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A NIGHT PRAYER.



HE night was pale with quiet,
The star-light kissed the calm,
And a June moon played its splendor,
While the balsam loosed its balm.

And I sat in silent wonder,
With my thoughts to Heaven raised,
When a soft breeze shifting by me
Seemed to say, "He shall be praised."

"Shall be praised?" I questioned.
O! What means this zephyr fair?
And the silence seemed more silent,
As I spoke into the air.

Then the leaves began to rustle,
As in answer to my plea,
And I heard the name of "Jesus"
As the wind brushed by the tree.

"He shall be praised," I answered,
And my knee began to bend.
"Amen," spoke the trees and bushes,
"Our praise we also send."

Thomas P. Carroll, '25

Address of John E. Donley, M. D.

(Delivered at the second Commencement of Providence College,
June 12, 1924.)

As I rise to address you on this joyful occasion I cannot but recall in memory a similar day, now many years ago, when I, with my companions, occupied the position you now hold. We were about to be graduated from our *Alma Mater* and to go forth into the world with her benediction upon our brows and the love of her in our hearts. And as I sat there, anxiously awaiting the conferring of my degree, listening intently to the men who spoke to us, I thought how wonderful and inspiring it would be if ever I were to have the honor of addressing a body of young men on their Commencement Day. That high privilege being now mine, may I say to you, gentlemen, that if your hearts are filled, as indeed I know they are, with happiness and exaltation of spirit, mine is no less so, for together we are sharers in a common treasure bequeathed to us out of the riches of an immemorial past.

This is the second Commencement Day of Providence College—a day full of significance and of promise for you who are the central actors in it, a day bearing precious gifts of scholarship and character to this community at large, and hallowed by the memory of that dear and venerable Bishop whose munificence made it possible, and whose name, cut in stone, shall look down upon generations of scholars to come, from above the entrance to your college halls. I remember well with what austere Sulpician enthusiasm he spoke to me about his plans for the foundation of the college, the visible embodiment of his interest in things of the mind; and with what hopeful resignation, when the end of his life was near, he entrusted the fruition of them to the capable care of his worthy successor. So, therefore, in double allegiance, of reverence for the past and of loyalty to the present and the future, I am delighted to be a humble participant in the festivities of your Commencement Day. I said just now that you inherit the riches of an immemorial past. To explain the meaning and to impress upon you the splendor of your heritage, I shall ask you to go back with me a very long way in the history of Europe.

If you look at the map of Europe, as Cardinal Newman advised us to do, and recall something of its history, you will remember that in ancient times there were a large number of people, different in origin and equally different in their natural mental and physical characteristics, but all possessing one thing in

common—that they lived in the countries whose shores touched, as even now they do, the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. One of these geographical units was called Egypt, another Syria, another Greece, another Italy, yet another North Africa, and later on Spain and France. Whatever may have been through long reaches of time, the original, diverse, perhaps even conflicting mental cultures of these peoples, they came at length under the intellectual hegemony of that extraordinary people whom we call the Greeks. Absorbing and transmuting the materials derived from their predecessors and neighbors, and adding to them the products of their own marvellously brilliant minds, the Greeks created an intellectual commonwealth, comprising a literature, a philosophy, a science and an art which superseded all that had gone before and which became and remains to this day, with whatever permutations, degradations or additions, the mind of European men.

Now observe, gentlemen, this other fact, that while the Greeks were carrying forward their splendid work, another small and cultured people, isolated and obscure, was communing with God. Israel was in the world, but her thoughts were attuned to the harmonies of Heaven. Had they known each other these two peoples would have been enemies. To the Jews the Greeks would have been idolaters; to the Greeks the Jews would have been barbarians. In this, however, they were alike, that each felt itself to be a peculiar people, marked off from the surrounding races by distinctions more ineffaceable than those of blood—by the possession of intellectual or religious truths which determined the bent and meaning of its history. Intensely national, each nation was conscious of its own ideal vocation. A similar misfortune attended each, so that through humiliation and the loss of political independence they each entered upon a career of world-wide empire until at length the principles of Hellenism became those of civilization itself, and the religion of Judæa that of civilized humanity. I need not recall to your minds how, as time went on, these two extraordinary creations of the intellect and of the spirit were finally merged in and through the stupendous drama of Rome.

By the armies of Titus the Temple of Jerusalem was destroyed and the schools of Athens were closed by the edict of Justinian, and so passed away the ancient custodians of religion and learning: but not before the contributions of each to humanity had been bequeathed to a successor strong enough to preserve and wise enough to dispense them. I mean, of course, the Catholic Church. Accordingly, you comprehend my thesis when I say of you that in the realm of intellect you are the heirs of Hellas; in the realm of the spirit you are the followers of Christ, and this heritage, doubly precious, you have received from that ancient Church which has always been devoted to the culture of mind even when she was

most anxious for the salvation of souls. For as you have learned within these college walls, she desires the faith of her children to be intelligent, and so she has ever been in the past, as even now she is, the Patroness of learning, gathering into her monasteries when she was yet young, and later into her colleges and universities, the works of Greek, of Roman and of Saracen, transcribing them with infinite labor and care that she might preserve them for the instruction and delight of future scholars, many of whom, alas, as being ungrateful children, were to turn upon her and revile her and break her heart, as if the very words of abuse in their mouths were not saved from destruction by this same tender Mother. And thus, gentlemen, I am brought to the reflections which I conceive to be most appropriated to this time and place.


Providence College is young; indeed, it is a mere infant in years. But it is an infant of noble descent, bringing to this great modern industrial city the learning, the scholarly traditions and the unsurpassed experience of that great Order of Friars Preachers, the sons of Dominic, whose voices have been heard from the pulpits of famous churches and in the lecture halls of colleges and universities throughout the world from the thirteenth century to the present day. In this modern city of Providence, as in the medieval cities of Paris, Naples, Cologne and Oxford, these Friars Preachers shall stand forth where all may see them, defenders of high ideals and noble standards, the protagonists of truth, the enemies of anarchy and pretense, living embodiments of the cordial union between religion and science, friends and supporters of all that is fine in America, their country and ours. They will teach in this community what for centuries they have taught young men, that to be rich in mind is incomparably better than to be rich in material possessions. This city expects much and shall receive much from the brethren of Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas and Lacordaire. As I look into your earnest faces, suffused with the morning's light, how can I hope with my poor powers of speech, to bring home to your minds and to enshrine in your hearts the greatness and the splendor of the spiritual and intellectual tradition of which I have been speaking and of which you are now and henceforth the parts? Like Prætorian cohorts, you have been chosen to sustain and protect it. In this pleasant grove, I like to think the spirit of your saintly patron, Thomas Aquinas, is present, gently exhorting you to emulate his love of learning, his intellectual ardor, and above all, his beautiful and touching humility.

