

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE ALEMBIC



THE THREE-QUARTER POST

Down the Home Stretch! Here they come!

The leaders of the field are Bernasconi, Considine, Carroll, Coyle, Dunn, Kelley, Lovett, McCabe, Malone, Manning, Murray, O'Neil, Reynolds, Spaight, Towne and Vanderbeck. They are straining neck and neck for first honors in the ALEMBIC A B C. Some were off with the starting shot. Others came in after the race began, but by distributed purchases they have managed to get in the lead.

Prizes for the winners amount to over \$100 in value and have been given by Advertisers more than ordinarily interested in the spirit of Providence College men in this recent enterprise. These business men believe that it pays to place an advertisement with the ALEMBIC and it is the obligation of everyone of us to see that they will not be disappointed in their belief. There is only one way to accomplish this end—whatever purchases you make should be made with the Advertisers of your college magazine. We have no quarrel with those who do not advertise with us, but we have a friendly favor for those who support us in this project. So, whether you spend ten cents or ten dollars, always give the preference to your business friends and demonstrate thereby the color of your college spirit.

For the sake of reference we ask that you place your name on the saleslip and turn it in to the ALEMBIC office before the twenty-seventh of April. This will make you a potential prize winner in the A B C and will bring this campaign to a successful termination. It also affords the staff something tangible to show prospective advertisers and gives invincible proof that ALEMBIC Advertising does bring profitable returns. Each name listed in the contest will also be placed upon a Roll of Honor designating the loyal supporters of Providence College and staunch Boosters of ALEMBIC Advertisers. So let everyone make the final spurt a big one, filled with thrills and results!

The contest ends on the twentieth of April and there will be one week after that date for turning in saleslips. Prizes will be awarded during the first week of May.

All together now—make the last lap the biggest and best!

Let's see your pep!

CONTEST EDITOR,

Providence College Alembic, Providence, R. I.

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

ACADEMY

Sacred Heart Academy, Elmhurst

AMUSEMENT

Royal Theatre, Olneyville Square

AUTO DEALER

Olneyville Hudson-Essex Co., Olneyville

AUTOS TO RENT

Checker Cab Taxi, Union 7809

Red Top Taxi, Gaspee 5080

Earl G. Page, 225 Fountain St.

BADGES

Wm. R. Brown Co., 23 Eddy St.

BAKERS

Piche's Bakery, 661 Smith St.

Tommy Tucker Baking Co., Delsaine St.

BANKS

National Exchange Bank, 63 Westminster St.

Industrial Trust Co., 49 Westminster St.

BARBERS

Elm Barber Shop, Smith St. at River Ave.

Leo Venegro, 425 Smith St.

BOILERS

Wholey Boiler Works, 55 Whipple St.

BOOKBINDER

Walter E. Horton, 661 Westminster St.

BOOKSELLER

Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St.

BOOTS AND SHOES

F. E. Ballou Co., Weybosset and Eddy St.

Thomas F. Pierce & Son, 173 Westminster St.

Sullivan Company, 159 Westminster St.

BUILDING MOVER

Fahey Company, 137 Willow St.

CATERERS

James F. Corcoran, 45 Olneyville Square

Ryan Catering Company, 14 Greene St.

CHEMICALS

Geo. L. Claffin & Co., 70 South Main St.

CHURCH GOODS

William J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

Wm. J. Sullivan & Co., 55 Eddy St.

Joseph M. Tally, 505-612 Westminster St.

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

Costello Brothers, Pawtucket

Morse Tobacco Company, 53 Eddy St.

CLASS PINS AND RINGS

C. A. Costello

Wm. J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

W. J. Sullivan & Co., 55 Eddy St.

C. K. Grouse Co., No. Attleboro

CLOTHING

Bolton, 213-214 Woolworth Bldg.

Browning King & Company, 212 Westminster
Cox Sons & Vining, 131-133 East 23rd St., New
York, N. Y.

Howell, 75 Westminster Street

Kennedy Company, 189 Westminster St.

The A. Nash Co., 355 Westminster Street

CONTRACTORS

James H. Lynch & Co., 75 Westminster St.

Mahoney & Tucker, 72 Weybosset St.

U. S. Concrete & Roofing Co., 321 Grosvenor
Bldg.

CONFECTIONERS (Retail)

J. Fred Gibson Co., 220 West Exchange St.

COSTUMER

Fletcher Costume Co., 524 Westminster St.

DAIRY PRODUCTS

Providence Dairy Co., 157 West Exchange St.

Turner Centre System, 135 Harris Avenue

DEPARTMENT STORES

McCarthy's, Woonsocket

McDevitts, Pawtucket

Outlet Company, Providence

DRUGGISTS

J. Fred Gibson Co., Westminster-Snow Sts.

Thomas H. Goldberg, Smith and Candace Sts.

Haskins Drug Store, One Block Down from the
College.

Hillis Drug Co., 206 Smith St.

McLaughlin's Pharmacy, Chalkstone - River
Aves.

John J. Neffan, 143 Smith St.

DRY GOODS

John Curran, 39 Arcade

Gladding Dry Goods Co., 291 Westminster St.

ELECTRIC SHOPS

Narragansett Electric Lighting Co., Eight in
Rhode Island

ENGRAVERS

Bickford Engraving & Electrotyping Co., 20

Mathewson St.

H. T. Hammond, 72 Weybosset St.

Thomson & Nye, 212 Union St.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

Arcade Employment Agency, 70 Arcade

FISH DEALER

Cook's Fish Market, 216 Smith St.

FENCE BUILDER

E. C. Church Co., 134 West Exchange St.

FUEL

Petroleum Heat & Power Co., 1219-1211 Turks
Head

USE IT AND WATCH IT GROW

WALDORF TUXEDOS

FOR THE JUNIOR PROM New Collegiate Tuxedos \$21.50

FORMERLY PRICED AT \$32.50 AND MORE

- loose fitting coat.
- lustrous satin faced lapels with long soft roll and semi-peaked.
- wide bottom trousers.
-the Collegiate model in its perfection!

See It!

Note:—This offer expires April 30th, and is only for Providence College men. None sold without a clipping of this advertisement.



BILL
GRIFFIN, '28
Providence College
Representative

WALDORF CLOTHING CO.

212 UNION STREET

Largest Tuxedo House in the City

SPECIAL TO HIRE—Collegiate Tuxedos, \$2.50

BOYS—TIME FOR HIKING

The Roads Are Clear

Well shod feet will best stand the strain, old shoes with WHOLE SOLES
—RUBBER HEELS will make hiking a real enjoyment.

HUB SHOE REPAIRING CO.

62 WASHINGTON ST.

NEAR CITY HALL

ARTHUR HEINIUS

170 WESTMINSTER ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

NORTON'S

Checker Cab

NO CHARGE FOR EXTRA PASSENGERS

UNion 7000

B-R-O-A-D-C-A-S-T

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The mileage shoe for men

\$8

A style for every require-
ment of the college year.

Thomas F. Peirce & Son
SIX GENERATIONS OF SHOE RETAILING
SINCE 1767

Westminster and Dorrance Sts.

CHURCH GOODS

BOOKS

Tickets to and from Europe

JOSEPH M. TALLY

506-512 WESTMINSTER ST.

THEY ARE WITH US—STAY WITH THEM—Use the Alembic Directory

THE COLLEGE MAN

Has Some Smart Ideas
About His Clothes

HERE THEY ARE

—HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

—STEIN-BLOCH AND

—GOODMAN & SUSS

The Outlet Company

Men's Store



WALDORF LUNCHES

MOST EVERYWHERE

JACK AHERN, DIVISION MANAGER

TOMMY TUCKER BREAD

The Loaf with the Home-Made Flavor

Tommy Tucker Baking Co.

Providence, R. I.

WEST 4542



M c C A R T H Y ' S

Woonsocket's Greatest Department Store
ALWAYS MORE FOR LESS HERE

M c C A R T H Y ' S

Cet Back of a

PETER SCHUYLER

COSTELLO BROTHERS

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

DESK LAMPS

PRICED FROM \$1.50 UP



Our wide variety of desk lamps includes a style for every purpose . . . Clamp-o Lamps for the bed, dresser or chair as well as more elaborate lamps for the table.

NARRAGANSETT

Electric Lighting Company's

ELECTRIC SHOPS

William F. Casey

**MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S
CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS
HATS AND SHOES**

With

KENNEDY'S

Westminster and Dorrance
Streets

ROYAL THEATRE

Olneyville Square

**World's Best in Motion
Pictures at Popular Prices**

J. Fred Lovett, Manager

Cox Sons & Vining

131-133 East 23rd Street

New York, N. Y.

COLLEGE
GOWNS



HOODS AND
CAPS

Those Seniors who have not been measured will please get in touch with Martin J. Toomey, '26, at once.

