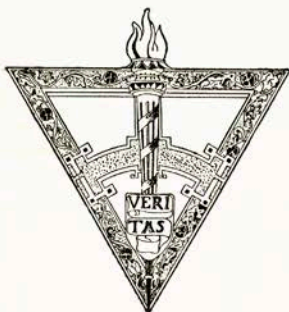


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APRIL, 1925

NO. 7

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VOL. V.

APRIL, 1925.

No. 7.

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Published monthly from October to June, by the students of Providence College, Providence R. I. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office, Providence, R. I., December 18, 1920, under Act of March 3, 1879.

"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917; authorized January 13, 1921."

My Son

The mystic moonlight stealing
O'er a fragant garden fair
Falls on a figure kneeling,
Head bowed in silent prayer;
Alone in beauty's bowers
Amidst the sleeping flowers,
While pass the hastn'ing hours
He seeks sweet solace there.

He waits the mournful morrow
When death will life disown,
And skies will fade with sorrow,
And winds with grief will moan;
When through the trees, sad, swaying,
Comes answer to His praying,
A voice Divine, and saying
"My Son" from God's great throne.

Gerald Prior, '27.

Shakespearean Authenticity



WHO wrote Shakespeare? I can picture some of my readers when they see this question. They will nudge their companion of the moment and smile. I can picture still others who, being more erudite and also more kindly disposed toward what they consider the foibles of youth, will smile—and remark, “I thought that the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was buried years ago.” To the former I would say be not too hasty to judge. The latter I would ask kindly to bear with me and to consider the names of a few men who have been puzzled by the lack of harmony, that is apparent to the discerning eye, between the works of Shakespeare and the life of William Shakspeare of Stratford.

As far back as 1808 we find Schlegel, the German critic, writing, “generally speaking I consider all that has been said about him personally to be a mere fable, a blind extravagant error.”

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1811 said, “Ask your own hearts, ask your common sense, to conceive the possibility of the author of the plays being the anomalous, the wild, the irregular genius of our daily criticism, what! are we to have miracles in sport? Does God choose idiots to convey divine truths to man?”

Benjamin Disraeli, 1837; “And who is Shakespeare,” said Cadurcis, “Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it!”

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1838; “I cannot marry the facts (his life) to his verse.”

Dr. William Furness, 1866; “I am one of the many who have never been able to bring the life of Shakespeare and the plays of Shakespeare within planetary space of each other. Are there any two things in the world more incongruous?”

Cardinal Newman, 1870; “What do we know of Shakespeare, is he much more than a name, *vox et praeterea nihil*?”

James Russell Lowell, 1870; “Nobody believes any longer that immediate inspiration is possible in modern times; and yet everybody seems to take it for granted of this one man Shakespeare.”

Prince Bismark, 1892; "Could not understand how it was possible that a man however gifted with the intuitions of genius could have written what was attributed to Shakespeare unless he had been in touch with the great affairs of state, behind the scenes of political life, and also intimate with all the social refinements of thought which in Shakespeare's were only met with in the highest circles."

These are but a few of the many, I could continue the list and give the opinions of such men as; Hawthorne, Ruggles, Dickens, Holmes, Whitman, Parkman, etc. However, I have neither the time nor the space to do so. I am sure that these examples which I have quoted will convince you that the question is one open to discussion, at least, for surely these men are not hare-brained nincompoops as some would call those who hold that Shakespeare did not write the plays. Nor is it my intention in this short article to attempt to prove that Bacon is the real author of the Shakespeare works for I fear that my ability as a student of Elizabethan literature is not equal to the task. I shall, instead present you with a few facts from the life of William Shakespere which, with the proper consideration, may convince you that there is a great probability that these works were not written by the one who so long has been given the credit for them.

In reading the various lives of Shakespeare, we are struck by the great quantity of personal opinion that is brought into the record. The facts are, of course, few, and the various authors have twisted them to fit their own preconceived notions of what his life had been. I would say here, by the way of a digression, that it is rather strange that in all public documents containing the name we always find it spelled either *Shackspere*, *Shagspere*, or *Shaxspere*, and that nowhere but on the title page of the plays is it found spelled as we commonly spell it, that is, *Shakespeare*. Following the precedent set by many Baconians I shall spell the name in the latter form only when speaking of the author of the plays.

From the records of the parish church at Stradford, we know that William Shackspere, the son of John Shakespere and Mary Arden, was baptized on the twenty-sixth day of April in the year 1564. As it was customary then to have a child baptized three days after the birth it is generally held that his natal day is the twenty-third. Much has been said of the gentle birth of both his

parents. It is true that his mother was the daughter of a prosperous farmer for on her marriage to John Shakspeare she brought him a dowry of one hundred and ten pounds, thirteen shillings and fourpence. His father plied the trade of butcher and skinner in the town and his marriage to Mary Arden set him on his feet financially.

It is also quite true that he held various political offices in the town, running all the way from ale-taster to bailiff, which was the highest town office. This fact is brought forward as a proof that he was more or less educated. Yet we know from documents which are still extant that neither he nor his wife could sign their name. Dr. Long in his *English Literature* claims that he simply made his mark and left the signing of his name to the clerk who wrote the document. This is my idea of twisting facts with a vengeance. It is conceded by all those who have studied this period that among the country folks there were but few who had the ability to write. This being the case it hardly seems probable that a person holding public office would not have signed his name and gloried in his ability to do so. Indeed when we find a document which the nineteen aldermen were supposed to sign and find that six of them did so while the rest simply made their mark Dr. Long's contention seems to die a violent death.

Let us now consider the kind of a town Stradford was at this period. At the time of Shakspeare's birth it had a population of about fourteen hundred; it had about three hundred houses which were built of mud or wood, and roofed with thatch. There were in the town a court leet (recorder's court) a guild and chapel of the Holy Cross, with a free school. According to Phillips in his *Outlines* of the life of Shakspeare, the school contained but a few books which were chained to the desks. Roger Ascham who described such schools in 1571, said that the teaching in them was a "mere babblement and motions." This is not strange when we consider, as Phillips tells us, that the number of books to be found in the entire town were "exclusive of Bibles, church services, psalters, educational manuals, no more than two or three dozen if so many." All of which would lead us to believe that the educational facilities of the town were of the crudest kind.