Could you ask his advice, I am sure he would exhort you that no matter what may be in the future the distractions of your business or professional pursuits, you should never lose your interest in those studies which are comprised under the departments of philosophy and letters. I doubt not that he would tell you to seek that enlargement of mind, that cultivation of intellect, that breadth of

vision, that sweep of imagination and refinement of feeling which comes of the study of those great masters in prose and verse, in philosophy and science, in history and art, who have led men along the way of truth, goodness and beauty. He would teach you that it is not many and splendid buildings, but men who make a college; he would warn you that not information only, but formation of mind is what you need; that knowledge without wisdom is vain; that a whole encyclopædia of facts is nothing worth unless you possess a trained intelligence to use them. Again, he would prove to you from the world's sad experience that any philosophy, which dethrones reason and puts in its place the instincts and emotions, is headed for the destruction, not of itself only, but of those who profess it as well. I am sure he would counsel you against the modern folly of asking what is the cash value of a liberal education, for he would point out to you that it never had and never will have a cash value. Furthermore, if he were not wearied by your questions he would suggest to you that in the future, whatever may be your calling, you will be an unskillful user of your hands unless you have previously cultivated your brain, for the hands, cunning ministers that they are, do but execute the mandates of the brain. And hence it is that Catholic colleges, much as they admire the natural sciences, are convinced from centuries of experience which nothing modern has yet disproved, that the best lawyers, clergy, physicians and business men are those who were nourished in their youth on philosophy and letters.

And now, gentlemen, I must make an end of my preaching. As being myself neither very young nor very old, perhaps you will ponder my words, for they embody the thoughts of one who having left the pleasant pastures of youth has not yet been afflicted by that *tristis senectus* of which Vergil speaks so poignantly. This is pre-eminently your day—the commencement of your successes and your failures in the most difficult of arts, the art of living. There are many pleasant things before you; but sometimes the way will be hard, with thorns to bruise your feet—I cannot conceal it from you—for what work was ever worth doing at all which did not demand effort and courage, nay, even tears? The modern world with its crown of gold has no royal touch to remove the pangs of sorrow; but of this be assured, that if you continue in the world to love and to live by the principles taught within this college, you will ever be an honor to your parents, your country and your Church.

INDIAN SUMMER

HE dawn came cool and clear. The horizon was a painted band of molten gold surmounted by the still deep velvet of the night. As the sun ascended, the gold slowly resolved itself into an intense rose, gradually dissipating the heavy purple above it. In a short time the rose had disappeared and left nothing but the bright glare of the sun.

The evergreens, which covered the surrounding hills, took on their wonted gloss, shading from the deepest green of the pines to the lighter colorings of the cedars and the junipers. As the sun mounted higher, the sky became a beautiful cloudless blue, which it retained during the forenoon. About one o'clock, the air seemed to get sleepily warm, and the only sound was that of a few belated crickets vibrating an autumnal farewell. The China blue of the sky soon had white cloud bits mingled with it, looking like nothing so much as tufts of plucked cotton at rest on an azure quilt.

Down along a stone wall, the sumach was standing in scarlet splendor, and wild asters and gentians nodded their heads among the withered grasses. A milkweed pod released a feathery inmate, which floated away on a tiny breeze. Nearby, a black-capped goldfinch hung upside down, swaying on a thistle stem, in search of seeds.

Climbing the wall brought one to all the glory of October's beauty. The gorgeous handiwork of the early frosts was everywhere. Underfoot lay tussocks of emerald moss, rising from shallow pools of black water. Tall ferns, of an indescribable yellow, grew in clusters in the higher places. And all about swamp maples stood, beautiful in their silver bark, and incomparable in the coloring of their leaves: yellow, sere, verdant, rose, scarlet, and their myriad tints, laid on by an artist whose palette contained only the softest shades. Farther into the woods on more elevated ground, white and black oaks held their places, some with leaves already turned and others still retaining their summer green. The birches, slender trunks, snow-white, flecked with sable; sombre ash, and even the beeches, all had felt the necromantic hand of Autumn.

So early a light carpet of leaves had fallen, making way for the coming of a soon-following multitude.

As evening was coming on the hills became cloaked with a blue haze which slowly deepened to purple. The sun, sinking lower, splashed the western sky with vivid magenta, which became rose and then mauve. A while, and night had set in; its darkened heavens pierced by countless scintillants.

To one tramping all the day, the change of seasons was evident on every hand. Indian Summer was here for a visit.

James H. Lynch, '25.

FALTERING LOVE.



WATCH the dying embers of my love
Which lately shone so bravely and so bright.
Can it be true that one word is enough
To quench the flame, erase its glowing light?

Have I then been so faithless, so untrue?
Or did a jealous fury cloud your mind?
Have you been over-patient loving, too,
That you should act so harshly, so unkind?

If you have planned to lightly toy with love,
'Twere better that we never met, to fall,
For dreams enough are shattered from above
And broken hearts mend slowly, if at all.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

COLUMBUS



Each century has had its share of celebrities. Each century has enjoyed its share of eminent scientists, philosophers, theologians and other specialists. These various men played their part in the world of affairs and then retired to the background, their deeds and works made known to us by means of writing and tradition. Perhaps it is an act of Providence that each century has been so endowed with famous men to carry on its work. If this is so, then the fifteenth century was particularly blessed by having the foremost discoverer and adventurer, a man pre-eminent among all others—Christopher Columbus. Certainly there is no other name more widely known than his in the long list of explorers, and his name should be of particular interest to us who are inhabitants of the land which he partially discovered.

It would be idle to repeat here the story of the discovery of America, for it is one with which we have been familiar from early childhood, but the spirit of this discoverer can now, as never before, be a subject of interest to many. At the present day, with the various means of transportation at our selection, we seldom think of the great intelligence and perseverance that made these possible. Ships are sailing on every known sea, having even penetrated the icy waters of the Arctic regions, and yet we seldom, if ever, stop to consider the privations and hardships that the early navigators were forced to endure.