MAHONEY & TUCKER

CONTRACTORS

ENGINEERS

BUILDERS

72 Weybosset Street

Telephone Gaspee 8595-8596

Providence, R. I.

EAT THE BEST ICE CREAM

In Town at

Lappen's Ice Cream Parlor

Smith Street

Opposite Calverly Street

Restaurant Dreyfus

CORNER OF WASHINGTON AND MATHEWSON STS.

ESTABLISHED 1892

Cuisine Francaise Par Excellence

Coffee Shop Service	{	Collegian Lunch, 11 to 2:30 P. M.....	65c
		Breakfast, 6 A. M. to 11 A. M.....	50c
		Supper, 5 to 8 P. M.....	75c

The Parisian Room	{	Business Men's Lunch,	
		11:30 to 2:30 P. M.....	65c
		French Table d'Hote Dinner,	
		5:30 to 8 P. M.	\$1.00
		A La Carte Menu all day	

SPECIAL FAMILY DINNER SUNDAYS 12 NOON TO 8 P. M.

Restaurant can be rented after 9 P. M. any night for Private Dances,
Class Dinners, Smokers, Etc.

Telephone Ed. Dreyfus—Gaspee 6343

O'DONNELL & CO., INC.

THOMAS E. O'DONNELL
President

JOHN F. O'DONNELL
Treasurer

INSURANCE OF ALL KINDS

48 Custom House Street

Providence, R. I.

Established by Thomas E. O'Donnell in 1894

McDEVITT'S

PAWTUCKET

Distributors of

KUPPENHEIMER

Good Clothes

Mallory	Fownes	Fine
Hats	Gloves	Furnishings



BUILDING BETTER BODIES

The difference between the strong, husky athlete and the pale, anaemic boy is often a matter of diet.

DRINK MILK PROVIDENCE DAIRY COMPANY

157 West Exchange Street
GASPEE 5363

FLETCHER COSTUME COMPANY

Costumes Wigs Masks Beards

ALL ARTICLES DISINFECTED AFTER USE

DRESS SUITS AND TUXEDOS

524 Westminster St.

421 Weybosset St.

Gaspee 4685

Opposite Cathedral

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ALEMbic ADVERTISERS

Providence College Alembic

VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1926

No. 7

CONTENTS

Vision (Verse)	W. Harold O'Connor	250
Evolutionary History of Degrees, The.....	C. A. Lyons	251
Here Comes McBride	W. Harold O'Connor	255
A Fancy (Verse)	Joseph V. Barron	261
Springtime (Verse)	Walter Heffernan	261
Americana	Francis C. Hagerty	262
Reflections	Edward McEntee	266
An Incident in the War of Disunion.....	Robert E. Grant	267
Spring (Verse)	Joseph Lannon	273
Cantate Domino	Reginald G. DeVaux	274
Under the Elms (Verse)	Charles J. Fennell	276
The Observer	Stephen M. Murray	277
Residuum	Francis V. Reynolds	280
Editorials		283
The College Chronicle	Nicholas J. Serror	286
Alumni	Arthur Earnshaw	287
Exchange	Allan E. O'Donnell	288
Athletics	John E. Farrell	290

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."

Mist


You see the flush of the winter dawn
Where the mists part,
I see the blush of the June rose born
Deep in its heart.

You hear only the dull rain beat
Into the trees,
Hush! 'tis the patter of unborn feet
High in the breeze.

You laugh and will not believe
These things I see,
Ah! the blind may not perceive
What God shows me.

W. Harold O'Connor, '26

Evolutionary History of Degrees

HE rapid multiplication of degrees during the past few centuries presents a great opportunity for specialization in the various branches of learning. The evolutionary development of the degree is a topic well worth study; it is, too, one which receives scant consideration from the average college man.

Primarily, a degree is an official recognition by a university that a certain grade has been attained in a branch of learning. Historically, two elements entered into the granting of the degree. The masters formed guilds in which they united to establish standards to be reached by the applicants. The masters then presented their applicants to the ecclesiastical authority, the chancellor, for permission to incept or for the granting of the teachers' license. Thus the early university knew but one degree—the mastership. At this early stage the titles: Master, Doctor and Professor were synonymous.

The baccalaureate was not, originally, a university recognition. In a celebrated Papal Bull, issued in 1231 by Pope Gregory, the fourth, we find the term "Bachelarii" applied to those who, while teaching, were pursuing their studies for the mastership. The term was, perhaps, taken from the guilds in which the term "Bachelier" was given to a young man who was apprenticed. The academic condition which the word designated involved the idea of apprenticeship in teaching. The candidate studied for three or four years under a master and if at that time he could dispute with the master he was admitted to the examinations. If successful in these he became a bachelor, or a recognized candidate for the mastership. He was next permitted to teach the younger pupils. As time went on the baccalaureate became an inferior degree. A candidate who wished to continue to the degree of Master or Doctor would go on hearing lectures and also delivered lectures himself. The great similarity to the modern system in this last step is quite obvious. However, before he could teach, the student was obliged to make a thesis or disputation in public. Technically, this was known as a "determination." To determine, meant that the student had to resolve questions in public

disputation in order to prove his fitness to enter the second stage of his career for the mastership. "Determination" was thus an imitation of inception which admitted to the mastership. Like the latter, it soon developed into a mere academic ceremony, examinations being held beforehand to determine the fitness of the candidate. In addition to the ceremony of "determination" the student donned a special cap and took his seat in the midst of the "determined."

The length of the courses varied from four years in arts to fourteen in theology. The bachelors' degree as a direct preparation for the further study, is most common today in England, America and Germany. In France, it has never been considered more than the completion of a secondary education.

As the titles Master (from *magister*) and Doctor (from *docere*, to teach) show they were originally intended to denote the same position and were nothing more than licenses to teach. It was never until centuries of varied usage had obscured their primal meaning that the English universities came to appropriate the title of Doctor to the higher faculties of theology, canon law and medicine and the title Master to the lower branches of arts and literature.

A minimum of three years is generally required for the A. M. after the baccalaureate. The A. M., first known degree, was the prize of the middle ages. Even when other academic awards came into prominence, it was often necessary to receive this degree before taking the others.

The word Doctor is a title conferred by the highest university degree. A Doctor is a person who has taken all degrees of a faculty and is empowered to teach and practice them except in the case of an honorary degree. Of course, there were originally only two steps in the graduation and the title of Doctor was given either as an honorary appellation or was an alternative to Master. In this sense the word is applied to be understood in the phrase "*Doctor Angellicus*" as given to St. Thomas Aquinas. The process by which the doctorate came to be established as a third degree, separate from these of Master and Bachelor cannot be traced clearly. The title of Doctor was conferred as early as the twelfth century, however, at Bologna, the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred. At this inception, the formulae used today was composed. In the United States, the L. L. D. is conferred upon those of eminent learning or ability in

profession, without demanding learned exercise in return, except in the medical course, where the degree was conferred at the completion of a prescribed course. In England, the United States and Germany, the title of Doctor of Divinity (D. D.) and Doctor of Sacred Theology are conferred upon distinguished teachers of Christianity. It is interesting to note that there are about four holders of the latter degree in America at present, one of whom is the Rev. William Noon, O. P., of our own institution. The degrees of Ph. D. and Doctor of Civil Law (D. C. L.), Doctor of Canon Law (J. V. D.), are conferred by the German universities for proficiency in studies. The corresponding honorary degree in England to that of L. L. D. in the United States is the title of Doctor of Civil Laws. The degrees were awarded from the middle ages on, as a result of the successful examination. The examinations were, however, given with considerable leniency, and often resolved into a mere formality. The degrees were awarded by the chancellor representing ecclesiastical authority on advice of regent masters of faculty as to the candidate's fitness. The ceremony of inception consisted in the tradition of the book and the ring, the imposition of the biretta and the kiss of fellowship. The chief significance in the Doctorate lay in the fact that it authorized the recipient to teach everywhere without further examination. This prerogative developed from the *licentia docendi* which the degree itself implied.

The doctors themselves were not always ready to exercise this prerogative and the teaching devolved in a large measure to the masters and bachelors. They were classified as regents (those who taught) who were content with the prestige implied or were eager for other occupations. The essential meaning of doctorate, as fixed by the mediæval university is preserved in modern academic usage; the degree implies the qualification to teach. It has, however, undergone various modifications which are due partly to the development of the sciences and partly to the changes in educational theories and practices. For example, the L. L. D. is often conferred as an honorary degree; of late the Ph. D. has attained great importance and its value has been enhanced as a result of stricter requirements. For this and other doctorates research is now generally considered the principle qualification and in consequence the candidates' work is becoming more specialized.