We know that Shakspeare attended the free school until his fourteenth year at which time he was forced to leave on account

of his father's financial troubles. The story of how he employed himself varies with the imagination of his biographers. Some like Long, claim he was a lawyer's clerk, others claim that he was a schoolmaster; still others that he was merely a man about town. If we can believe local tradition, then we must hold this employment to be that of a butcher's apprentice, for in a letter which John Dowdall wrote to Mr. Edward Southwell dated April 1693, we find these words "The first remarkable place in this country That I visited was Stradford-super-Avon, where I saw the effigies of our English tragedian, Mr. Shakespear. The clark that shewd me this church is above 80 Yrs. old; he says that this Shakespear was formerly in this town bound apprentice to a butcher; but that he Run from his master to London & there was Recd into the play house as serviture." This is of course merely tradition but in my opinion it is at least worthy of the same credence that is given to the claims of his various biographers.

All that we actually know of this period of the actor's life is that on November 27, 1582, he obtained a license to marry Anne Wately of Temple Grafton, and that on the following day he obtained a license to marry Anne Hathaway of Stradford-On-Avon. He married the latter who bore him three children; Susanna, born May 24, 1583, and Hammet and Judith born in February 1585. Whether his married life was a happy one is a much disputed question, but one that I am in no position to discuss. We do know however, that about the year 1586 he went to London "trudging thither on foot by way of Oxford and High Wycombe," and that on his arrival there he became connected with the theatre in a rather lowly position.

Of his life in London we know but little; we are confronted by the same paucity of information that we found in his early life. We do know that he became an actor, for we find his name in a list of those who appeared before the queen in a Christmas play which was presented in 1592. It was at this time that the first of the Shakespeare works appeared, but as this article is concerned with the man and not with the works, I shall make no mention of them. There are some who claimed that he owned and managed the Blackfrairs theatre, but this is an exaggeration. It is true that he was interested in the theatre but only as an actor, for we find

in the Public Records Office, a petition of the Burbages to the Earl of Pembroke in which he states that in 1609 they purchased the lease of the theatre from one Evans "and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakespere &." This it will be noted was in 1609 only a short time before the actor's return to Stradford. During his stay in London, he amassed a moderate fortune, his admirers claim this was the result of the many works produced at this time, and which are credited to him; others as Sir John Harrington, that he carried on an extensive gambling business. Neither contention can be proven by any *known facts* so we shall dismiss both of them.

To many of my readers it may seem that I am dismissing rather abruptly the most important years of this William Shakespere, but I am only bringing to your attention what we actually know of this person, which is almost nothing. About 1611 he returned to Stradford and took up the business of real estate selling and money lending, if we judge by the number of property transactions which are recorded in his name. Here he remained for the next five years "enjoying all the pleasures and comforts of a country gentleman." On February 25th, 1616, he executed his will. This document is well worth study. In it he enumerates all his possessions even naming his second best bed which was his gift to his wife.

He omitted nothing from this inventory, and yet nowhere do we find any reference to any ownership in whole or in part of a theatre, and what to my mind is far more important, nowhere does he mention the possession of a single book. That one who had written the Shakespeare works and yet was of such a personality that he cared not for books, seems the height of improbability, and yet his admirers claim that it was through studying the classics that he obtained the great fund of information that is found in the works. His death occurred on April twenty-third, not quite two months after writing his will.

Now what conclusions can we arrive at from this study of all that is actually known about the man who is commonly held to be the author of the Shakespeare plays? First, his name was *Shakspeare*, not *Shakespeare*; secondly, he was born at Stradford of illiterate parents; thirdly, he received but a most rudimentary education fourthly, he married and had children; fifthly, he went to London

and made money, having a more or less conspicuous position in the theatre; sixthly, he returned to Stradford and engaged in business pursuits; lastly, he made a will in which all his property is mentioned, but in the list we find none of those things which we expect to find in the possession of a scholar.

How can we reconcile these facts with the author of the plays? From a study of the plays we conclude the author must have been familiar with the sciences, his knowledge of astronomy, botany, medicine and the like, show us this. He must have been a student of languages for not only are many of his plots taken from Latin, Italian, Spanish and French, but we find in his plays many quotations from these languages. He must have been familiar with court life, for how else was he able to explain it in such minute detail? And so the list goes; he was a poet, a philosopher, a lawyer, a traveler. But where in the life of William Shakspere of Stradford, do we find anything that would classify him as one of these? Truly there is a grave doubt that such a man could have written the plays and works of Shakespeare!

Charles H. Young, Jr., '25.

The Failure

Out of the mist of yesterday
A dream child steals to me,
And wistful stands as if in fear
Of what his star eyes see.
Behind the curtain of my flesh
His searching eyes peer in;
He seeks to find what is not there,
The man I might have been.
Into the mist of yesterday
He fled sorrowfully.
He knows too well the man I am,
This boy I used to be.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

The Capricious Lady



We were sitting in the club one rainy evening, reveling in the luxurious comfort which surrounded us, and pitying the poor mortals who scurried homeward through the pelting rain. It was perhaps natural that on such a night our talk should turn to the successes that had come to us in our various walks of life. Most of us present claimed that our success was due entirely to hard work and plenty of it. In fact it was a regular session of the "I love me" boys.

There was one who sat and listened to the glowing account of how each had made a success of his career. Finally he could stand it no longer. Arising from the deep chair in which he had been seated, he walked over to the fireplace and after gazing a moment into the flickering blaze, turned toward the rest of us, smiled and said, "Of course, what you fellows say must be the truth for certainly you should know. But it is quite remarkable to me that none of you ever mentioned luck as having had any part in your success. To me this seems rather strange for in my own case there certainly was a great deal of luck. However it was not of that I was thinking, but of a certain well known detective whom you would instantly recognize if named for he is the head of a nationally known agency. So with your permission I shall tell you how big a part luck played in the forming of his career."

Knowing a story was coming that would be well worth listening to, we settled back more comfortably in our chairs and prepared to enjoy ourselves, for he was famous as a story teller and had often whiled away many pleasant hours for us. For a moment he stared out the window at the rain which was still flooding the streets so that each gutter had the appearance of a miniature river. Then tossing away his cigar he began.

