AS HANDSOME WAS

(A Story With a Wallop.)

Clarence Pedigree Raleigh-Muff was once the heavyweight intercollegiate champion of the near-sighted East. He could sling a mean fist and he knew it. In fact, he forgot to forget it. He was a handsome lad, beautifully built, rugged, and fast. Especially fast. Now Mike McSlaughter was no Adonis—my goodness no! He was a pug; one of the Round-house Gang. He was born a fighter—and he grew up that way. He weighed slightly under a ton—but he looked bigger. He was not bellicose—he was well trained.

Mike and Clarence met one evening, literally and physically, for Mike, walking along, head down, inadvertantly bumped Clarence on the chin. "Be more careful, you brutal-looking ruffian," said Clarence, sharply and haughtily. Mike missed his first swing—but he didn't mind—he had a lot of swings left. (Make your own puns.) Clarence jabbed him sternly, several times. Then it was that the growing crowd of onlookers saw a neat exhibition of boxing skill, on the part of—Clarence? Oh, no! I'm talking of Mike. He went around Clarence in the fashion of a cooper around a barrel—and then he took the swing out of the back yard and presented it to Clarence. All Clarence could see was daisies and a lot of nice, fluttery butterflies. Mike, his task completed, readjusted his pearl-grey derby, and sauntered happily away, whistling even as the blithesome skylark.

Three weeks later, when Clarence left the hospital he proceeded to his five-foot book shelf, and gathering his Frank Merriwell books he cast them into the furnace. Clarence was collegiate boxing champion, and Mike earned his own living. Moral: Mind is unable to master matter, according to the Marquis of Gooseberry.

B. T. Henry, '25.

Youth: "Say, officer, did you see four fellows going past here a minute ago?"

Officer: "What did they look like?"

Youth: "Three of them were dressed collegiate—"

Officer: "Yes?"

Youth: "And the other one went to college."

Old Motto: Laugh and the world laughs with you.

Our Motto: Laugh, or not. We've got your two dollars.

The rising generation will be all right when it gets up.

OUR MONTHLY PUZZLE

(With Answers.)

VERTICAL:

11. The father of the tin industry. (De Troit.)
22. The principle of individuation. (Desiccated matter.)
33. One who has his ups and downs. (Indoor chauffeur.)
44. There is no such word as—(can't).
55. There is such a philosopher as—(Kant).

HORIZONTAL:

6. Yes, we have no—(don't you dare say it).
9. A bird in the hand is worth two in the—(egg).
28. Four letter word for antidisesatblishmentarianism (blah).

Philosophy Professor: "Is it possible to have a clear idea of nothing?"

Stupid Stude: "Sure, just have no idea, at all."

COUPLET

(Or uncouple't.)

Snow! snow! Beautiful snow!

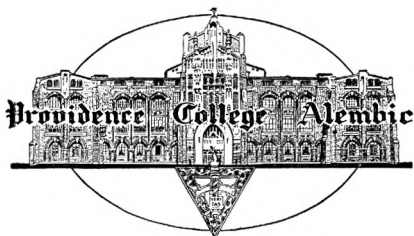
When the heck are you going to go?

GREAT MEN WHO HAVE MET US

What a beautiful dancer she was—as graceful as the swan she imitated. Light, light as a spring zephyr, she pirouetted about the stage—and she really was beautiful. Blonde hair of a rich—and natural yellow, almost golden, and eyes so blue they seemed to be bottomless pools of turquoise. Dainty-featured, and yet character stamped on every one of them, she was of Olympus, and the Olympians. The music lulled, and she gracefully—oh so gracefully—died (the dying swan), the audience was hushed, and the music, plaintive violin, and soothing wood winds, died into nothingness—and then applause. Violent applause—the theatre was in an uproar. Again and again a tornado of handclapping roared its way through the structure, and the little star bowed, and bowed, so shyly, so demurely. A beautiful picture, indeed.

We had to see the orchestra leader about something, that is, we told ourself we did. And behind the scenes we met—the star, the beautiful dancer, the interpreter of Pan. She was smoking a cigarette that reposed in the end of an eighteen inch holder, and her puffs of acrid smoke were punctuated by clicking teeth on chewing gum. At our introduction she said “Pleased to meet cha.” And her press agent said that she was a graduate of two colleges. And we said that maybe she was, for that is the way modern college girls act and talk.