Except on the continent of Europe the tendency has been to in-

crease the number of titles and degrees. Germany gives only the doctorate in all faculties. In France, the degrees are the license and the doctorate. The baccalaureate is required for all degrees. In England, the tendency has been to produce a rapid increase of degrees in the last half century. The multiplication of degrees has been carried to an extreme in America, accompanying in extent the opportunities for specialization in the various studies.

True, many of the degrees are worthless, being conferred by institutions which have no real claim to college standards. Over fifty degrees are now conferred by the various educational institutions in four grades of excellence, the highest of which are: Summa cum laude, magna cum laude and cum laude. No distinction is made between degrees obtained or examinations and honorary degrees. The chance for corruption which this system affords endangers the bona fide state of regulation degree holders. Restrictions have recently been placed upon degrees for honorary conferment. These are the L. H. D., S. T. D., D. D., LL. D., D. C. L., Mus. D. These would tend to distinguish from those won by examination.

Degrees are now usually conferred after four years study (Bachelor) accompanied by the necessary examination. In the larger institutions, the mastership is no longer conferred in course; but only after a period of specialization in a definite field. For the degree of Doctor, two or three years of study and the presentation of an original piece of research work are required.

Thus we have the modern degree; the goal of the student; the certificate of his successful efforts in the progress of learning.

C. A. Lyons, '29

Here Comes McBride!

THERE was a gasp of amazement followed by a roar of laughter as one after another the rookies became aware of his presence there. Tiny Jack 'Keeffe paused in the middle of a wind-up and fairly convulsed his 200-pound frame with glee as he looked at the big awkward figure stalking across the playing field. Even the staid emotionless countenance of Manager Barney Madden relaxed into a grin of amusement as he gazed at the man approaching the stands, for the new rookie was without doubt the most ludicrous figure that had ever stepped into Forbes field. It was impossible to tell which part of his apparel attracted you first; it might have been the suit he wore, that was enough to draw attention anywhere except on the street where it must surely have originated and that street could never have been other than one of the thoroughfares of New York's East Side. It might have been a grey suit but it was the closest grey to pure white that ever was made, and tight! Well, as Keeffe afterwards remarked, "If that blamed suit was any tighter they'd have to cut it up the back every night to get the thing off him." Then there was his necktie; that was truly a creation worthy of the approval of the gayest modiste in all Paris; it was green, not just an ordinary shade of green but flaring, and well, there's not much use trying to describe it to you, it was just the brightest green that ever colored any human creation. Then to top it all he wore a derby, almost the color of his suit. In one hand he carried a baseball bat and an old battered glove, in the other he held a carpet bag. He walked with a short jerky step straight up to Tiny Keeffe, who had left the mound and was vainly trying to smother a burst of laughter in his glove. "I say mister, I wants ta see Barney Madden, the manager of this club, can ya tell me where ta find him?"

Slowly Keeffe turned and without a word pointed out Madden and then threw himself upon the ground and roared with glee.

The object of all the mirth glanced in the direction of Madden and walked quickly to him.

"Are you Mister Madden?"

"Sure thing, what can I do for you?"

"Listen Mister, you can't do a thing for me that any other manager in dis league won't be glad to do in ten days. But I can do plenty for you. I can make dis rattle-trap club of yours into a ball team."

"Oh, You can, heh! And who might you be? Walter Johnson or Ty Cobb?"

"I'll remember dat crack when I gets me salary for the foist year, Mister Madden. I'm McBride. I didn't get me trainin' under Jawn McGraw neither, but I'm telling you, see—When I hits em they rides, see."

"Yeh, I heard that one before too, but how often do you hit them?"

"Mister, I hits 'em any time they're in de groove."

"Oh, you do! Well, who sent you down here to me may I ask?"

"Read dis!"

Madden took the letter and tore it open. He read for a minute and looked up. "Humph! Well, I must say that Tom Maran never sent me a dude like you before. Well don't stand there looking at me, go over to the clubhouse and put on a suit."

McBride turned and started to the clubhouse, followed by a shower of mockery from the players. "Yeh, I'm telling ya see, when he hits 'em dey rides."

"All right you guys can the chatter and get down to work. I'm not letting any bum rookie bust up my practice session."

But it was a listless practice that filled the next ten minutes. All eyes were riveted on the door of the clubhouse.

A grin of expectation settled over the faces of the watchers as they waited for the reappearance of McBride.

Finally, he appeared, but contrary to expectations he had on no queer baseball suit. It was as neat and as well made as any on the field.

The men began to draw closer together and bets were made as to the playing ability of the new rookie.

"All right, mister, I'm ready. What'll you have batting? or do you want that I should show you some fieldin'?"

"Get out there and hit some. Keffe get out on the mound and throw him a few, not too fast at first. Let's see what he's got."

Keefe started to the box fingering the ball. Then he turned to the batter. But again the crowd went into an uproar of laughter.

McBride stood at the plate resting the bat on the ground as if it were a hockey stick. His legs were spread wide apart and a grin of confidence was upon his face.

With a great effort Keefe subdued his laughter and slowly began his wind-up. His huge shoulders bent and the ball shot to the plate, fast, but with no curve. McBride crouched and swung. There was a loud crack and Keefe turned with a sudden interest to see the ball go sailing far, far into center field and far over the wall.

Madden gave a grunt of approval.

Again Keefe drew back and threw, this time with more speed than before. This time he watched the ball bound back from the left field fence with a resounding ping.

"Cure him a few, 'Tiny'," from Madden.

Keefe curved a few and McBride shot them back at him.

Then he began to pitch. McBride only crouched lower in the box and kept his queer stand. But he hit them and he wouldn't take the bad ones.

On all sides the Lawrence ball team, regulars and rookies alike, gazed in amazement. "Tiny" Keefe, the best pitcher in the whole New England League, was having his best slants knocked to all corners of the lot by a green dude from the East Side.

Madden was in ecstasy over his find.

"All right, now get out there in the field. Where do you play?"

"I plays left, mister."

His play in the field was almost as awkward as his stand at the plate, but he got them and what's more he held them.

An hour later he walked into the clubhouse and began to dress.

Keefe walked over to him and shook his hand. "I say, Bo, you sure can hit them, where did you play before?"

"Who, me? Oh, I just played on the lots in N'Yawk."

"Who taught you to hit them?"

"Nobody taught me, I just hits 'em that's all."

Two weeks later Lawrence started North with McBride and his grey suit reposing comfortably in the parlor car. He was already the sensation of the southern training camps.

Barney Madden began to talk enthusiastically of pennants and big gates.

McBride only grinned and replied: "All I wants to do is hit 'em and den you send the kids out to chase de balls."

The day of the opening game came and the stands were crowded. The Lowell team was on the field. They were waiting for the Mad-denites to arrive. There was a commotion as the Lawrence nine took the field. "That's McBride out in left."

McBride looked at the crowd and smiled a smile of supreme confidence.

It happened in the fourth inning after McBride had already connected with a home run and a double. He stepped to the plate for the third time and as he stood there lazily resting his bat on the plate some wag in the stands started to whistle loudly: "Here Comes the Bride." Immediately the crowd took it up and the field resounded with the wedding refrain. It reached a climax when the band joined in the fun.

McBride stood at the plate still resting the bat on the ground but his face and neck were growing redder and redder, his eyes started to close and the players nearby could hear him muttering to himself. He swung viciously at the first ball pitched although it was wide of the plate. Twice more he lunged at balls that were low and wide and then he took the field.

The crowd realized that something was wrong with him and soon discovered that it was the song that bothered him.

For the rest of the three innings he played McBride was without doubt the worst specimen of a ballplayer that ever entered the Lowell Park.

Madden yanked him in the seventh after he had let three drives sail over his head that ordinarily he could have caught with his eyes shut.

He slouched to the bench muttering to himself. Barney glared at him. "Say what kind of a ball player are you anyway? I thought you could take a little riding once in a while."

"Mister, I'm tellin' you I don't care what they does as long as they can that song. It gets me goat."

Keefe came in from the box and stalked over to McBride. "So

that's the kind of a Babe Ruth you are! They have to feed you candy or you can't play."

McBride only reddened and replied: "I'm tellin' ya it gets me goat."

Despite all the combined efforts of Madden and the team McBride continued in his slump, for every time he appeared on the field the crowd began to hoot and sing the wedding march. It seemed that McBride was through, he just couldn't stand the gaff.

Lawrence was in the first division in the league but they needed a man like the old McBride to bolster up the hitting of the team if they were to gain the first place.

Every conceivable method was tried to get McBride back into the game. Cotton was stuffed into his ears and he tried to ignore the strains of the march, but after a few days some one conceived the idea of having a kid walk out into the left field stands dressed in a bridal veil, and again McBride went to pieces.

Madden was in a quandry trying to find out why McBride was so sensitive to the wedding march and finally, in despair, he wrote to Maran asking for the reason.

Two days later the answer arrived, "McBride was married only a few days before he went South to join Lawrence and his wife said she wouldn't live with him if he continued to play ball."