"It was just such a rainy night as this that the event occurred. It was, however, a cold March night and not a warm June night like this. Now when I tell you that the person of whom I speak was a cub reporter on the *Greenvale News*, you will appreciate the fact that he was hoping he would receive no assignment which would

take him from the warm atmosphere of the *News* office out into the cold rainy night. He has told me since that on that night he was sitting at his desk wondering why he had ever thought he would make a reporter, for he had found no joy in the chasing of news, in fact, I guess most of his experience as a reporter had been at church socials and the like. However, on the night of which I speak he was sitting at his desk, his thoughts miles away from the *News* office. But he was soon brought to a realization of his surroundings for the ever-seeing eye of the city editor had focused on him. Of course it may have been that the editor was suffering from rheumatism or some kindred complaint that gets worse in a storm. Whatever the cause he was in a particularly irritable mood that evening and the sight of Bill Harwood sitting there doing nothing caused him to boil over."

"Hey, there Harwood," he yelled across the room. "If you have that article on the lecture of the Women's Temperance Club finished, come over here, I want you to cover a story for me." Bill took his feet down off his desk and cursing the moment that he ever stepped into a newspaper office, grabbed his hat and coat walked over to the desk to see what was in store for him. "I suppose, he muttered, it will be some place where I'll have to walk in all this rain." His fears were well grounded for he was told that he was to cover a raid that was to take place in the village of Bromdon. It seems there was a gang of counterfeiters who had their headquarters in that place and the *News* had been tipped off that the secret service men were to raid their hangout that night. Ordinarily Bill would have enjoyed such an assignment, but this was a poor night to go roaming around, and Bromdon was some twenty miles back in the country. It was a town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, most of whom were employed in the paper mill which was located in the town.

"As I say, ordinarily Bill would have been glad to get the chance to report such a story, for it had a promise of excitement, but he knew what kind of a town he was going to and the thought of trudging through the muddy streets of the village, filled him with anything but joy. It wouldn't have been so bad if he was to accompany the secret service men on their trip out there, but he was to meet them as if by accident. Knowing that if he refused the as-

signment it would finish his career as a newspaperman, he chose the lesser of the two evils and was soon on his way to the station. Arriving there he found that there would be no more trains for Bromdon until eleven o'clock. The raid was scheduled to take place some time after ten and if he was to be in on it he would have to find some other means of getting there. On inquiring he found that he could reach there by taking the trolley to Woodville and then walking the remaining distance, some three or four miles. This naturally, was not a very pleasant prospect but it had to be done. The ride to Woodville did not take very long and soon he was trudging down the muddy road toward Bromdon. At first he chose his steps and tried to avoid the puddles that were everywhere, but he soon gave this up as impossible and struggled along with his head down sheltering his face as much as possible from the rain.

"If you would have some idea how he felt, take a walk along some lonely country road on a cold rainy night. I am sure that you would not be anxious to repeat the experiment. Bill claims that one experience was enough for him. He was supremely miserable; his feet were wet where he had stepped in puddles over his rubbers; the water had started to come through his hat which, of course, is not by any means what one would describe as a pleasing sensation. Then add to this the fact that he did not know where he was going and no doubt you will concede that he had something to be miserable about. He knew of course that the town he was going to was Bromdon and that the house which was to be raided was on Maple Street, a big grey house that sat way back from the road. It was a rather meager description to go by, at best, but he thought he would be able to find it. He knew that if he wished to make any kind of a story he would have to find it and be on the job when the raid took place.

"Rounding a bend in the road he saw the lights of Bromdon, which on account of the mist, appeared to be at a greater distance than they really were. He was approaching the scene of his activities and as yet had made no plans of procedure. Should he go up to the chief and explain who he was and take a chance of being turned down, or should he find the house first and see what he could find out and then happen along as if by accident when the raid was taking place? He decided that the latter of the two propo-

sitions would be the better. By now he had arrived in the center of the town and looking at his watch he was surprised to see that it was already nine-thirty.

"Asking a chance passerby the way to Maple Street, he found it was on the other side of the town, but that there was a Maple Avenue only a short distance from there. This made it rather nice, was it Maple Street or Maple Avenue that the raid was to take place on? Oh, it must have been Maple Street, hadn't he been saying it to himself on the way down? Sure that it was Maple Street, he set out in that direction.

"Arriving at the street, it did not take him long to find the house which he was seeking. There it stood like some large feudal castle, almost completely surrounded by trees, and fully a hundred yards back from the road. Truly it was a perfect place for a gang of counterfeiters to use as headquarters. No one would ever think that this quiet looking old house was the scene of any lawlessness. It was far enough removed from the road so that any noise like the banging of the presses would not be heard by passersby.

"Knowing that he had little time left if the raid were to take place at ten o'clock, Bill lost no time in getting close to the house. From the front not a light was visible. That seemed rather strange, and he stood there wondering what his next move should be, suddenly he thought he perceived a crack of light coming from one of the cellar windows. Crawling slowly towards the house he saw that there was a light in the cellar, and the reason that he had not noticed it immediately was because a curtain had been put over the window so as to prevent any light from shining through, but the cloth used as a curtain had a small rent in it and through this the ray of light was gleaming.

"Feeling sure that this was the place he was looking for, Bill got as close to the window as possible and peered through the rent in the cloth. Yes, this was the place, there were the presses in the cellar and there must be at least two men there, for the one man he could see was talking to someone. He leaned closer to see if he could hear what they were saying. At last he was on a real story: forgotten was the discomfiture of the trip. All he thought of now was getting as much as possible before the raid took place. He pressed closely against the window, suddenly he was horrified to feel it give way beneath him.

"He has told me since that he doesn't know who was the more surprised at his sudden advent into that cellar, he or the counterfeiter. Evidently one of the counterfeiters must have been working at a bench under the window, for when Bill came tumbling in he fell on one of them and knocked him against the press. The iron in the press must have been made of solid stuff than the counterfeiter's head for he did not take part in the battle which immediately followed. The other counterfeiter, recovering from the suddenness of Bill's arrival, made a dive for Bill. I guess it must have been quite a battle for Bill thought he was fighting for his life and the other fellow thought Bill was an officer. The battle ended as suddenly as it began. The counterfeiters must not have been very fastidious concerning the appearance of their workroom, for about the floor were several puddles of oil. The counterfeiter slipped in one of these and landed on the back of his head on the concrete floor. Immediately he was concerned with other things.