Columbus experienced many hardships in his endeavor. From the very outset he was confronted with opposition and disappointment. Poverty and discouragement surrounded him, yet he did not despair. He sought sovereigns for aid but he met with nothing but disappointment. His plan was ridiculous to many and to the learned of that time it was regarded as a never-to-be-obtained vision. His teaching that the world was round was a sound proof of his insanity. Finally, goaded on by the hope of aid, he set out for Spain, where he was politely told by the court that his plan could not receive any serious attention at present because of the

impaired conditions of the treasury effected by the recent war of Spain with the Moors. It appeared to Columbus that his last hope had failed and undoubtedly it would have failed had it not been for the intercession of a Dominican friar, confessor of the queen, who, with others of her court, persuaded her to listen to Columbus. At first she was inexorable but after some consideration she gave her consent to aid the project financially.

Even with the queen's promise of aid there were great obstacles to overcome. When the nature of the expedition, for which vessels and crews were needed, was made known, there was universal terror. Nearly everyone regarded the ships and men inevitably lost that should venture on this mysterious sea, and little can we blame them, for the stories prevalent told of horrible monsters that inhabited the ocean. These monsters were of a ferocious nature and went about with open mouths, receiving into their enormous jaws whatever, or whoever, they sought to devour. Columbus never lost hope. He was courageous during it all and certainly the act of setting sail on an unknown sea lurking with mysteries, accompanied by a band of men with little or no interest in his endeavor, is sufficient to evoke our admiration for a man possessed with such an undaunted spirit for adventure.

To-day some writers contend that Columbus was not the first to conceive the idea of a new world and was far from being the first to land in America. Nor do they stop here, for they are not satisfied with trying to lessen his merits. They attempt to strip from his brow the halo of a discoverer and brand him with the stigma of imposture and infamy. This is the usual method of warfare adopted by those who feel humbled by the greatness of a genius and endeavor to exalt their own littleness by attempting to lower the greatness of others.

There is, indeed, sufficient evidence at present to prove that Columbus was not the first to conceive the idea or to entertain the thought of a new world. It had been for a long time discussed among the ancient astronomers and geographers, but by these only in a spasmodic way. Columbus focused the attention of the people on the subject. He was the first to make the attempt, the first to persevere and the first to succeed. He possessed the courage to meet the failures. He was the captain of the voyage that formed the greatest link in the chain of human cause and effect. He alone enjoys the distinction of the adventurer who opened up the minds of the Europeans to further cosmographic study.

"We salute thee, O finder of a World!

Thou who, bursting bonds of prejudice asunder,
Opened'st up a way to this New Land, now known,
Many a keel does plow the daring furrow
First traced by thee,—but thine the greatest glory."

J. C. Conlon, '25

IGNORING THE FRANCHISE



HE press tells us that evil is rampant on every hand. Deprecations of the glaring corruption permeating the entire social and political structure of the nation are being constantly dinned in our ears. Brilliant editors, indefatigable pulpiteers, spell-binding politicians, and just out and out reformers have gone before me filling the land with gloom, and depressing us with dire forebodings. The theme, properly, is exhausted, at least trite, threadbare, and monotonous. It is with considerable well-founded hesitancy that I enter upon the well-beaten path. I trust in the sincerity of my purpose and the extraordinary nature of my topic to exonerate me from the charges of the hard-boiled critic.

When more than one-half of the entire American electorate slumbers in absolute indifference to the value of the vote, we cannot escape the conviction that there is here a substantial, menacing evil. Truly this lethargy is amazing. We cannot pass it by with a shrug of the shoulders or a tired yawn. When one out of every two eligible voters knows nothing about the political issues of the day, stands nowhere with respect to party, and cares absolutely nothing about who represents him, a citizen is justified in the assertion that there is an unspeakably deplorable condition here which calls for strong remedial measures.

To what it is due it is presumption to say decisively. But upon first venture we might attribute it to ignorance,—abysmal, consummate stupidity. Frankly, I am at a loss to what else to attribute it. Will any logical being suggest that a delinquent voter has studiously observed the spirited race for office and ruled it a dead heat? Will the statement, "All candidates for office are of the same calibre," be accounted sensible? And that child of asininity, "What will my vote count?"—is this not rank ignorance? Give me fitting epithet to label it! Perchance it has already kept millions of votes out of the ballot box. What a thorough lack of common sense it argues. What will your vote count? Just as much as that of the most influential citizen in the state.

If these exasperating sentiments are the conscientious objec-

tions of our citizens—then ours is a low-browed electorate! I rather incline to the opinion that these are just false pretences to justify a deep-rooted inertia that binds men to their monotonous pursuits, unthinking, unknowing the current events that swirl and roar about them. They are content to ignore the priceless boon of popular government with its inspiring history and epic birth. Apathy! Curse of a free people! Mightier than the leveling forces of war in the destruction of free governments and institutions. Nation of chronic indifference—community without a soul. How deep the significance of the abandoned Franchise; how vast and extensive its consequences!

The man who never votes knows now he is challenged boldly to produce his motives. To the well-worn groove of repetition he scurries. "I don't relish becoming involved in the mire of political campaigning and the associations of political demagogues." Ah. I've heard that before; and lamentably weak it is. It entails a ruinous contradiction *in se*. If public officials are corrupt, it's your duty to help in their removal and punishment. If demagogues have the state by the throat, unloose the clutching hands. What are primaries for, or caucuses? What? You, a good citizen, will not lend a hand in uplifting the government? What a noble attitude to strike, to run off and separate yourself from the scene of battle. Proud man that you are, have you so much respect for yourself that you abandon your country in her alleged extremity? Mark this well: the man who will not vote to save his country is as much a villain as he who will not fight to save her. What a shallow mask of pretence! You are content to let the vigilant guard your interests from unscrupulous officials. But let it be circulated that a tyrant's election impends, and off you'd be to cast your vote. Yet, for all you seem to care or know, a tyrant runs in every contest. This is an unwholesome spirit. It savors of rank unappreciation of our American institutions. It displays a flagrant disregard of the duties of good citizenship, and indicates a lack of those finer qualities of the men who made America possible. It is without the semblance of logical defense—callous, culpable, unfilial practice.