Barney Madden paced the floor of the clubroom brooding over the complication. Later that day, he called Keffe aside and talked to him for about fifteen minutes. Keffe grinned and said: "Well, it won't do any harm to try it, anyhow."

The next day Lawrence went to Boston to play and Keffe was not about the grounds. Late in the afternoon two figures stole into the lobby of the Plaza Hotel and one of them applied for a room.

Madden approached McBride the next day and said: "Mac, you're to play left today."

"Aw, what's the use, you know I'll only blow when the crowd starts that bloomin' song."

"Well, never mind, I said I wanted you out there, didn't I? Well that goes, see."

McBride took the field that day and for two short innings seemed to regain his old form but when the wedding march was taken

up by the crowd and it was evident that he was going to go to pieces again.

Keeffe turned to the left field stand and waved his glove toward them. There was a stir among the fans as a young lady pushed thru the aisles and sat in the first row of seats.

McBride came out for his half of the fourth inning and the crowd continued to taunt him. Suddenly the young lady in the first row stood and called softly, "Tommie.!"

Instantly the fielder turned and gazed into the crowd. At first he failed to see the girl, but when she called again he turned fully around and walked toward the stand. His eyes took in the trim little figure above and then he let forth a shout of joy. She waved a tiny handkerchief at him and called: "It's all right, Tommie."

From then on McBride seemed inspired with the fever of the game. His playing bordered on the phenomenal and when in the last inning the Boston club saw a scorching hit shoot off his bat to give the Madden club a victory, they realized that the day when the wedding march would halt the winning spurt of the Lawrence nine was past.

Day after day the fans whistled, sang and shouted the wedding march. The stands echoed with the phrase, "Here Comes McBride."

Every opposing pitcher in the New England League grew to fear and hate that tune, that name and that call.

Barney Madden, after nine years, had taken home a pennant winning club and at the celebration banquet he called suddenly to Keeffe: "Say 'Tiny,' tell us how you got McBride's bride."

Keeffe arose 'mid a burst of hilarity and said slowly: "Why that was easy. All I did was tell her that McBride was to lose his job if he failed to show up well in that game in Boston. She really believes that her Tommie is the greatest ballplayer that ever put on a uniform, and when I told her how things stood she was ready to fight Madden for even thinking of putting her Tommie off his old ball team. I just got her good and mad and then she came and so we are here celebrating the winning of a pennant—because McBride did come, in fact, both McBrides came."

W. Harold O'Connor, '26.

A Nancy

There must be a land of sunset dreams
In this world of sadness and sorrow,
Where happiness flows in golden streams
And we have no care for the morrow.

There must be a land of sunset dreams
For the traveller, lonesome and weary,
Where love in a crystal castle gleams
And paths are bright and cheery.

But dim is this land of sunset dreams,
Devoid of dissention and strife,
And the easiest way to reach it seems
Is by making the best out of life.

Joseph V. Barron, '28

Springtime

Fresh down the rolling hill
Sweet fields repose,
Thru verdant vales and still
Spring's whisper goes.

Softly her finger-tips
Flowers caress,
Gently her dewy lips
Green trees redress.

Fresh tints at coming day
Brighten her skies,
And in her parting rays
Sweet beauty lies.

Walter Heffernan, '28

holds a responsible chair in one of our American universities and for this reason ought to know better, says: "We do not fear the smell of garlic. We do not fear the foreign accent of immigrants. Let us be quite frank and honest with ourselves, and admit that we fear the allegiance which they owe to a certain red-hatted man on the Tiber. Recognizing that we fear their Romanism, what shall we do? Why, de-Romanize them, of course. Let us bring to them our Protestant evangelical interpretation of Christ. It can be done. I have been on that job long enough to know that. It can be done. The children of these people are turning away from their faith, and their children will be atheists and anarchists. Among the Italians in this country, three millions of them, there are one million Catholics, one million indifferent and one million nothing at all. The two million are a challenge to us, the challenge of opportunity. Let us bring to them the genius of America. What is the genius of America? It is that compact which the men and women on the Mayflower drew up and signed in God's name. It is in the words which Woodrow wrote and spoke in behalf of democracy. Great Americans of American history have reiterated the genius of America in maintaining that the Bible is the rock on which this government was built. Until we have brought God to the peoples who come to us from other lands, we have not touched the fringe of Americanization." This rancorous and bigotry-fomenting speech was given to a smugly respectable audience of uncommon Americans in the city of Providence in the enlightened year 1926, and was heralded as a masterly contribution to the field of Americanization. O Democracy! How many sins are committed in thy name! From the foregoing excerpt one gleams the misinformation that the newcomers to our shores are Godless and have no conception at all of spiritual matters. We seem to have cornered the market in religion. Were it not for the immigrants' homely virtues and their innocent lives, how could America hope to sustain its integrity? It is not the immigrant who makes up our Ku Klux Klan nor is it he who contributes to the Anti-Saloon League;—he is unaware that these two organizations are the guardians of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. A few years' residence in the country will convince him that one organization possesses in their vaults the Constitution with the Amendments I., XIII. and XIV. deleted; while the other will endeavor to show him that there is but one amendment in the whole Constitution, namely XVIII. If the immi-

grant has the temerity to question the fact that in his European home he was told that America was the land of the free, and the home of the brave, he will be sternly reminded that it is—but for those with that peculiar strain, about which we have spoken, in their makeup.

The type of Americanization lecture that refers to the Prince of Peace as "a certain red-hatted man on the Tiber," and classifies the Italian race as a race of anarchists and atheists is a crime against the American spirit of decency. Furthermore, the one who tries to classify the Italian immigrant in disparaging terms, should realize that the word, American, which he harps on so much and which from experience it is manifest that he uses unwittingly, owes its origin to an Italian. He should further realize that there are millions of Americans with red, not blue, blood, who resent such uncalled for and disrespectful reference to their spiritual head, as "the certain red-hatted man on the Tiber." There are millions of Americans who still believe that the Constitution with its Bill of Rights, and their official interpreter, the Supreme Court, have not yet been handed over to the Ku Klux Klan or the Anti-Saloon League, and that Americanism does not necessarily connote a connection with the Mayflower doctrine of superiority, nor that of proselyting immigrants.

Francis C. Hagerty, '26

Americana

TO ALL peoples an American stands for a tolerant, freedom-loving, and helpful sort of human being. It has taken more than a century and a half to divulge the meaning of the word, American, to all highways and byways of the world. Blood has been shed; money has been expended, courts have been resorted to when necessary to keep alive the tutelary spirit which has made this country so outstanding in the family of nations and for which spirit a true American stands. Of late years there seems to have arisen from a certain portion of the American citizenry the notion that this country is founded on a caste system of racial lineage involving as it does certain privileged classes; while there are some who believe that plutocracy means democracy. One cannot call himself an American in the strict sense of the word, if his forebears were so fortunate not to have sailed over the (balmy) deep in that ominous and hallowed ship which landed at Plymouth with its handful of chosen ones. It is strange to note that though small in numbers on that bodeful day in history when it set foot on these shores, the band has left a flourishing propagation of noble scions who because of their peculiar strain are superior to their fellow mortals. The descendants of those peoples who came to this country on ships other than the forementioned one, are on that account tainted with the bar sinistre, and as such unprivileged to partake of the prerogatives of social, political and educational leadership in this country.

So necessary is it for everybody to understand what the term American imports that nearly every state in the union has Americanization laws on its statutory books. They were enacted so that the immigrant who comes to our shores would imbibe the great importance attached to these laws and fulfill the regulations which pertained to him—in a word, to become Americanized. It is apropos to define here Americanization. Following Webster's New International Dictionary, "Americanization is the process of rendering American; the assimilation to the Americans in customs, ideas, etc.; the stamping with American characteristics." While there are many definitions of this word in so far as they are met in the course of addresses and works of prominent American men, it is universally

agreed that the foregoing definition is satisfactory and fulfills the signification which the numerous Americanization laws tend to convey.

To all aspirants seeking the apex of so-called polite society where mingle our lurid blue-bloods, the crust of our melting pot, it suffices to know that an endorsed racial background, a fascinating surname, and coffers filled with shekels, together with the bent or genius for thinking up novel and bizarre things to do so that heavy-hanging time will be lightened, constitute the tests which scrutinizing lorgnettes demand of its applicants. There are certain accidentals which though not necessary, are, nevertheless, the earmarks of a veteran social lion or lioness. These consist in an affectation of speech and manners resembling in a most apish and parrot way the elite of those envied levees at the famous Court of St. James across the pond; a snobbishness which is perfect only after long cultivation; and a smug respectability which knows no 'mea culpa' nor ever hopes to strike a 'mea maxima culpa,' but which rather cries out again the Pharisaical cant of old: "I do no wrong as my neighbor does: I keep all thy commandments, and give to the poor. I am a just man and not like the publican."