H. C. Nyl, '25.



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John E. Farrell, '26

The month of February will witness the birth anniversaries of two of our greatest Americans, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Both of these men were statesmen; both were saviors in a crisis, and as is always the case, both were unappreciated until after death had made them memories. The lives of these two men were similar in some respects, and widely different in others, but they had in common one thing, and that was a spirit of self-sacrifice.

In the elementary schools, boys and girls will decorate their classrooms on the afternoon of February 11, and on the following

day they will recite Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*; give sketches of Lincoln's life; and if they are fortunate, mayhap they will have the opportunity of shaking the hand of a veteran of the struggle between the North and South. Much will be made of the kindness and mercy of the tall, ungainly man who gave everything that these United States might remain united. Lincoln's public life will be set up as an example of all that is good, and a great many young hearts will resolve to be Lincolns when they grow up. Lincoln will be idolized as a statesman—and at the same time he will not be remembered as a politician.

In Lincoln's time *statesman* and *politician* were interchangeable terms. Today the word statesman conjures up the image of a gentleman skilled in the affairs of State, and bearing a dignity commensurate with his position. On the other hand, politician has become a term of opprobrium. The word itself has gained such innumerable personality at the hands of artist and cartoonist that no longer are we able to imagine a politician except as an overlarge man with a tall hat and a sash leading a parade. And maybe the artist and cartoonist are correct in their picturizations, if not as to appearance, perhaps as to substance, for few are the statesmen of today, but many are the politicians.

Washington and Lincoln were true statesmen, both having had a thorough knowledge of government, and the strength and purpose to see it administered. There were politicians then, who jockeyed for office, and who would rather manipulate than administrate, but they were not as openly active as they are now. The American people may be a collection of unintelligent beings (and we have our doubts about this, too) but at the same time they do not like to be told too bluntly that they are unable to govern themselves without the machinations of quick-eyed opportunists. Nor do they relish meeting a too open attitude of "Barnum was right," concerning their mentality and governmental capabilities. Of late, more than ever before, the American public has received an ample sufficiency of political opportunism. The birth-rate of politicians is far outstripping the birth-rate of statesmen, which, for the health of the Republic, should not be. It is for this reason, though, that we are refreshed at recalling the careers of Washington and Lincoln as statesmen. What we honestly need is more statesmen—and fewer politicians.

THE STAGE The condition of the theatre in America to-day seems to contain within it a paradox. Perhaps never in its history has the American stage been so progressive, reached such an eminence, and perhaps never in its history has it sunken to such vulgarity. In the days of the melodrama, which it might be added, was strongly American in production and presentation, there was the homely quality of virtue triumphant—triumphant at any cost. Crudities there were—and plenty of them—in the days of the blood and thunder romances, and if the same plays were presented nowadays, modern audiences would howl with laughter at them. Still, the audiences of their day alternately chuckled and sobbed, all depending on the momentary position of the heroine. And from this extremely virile drama came the parent-stock of modern American plays.

The past year has seen the metropolitan debuts of plays which went into the gutter for their lines. Profanity was used very freely, until in several instances it became common dramatic grist, and then the ultimate in risqué was reached. Exaggerated realism was the keynote, and the producers did their best to satisfy the demand for theatrical sensationalism. This was in straight dramatic productions. For a number of years previous to this there was a vogue for musical extravaganza as presented by the revue. A spectacular jumble of vaudeville acts comprised the revue, and where but one of these costly presentations existed, there came into being a half dozen. Following its more legitimate brethren, the revue strove to entertain the sensation seekers and the much maligned "tired business man." Almost simultaneously musical comedy (the hybrid progeny of comic opera and musical burlesque) was attaining its mightiest success. There was a tiny filament of plot in such offerings, maybe a tuneful song, some good jokes (sometimes), and usually a lot of dancing. In exceptional cases musical comedy reached artistic heights and gave a lot of clean entertainment. This period in the American theatre saw startling development along a definite line—scenic effects.