How startling—the blunt fact of the vast multitude of voters prodigal of the Franchise! Will any phase of the country's welfare interest those who care not a whit about the government? If national or state issues disturb them not at all, will international relations ruffle the surface of their serene composure? Hardly. A bored smile, a tired sigh, that's all. What a thoroughly bad example they hold out for the emulation of their children, who, inflamed with admiration for the supermen defying death and mutilation for the establishment of this country, see a father or

mother unwilling to cast a conscientious vote to perpetuate it. Well was it said—America must be conquered in peace!

I can almost find pity in my heart for the miserable wretch who barter his vote to a corruptionist. His is a pathetic state of degradation. Sometimes I think that I might let escape a sneer of pitying scorn on him who, overzealous for the success of his candidate, casts more than one ballot. But the man who scoffs at elections, and ignores the sacred heritage of our heroic forefathers; and then thunders forth in denunciation of political corruption is beyond the contempt of his fellow man. He is, to my mind, the greatest living menace to American institutions today. *He doesn't care!*

This evil must be fought, and the proper warriors must be educated, upright, sincere, honest Americans. The college man ought to qualify here. Ours is the burden—lightened by the realization of our patriotic endeavors—to score this evil at every opportunity. Let us vote ourselves and look with stern disfavor upon those who neglect the duty. Our superior knowledge, sense of appreciation and gratitude for present blessings ought to equip us with the necessary energy to stand forever among the fighting minority that is shielding the torpid majority from the woes of despotic government.

Robert E. Curran, '25

AN ANTIQUE SHOP.



NE corner holds a quaintly seeming chair
Of faded velvet wrought in somber gold,—
Mayhap the treasure of some royal fold
That held the presence of some princess fair.

A ticking clock now fills the vacant air,
With still more vacant sounds of age and mold,
Some ancient heirloom of a family old,—
Or then again, it might no romance bear.

A rug cries out "Boast I gay Persian life,"
While statues wink an eye and whisper low,
"We tell of burning sands and wanton sheiks."
But when the Buyer comes with moneyed knife
To part them from their shop with purchase blow,
To him alone they're all the same—antiques.

Thomas P. Carroll, '25

THE OBSERVER



T this season of the year when many men become desirous of obtaining public office, and desirous also of the many emoluments both public and private derived therefrom, we hear a great deal about the Constitution of our glorious nation. This subject becomes the theme of many raucous orators when they have exhausted their usual course of extolling their own virtues and denouncing the glaring shortcomings of their opponents. This theme provides excellent material for a speech—and at the end of such a discourse the audience is somewhat less enlightened than before concerning the great national charter. The Constitution certainly does not profit any by the verbal maltreatment of mouthy office-seekers. Primarily the Constitution is a very human document composed by very human men. We use the word very to set aright the minds of those who consider the learned fathers of our country as demi-gods and the Constitution as the word of Revelation. As a human product it has its shortcomings, but its worthiness far outweighs them; and being the work of men of normal mentality and not of prophets or seers, it is somewhat handicapped because of its natural inability to cope with the forward march of times, remaining unchanged. Now those who weep and lament every time talk is made concerning the alteration of the Constitution or the addition of an amendment thereto, are those in whose hands the great document would be a menace.

Times have changed greatly since post-Revolutionary days. Some old customs are gone—superseded by new ones. Tastes of the people change—their ideas of democratic liberty have not remained unaltered. As a result, the venerable document by which they were guided in governmental and civil affairs began to chafe. It had to be changed—it was changed. None can say that the country suffered because of any change. None can say that the country would not have suffered were there not a necessary change. In the hands of intelligent statesmen—men of the same political caliber as were our national forefathers—the Constitution is safe. Those who have made it a life study are most fitted to handle it, to cherish, and—when the occasion arises—to change it. Of course these statesmen express the will of the people, and it follows that it becomes the big job of the people to choose the right men to represent them, men with minds big enough to comprehend the Constitution intelligently; not men who stand in fatuous awe of it—but men who, through an intense comprehensive knowledge, respect and love it.

The Motion Picture industry has become one of the foremost of American industries and, coming into the closest of contact with the people, exercises over them a powerful influence. That this influence is not without its danger cannot be said. The Screen through past results has merited both denunciation and praise, and when pictures are produced by intelligent men they will always merit praise. However, all pictures are not intelligently produced. Not only do they offend good taste in many instances, but become also a travesty on common sense. Moving pictures, as was suggested above, have a very strong control over the minds of many people, people whose only knowledge is derived from the fanciful *facts* of the screen. Certainly that which dominates so forcefully thousands of people and their mental activity has a very great responsibility. And this responsibility should only enhance the care and skill used in making these pictorial productions. Great care and much time is usually taken when the directors of a corporation choose a man to govern and control their material affairs. It is his duty to produce a good that will reflect honorably upon the trustworthiness and ability of his company. So in the moving-picture field the same course must be followed. Historical facts must be followed with meticulous care, and the danger of prejudicing race or religion carefully avoided. If it is the purpose of the pictures to produce films of educational value and to gain as its final end the enlightenment of the public, then a code must be strictly adhered to—a code which is in conformity with morality primarily—with justice as a necessity, and common sense. Of course the motion picture is a means of making money. If this means is abused by the outraging of common reason or by the scorning of moral honor it has no right to exist—no more than any other dishonorable or dishonest means of obtaining wealth.

Very many pictures, it must be said positively, have no educational value. Very few are directed with any real skill. They are produced with great rapidity to satisfy an increasing demand, and their educational value or their worth as wholesome entertainment suffers for the advantage of increased production. Here the producer defeats his own ends. The few hackneyed plots of some films will soon tire the public, and the foolish, impossible plots of others are an insult to the most unobserving or least particular. Just as anyone selling the public a commodity, the motion picture producers must be essentially the dispenser of worthwhile goods, and these are not forthcoming unless care and brainwork enter into their composition. Motion pictures can be made the power for a great good. Their producers are of a sufficient experience to know that carefully produced films that conform to reason and historical truth, that are unprejudiced to any sect or race, are the most lasting, and enjoy the greatest success and popularity.

T. Henry Barry, '25.

HOTCHPOTCH



KNOW a certain little cat
Whose color is not brown nor black ;
It also is quite true to say
He is not white or is not gray ;
His color no one e'er could call,
He is a mixture of them all.

Through him no blue blood swiftly flows
Just where he came from no one knows ;
He was no Manx or Siamese,
Nor yet a Persian or Maltese ;
No pedigree prizes hang on the wall,
He's just a mixture of them all.