Why do blue-blooded and uncommon so-called Americans like the type which has been just described fear the immigration that pours thousands of foreign-born people in this country? The great majority of common, intelligent, liberty-loving and tolerant Americans has no fear whatsoever in respect to this matter. The great majority of Americans is endowed with common sense enough to know that their forbears were at one time immigrants and contributed their bit for the country's weal. The average American is sane enough to credit the veracity of historical accounts to the effect that many races consorted in those eventful days for a common purpose. He believes that history shows that there existed, before the Revolutionary War, dissipated it forever with cannon shot, an institution of social distinctions with that much-maligned king of history towering at its head down through all its divisions to the self-important esquire, who served as the outermost post between the select and the trammled common folk. He believes further that history has on its pages the records of stalwart and brave men writing by their heroic deeds the birth of a new nation guaranteeing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Yet one of our uncommon American brethren, who incidentally

Americana

TO ALL peoples an American stands for a tolerant, freedom-loving, and helpful sort of human being. It has taken more than a century and a half to divulge the meaning of the word, American, to all highways and byways of the world. Blood has been shed; money has been expended, courts have been resorted to when necessary to keep alive the tutelary spirit which has made this country so outstanding in the family of nations and for which spirit a true American stands. Of late years there seems to have arisen from a certain portion of the American citizenry the notion that this country is founded on a caste system of racial lineage involving as it does certain privileged classes; while there are some who believe that plutocracy means democracy. One cannot call himself an American in the strict sense of the word, if his forebears were so fortunate not to have sailed over the (balmy) deep in that ominous and hallowed ship which landed at Plymouth with its handful of chosen ones. It is strange to note that though small in numbers on that bodeful day in history when it set foot on these shores, the band has left a flourishing propagation of noble scions who because of their peculiar strain are superior to their fellow mortals. The descendants of those peoples who came to this country on ships other than the forementioned one, are on that account tainted with the bar sinistre, and as such unprivileged to partake of the prerogatives of social, political and educational leadership in this country.

So necessary is it for everybody to understand what the term American imports that nearly every state in the union has Americanization laws on its statutory books. They were enacted so that the immigrant who comes to our shores would imbibe the great importance attached to these laws and fulfill the regulations which pertained to him—in a word, to become Americanized. It is apropos to define here Americanization. Following Webster's New International Dictionary, "Americanization is the process of rendering American; the assimilation to the Americans in customs, ideas, etc.; the stamping with American characteristics." While there are many definitions of this word in so far as they are met in the course of addresses and works of prominent American men, it is universally

agreed that the foregoing definition is satisfactory and fulfills the signification which the numerous Americanization laws tend to convey.

To all aspirants seeking the apex of so-called polite society where mingle our lurid blue-bloods, the crust of our melting pot, it suffices to know that an endorsed racial background, a fascinating surname, and coffers filled with shekels, together with the bent or genius for thinking up novel and bizarre things to do so that heavy-hanging time will be lightened, constitute the tests which scrutinizing lorgnettes demand of its applicants. There are certain accidentals which though not necessary, are, nevertheless, the earmarks of a veteran social lion or lioness. These consist in an affectation of speech and manners resembling in a most apish and parrot way the elite of those envied levees at the famous Court of St. James across the pond; a snobbishness which is perfect only after long cultivation; and a smug respectability which knows no 'mea culpa' nor ever hopes to strike a 'mea maxima culpa,' but which rather cries out again the Pharisaical cant of old: "I do no wrong as my neighbor does: I keep all thy commandments, and give to the poor. I am a just man and not like the publican."

Why do blue-blooded and uncommon so-called Americans like the type which has been just described fear the immigration that pours thousands of foreign-born people in this country? The great majority of common, intelligent, liberty-loving and tolerant Americans has no fear whatsoever in respect to this matter. The great majority of Americans is endowed with common sense enough to know that their forbears were at one time immigrants and contributed their bit for the country's weal. The average American is sane enough to credit the veracity of historical accounts to the effect that many races consorted in those eventful days for a common purpose. He believes that history shows that there existed, before the Revolutionary War, dissipated it forever with cannon shot, an institution of social distinctions with that much-maligned king of history towering at its head down through all its divisions to the self-important esquire, who served as the outermost post between the select and the trammelled common folk. He believes further that history has on its pages the records of stalwart and brave men writing by their heroic deeds the birth of a new nation guaranteeing life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Yet one of our uncommon American brethren, who incidentally

holds a responsible chair in one of our American universities and for this reason ought to know better, says: "We do not fear the smell of garlic. We do not fear the foreign accent of immigrants. Let us be quite frank and honest with ourselves, and admit that we fear the allegiance which they owe to a certain red-hatted man on the Tiber. Recognizing that we fear their Romanism, what shall we do? Why, de-Romanize them, of course. Let us bring to them our Protestant evangelical interpretation of Christ. It can be done. I have been on that job long enough to know that. It can be done. The children of these people are turning away from their faith, and their children will be atheists and anarchists. Among the Italians in this country, three millions of them, there are one million Catholics, one million indifferent and one million nothing at all. The two million are a challenge to us, the challenge of opportunity. Let us bring to them the genius of America. What is the genius of America? It is that compact which the men and women on the Mayflower drew up and signed in God's name. It is in the words which Woodrow wrote and spoke in behalf of democracy. Great Americans of American history have reiterated the genius of America in maintaining that the Bible is the rock on which this government was built. Until we have brought God to the peoples who come to us from other lands, we have not touched the fringe of Americanization." This rancorous and bigotry-fomenting speech was given to a smugly respectable audience of uncommon Americans in the city of Providence in the enlightened year 1926, and was heralded as a masterly contribution to the field of Americanization. O Democracy! How many sins are committed in thy name! From the foregoing excerpt one gleams the misinformation that the newcomers to our shores are Godless and have no conception at all of spiritual matters. We seem to have cornered the market in religion. Were it not for the immigrants' homely virtues and their innocent lives, how could America hope to sustain its integrity? It is not the immigrant who makes up our Ku Klux Klan nor is it he who contributes to the Anti-Saloon League;—he is unaware that these two organizations are the guardians of the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. A few years' residence in the country will convince him that one organization possesses in their vaults the Constitution with the Amendments I, XIII. and XIV. deleted; while the other will endeavor to show him that there is but one amendment in the whole Constitution, namely XVIII. If the immi-

grant has the temerity to question the fact that in his European home he was told that America was the land of the free, and the home of the brave, he will be sternly reminded that it is—but for those with that peculiar strain, about which we have spoken, in their makeup.

The type of Americanization lecture that refers to the Prince of Peace as "a certain red-hatted man on the Tiber," and classifies the Italian race as a race of anarchists and atheists is a crime against the American spirit of decency. Furthermore, the one who tries to classify the Italian immigrant in disparaging terms, should realize that the word, American, which he harps on so much and which from experience it is manifest that he uses unwittingly, owes its origin to an Italian. He should further realize that there are millions of Americans with red, not blue, blood, who resent such uncalled for and disrespectful reference to their spiritual head, as "the certain red-hatted man on the Tiber." There are millions of Americans who still believe that the Constitution with its Bill of Rights, and their official interpreter, the Supreme Court, have not yet been handed over to the Ku Klux Klan or the Anti-Saloon League, and that Americanism does not necessarily connote a connection with the Mayflower doctrine of superiority, nor that of proselyting immigrants.

Francis C. Hagerty, '26

Reflections

Were dreams of childhood lasting
And all its visions true,
I'd bide my time in asking
For an aeon more or two.

Were realms of youth's ambition
Within my grasp again,
I think (with God's permission)
I'd add another ten.

Were childish yearnings heeded,
If boyish hopes came true,
There'd be no heaven needed
Sure Mother Earth would do.


Were castles of the bygone days
In truth just half sublime,
I'd venture there, to write my lays
And spend my leisure time.

Were man's ideals as cherished
As when in childish play
He guarded e'er they perished
In light of fleeting day.

Then days would be more sunny
And souls with brightness shine
The goal of life—not money
But love of the divine.

Edward McEntee, '28

“An Incident in the War of Disunion”

HE vibrant bloom of a Southern spring smiled upon the verdant slopes of the Potomac Valley. Nature, as if to hide the ravages of the gaunt spectres of war and poverty, covered the neglected fields and gardens of Guinamere with that varied profusion of flowers and shrubs found only in the South—that alluring South of romance and tradition.

Guinamere, the once prosperous estate of Major-General Grant-Guinan, was but the ghost of its former magnificence. The huge brick mansion which had once been the scene of the most lavish Southern hospitality wore the most inhospitable appearance. The windows of the lower floor were securely boarded up from within, and the whole aspect of the place was one of long desertion. The majestic pillars, which graced the main entrance were sadly in need of a coat of paint, while the pebble walks, uneven and overgrown with weeds, wended aimlessly between the stumps of centennial oaks long since cut away for the manufacture of gun stocks.