In a short time, marvelous electrical effects came to be accepted as ordinary, where but a while before they were unheard of. These electrical effects, combined with the drape idea of settings and the tendency toward color gave to the stage a new charm. And

with this definite scenic progression there came a revival of Shakespeare, and never before were the characters of the Bard so fittingly arrayed or magnificently surrounded as they were in this revival. The latter part of 1924 saw the popularity of the big revues waning, and doubtless, when Spring comes, there will be few such left. Against this, we have the most encouraging sign of all, and that is the return of lyric opera. Not only are the immortal melodies and lyrics of Gilbert and Sullivan enjoying a rebirth, but several operas on a par with the best which the past produced, opened recently. Amidst the most beautiful settings imaginable, these plays showed intrinsic worth from their very first performance. Intelligent lyrics and tuneful melodies that breathed musicianship, handled by an able cast, made an impression that will be lasting. Let us hope more of the same kind will be produced.

It can be seen from this, that while there are plays which undeniably violate the proprieties, and gain what doubtful distinction they can in mentioning the unmentionable, nevertheless there is an element strongly opposing them. It would almost be a calamity to witness a growth of such mummery on the American stage when the opportunity is at hand to encourage the worthwhile.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

The Mid-Years As we look back as far as September, we see that half the school year has flitted by almost too fast. Our mid-year examinations have passed and on the whole, were successful. They have served as a means of finding our weak points, and it is our duty now, to strengthen those weaknesses. Now, we look ahead and see another half year before us, with its possibilities and probabilities. Let us not wait till the middle of the term to start work—now is the time.

The Varsity Debating Society During the last two months, two debates have taken place and were attended by a large representation of the student body with their guests.

The first question debated was—"Resolved, That the United States should retain permanently, the Phillippines." The affirmative side was upheld by Charles Young, '25, and Gregory Sullivan, '25; the negative defended by Edward McQuade, '26, and Eugene Sullivan, '27. The decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative side.

The next debate was—"Resolved, That the provisions of the immigration laws of 1923 was the best policy." The affirmative was upheld by John Fitzpatrick, '25, Robert Murphy, '25, and Robert Curran, '25; the negative defended by James Lynch, '25, Stephen Murray, '27, and Frank Reynolds, '26. Although the decision was given the affirmative side, there was little to choose between the two teams.

Arrangements are now under way for a Sophomore-Freshman debate, which should stimulate a great interest in the lower, as well as in the upper classes of the college. The society, so far, has enjoyed a lively and interesting season and present indications are that it will continue in the same manner.

Walter F. Reilley, '26.

ALUMNI

The Alumni Committee is to be complimented on its splendid effort to make the Alumni Ball a success. Gaudett's Hollywood Inn Orchestra was very well received, and with reason, for the music was excellent. The affair was very well patronized, but it is to be hoped that the alumni, as a body, will evince more interest in the future. This year the ball seemed exceptionally colorful, and it seemed too bad that more of the alumni could not attend. Another year is coming, however.

As an aftermath of the Christmas vacation we have gleaned more information as to the whereabouts of some of our "grads."

Amos Lachappelle, '23, is in his second year at B. U. Law School.

Bill Connor, '24, has transferred from Catholic University to Georgetown Law, where Jim Furlong, '23, is also enrolled.

Mortimer Newton and Joseph Flynn, both of '24, are at Harvard Law School.

Thomas Grimes, '24, and Howard Farrell, '24, are classmates at Columbia Law.

Some of our "grads" have chosen other fields of endeavor.

John O'Neill, '24, Columbia, business.

Jim Colgan, '24, Harvard Dental.

"Boots" Malloy, pre-med, '24, Boston University, medicine.

Lloyd Wilson, pre-med, '23, and wife were recently blessed with a visit from the stork.

Divinity students home for the mid-year vacations, who visited old friends at the college included: Thomas Myrick, William Farrell, Andrew Sullivan, Thomas J. Moriarty, E. W. McPhillips, Robert E. Meadows, John J. Feeney, John C. Ells, Leo Carlin, Joseph O'Gara, '23; Francis P. Casey, Thomas J. Monahan, Lucien Olivier, '23.

Earle F. Ford, '25.

EXCHANGE

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE



WE LOOK for literature worth while in *The Purple* and usually we find it. The January issue was true to *Purple* standards. The contents demonstrates literary ability among the contributors. The magazine is well arranged, well balanced, and possesses a wealth of interesting material. There is an atmosphere of refinement and culture about the book, not characteristic of other college magazines received from hereabouts.