"Bill wasted no time, but grabbing some wire that he found on the bench he tied the two lawbreakers securely. Glancing at his watch he saw it was ten o'clock; the secret service men would be along any moment now. He brushed his clothes, and lighting a cigarette, sat down to await their coming. He smoked that cigarette and then another but still they did not come. He waited half an hour. The men had now regained consciousness one lay there glowering at him with hatred in his eyes, the other was groaning as if in severe pain. Why didn't they come?"

"He could stand it no longer, he must get someone to fix that fellow who was groaning so pitifully. But what was he to do? He certainly couldn't go away and leave them here alone for then they might get loose and he would be blamed for their escape. Putting his hands in his pockets, he walked up and down the cellar, what could he do? He paused in his stride, ah, he had it! Why hadn't he thought of that before? He would blow his police whistle and surely some one would hear him."

"The thought was father to the action, he blew, loud and vigorously. He blew until he could blow no more. He was beginning to give up hope when he heard a machine turn into the yard. Going to the window, he hollered to those in the machine so they might know where he was. In another minute the room was filled with

men. Bill explained who he was and found that the new arrivals were secret service men. They seemed quite surprised to find the counterfeiters there."

Turning to Bill the Chief said, "How did you ever find these men here? We raided the house on Maple Avenue but found that they were not there, we never thought they would move to Maple Street. How did you find them?"

"Now perhaps Bill's next statement would not meet with the approval of a professor of ethics, for I must confess, he told a deliberate lie. 'Oh, he said,' I poked around the Maple Avenue place but I didn't see anything there, so I thought that they might have had their shop on Maple Street, for no one would ever think they would go to a place that sounded so much like the place they had last left. I had a hunch that's all."

"Well, if you have hunches like that, I think I could use you in this game, so anytime you think you would like to try it come and see me."

The speaker paused, and taking a cigar from his pocket, struck a match and lighted the weed, and then after slowly emitting a mouthful of smoke, said, "And that, gentlemen, was the event which was managed by luck and which was the beginning of his famous career."

We were silent for a moment when Dean Meader of the State University spoke up and asked, "But where was the luck in that? He simply went where he was sent and found the counterfeiters where he expected to find them. Then when the officers came, he lied, and received a lot of credit which he did not deserve. I do not see any luck in that."

The story teller smiled a moment, and then said, "No, he didn't go where he was sent. You see, I was the city-editor, and I told him to go to Maple Avenue."

Charles H. Young, Jr., '25.

The Tenebrae

A thousand people kneeling
Within a poem in stone;
Majestic music pealing;
An organ's royal tone.

A chant Divine soft falling,
A breath from far above;
Sad souls of singers calling
To God's eternal love.

Now lights are dim and dying,
The hour of doom is near,
The notes of death are sighing
The old tale, chanted here.

"Convertere! Convertere!"
'Midst darkness creeping on.
"Miserere ! Miserere !"
Now light and singing gone.

John J. Hayes, '27

Vanity, Thy Name Is

IMMEDIATELY upon glancing at the above title, those of you who pride yourselves that you are of the sterner sex, will undoubtedly complete it with the word "woman." How quick we are to label the fair sex as vain, proud creatures whose lives are spent, in greater part, beautifying themselves, that they may attract the attention of whom? Why, you and me of the *genus homo* and particularly of the male species. At least, we so pride ourselves. We men have naught but smiles for the members of the weaker sex who thus seek to ensnare us. As we perceive our female companion self-consciously replacing a rebellious lock of her bobbed hair, lest it detract from the bewitching charm of her appearance, a smile of toleration flits across our features. Yet scarcely has that smile faded from our lips when our hands involuntarily stray, that article of apparel which is the outstanding evidence of our vanity. I refer to that vari-colored part of our clothing (or should it be termed an embellishment?), the necktie. With unconscious nicety we smooth it into place and glance quickly into the nearest mirror to see that it gives the desired effect. Again, with that same almost unnoticeable motion of the hands we flick a tiny thread from the sleeve of our coat and give our collegiate hat a final tilt to attain that finishing touch of rakishness to our natty appearance.

All this accomplished, in an unbelievably short time, we turn with a reassuring smile to our fair companion, and step into the street, shoulders thrown back, head tipped slightly toward her as if in fear that we may miss a single word she is saying. Yet, honestly speaking, fellows, isn't it just to show her the classic lines of

that hair-cut, which we know from inspection, our favorite barber has achieved?

Why do we suggest a walk through the hotel corridors on "Prom" night when we have succeeded in escorting a certain very attractive miss? Do we want to show her the art creations that hang upon the walls or do we want to draw the admiring whispers which are certain to come when we stroll through the hall with this very pretty maid clinging lightly to our arm, chatting gaily as she promenades?

Of course I do not intend to insinuate that men are vain creatures, for of a certainty we of the stronger sex have little time in which to think of this ego. Besides as we notice our fair coed dab lightly at her cheeks with a neat little compact, a smile of—let us say toleration, again crosses our features, for indeed we would be unversed in the art of character reading, did we not know, Vanity, that thy name is "woman."

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

Phantoms

A straight, slender spire 'gainst a sky that is fire;
The last, lingering notes of a hymn,
As dying it calls, through dark, cloistered walls,
Sad echoes, remembered, and dim.

The fragrance of June 'neath a mad, mirthless moon;
Gay roses soon withered and dead,
Bright days, and full fair—dull shadows made bare,
And soft words forgotten when said.

The twilight's gray glow and sun on the snow:
The thrill of the winter wind's rage,
Deep, wistful eyes, China-blue skies;
Blurred outlines on memory's page.

Gerald Prior, '27

You, My Friend

HEAVEN: Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!
Sweetly swelling now the strain,
Hosts of angels in refrain,
Bowing low in ecstasy,
Chant celestial melody
In eternal jubilee,
Round the Godhead One in Three,
Round the Holy Trinity!

EARTH: Sanctus! Sanctus! Sanctus!
Softly ring the chapel bells,
But no angels' chanting swells.
Empty pew and friendless rail
Dumbly—mutely—tell their tale.
Who a crumb of love will lend?
And in prayer this moment spend?
Love me, you at least, My friend!