Mrs. Grant-Guinan stood in the center of the large living room, an important-looking document in her hands. The news had arrived at last. As she read, a cold fear clutched her heart. Vicksburg had fallen. The army of Virginia had been driven by overwhelming numbers to a new line in Georgia leaving Guinamere unprotected from the onrushing hordes of Sherman, the most unscrupulous tyrant who ever abused a general's power. The last hope was gone. The tottering Confederacy was fast being pulverized out of existence.

Through four desolate years Mrs. Grant-Guinan with heroic fortitude had warded off blow after blow. Her son, Captain George Grant-Guinan was severely wounded in the first Battle of Bull Run, at the very outset of the war, but had now resumed his command. Then had come the innumerable raids by which the Federal troops had stripped the estate of practically everything of value. The death of the Major General had occurred during the defence of Richmond, and now, there was but one upon whom she could depend for pro-

tection, her brother, Brigadier General Robert Smithfield, from whom she had received the present communication.

"But all is not yet lost," the letter continued, "With this letter the courier will hand you a sealed packet addressed to General Robert E. Lee. Elizabeth, you are a woman, but I am relying upon your ingenuity to see that this packet is delivered. It contains the secret plans of the enemy's advance through Georgia and it is, therefore, of the most vital importance that General Lee be informed with all haste. I am retiring immediately to the Cumberland River under general staff orders and therefore must intrust you with this important mission. Follow my instructions to the letter. You should receive this on the morning of May 6th. On the seventh, a small detachment of our troops will be stationed at Maysville fifteen miles east of Guinamere, under the command of your son, Captain Grant-Guinan. The packet must be placed in his hands by 7:00 a. m. The means of accomplishing this I leave to your good judgment. I scarcely need say, Elizabeth, as you love the Confederacy, rather die than permit the packet to fall into Sherman's hands. Be brave, and God protect you. Signed: Robert Smithfield, Brig. Gen.

Slowly she turned the packet over and over. Fear left her heart as a sudden determination took definite form. Her course of action was decided. She would deliver the packet herself. True, Anne, her only daughter, lay seriously ill upstairs, but Mammy, faithful old Mammy, would guard her from harm. And surely not even a Yankee trooper would molest two helpless women.

A sudden commotion in the rear of the house interrupted these reflections, and presently, Mammy, followed by the remnant of the household servants who had remained faithful, burst tumultuously into the room, wide-eyed fear spread over every ebony countenance.

"Lawdy, Mis' Guinan," exclaimed Mammy, her voice shaking in abject terror, "Don' lit'm git me! Ah don' wanten be free!" Lawdy, Lawdy!" Falling on her knees she clutched her mistress's dress piteously.

"Mammy, stand up," commanded the Mistress of Guinamere sternly. "What on earth is the matter?" Tell me at once."

"De Yankees," gasped Mammy, a fresh tide of emotion convulsing her corpulent frame, "De Yankees am a-comin'." Lawdy, Lawdy."

In swift confirmation of Mammy's startling news, a body of

Cavalry was plainly heard approaching from the north. It was such moments as this, during the four years of danger and hardship which had all but snapped the courage of this noble woman, who, accustomed to the almost feudal culture of Southern society was forced to cope single-handed with the dangers and exigencies of war. One helpless woman against an army. But such was the woman of the South.

With unflinching calm, she prepared for the defense. There were eight negroes, including Mammy, ready to protect their mistress at any hazard, faithful unto death. From the brace of guns upon the wall, she handed one to each, bidding them take their stands according to previous instructions.

"Mose," she directed calmly, "Go to the upper balcony. I am going to meet them upon the veranda. Shoot the first man who puts his foot upon the steps."

"Yes'm," said Mose, with a new courage, born of his mistress's superb calm, "Ah sho' will. Ain't no Yankee guine touch you'."

The band, consisting of ten men in Federal uniforms, drew rein at the gate-post. An officer dismounted and approached the house, his hand upon the butt of his gun.

Mrs. Grant-Guinan stepped from the hall and advanced to the top of the piazza steps, leaving the door ajar.

The officer, who wore the insignia of an adjutant, smiled as he approached.

"Stop where you are," commanded the mistress of Guinamere defiantly, "What is your mission here?"

"I am instructed to prepare this house for the occupation of General Sherman's headquarters. The general will arrive within the forenoon. Any obstacles placed in my way will be dealt with forcibly."

"You will violate my home at your peril," answered Mrs. Grant-Guinan, her eyes flashing with indignation, "Are you not satisfied with having despoiled us of."

"Come," interrupted the adjutant, impatiently, "Do you realize I can arrest you as a rebel? He signalled for the others to dismount.

"Stop," cried Mrs. Grant-Guinan, "The first man who puts his foot upon these steps will die."

With a mocking laugh, the officer began to ascend the steps. At this moment, Mose's rifle spoke, and the officer tottered for a mo-

ment and fell at the foot of the steps, blood streaming from a mortal wound in the temple. His comrades retreated hastily at this unexpected attack, withdrawing to the shelter of the hedge row, where, without an officer, they awaited the general's arrival.

"My God! The packet!" gasped Mrs. Grant-Guinan, forgetting for a moment that a dead man lay upon her doorstep. Hastily barring the door, she ran into the living room and seized the packet which still lay upon the table.

"Mose," she called frantically, "Come here quickly."

"Yes'm, ah'm heah," said Mose, entering the room with his still smoking rifle.

"Do you know the way to Maysville?"

"Yes'm," said Mose.

"Well, saddle a horse and ride for your life. Avoid the open roads, and take this packet to Maysville and deliver it to Captain Grant-Guinan before 7 o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Cap'n George? Ah sho'll be glad ter see'm."

"Tell him Sherman has taken the house and we are in great danger. Do not lose a second."

A sudden sense of helplessness suffused her. The reaction had set in and she realized bitterly that she was only a helpless woman. Sinking upon a sofa, she burst into a flood of tears and sobbed quietly for some minutes. What mercy could she expect from Sherman? With a feeling of revulsion she thought of the dead Yankee on the doorstep, and of the trail of smoke and ashes which Sherman had always left in his wake.

A tomb-like stillness pervaded the house. The faithful negroes still watched at their posts awaiting further orders from their mistress. Drying her eyes, Mrs. Grant-Guinan, rose from the couch to prepare for the coming ordeal. The great clock in the hall chimed nine solemn strokes, reverberating through the huge empty pile like a portent of impending doom. Scarcely had the echoes died away when a shriek of mortal terror, piercing the stillness like a pistol shot, froze the blood in Mrs. Grant-Guinan's veins. Motionless, she stood waiting. Presently, Mammy, tears streaming from her eyes, an expression of deepest anguish upon her face, stumbled down the broad staircase and fell, half fainting with fear and grief, at the feet of her mistress.

"Mis' Anne," she moaned, "Mis' Anne am daid."

Stunned by this cruel shock, the mistress of Guinamere stood staring with tearless eyes upon the grief-stricken soul at her feet. After what had transpired, she herself was incapable of grief.

Collecting her whirling thoughts, she hastily formed her course of action. There were three hours 'till noon. That was sufficient time.

"Come," she said, "Be calm, Mammy, there is work we must do before the Yankees come."

Together, mistress and slave, a common wound in their mother hearts, ascended the stairs.

What transpired in the death-chamber in the next half hour need not be repeated here, but shortly, a pathetic little procession could be seen wending its solemn way to the marble vault which stood in a little green plot marked off by a low stone fence. In the vanguard walked Mammy's two sons carrying a stretcher upon which lay a small figure covered with a white sheet. Mrs. Grant-Guinan walked firmly, her head erect, while Mammy and her ebony subjects followed at a respectful distance, their primitive grief piercing the stillness of the country air. The troopers watched from the hedge-row in bare-headed silence, while the vault was closed and sealed.

These simple rites completed, the Mistress of Guinamere ordered her little retinue into the library. Taking a roll of papers from a desk, she addressed the assembled blacks.

"You have served me and my family well. I am grateful for your faith and protection. Guinamere will soon be only a memory and will have no further need of you. These papers give you your freedom," she said, handing one to each as she spoke. "There is but one more service I will require. Jim, saddle my horse, and when I am gone set fire to all the buildings except your cabins.

Deaf to their cries and remonstrances, she quickly mounted the stairs, returning shortly, dressed for travel. Betty, her mare, was saddled and waiting at the post. Without a backward glance at her home of so much happiness and so much sorrow, she rode away.