In the January number we find two short stories, a most unusual finding. Moreover, they were well written short stories and this is indeed an extraordinary finding. Of the two presented, we believe that *Habit* was the better. The author's felicity of diction, and his power to develop the plot both tend to show that he has unrealized potentialities. *Psychoanalysis and the New Psychology*, a ponderous psychological treatise, involved much work on the part of the author. It was cleverly handled and easy to read despite the many polysyllabic words. The article on Rafael Sabatini deserves much consideration. The author has nothing but praise for the Modern Dumas. We are anxious to know what actuated all this adulation. We do not deny that Mr. Sabatini is a clever romancer but we disagree with this sentence "From the first chapter until the last word of his books, there is never a false note struck, never a break, never a pause." "Never" is rather a strong word to employ here, for a careful examination of his books reveals many false notes and even a few discords. Mr. Sabatini is an historical romancer, with emphasis on the romancer. No one acquainted with the history of the periods that Mr. Sabatini deals with in his books, would accuse him of being historically accurate, for occasionally he sacrifices fact for fiction. It is all very true that his works contain action and that they are intensely dramatic, but there is a sameness about his works, and even his latest work, *Saint Martin's Summer*, is no exception.

The hero rescues the fair damsel from the most intricate circumstances and rides off with his lady fair from her imprisoned castle to the land of sunshine and daisies, where they live in eternal bliss and so on *ad finitum*. Thus Mr. Sabatini brings to a felicitous termination his most intensely dramatic historical romances.

We notice that poetry of good quality was abundant. *Westward Ho* was exceptionally good, while *Life*, although not exhibiting exactitude in meter throughout, conveyed a very fine thought. We had always entertained the opinion that a real family spirit and a spirit of good fellowship existed at your college. We are now convinced beyond a possibility of a doubt from a bit of information we read in one of the paragraphs under the title of *Entre Nous*. In giving an account of your Christmas celebration we read, "Nowhere but at Holy Cross could one expect to find an affair of this nature carried out with such a true Christmas motivation." Loyalty to our alma mater is an excellent thing, in fact, it is an essential quality in any college but moderation is far better than excess, the latter may, and in some cases does, lead to egotism. Let the bouquets be thrown from without!

THE ANSELMIAN

It is surprising to find that a magazine so advanced in years and having enjoyed such a vast experience, should manifest such a lack of support not alone in the literary department, but in every other as well. We would expect much from a college magazine so well matured and having so many long and fruitful years to compose its history. Perhaps old age is an impediment. Some people as they advance in years become rheumatic but we never knew that magazines did. We know that our elders are reluctant to receive advice, but occasionally they need it. The occasion now presents itself, and we, though mere neophytes and unschooled in the art of publishing college magazines are about to bestow counsel.

The January number of *The Anselmian* is far from being a finished product. To begin with the glue that holds the cover to the book has a peculiar tendency to besmirch the advertisements. Furthermore, it does not display good taste to print ads on the inside of cover. In doing this, neatness is sacrificed for mere mercenary gain. The essays and articles were fairly good. First, we have

an essay on *The Life and Works of Joseph Conrad*. The author possesses an extensive knowledge of Conrad's works. The opening sentence of this essay reads: "Much has been written of Conrad's fictional art since his recent death in England." This is the truest thing in the book. Every college student seems to think that something additional must be said about the eminent genius, and even at this late date, we are receiving magazines containing essays on this somewhat belated subject. The *Centralization of Government* was a clear and forceful treatment of the attempt of government to centralize education, and also the attempt to gain control of child labor. The Anglo Saxon and Anglo Norman periods of English literature were rehearsed in an article, entitled *The Development of Literature in Early England*. This piece should have been polished and smoothed before printing. It was very choppy. The paragraphs were too numerous and alarmingly short. The poetry was in the main mediocre, but the jokes were fine! You have allowed the figment of a day to overtake you to such a degree as to print a crossword puzzle. Of course you realize we can obtain a very good crossword puzzle in any two cent daily. What is the prize awarded to him who solves the mystery, and if there is no prize, just what is the object in printing the puzzle?