John V. Rubba, '27

THE OBSERVER

THE dissemination of nonsense was probably never so universal as it is today. The ever-hungry journals pounce quite voraciously on the utterances of many who deem it their duty to prate solemnly of current events and international affairs. Men who look at things in a somewhat doubtful manner need but to ascend a platform to unburden themselves through the medium of speech, and though their audiences may number but few, the press is ever certain to accord them much and foolish publicity. Strangely, it seems that the closer the theory or dictum approaches the insane or the impossible, the greater becomes its opportunity for publication. In science, in religion, in politics, we suffer an abundance of those, who, unsolicited, must give their opinions which are, as a rule, not only contrary to that art or science concerning which they speak, but also are sad parodies on common sense. And as strange as the country-wide publicity afforded them, is the rallying to their standard of many deluded souls who mistake the bizarre for the true, and the ridiculous theory for the established fact. One would be led to suspect that those responsible for the broadcasting of nonsensical theories are unable to discover anything of value to publish in their place. But such is not the case. The truth is overlooked because it is not sufficiently odd; those basic principles which were true yesterday are true today. Hence, they are rejected by many for they lack novelty. Again, many who refuse to admit the validity of dogma in the realm of religion quite gullibly accept an unreasonable declaration in another field. It was the policy of those of other generations to offer proof with their favorite theories, but today such is not the requirement. An attempt at proof would result in no little embarrassment to many protagonists of questionable theories. Yet, this foolishness is spread broadcast, and one finds it an almost impossible task to glance over the pages of the contemporary press without discovering some printed product of a disorderly mind lodged therein.

We are told that the race of man spring from that of the ape.

To deny this dogma would be to incur the ridicule of some and the frowns of others. Men as a whole have in some rather queer way accepted this possibility as a fact. We wonder just what captivation is there in adhering to the theory that our ancestor was a brute without reason. We cannot understand why many who profess no sympathy for those destitute of the necessities of life are fascinated by the belief that our common progenitor was a brute. Yet, the theory that man's body evolved from that of a lower form of life is a mere possibility, nothing else. The burden of proof lies with the proponents of the theory. There are many who like to believe that if the evolution of man's body were to be proved in time, religion would be dissipated. Nothing could be more repugnant to reason. The existence of God does not depend on the origin of the human body; and since God is, religion is a necessity. To believe that the evolution of man's body is a scientifically proved fact is to manifest an unusual state of ignorance. To be convinced that, if it were a truth, it would affect in the least the existence of God or deny the obligation of religion, is likewise to draw a most erroneous conclusion. However, it is generally quite prudent to be slow to heed every new theory that sounds pleasant to the ear, and to be more cautious still to give credence to aught but firmly established facts.

An American interest in European affairs was enkindled as the result of the late war. The various changes produced in the foreign states, concerning their boundaries and their altered mode of government, were regarded by the readers of the American press with no little interest. We noticed monarchies give place to republics or to a form of distatorship; we viewed several states become powerful economically, while others were shorn of their ante-bellum influences. Too, not a few European countries were in our debt, and we witnessed nations staggering under the heavy financial burdens incurred by war. Foreign correspondents for the journals of this country kept us supplied with European accounts of governmental and economic activities, and American people began to think and speak of foreign conditions with some knowledge, but often prejudicially. Yet, we who are accustomed to a democratic form of government are sometimes unable to sympathize with those of other climes whose civil tendencies and modes of governing are not at all

similar to ours. Public speakers and journalist correspondents on many occasions did not contribute to the public knowledge a true condition of affairs. The aims of some nations were misrepresented, and existing conditions were reported in a light, not at all the true one.

In dealing with foreign events, it must be borne in mind that one is unable to report faithfully foreign current affairs or opinions unless he is acquainted with the spirit in which these things are proposed and accomplished. We cannot measure Europe by American standards. We cannot expect the European mind to function in sympathy with the non-European. Attention should be paid only to those accounts of foreign activities which are gathered in an equitable spirit, and likewise solely to those correspondents whose knowledge and wisdom have fitted them to be truthful witnesses of what they have perceived, and who are intimately acquainted with the motives underlying the activities of a foreign state, and who can translate them, so to speak, for the understanding and appreciation of American readers.

T. Henry Barry, '25.

RESIDUUM

TWO LETTERS HOME, WHICH IS YOURS?

Dear Folks:

The fellows 'way out here are all so dull and queer,
Why, they're really not the same as us at all.
They're so awfully mean and tight and they always want to fight,
And the things they do are very, very small.
There are some who always talk; these all hail from "Old New
York"
And they're really not the kind of boys for me.
There are those who don't stop ravin', of course, they're from New
Haven,
They're far below our standard, don't you see.
Some of them just make you shiver, like the fellows from Fall
River,
Oh, I'm thankful that I do not hail from there.
But the boys from Riverpoint make you ache in every joint,
They are people that one simply cannot bear.
There's a few drops in the bucket, like the boys in from Pawtucket,
But most of them are worse than all the rest.
Why, there's no one here I see who can stand alongside me,
And of all of them I like myself the best.
My dislikes are all based on the fact I have good taste,
And I won't mix with the fellows in this school,
Why, they sing "*No Bananas*," and they lack all my good manners,
To join them I would really be a fool.
My life away out here is really dull and drear,
For I will not mingle with this angry mob.
Altho' it gives me knowledge, I give prestige to this college,
Because I am your loving son,

THE SNOB.

Dear Folks:

My fellow students here are all so kind and dear,
Why, we are like a great big family.
Tho' we are strangers yet, I will say that you can bet
A month from now we'll all like brothers be.
There's the bunch from "Old New York," who wouldn't even balk
In laying down their lives for a good friend.

The gang up from New Haven, who never think of savin'
 Will take you out and spend, and spend, and spend.
 The Lord was a Good Giver, when He gave the world Fall River,
 A better bunch of fellows can't be found.
 And His Goodness stretched a point, when He gave us Riverpoint,
 For its equal is not anywhere around.
 From Pawtucket not a few, and they come from Cranston, too,
 Oh, the best in all the land are met right here.
 Why, it seems to be the place, where the fathers of our race
 Send the best of those their hearts all hold so dear.
 Here your friendship's not misplaced, for each fellow has good taste,
 And is a gentleman that has been tried and true.
 They can hold on high their banners, for all have perfect manners,
 And each and every one is sure true blue.
 So you can plainly see, I'm as happy as can be,
 And my college life here really is a joy,
 For besides my books and studies, I've the greatest set of buddies
 That were ever given to your

LOVING BOY.

Henry T. Kaveny, '27.

HOOPS. MY DEAR.