One thought dominated her confused and fevered brain. She must reach Maysville in time to see her son. All day, without food or drink she rode, oblivious to pain and fatigue, on, on, until the white foam streamed from Betty's bit and the dust clung to her perspiring flanks. From sheer exhaustion the fugitive stopped at sun-

set, at a woodland spring to bathe her throbbing temples and water her weary mount. Intending to rest only a little while, she tied Betty to a tree and sank upon the mossy turf and slept. It was well after midnight when she awoke and resumed her journey.

The sky was growing lighter in the East when at last she knew she was nearing her destination. A new hope filled her tortured breast. Just over the next hill was Maysville and George. Spurring Betty to new efforts, she quickly gained the summit.

But Alas! The sight which greeted her amazed vision dashed her new born hope. Maysville was a heap of smoking ruins. She was too late! Slowly she reeled in her saddle and sank to the ground. Her cup of human bitterness was filled to overflowing. There in the glory of the Southern spring she died, her heart broken with grief and disappointment.

And thus ended the tragedy of Guinamere. Thus the flower of Southern chivalry was crushed.

Robert E. Grant, '28

Spring

The wheel of time has turned around,
And gentle Spring is here,
With birds and trees and foliage,
Warm sunshine and bright cheer.

It is a season of good will
When Summer's herald sprite
Paints nature with a verdant brush
And shortens Winter's night.

The ice and snow now disappear
To rise in vapor clouds,
And fields are soft with melting frost
While waters drop their shrouds.

E'en man himself rejuvenates
His soul and intellect,
By breathing in the taintless air
Of nature's new aspect.

Then let us in a song of joy
To God Almighty sing
And praise and thank Him heartily
For giving us a Spring.

Joseph Lannen, '29

CANTATE DOMINO!

TO MAN, the organ is the instrument most adequate for the expression of his happiness or unhappiness. When, in the face of God, man wishes to affirm his belief in a supernatural life, he carves his thoughts in the stone of mighty cathedrals, which stand erected as living acts of his faith.

In those melancholic moments of life, when man's soul longs for a medium of expression, he seeks a voice capable of conveying the grave and solemn accents of his sadness to his Creator. The organ, like the gentle whisper of confession, utters in its soft suave voice, the humble supplications of his unhappy soul. When, on the contrary, the peace and happiness of his soul seeks an outlet—again the organ comes forward and this time, in a thunderous voice, with which only it can satisfy the impatient soul, cries out in her mighty tones, which re-echo like as many "Alleluias," that seem to roll on and roll on into endless distance—into God's own heavenly abode.

Voice of thunder or of whisper, voice of prayer or of sorrow, song of joy or cry of distress, matter not; always, this majestic and noble instrument sings that which our feeble voices can not seem to express to Him,—the Almighty.

As I sat writing, this, I am transported before the majestic console of the Grand Organ of Maisonneuve. Looking over its numerous stops, pistons, couplers, and pedals,—I bow in deep admiration to this lofty instrument;—I bow in deep admiration to the phenomenal degree perfection which it has reached at our present day;—I bow in deep admiration and gratitude to Christ and to man, its authors.

I see myself sitting at the console. There comes to my mind Rachmaninoff's famous "Prelude en Do mineur." I have set my combinations and with my hands in the air, I strike the first octaves with my feet. As these deep, solemn, and grave tones are rushing forth from the pedal organ, my ears fill with their sonorous beauty. Now, I lower my hands on the keys of the Swell, and strike the first chords roaring like a million giants. I am closing my eyes; oh, I feel my arms growing weak,—my hands will not leave the keys! I am falling,—I am falling backward off my seat,—I am

falling into space. I am exhausted. I take a deep breath, as if I were inhaling a rare perfume. Oh, so suddenly, I see the keys once more appear before my eyes. Oh, glorious sound, thou art divine! I am playing onward and onward;—here is the finale. Now, by a slight tap of my shoe on a combination piston, I have released the entire organ. My fingers press the keys with feverish passion, while these great pipes send forth their thunderous voices, which overwhelm my senses, and which reverberate throughout these cavernous piles. I have played this finale like a raving Poe!

The muse has left me! My whole frame, however, is shaking under the violence of the sensation,—the emotion which has just came over me.

The organ is somewhat a divine instrument. It has been nourished in the bosom of the Church. From the period of the Organ's very crude infancy, to the gigantic and superb Organ of today, always, the Church has blessed and protected this voice divine. The "Rock That Was Peter" has realized, as another proof of its wisdom, that the Organ is, in some sort, a pedestal on which the soul poises for a flight forth into space, essaying on her course to draw picture after picture in an endless series,—to paint human life,—to cross the Infinite that separates Heaven from Earth! The longer I listen to those giants harmonies, the more I realize that nothing on earth, save this hundred-voiced choir, can fill all the space between men kneeling in prayer and Christ, hidden beneath the veil of the tabernacle. The Organ is the one medium capable of bearing up the prayers of humanity to Heaven;—prayer, in its omnipotent moods;—prayer, tinged by the melancholy of many different natures;—prayer, colored by meditative ecstasy;—prayer, upspringing with impulses of repentance;—prayer, blended with the myriads of every creed. Is it not truly obvious that out of the dim silence broken by the chanting of a choir in response to the thunder of an organ, a veil is woven for Christ,—and the brightness of his attributes shines vividly through it.

When one considers the greatness, the sublimity, and the grandeur of the Organ—the king of all instruments—one can not help realize why it is the privileged instrument of the Church; the instrument to which the faithful of all nations issue their noble command: "Cantate Domino! Cantate Pro Nobis!"

Reginald G. De Vaux, '29.

Under The Elms

On a winding dirt road,
Far from man's beaten track,
'Neath two towering elms
There's a tottering shack.

It is sombre and bleak
Just the storm beaten shell,
Of a house, of a home
Where some man used to dwell.

'Mid the silence and gloom
The elms brood overhead
As though keeping a watch
O'er this home that is dead.

Charles J. Fennell, '28.

THE OBSERVER

IT SEEMS evident that Bolshevism has the upper hand in Mexico. We gain this impression from the attitude of the present government in its dastardly attempts to enforce an objectionable clause of the Mexican Constitution of 1917. This article is directed against the teaching of religion in particular. It goes about its despicable work by nationalizing the properties of churches, convents, seminaries and colleges. The government reserves the right to decide for what purposes these buildings may be used, and has further decided that priests and religions of foreign birth are not needed in any way for the education and moral development of the people. President Calles has openly sworn that this article will be enforced to the fullest degree, while publicly declaring that the banner of religion must be replaced by the standard of the revolution. How such a ravaging clause could be included in the Constitution of a nation 90 per cent. Catholic is a bit beyond our comprehension. It is possible that the members of this faith failed to realize the intention behind such a clause at its adoption. Surely the article in question reads innocently enough, but to one of clear understanding it is an open challenge to Catholicity and its ideals. As it has now developed it means the expulsion of foreign religions, a handicapping of educational progress, the governmental direction of religions, a ban on Catholic teachings, and a general desecration of sacred places. Many have petitioned the American government to use its influence in putting a stop to these disgraceful workings, but such a move would be of doubtful diplomatic and political benefit to either nation. The solution of this sad problem lies in the minds and capabilities of the overwhelming majority of Mexican people; it is they who must exert their every power to render this article of their Constitution unenforceable and to awaken their officials to the real meaning of democratic government. It is not only their religious duty but an unavoidable patriotic obligation.

* * * *

After five years of experimenting, the Compensation Bureau of France has concluded that the working wage must give place to the

family wage if an integral element of economic life is to be preserved. This element is the family itself, for should young workers be discouraged of marrying thru fear of financial distresses that might follow, consequent on insufficient wages, the industrial world would be deprived of a part of its present source of operative power. To oblivate this circumstance, numerous Catholic societies of France have been studying for some time the practicability of substituting for the prevalent system of labor payment according to the work done, the more advanced and radical method of wages based on the number of persons in the family. Thus a young couple may marry and, in time, have as large a family as they choose, but still have sufficient funds to supply the needs of a comfortable life of today. The results of the experiments have been especially gratifying, and they bespeak a real solution of the economic problems of the large family. As each new child is born a proportionate increase would be made in the wages of his father. But some may argue that such an arrangement would encourage the employment of unmarried workers in preference to those with families to rear and support. This tendency was anticipated by the investigators, who very wisely solved the problem. Their plan was this—those employers co-operating with the movement were levied a tax upon their laborers without distinction as to single or married men. These assessments were deposited in a common fund which was administered by the Compensation Bureaux for the benefit of the married. Thus the directors of industries paid the same wage to their laborers, without distinguishing their social obligations, while, in the name of these directors, the Bureaux provided those married with the additional sums necessary to properly support their families. The entire plan, though radical, has proved itself of unqualified worth, and demonstrates that society is beginning to appreciate the part of family in our economic life.