When I got home the other day,
I found my friend had passed away ;
Did I feel heart-broken or blue,
Or downright sad and lonesome, too ?
I'd like to sat right down to bawl,
I felt a mixture of them all.

If there's a place where little cats go,
My little friend is there, I know ;
And of the joys that he finds there,
I know he'll think it only fair
If in that land beyond recall,
He finds a mixture of them all.

Sheep herders are said to be the most honest people in the world—and yet they always work with a crook.

“A skin you love to touch” plays an important part in all seasons of the year, but the school year can be divided into three parts—in the Fall, pig-skin ; in the Winter, coon-skin, and in the Spring, sheepskin.

There is a new song on the market that has proved quite a hit with the summer residents of Onset. It is entitled, “There is an Island that is Not Heaven.” It *cells* for three dollars a copy.

BUMP OF BLINKTOWN.

(Without apologies to Dorothy Parker.)

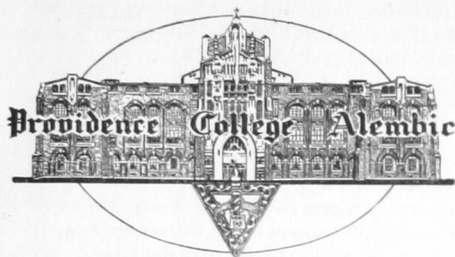
A humble commuter there was who lived
 In Blinktown on the Passaic.
 He had a wife, a daughter, a house
 And several other terrible woes.
 In the parlance of the day his dear wife
 Was a punctured casing, a real flat tire.
 She was forever comparing Henry
 With her neighbors' fine, bright, bustling husbands,
 Efficient handy men who built closets,
 Shelves, coal-bins, garages, and other things
 For their lovely, adoring wives, who were
 Sure to tell Henry's wife all about it.
 It seems Henry's talent was confined
 To manicuring the bristling privet hedge.
 Poor henpecked Henry was continuously told
 About his general and complete dumbness
 By his aforementioned beautiful wife.
 Added to this, little sister, a sweet child,
 Was afflicted with enlarged tonsils
 Or adenoids or bumble foot, so the Doctor said.
 Of course this helped Henry's peace
 Of mind or that portion of mind which he had left.
 A three thousand-dollar mortgage had his
 Modest hearth in its cold, cruel clutches,
 Like a ghostly ectoplasm, clinging
 Tenaciously to his very being.
 Considering all his growing troubles,
 After reading a story where the man
 Suddenly drops out of the sight of friends
 And relatives, Henry decides to do likewise
 Some clear, quiet night just failing to hop
 Off the five-fifteen as it stopped
 At Blinktown to disgorge his fellow
 Commuters. He is mulling over all this
 In his mind as he clips the privet hedge
 With wifey and sister watching him work.
 "Hello, there, Bump. Got you working, I see."
 "Yes, Henry's working at last," said Henry's
 Beloved spouse, with a soprano trill
 At the end. For Mrs. Bump was fond
 Of the sound of her own voice, so Henry averred.
 He who had remarked on Henry's efforts
 Was Frank Cole, who, with his capable wife,
 Was out for a stroll in the evening air.
 After a discussion of the weather

And other mildly absorbing topics,
The chat came to an end as end all chats must.
Passing on, the Coles looked back at the
Bump family; Henry clipping the hedges,
Mrs. Bump talking steadily according
To her usual program and custom,
Sister playing on the green sward
As the summer twilight fell in shadows
On the serenity of old Blinktown.
Mrs. Cole said, "What a pretty picture!"
Poor Henry, overhearing them, knew
That he could not disappear as he planned,
Leaving wifey, sister and the mortgage.
So he bought a home-brew outfit to fool
Mr. Volstead. You see, things aren't what they seem.
Every bald man is not a barber.

INSECTICIDE.

Oh, I've delved in all the ologies
Without apologies.
Those I've studied are such ologies as these:
Psychology, biology,
Zoology, ontology,
Phonology, philology,
Cosmology, hydrology,
And other ologies too numerous to mention
In their varied extension.

I've a knowledge quite proficient—
And which I deem sufficient—
In the ologies I've deftly named above.
But there still remains an ology
To which I owe apology—
It's the ology that deals with bally bugs.
Why do moth balls make moths fat?
And questions similar to that
I would solve when once involved
With bugs.
Have lady bugs the right to vote?
And are there doodle bugs of note
In the realm of many legs and wings?
But the biggest question I would ask
When I took bugology to task
Would be, "Why aren't little bugs called buggies?"



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NO. 1

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**THE
ALEMBIC**

The ALEMBIC celebrates its fifth anniversary with this, the October, issue. In so brief a time it has become firmly established and taken its place among Eastern college publications. Up to the present each succeeding year of its existence has proved more successful, from every viewpoint, than its predecessor. And the year coming should prove no exception. Naturally, it is the earnest hope of the editors that this year's success will completely overshadow, in every phase, that which marked the ALEMBIC's former years. To realize this hope, one thing is absolutely necessary, and that is the whole-hearted effort of every Providence College man to do his bit toward making the ALEMBIC worth-while. Just as our athletic teams are a true picture of our physical capabilities, so is the ALEMBIC a true representation of our intellectual

qualifications, and consequently we should give a proportionate amount of energy and enthusiasm to the ALEMBIC. It is our only student publication, and as such it deserves the full support of every man at Providence College. Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, the success of the ALEMBIC depends on you! Get behind it, and boost!

TO THE FRESHMEN What cheer, Freshmen! Which expression, according to translations used in histories dealing with Roger Williams and Rhode Island, means welcome. More than two hundred enthusiastic, but for the nonce, decorous, young men enrolled in the Class of 1928, which, incidentally, is the largest Freshman class ever to enter Providence College. After some inquiry we found that these tyros hail from widely scattered parts of the country, which mingling tends toward broadening the individual. It is with the idea of appraising these ambitious young men of what is expected of them, that we write this.

The newcomers have a duty to perform, and it consists in making the other classes sit up and take notice. The Freshman Class should be the best of all classes, especially from the standpoint of participation in class and college activities. They should be the ones to set the pace—and hold it. If a Freshman Class gets a good start, takes a tight grip right from the beginning, they will soon get the habit of being successful, accomplishing what they set out to accomplish. If they start half-heartedly, they soon become wholly spiritless, "college clods," to remain that way for their four years in college. Let it be said that the Class of 1928 is of the right sort. Again we welcome them. May they become the highest type of Providence College men.