The gymnasium, as were the frenzied fans, was full. The wind without and the windjammers within, howled. The players were taking a last-minute course in basket-weaving by tossing the brown, rotund object nonchalantly through the circular, iron hoops which are so conveniently located for that specific purpose. The referee entertained with selections on the whistle. Even the men with the watches were having quite a time. The Connecticut School of Practising Dentists were matching their skill against the wary Os-kosh Preparatory School for Judges on the latter's court.

The teams assumed restful positions on various parts of the court and the game was on! Middle, the center for C. S. P. D., implanted a kick in the lower dorsal regions of Transmigration, the opposing center, as the ball was thrown in the air. At this dastardly act Transmigration became angry, yea, verily so, for he frothed at the mouth. That, of course, was an illegal dribble, so a foul was called on him. The crowd voiced their appreciation of the absolute justice on the part of the referee with music, as if of the snake, and the game continued.

The players on both teams proved themselves to be gentlemen, for, although they were urged many times to shoot, there was not a gun drawn throughout the entire game. However, they showed their childish nature by throwing the ball in the air while all joined in pursuit of it. Connecticut had been told to guard against Injury, the forward for Oskosh, and, as he was the only one without glasses, no baskets were made during the first half.

At the cry of "Pass" one of the fellows, who was very forward, replied, "I won't, for I have two Jacks." At this the referee stopped the game and produced the cards. The betting ran high, and here the boys from Connecticut proved that "the hand is quicker than the eye," soon they had won everything but the gymnasium windows.

Brazenan, the flashy forward from Connecticut, secured a goal from the floor, and great cries of "Watch him!" went up from the royal backers of Oskosh. Apparently every man took the warning to heart, for shortly after this Brazenan stood in the middle of the floor, and from the innermost resources of his cumbersome suit produced a black silk hat and announced that there was nothing up his sleeves, he had no assistance, no wires were used, but even under existing conditions he could produce unbelievable and handsome things from the hat. Eager to see eggs, colored handkerchiefs, and probably rabbits with large ears emerge from the hat, the Oskosh team gathered around him and watched his every move. In the meantime, Brazenan's cohorts were tallying basket after basket, because of the lack of opposition.

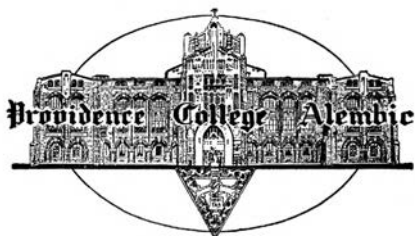
Of course, Brazenan was not a magician, even as you and I, so the only thing he was able to remove from the hat was the lining, which he did as the bell rang, marking the end of the game.

John J. Fitzpatrick, '25

Warm days, warm nights, soft air, soft lights, murmuring waters, murmuring voices, panting hearts, panting breaths—Spring is here—romance is abroad.

A pipe is one of the best things out.

"They haven't got a thing on me," remarked the brazen little chorus girl.



VOL. V.

APRIL, 1925.

NO. 7

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Easter is the feast celebrated all over the world **EASTER** by the Christian Church to commemorate the resurrection. Easter is a time of rejoicing, it is the feast following the fast of Lent, the time of jubilation after mortification. It celebrates one of the greatest events in the life of Our Lord. The spirit of gladness marked the Nativity because it was the culmination of the hope of the world—the promised Messiah had been sent to save mankind. Easter should be marked by the festive spirit even more than the feast of the Nativity for the reason that the Divinity of the Messiah, the Savior, was substantiated, and the

promises of the Scriptures fulfilled. By His resurrection Christ proved to the most dubious that He was more than man, more, even, than an instrument of miracles, that He was the Son of the Father. And this because He arose again from the dead on the third day. The Easter-time contains a lesson for the most earthly of men.

It is undeniably true that the world begins to awake about the time the feast of the resurrection is celebrated. Easter is not a constant feast, that is, it does not fall on the same date every year, but nevertheless, it does not vary to any great extent. It is around Easter-time that winter shows signs of waning, and the trees begin to bud, and the birds to fly north. The earth is stirring, it is the youth of the year—in short, spring has come. Within a short while every thing about us seems to be rejoicing; the grass is beautiful in its new emerald; the winds are less keen; and from feathered folk come sweet trilly songs. Nature is warmly alive. Earthly persons will say that Nature accounts for it all. But what is Nature except another term for God as reflected in the laws of the universe? It seems quite significant that the most gladsome season of the year should occur within a fortnight of one of the happiest feasts of the Church.

How rare among mortals is that creature, a
THIS happy man! Diogenes, the lantern-carrying sage,
FELICITY sought an honest man. Had he sought a happy
 man his search would have proved as difficult of
 fruition. Yet he exists, does this happy man! Further, he is con-
 temporary with us. And he admits, clearly but modestly, that he
 is happy. His is no hasty judgment. He has prepared his ground
 sown his analysis, and reaped his thought, which latter is surpris-
 ingly full, and even more so, when one takes into consideration that
 he is a novelist. In his introduction he states that he has reached
 his fortieth year, and consequently, should possess a certain stability
 of character lacking in younger men. After this introduction he
 sets forth precisely what he does not want, namely, wealth, adulation

fawning acquaintances, and the like. His selection of non-suitables is remarkably complete—and encouraging. He keeps maintaining throughout that he is a happy man. But at the same time he does not say that he is perfectly happy. For this we are thankful.

While maintaining that he is happy, he insists that all his strivings have not been appeased, and that there are still some things which he desires. It is in the latter part of his paper on personal happiness, however, that he changes his cloak of egoism for a shroud of agnosticism. He says that he spends his hours in wonder at the universe, the order of life, the planets in their orbits, and such phenomena, but that he remains an unknowing subject concerning the ultimate nature of things. Again he rather pointedly writes that he has not had the benefit of revelation, and hence is ignorant of his and other mortals' destiny. By professing agnosticism he slanders his personality and intellectuality. Surely, he must be aware that there exists such a thing as moral certitude. His essay (if such the form in question may be termed) coming from an admittedly agnostic source is strikingly dogmatic in its statement of Christian ethics, save for the last few paragraphs. The gentleman is progressing. He is thinking. And that is always encouraging. There was a great writer who said that once a man really thought he could no longer remain outside the Church. Please, my dear novelist, persist in intellection!