An editorial argues for the need of a course in *Good Manners* to be included in the curricula of our colleges. We do not agree with this argument. College is not the place for good manners to be taught. There are two things, Mr. Editor, that should be taught in every home, and these are religion and manners. They are taught in most homes, and anyone who goes to college to learn good manners should keep that intention under his hat. Now good manners do not necessarily teach you which spoon to use first when you sit down in a fashionable eating house with a vast array of silver before you. Emily Post will do that. What our college men need is a polishing of the rough edges before they leave. A course in suavity would be fine, but would there ever be a sufficient number to warrant such a course? We are not pessimists, but we think that we can apply that old philosophic axiom here, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

James C. Conlon, '25.



Reappointment of Jack Flynn, former major league luminary, as coach of the baseball team for the 1925 season, the White and Black's third on the intercollegiate diamond, has been announced by Rev. William D. Noon, O. P., president of the institution. Retention of Flynn's services has already boosted Providence College baseball stock above par.

Hearty endorsement of the good work done by the mentor in the 1924 campaign could come in no better way than by reappointment. Alumni, students, and the public in general have faith in the ability of the Holy Cross product to develop a baseball machine, as good, and probably better, than his first turned out last spring.

Mr. Flynn is a professor of baseball. The art of offense and defense is a subject for him to teach; the uncanny genius reposing in him to outguess the opposing coach is one of his cardinal baseball virtues. Taking over the machine after the unsuccessful start against Yale University, Mr. Flynn remodelled it, casting new parts and polishing up old ones for the nine positions.

His record is a tribute to baseball genius. It is a record seldom paralleled in the history books of younger institutions in the country. Ten consecutive victories, coming in rapid-fire succession after the 8 to 1 defeat at the hands of the Eli team, heralded a new era in diamond history at this institution.

It presaged success in the annual series with Brown University. Success came but only after a hard fight. Success showered itself on the White and Black's diamond machine after 20 gruelling innings that filled the collegiate books with records. It was a tri-

umphant conclusion to a season marked by the steady rise of Providence College on the ball field.

But the glory of capturing the greatest game in collegiate diamond history is indelibly written into the record books. It will always be a thrilling memory. And memories and victories of a successful past campaign constitute a background which will fire the candidates with greater zeal and ambition for the hard schedule of games arranged for this season.

Practice will be inaugurated for battery candidates during the latter part of February. An unprecedented supply of pitchers will form the nucleus of the squad that Coach Flynn will sift for the 1925 combination.

Although Providence College believes itself equipped with a moulder of baseball machines, a student and teacher of the game, the institution, as represented by the students and alumni, cannot become passively interested in its athletic activities. Active interest must manifest itself. It is an incentive to the ball players.

Twenty-one games have been arranged by Manager Timothy J. Sullivan. The schedule is unique in that 17 games will be played on Hendricken Field. Contests on foreign fields include return games with Holy Cross, Boston College, Boston University and Northeastern College.

Arrangement of a contest for Hendricken Field with Holy Cross, to be played June 11, Commencement Day, will feature the home schedule. The annual series of two games with Brown University, recognized rivals, is scheduled for debate in the new Brown Stadium on successive Saturdays, June 6 and 13. The sporting element, followers of both teams, and even disinterested persons will be the judges.

The schedule to date is as follows:

- April 8 Middlebury at Providence.
- " 16 Lowell Textile at Providence.
- " 18 St. Francis at Providence.
- " 22 St. John's of Brooklyn at Providence.
- " 24 Northeastern at Providence.
- " 25 Springfield at Providence.

Providence College Alembic

- " 28 Maine University at Providence.
May 1 St. Stephen's at Providence.
" 5 Villa Nova at Providence.
" 7 Boston College at Boston.
" 16 Manhattan at Providence.
" 20 New Hampshire at Providence.
" 21 Boston College at Providence.
" 23 Boston University at Providence.
" 26 Northeastern at Boston.
" 27 St. Michael's at Providence.
" 30 Seton Hall at Providence.
June 3 Holy Cross at Worcester.
" 6 Brown University at Stadium.
" 11 Holy Cross at Providence.
" 13 Brown University at Stadium.

Vernon C. Norton, '25.

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William F. Casey

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