ELECTION DAY By the time the November issue is published, Election Day will have come and gone, so it might not be amiss to write a few words concerning it here. This year finds the two old parties supplemented by a new third party which presents for popular consideration many political reforms and innovations. Some of these reforms are economically and politically sound, while others are not. Whether those that are sound have a nation-wide appeal or are stiltedly colloquial, has yet to be proved.

On the other hand we have the mother-party of this "radical"

third party offshoot, basing its plea for re-election on conservatism in its most conservative degree. Here a distinction must be made between conservatism and the state commonly called hidebound. A nation of our proportions is always in need of progressive and rectifying government, and if conservatism is carried to the point of stock-stillness, retrogression is liable to set in. Again the party in question was involved in the greatest scandals that have ever smirched our Government. To offset this we have the statement, never blame a body for the actions of its individual members unless those members acted in accordance with the will of the body.

The other old party is making its election plea on "honesty in government." It is a serious reflection on the political condition of a country when a party finds it necessary to announce its inherent honesty. A political party should, by all the dictates of justice, have its political integrity presupposed. Unless a political party can not alone be honest in its duty of office, but also bring about beneficial modifications in our national governing machinery, it cannot hope to sway the people to its support.

Summing up, we have to choose from on Election Day a set of unproved reforms; a deeply conservative governmental program based on the personality of one man; and a party guarantee of honesty in government. A good choice, a thorough weighing and balancing, one against the other, cannot be too carefully made, for on it devolves the welfare and personal liberty of one hundred millions of people.



COLLEGE CHRONICLE

Providence College and the Order of
Brother Gabriel Friars Preachers sustained a severe loss in
Turbitt, O. P. the death of Brother Gabriel Turpitt, O.P.

Brother Gabriel died at his home in Providence, early in the morning of August 18.

Robert J. Turbitt early showed a keen intellectuality and an especially pleasing personality. Throughout his years at school he was always among the most popular of his fellows and usually held some class office. He completed his preparatory course at La Salle Academy in 1919, and in the same year entered Providence College, being a member of its first class. It was upon the completion of his Junior year that he felt the call to the religious life and in August, 1922, he entered the simple novitiate of the Dominican Order at St. Joseph's Priory, Somerset, Ohio, where he took the name of Brother Gabriel, in religion.

During his stay at the novitiate his exemplary conduct and cheerful disposition gained for him the respect and affection both of his superiors and fellow novices. He made his first profession at the novitiate on August 25, 1923.

Leaving St. Joseph's, he went to St. Rose Convent, Springfield, Kentucky, to undertake his seminary course in philosophy. His progress in the study of philosophy was excellent when his health began to fail, and on Palm Sunday he suffered a serious attack, from which he never recovered. From that time he was confined to bed with a complication of heart trouble and rheumatism. In the hope that the change might bring about a betterment of his condition, he was permitted to return in July to his own home in Providence.

On August 16th his state was such that he was anointed. Two days later, August 18th, at 5:30 a. m., calm and fully prepared, he breathed his last.

He was buried Thursday, August 21st, from St. Joseph's Church, Providence. Dominican Fathers, members of the faculty of Providence College, chanted the Office of the Dead, and the Very Rev. J. H. Foster, O.P., Brother Gabriel's novice-master, sang the Solemn Requiem Mass. Burial took place in the Dominican plot in St. Francis' Cemetery. *Requiescat in pace.*

Two hundred and five Freshmen assembled at Opening opening the College on Monday, September 22. This is the largest registration of Freshmen in the history of the College. Mass was celebrated at 9 o'clock, Rev. John A. Jordan, O.P., Vice-President officiating. Following the Mass, the Dean of the College, Rev. D. M. Galliher, O.P., briefly addressed the student body. Sept. 24 saw the present Juniors back; on the 25th, with the advent of the Seniors the whole institution was in smooth working order.

The Rev. Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., S.T.Lr., *Faculty Changes* professor of philosophy, who has been identified with Providence College since its inauguration, has been sent by his superiors to the Catholic University at Louvain, Belgium, to pursue his philosophical investigations. Ever genial and kindly in his relations with the student body, thorough in his methods as a professor, Father McCarthy left an impress on the men whom he taught which will be as permanent as their gratitude for his self-sacrificing efforts in their behalf. Fr. Cyril Coudyre, O.P., of the French department, has been transferred to St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York. The student body wishes both these priestly professors unbounded success in their new fields of labor.

Three additions have been made to the Faculty. Rev. Bernard A. McLoughlin, O.P., M.A., after special study at the Catholic University, Washington, joins the English department. Rev. Daniel M. Della Penta, O.P., S.T.Lr., has been added to the department of Philosophy. Rev. E. L. van Becelaere, O.P., S.T.Lr., becomes professor of French and Spanish.

As this first number of PROVIDENCE COLLEGE *Intramural Activities* ALEMBIC goes to the press, the various class organizations and the college societies are being formed. In the next issue we hope to print the officers of the classes, debating and dramatic societies. From present indications it appears that the present year will witness an enthusiasm and success never before attained in the history of the college.

ALUMNI



It is the purpose of the editors of the ALEMBIC to make the Alumni notes as comprehensive as possible. To do this, it is necessary that the Alumni lend a hand by letting us know what they are doing—or what they are going to do. It does not take a great deal of time or effort to sit down and write a few words telling us where you are studying or working. Tell us about your classmates, when and where you met them. This is the only way that we can keep in touch with you. Do your part and we will do ours.

Joe O'Gara, '23, after a year at Boston University Law, is now at Rochester studying for the priesthood.

Newspaper work has claimed Franny Dwyer, '24, and Walter Taft, '24. Both are with the *Providence Tribune*.

The textile industry has George Donnelly, '23, with the Imperial Printing & Finishing Company. Ed. Quinn, '24, is with the Moore Fabric Company, Pawtucket, and Spencer Kelly, '23, is a chemist with the Mount Hope Finishing Company, at North Dighton, Mass.

Joe Fogarty, '23, one-time ALEMBIC editor, is still catering to the public appetite. His slogan is "bigger and better."

Howard Farrell, '24, visited the campus recently. He watched the football team go through a stiff workout, and pronounced the players fit for a hard season.