The baseball season opens this month, and Providence faces one of the hardest schedules in the history of the sport at this institution. The prospects are bright for a good team, but a good team cannot win games unless it has the undivided support of every student, be he a Freshman or a Senior. There will be a great many home games this season, and the Athletic Association has gone to the trouble and expense of bringing the best college teams in the East to play at Hendricken Field. There is only one way to show appreciation to the

men who have striven so earnestly for the betterment of the diamond sport at Providence College, and that is by being present at the games and cheering the team to victory.

We are fortunate in having a thorough student of baseball as coach, sympathetic faculty direction, and an enthusiastic baseball squad. It is now up to the student body to add their invaluable factor to the equation which is necessary for a successful season. The student body last year was loyal and ardent in its support, and by the same token, let this year's student body be even more loyal and more ardent than last year's. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, go to *all* the games!

COLLEGE COLLEGE

The Lenten Season During the season of Lent, we find the activities of the student body curtailed to a certain extent. Soon the Easter recess will arrive, and with it will bud the pent-up energy of the students. We are looking forward to this time with joyous anticipation, for it will mark the advent of the social and athletic seasons for which we have so long waited.

Dramatic Club Plans have been formulated by members of the Dramatic Club to stage a musical comedy. Great interest is manifested by those who have been chosen for the cast as well as the student body generally.

It is with pride that the students point to the fact that the play will be an entire student production. The authors of the play are students at the college. Scenic effects and direction are also under the supervision of members of the student body.

It is planned to stage the show in Elks Auditorium in the early part of May, and all indications point to success.

The Albertinum Society The weekly meetings of the Albertinum Society have been held regularly and topics of interest to the medical students have been discussed. It is the purpose of this society to consider the sciences and their bearing on medical science.

Gift to the Library Once again the college becomes the beneficiary of the thoughtful kindness of an old friend. Fr. Thomas M. Schwertner, O. P., S. T. Lr., editor of *The Rosary Magazine* sent about seventy volumes last month for the college library. The books include works on science, history, poetry, religion, and a few late novels. The student body takes this opportunity to thank Fr. Schwertner for his splendid gift.

Walter F. Reilley, '26.

EXCHANGE

THE LAUREL

THE LAUREL from Saint Bonaventure's College makes its formal bow into our *Exchange* department. With the exception of the cover, which our aesthetic taste would never allow us to call beautiful, the *Laurel* is a dignified magazine. Evidently some of the authors are very modest for there are articles sans their writers' names appended. Other authors have been content to affix their initials without their class numerals. The weighty philosophical treatise on *What is Knowledge* could be found in any manual of Scholastic philosophy. The one act play *Petal's of an Old Rose* is worthy of a master's pen. The plot is exceptionally well handled and the author's only weakness is his inability to introduce his characters in the proper way. A short review of the essay *Self Reliance* written by the New England Transcendentalist indicates the good and bad points of the much-discussed essay of Emerson. We read: "A great deal of good can be derived from this work by using discretion and separating the chaff from the wheat." When Emerson tells us that "To be great is to be misunderstood" we wonder if he was not making provision for himself in uttering this sage remark. Maybe he intended it to be used as a weapon against those who could not agree with the philosophy of Emerson. While reading *The Story Granny Told* we were almost led to believe that another Hans Anderson had come to life. It was a bit puerile. The serial story, a rather novel feature in college magazines, is so interesting that we are anxiously waiting for further installments. That there are only two poems in a magazine with such a plenitude of excellent prose is astonishing, to say the least. The poetry that is printed is mainly of a religious sentiment. Where are the editorials? A rather vital section to omit in any magazine. Your magazine is a trifle too serious. There ought to be a page or two of humor for such would lend a congenial flavor to what is already a very commendable publication.

THE TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD

When we read *The Record* we realized that the eminent philosopher who said "Superficiality was a mark of female erudition" made a very grave mistake. Truly we could ask for a no more delightful evening's entertainment than to review this magazine. Such an abundance of stories, poems and articles collected under such an unpretentious, though dignified, cover has seldom been seen elsewhere in our exchanges. The entire make-up of the book was pleasing and convinced us that it was under the guardianship of an experienced and capable hand. Those who contributed to the February number as well as the selected staff might entertain a just pride for their abilities. *Jam To-Day* was one of the most delectable stories that we have read in some months. It contained a simple plot and was simply told but it possessed a simplicity that enchanted the reader. The ending was unexpected but more true to life than the blissful conclusions which some short story writers insist upon. Our esteemed ex-editor's sister is following in the footsteps of her illustrious brother, and she deserves commendation for her literary accomplishments. The ending of *Lockwood's Literary Lapses* came all too soon. Such a story as this, if elaborated would afford delightful reading. The author of *Cars That Pass In The Night* has a penchant for philosophizing in her work, but why not philosophize on something more noble than mere automata. Were we to compare the above-mentioned piece with *The Passing of Romance* we would observe that while this author has a tendency for delving into the realms of reality she has selected nobler objects for our contemplation. After saying many dainty things the writer of *The Passing of Romance* leads us to a true, though seldom admitted, conclusion: "Woman's heart is idealism's citadel and her touchstone is romance, her part on the stage of life is a small one." Would such a statement as this meet with the whole-hearted approbation of the leading women politicians? True enough a woman's part on the stage of life, apparently, is a small one if she keeps her place in the home but would these wise and judicious women politicians who have become potent factors in the world of affairs place their imprimatur upon your article. The thrills and sensations that a southerner experiences upon seeing a real snow storm for the first time were interestingly told in the essay *Snow*. The poetry was

melodious but the subject of Saint Valentine's Day was decidedly overworked. *Dramatic Criticism* lent an air of distinction to the issue and was educative. The editorial entitled *On The Value of Having an Opinion of Ones Own* was typically feminine. We disagree with the editorial, for even though we do have opinions of our own it is not always wise or politic to air them or to persist in adhering to them.

THE NIAGARA INDEX

We are charmed beyond expression with the advent of the *Index* to our exchange list. The editors have been able to maintain a pleasing mixture of poetry and prose. *The Ingenious Sprat* deserves more than passing mention, for the author has woven a clever story out of the somewhat hackneyed suprise plot. The belated question of the *Child Labor Amendment* was again strongly, though not so convincingly, voiced. The only novel feature of the article was the ten reasons for voting "No" on the amendment as propounded by the leading Jesuit moralist, Rev. Jones Corrigan, S. J., dean of philosophy at Boston College. It is to be regretted that the author of *The Necessity of the Catholic Press* had not referred to Mr. Myles Connolly before he attempted the article. The article was well written and true, as far as it went, but it offered no solution to the now vital problem of the Catholic press other than urging us to subscribe to Catholic publications and pass them on. What the Catholic press needs is some convincing and first class writers. Myles Connolly in a thought-provoking editorial in the March issue of the *Columbia* attributes the dearth of Catholic writers and inefficient Catholic press to three fundamental causes, "First, the failure of American Catholics to think of authorship as an influential calling. Secondly, the sovereignty of a weak, wishy-washy pious tradition in American Catholic Letters. And finally, the failure of American Catholic Colleges adequately to inspire an appreciation of contemporary letters and properly to teach writing that is animate with contemporary life and interpretative of it." Mr. Connolly sends home a few more sound truths in another editorial which he concludes by saying "Verse of any sort is rare, and most of the Catholic writers are obviously and tiresomely second rate." More power to Mr. Connolly! *Few Shepherds*, though interesting, was

little more than a collection of facts such as a statistician might give us. *Paternalism* abounded in exposition and was convincing. Originality was a distinctive mark of the joke column. Here we found many witty turns and pithy phrases. Before closing we wish to say that the *Exchanges* in *The Index* were the best we have read.

James C. Conlon, '25





OUR BASEBALL PROSPECTS

A squad of 65 students answered the initial call for candidates for the 1925 Providence College baseball team. Two dozen of the original number have been retained by Coach Jack Flynn, the cut being necessary because of the over-abundance of material.

Prospects are bright. Distribution of this month's issue of the *Alembic* will probably find a well-developed diamond machine having already inaugurated the White and Black's third campaign on the intercollegiate diamond. Coach Flynn, whose work a year ago resulted in a big boost in our baseball stock, expects to have a better team than his 1924 combination.

Captain John Halloran, starting his third year as regular catcher, maintains his nine will blaze another trail of glory for the White and Black record books. The infield, riddled of veteran timber by graduation of the third baseman and failure of the shortstop and first baseman to return to college, is being rebuilt.

The pitching staff is the strongest ever mustered for a Providence baseball team. Veterans include Charley Reynolds, Jack Triggs and Pete Malloy, the first two being right-handers while Malloy is a portsider. Coach Flynn is highly satisfied with the newcomers, among whom are two highly capable left handers, Leo Smith and Chick Carr. The last named, a produce of New Haven high school, is a rangy athlete. Smith was regular end in football. Both newcomers have a variety of curves and each has developed a baffling delivery.

Probable makeup of the infield will include John Sullivan, first; George Bradley, second; Edward McLaughlin, shortstop, and Hector Allen, third base. Sullivan was understudy a year ago to

Bud Feid, captain of the '24 team. He is a Senior. Frank McGee, also a member of the graduating class, has been competing for the regular first base position.

Ray Doyle, who distinguished himself a year ago by scoring the only run in the 20-inning victory over Brown University, will probably be back at second base by the middle of the playing season. He is handicapped at present by a badly infected hand. He is nursing the injured member in the hope of getting into the regular lineup before any of the big games on the schedule are played. George Bradley, a Lawrence high star, has given much promise as a second baseman, his pep and smoothness earning him a place on the first team.

Local interscholastic league products are competing for short field honors. Ed McLaughlin, a member of two championship La-Salle Academy nines, will probably start the season as regular. Len Reardon, of Classical high, however, is considered a likely prospect for the berth. Third base seems to be cinched by Heck Allen, substitute halfback and end in football. He is possessed of the strongest throwing arm of any player on the team.

The outfield will embrace veteran material with Art Brickley in left, Ed Wholley in centre and Frank O'Brien in right field. Tom Graham, a New Haven athlete, may be used in either left or right field, the only member of the outer trio seeming to have a berth clinched being Wholley in midfield, the midget star being one of the feature performers for the White and Black last campaign.

Captain Halloran, of course, will continue the commendable work he has done for the past two years. His record for consistency behind the bat has probably been unequalled in Eastern collegiate circles. Much credit for the 1924 successes is due the leader. Coach Flynn and Captain Halloran comprise a deep-thinking well-grounded duet of baseball students.

SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE

Introducing a departure from former football programmes at the college, Coach Archie Golembeski, newly appointed gridiron mentor at this institution, inaugurated spring training during the latter part of March. The schedule of nine games arranged for the 1925 eleven caused the coach to decide upon three weeks' practice during the spring season.

Coach Golembeski met his candidates on March 24, being introduced to each by Captain Henry B. Reall. He lost no time in getting his men into togs, giving them a two-hour workout on the campus. He has arranged his training schedule in order that it will not interfere with baseball sessions.

The mentor has several veteran backfield men to develop a team around. Line material, however, as during the 1924 season, is still lacking. An influx of prospects is expected to be enrolled in the Freshman class next fall. Coach Golembeski, with a personality that has already had far-reaching effects on his candidates, is expected to pilot the White and Black machine out of the groove it swerved into during the past season.

His success will not be counted by the percentage column of wins and losses. Such a decision would be unfair. The programme of games drawn up for him is probably the most imposing list that any coach ever had to tackle in his collegiate career. Awakening of a better spirit among the students, a broader interest in football activities and installation of a system that will form a strong foundation for future years—these are the successes that Coach Golembeski will achieve. They will be original successes at this institution.

Backfield candidates, all letter men, who were available, include Frank Ward, Frank Kempf, Edward Wholley, Thomas Bride, James McGeough, John Triggs, Thomas Delaney and Hector Allen. Veteran line material comprises Leo Smith and Thomas Cullen, ends; John Murphy, tackle; Captain Reall, guard; Vincent Connors, Thomas Maroney and Chester Sears, centres. Many more who were on the '24 squad were issued equipment.

SCHEDULE COMPLETE

Announcement that Georgetown University and William and Mary College were added to the baseball schedule was made by Manager Tim J. Sullivan, Jr., during the latter part of March. The programme of games includes twenty-two contests, nineteen of which will be played in Providence. Probably the feature game at Hendricken Field will be the Commencement Day contest with Holy Cross College, to be played, Thursday, June 11.

Vernon C. Norton, '25.

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