Speaking of sports reminds us that Jack McCaffrey, twice baseball captain and premier pitcher, is still with the Rochester club of the International League. A season or two should see Jack experienced enough to be "up there."

Danny O'Neill, '24, he of the bright locks and equally bright disposition, returns in a new role. He is instructor in Latin and Greek.

The following have resumed study in the institutions named: Frank Casey, '23, received his A.M. at Catholic University last year. He is continuing his studies there.

Jim Higgins, '23, Harvard Law.

Ed Kelley, '23, Boston University Law.

Amos Lachapelle, '23, Boston University Law.

J. Addis O'Reilly, '23, class President, Yale Law

Earl F. Ford.

EXCHANGE



THE purpose of the *Exchange* department in a college magazine is to bring us into closer contact with the life and affairs of other colleges, and above all to foster the spirit of friendship. No word is oftener on the lips of men than *friendship*, and no other thought is more familiar to their aspirations. As some philosopher has aptly said: "Friendship is the secret of the Universe." It is for this reason that the greatest care must be exercised here, for this department, instituted for the truly noble purpose of increasing and sustaining friendship and fellowship can, by a slip of the pen, become the source of an unnecessary bitterness.

Despite the fact that this department was founded to promote friendship, there is a difference of opinion among college editors as to whether *Exchange* columns are really read or not. Some contend they are, while others, having a naturally pessimistic outlook, hold that few, if any, read the *Exchange*. If we placed our faith in the tenets of the latter, we would promptly find ourselves without an editorial job, which, no doubt, would prove a catastrophe beyond sufferance. There is, however, one thing certain, and that is that those who *do* read the *Exchange* pass judgment on it, which results for the writer thereof either in laudation or damnation. Hence the coming year will witness a constant straining of our humble efforts.

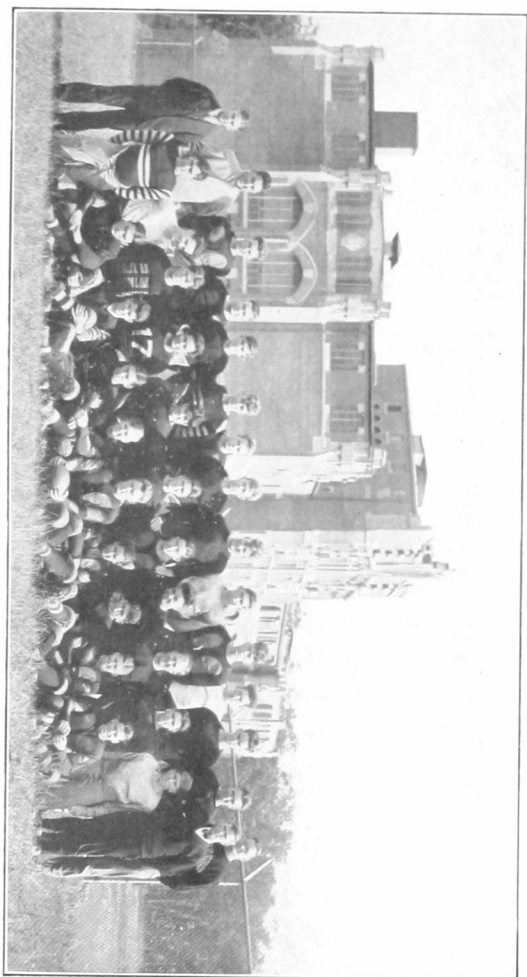
The poor *Exchange* editor resembles nothing so much as an undertaker. His is the hardened duty of burying the choicest bits of some struggling undergraduate writer in the literary potter's field of non-recognition, while at other times he has the always enjoyable task of witnessing the construction of a mausoleum of praise over the actually worthwhile work of some talented lover of words. It is under the latter circumstances that a very sensible glow fills the *Exchange* editor, informing him that his slavish poring over magazines is not always unrewarded. It is then that he hoodwinks himself into believing he is a discoverer—a finder of gold—which metal, upon mature consideration, oftentimes turns

out to be brass filings. Which statement may sound cynical, but is in reality only an arraignment of the enthusiasm of youth.

At some period in the adolescence of Time when, possibly, our ancestors lived in caves, the feminine half of a domestic entity resented the remarks of her spouse in regard to the then prevalent asininity of bobbed hair. In order to placate her the husband explained that there were two species of criticism, constructive and destructive, and that his was wholly constructive. At this juncture, not particularly liking his explanation, his wife took the family weapon off the mantelpiece, which weapon was a club of a size and weight which no self-respecting woman would be seen carrying. With an admirable dexterity and amazing power, she bashed in the skull of the nominal head of the family, giving him a convincing quietude. Thus, perhaps, was born destructive criticism, following in the wake of constructive criticism. Ever since then, *Exchange* editors have invariably begun the college magazine season by painstakingly defining criticism, setting forth the fact that theirs would be entirely of the constructive variety. O men of Athens, this is horrible, being like unto a diet of milk and honey, and who, I ask, would like milk and honey for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year?

We (the same old editorial we; page William Lyons Phelps) take this time to thank our *Exchanges* of the past and to welcome those of the future, hoping that our relations will be free and eminently fair, with an outer garment of charity clothing the whole.

James C. Conlon, '25



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD



Four years ago a small band of students comprising the first two classes to enter Providence College sifted itself for a group of players who believed themselves eligible for football competition. A schedule embracing four contests with leading preparatory schools and two with second elevens developed at Eastern colleges was drawn up.

Fred Huggins, a product of the gridiron system at Brown University and later an All-American mention from Tufts College, was hired to develop and build up a machine to tackle this first programme. A successful initial campaign was written indelibly into the records as the opening chapter of the unending history of athletic triumphs of the White and Black wearers.

Now in 1924 the football squad, composed of 40 candidates, has already played two important contests with Boston College and the University of Vermont, institutions that have yearly sent forth the best teams in the East. Providence fell before the Maroon and Gold, the best eleven ever turned out at University Heights. The Vermont struggle at Burlington was a hard-fought battle from the opening whistle.

The remaining eight games on the 'Varsity schedule include feature struggles with Colgate University at Hamilton; St. John's College at Brooklyn and Springfield at Springfield. Colgate, the institution in Hamilton, N. Y., is looking ahead to a hard game from the stalwart band of warriors that will invade its gridiron in a contest that will initiate athletic activities between the two colleges.

Support of the student body is a potent factor that must release itself for unified expression at the four home games. Turning back Brown University 1 to 0 in 20 innings in a record-breaking baseball contest last June, the diamond machine developed by

Coach Jack Flynn firmly planted the White and Black's colors at the peak of collegiate baseball competition. An active following that numbered in the hundreds, then was quickly swelled to the thousands when the nine held the veteran Bears to a 2 to 1 decision in the second game.

That throng of followers must be increased each season of football and baseball. A college is judged by the support accorded its athletic teams. The best criterion is attendance at the home games, especially by the student body and Alumni. Freshmen students naturally follow the examples established by their upper classmates. Students who have already been instilled with the spirit of the White and Black must fire their yearling classmates with this pep.

Drawing up a schedule for a second team marks another stride in development of athletic programmes at the college. Organization of a second team has served to increase materially the interest in gridiron activities. Products of second teams have many times strengthened a 'Varsity machine. With this end in view, the management decided on the second team programme. Although only three games were booked for this campaign, an eight-game schedule will probably be arranged for the 1925 season.

The complete schedules for this season are as follows:

VARSIITY.

- Sept. 27—Boston College at Boston
- Oct. 4—Vermont University at Burlington
- Oct. 11—Lowell Textile at Lowell
- Oct. 18—St. Michael's at Providence
- Oct. 25—St. Stephen's at Providence
- Nov. 1—Colgate at Hamilton, N. Y.
- Nov. 8—Springfield at Springfield
- Nov. 15—Submarine Base at Providence
- Nov. 22—St. John's at Brooklyn
- Nov. 29—Cooper Union at Providence

SECONDS.

- Oct. 4—St. John's Prep at Danvers, Mass.
- Oct. 17—Harvard 2nds at Cambridge, Mass.
- Nov. 8—Suffield Prep at Suffield, Conn.

Light, inexperienced and crippled, a sturdy band of gridiron warriors wearing the White and Black of Providence College succumbed to the steamroller attack of the heavy, conditioned and veteran Boston College football machine in the opening battle of the 1924 campaign for both teams, staged Saturday, September 27, on Braves Field, Boston, before an enthusiastic audience of more than 9000 fans. The final score was 47 to 0.

The charges mentored by Fred Huggins, now beginning his fourth year as pilot of the football destinies of Providence College, were completely outclassed in the first two periods when the rugged, hard-charging athletes of the Maroon and Gold launched a varied attack that netted them seven touchdowns.

Fighting every inch of the way when they returned to the field after the intermission, the Huggins' warriors stubbornly relinquished ground, yielding only once in the last two periods for a score. Weakened when it was stripped of both regular tackles by injuries sustained in pre-season scrimmages, the forward wall failed to withstand the assault and battery of the rugged Boston College backs in the first half when a total of 40 points was rolled up.

The assignment of the Providence squad in meeting the eleven developed by Major Frank W. Cavanaugh at University Heights was probably the toughest arranged for any football team sent forth from the smaller Eastern institutions. Boasting of probably the best punter and all-around player in this section of the country in Chuck Darling, pride of every Bay State fan, the Eagles had little to fear from the crippled and poorly equipped Providence combination.

The losing backfield embraced three quarterbacks, a regular halfback and fullback being forced to remain on the sidelines with severe leg injuries. Yet in defeat the White and Black players emerged with the reputation of succumbing to a better team with plenty of fight. Had Providence instilled its second-half scrappy spirit into itself at the outset, the scoreboard's final tally would have dwindled down materially. The fact that five players were fighting on a college gridiron for the first time proved a gigantic handicap to the White and Black.

A few stars twinkled in the Providence constellation. Jack Triggs, who has been the backbone of athletic teams at Providence for two seasons, bolstered up a weakened line with his all-around defense at fullback. Jim McGeough and Frank Ward displayed good form at halfback, while Vin Connors, substituting at centre, proved himself a stumbling block to B. C. ball-carriers.

The summary:

BOSTON COLLEGE.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE.

Harrison	le.	Cullen
Donahoe	lt.	Manning
McManus	lg.	Reall
Larkin	c.	Sears
Doyle	rg.	Capt. Alford
Capt. Kozlowsky	rt.	Fanning
O'Connell	re.	Smith
McKenny	qb.	Dalton
Cronin	lh.	F. Ward
H. Ward	rh.	Kempf
Darling	fb.	J. Triggs

Providence College Alembic

Score:

	1	2	3	4	Total
BOSTON	23	17	0	7	47
PROVIDENCE	0	0	0	0	0

Touchdowns—Ward 2, Cronin, Harrison, O'Connell, McKenny and Moncowicz. Points after touchdown—Fitzgerald, Darling 3, McManus. Referee—William T. Halloran, Providence; Umpire—J. T. Clinton, Yale; Head Linesman—A. T. Noble, Amherst; Field Judge—C. C. McCarthy, Georgetown. Time—12-min. quarters. Attendance—9000. Substitutions—Boston: Sullivan for Harrison; Dumas for Sullivan; Durant for Donahoe; Calnan for Durant; Elbery for McManus; Koblinski for Larkin; O'Brien for Koslowsky; Dower for O'Connell; Crean for McKenny; Fitzpatrick for Cronin; Moncowicz for Ward, McMenimem. Providence: Duffy for Smith; Whiteside for Duffy; R. Trigg for Manning; Grouke for Alford; Connors for Sears; Vallone for Reall; Brady for R. Trigg; Dwyer for Cullen; McKeown for Dwyer; Wholey for Dalton; McGeough for Ward; Allen for McGeough; Bride for J. Triggs.

ANNOUNCEMENT.



THE ALEMBIC offers a novel contest and a chance for you to do something real for your school. Every football fan, whether he plays or not, knows of a super-play, the play without a flaw, the play that would enable Providence College to "mop up" the field with her opponents.

Perhaps you know just the play!

Now, send in a diagram of that play and be a factor in putting Providence College on the Football Map.

This contest is open to all students of Providence College, and has the hearty approval of the Athletic Director, the Football Coach, and the Football Captain.

Coach Huggins will select the best play submitted, and it will be published with the author's name at the close of the football season. The three next-best plays will be published in the November issue of the ALEMBIC.

Come on, fellows! Do your stuff!

Send in your diagrams to Contest Editor, the ALEMBIC.