* * * *

Is prohibition to become an issue in the next electoral campaign? Newspapers of the country have busied themselves of late with an open ballot on the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act which interprets that amendment. The results of their efforts indicate that the voters are dissatisfied with existing dry laws, and desire either their abolition or a change in their administration. That this attitude is not unjustified may be gained from a consideration of the effects of present statutes relative to prohibition. It cannot be denied

that a growing disrespect of all law has crept into the American people due to the clumsy manner in which dry laws are applied. A well developed system of defeating prohibition statutes has been operated for some time by bootleggers and their companions. To place any kind of restraint on their activities has required huge sums of public funds. Still, these organized law-breakers carry on their nefarious and pirate-like plans with apparently little trouble. If their works are to be controlled completely the government must stand ready, with open purse, to lavish the efforts of the dry forces. But here another objection is met; are the states going to permit the Federal authorities to interfere in home rule? Doubtless they are not, but under that condition, the various states will have an unwieldy collection of divers prohibition enforcement acts that will practically nullify the labors of prohibitionists. The problem resolves itself to this—is prohibition to continue? If so, by whom is it to be enforced? Further, if any modifications are to be made, are they to apply to the country at large or to individual states? Here is a question of numerous rich campaign possibilities and, according to present indications, it will be considered as one of the major issues of the coming election campaign.

Stephen M. Murray, '27.

RESIDUUM

Turn page and behold a novel, startling announcement and read with pleasure of a great event.

ITEMS IN APRIL

April 1.

Beau calls on belle. Belle crosses wires, has an electrician calling, hence two beaus and both tie. However, first beau, well rosined, draws last note.

April 3.

Beau calls again, pere says belle is out. Beau decides to wait. Belle rings in at 9:30 from above. Beau knew she was at home, all the time, so he thought she would weaken and come down.

April 5

Beau calls again. Rings for Belle, receives no answer. No one at home. However, Beau concludes they can't be far off because all the lights are glowing.

Moral: Beware of the Showers of April.

April 10.

Convention of Umbrella Dealers

Auspicious month for the meeting.

Report shows increase of millions of dollars in year's sales.

Committee reports showing cause of increase summed up in the phrase, "Gee, didn't it rain?"

Band nearly breaks up meeting by playing, "It ain't gonna rain no mo'."

Concluding address given by the Hon. P. A. R. Asol, entitled, "If we don't get the rain when its due, it'll be missed."

April 13.

Poor Papa gets his gold teeth.

April 15.

Julius Caesar, so often and bravely stabbed, is able to resume his studies.

April 20.

Anniversary of the man who took his 8000 shocks in one day.
April 25.

Whom do you think I met? It was just around the corner not in the shade of the Old Apple Tree nor near the Old Oaken Bucket, but rather where That Old Sang of Mine often sang Where the River Shannon Flows, on the Sidewalks of New York.

Was it Five Feet Two, Eyes of Blue?

No Wonder you know, for you Always Remember the faces you have seen Sometime when you were Paddelin Maddelin Home. And say, Five Feet Two was a picture of health, he had seen the Ventian Night. And believe me when I see it, Then I'll be Happy.
April 30.

Hearts are still being broken despite the warnings rendered in Faltering Love.

SPECS ABOUT THE CAMPUS

By G. Lasses

That's a sad looking stadium.
Yes, its even built in tiers.

Is that Freshie a good chemistry student?
I should say he is!
He's got the acids eating right out of his hand.

Senior: "Why, I get twice as much sleep as you do."
Freshie: "No wonder. You've got twice as many classes as I Have."

Pawtucket Philosophy.

Duf: "I wish I could revise the alphabet."
Fe: "Why, what would you do?"
Duf: "I'd put U and I closer together."

Stude: "How far are you in Economics?"
Dent: "In the last stages of Consumption."

One Musician: "What key are you playing in?"
Another: "Skeleton key."

You are the event and the reason is that you are, en francais, Un Poisson d'Avril, or as they say in Scotland a Gowk, or as they say in America, just a plain APRIL FOOL.

One: "Skeleton key?"

Another: "Sure! Fits anything!"

Why did Hawthorne name one of his novels "The Scarlet Letter?"

I suppose, he wanted it to be read.

Freshie: "Pretty short overcoat."

Soph: "It'll be long enough before I get a new one."

Come across now, where did you put those diamonds?

I shoved them back sir.

Back where?

Back with the rest of the deck.

I want a new belt.

How long?

I want to buy it mister, not borrow it.

She: "Are you sure you took the best road?"

He: "Well, somebody did! Look at the thing they left in its place!"

Young Bride (in tears) over telephone: "Oh! Henry, come home quick. I've mixed the plugs up. The radio is making ice and the electric refrigerator is playing 'Way Out West in Kansas' "

I asked my girl how much she loved me?

What did she say?

Whispered sweet nothings in my ear.

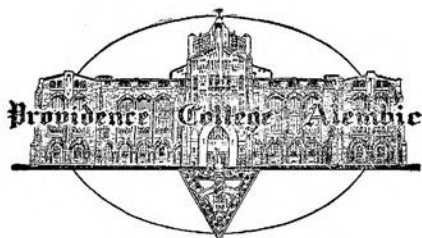
Our monthly axioms.

Keep that school girl complexion—out of the rain.

The study of the origin of blotting paper must be a very absorbing study.

The tightest man in school—fellow who won't take a shower because they soak you too much.

Fraternal Worker—one who works the brothers.



VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1926

No. 7

W. Harold O'Connor, '26, *Editor-in-Chief*

Stephen M. Murray, '27, *Assistant*

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

Allen O'Donnell, '26

Joseph Slavin, '28

Francis G. Hagerty, '26

Gerald Prior, '27

Francis V. Reynolds, '26

Nicholas Serror, Jr., '29

Cyril Costello, '27

Advertising

Circulation

John C. Beirne, '27

John E. Farrell, '26

Stephen Murray, '27

Eugene Sullivan, '27

CATHOLIC OR CHRISTIAN

Are you a Catholic or a Christian? Perhaps you have always believed that the terms were synonymous, that every Catholic was a Christian. Upon glancing at the definitions we find that a Catholic is defined as "One who professes the faith of Christ." A Christian as "one who follows Christ." All

Catholics are Christians, nominally; we are not all Christians actually. Catholic faith actively professed necessitates a following in the path of Christ. The trouble lies in the confusion of a mere empty declaration of Catholicity with a profession of it. To profess includes far more than the declaration of a religious belief, it has within its scope the manifestation of faith by outward example. If you were asked "are you a Catholic?" Your answer would naturally be, "I am." Would you be surprised to have that answer invoke the query "Are you a Christian?" Undoubtedly you would be astonished. But getting down to the heart of the thing, would you be justified to feel surprised at the question? Is your Catholicity a declaration or a manifestation of faith in Christ? It is a sad but true statement that there are numbers of nominal Catholics, Catholics who cloak their daily life with sin and then attempt to overbalance a week's evil by a mockery of religion doled forth grudgingly during one short hour of Sunday mass and a single communion at Easter each year. That suffices to hold you within the church. One wonders what this same Catholic, so-called, would do if told that his business interests would be kept intact by the allowance of one cent margin to cover the depreciation of his property or if told that a surplus of one dollar would preserve his business from indebtedness. Undoubtedly he would laugh and allow a margin of one hundred dollars to cover depreciation and perhaps establish a sinking fund of several hundreds more to secure his interests during a lull in trade. He sees beyond the actual hair-line that separates his holdings from jeopardy and builds to meet unforeseen emergencies. He seeks the safety of his property. Yet that same Catholic business man can allow his slender margin of one communion each year and one hour each week to protect his spiritual interests in time of peril. The property to be protected is his own immortal soul yet he is willing to protect its salvation by the single penny margin. He draws the hair-line thru his accounts with God and overlooks the necessity of a sinking fund to protect the soul in times of temptation. He who would laugh at the idea of maintaining the penny surplus that protects his temporal estate from bankruptcy is perfectly willing to risk the minimum to protect his eternal estate from damnation.

If you are one who risks the paltry surplus for your soul, then your claim to Catholicity is no more than a stunted declaration; you have no claim upon Catholic faith as a profession, nor have you the

right to call yourself Christian, for in this practice you do not follow Christ; you merely gaze in the direction of His going.

TO THE SENIORS You have forty-six chances in a hundred of being self-supporting at the age of 55; you have three chances in one hundred of being prosperous at that age and a single chance of being wealthy. According to the estimates of the Banker's Association of America, based upon the observance of a representative group of men followed for a period of twenty years beginning when the men are 25 years old. From the same source we learn that thirty will be dependant on charity at the age of 55. This charity does not necessarily imply that they be inmates of an institution but they may be kept by relatives. This estimation of success is of course based on the assumption that we reckon success in terms of wealth. There is no consideration given to those who attain prestige or honor along other paths. For instance, a man who attains honor along literary lines but who, in so doing, fails to amass a fortune for himself is relegated to the ranks of the failures. Personally, we believe that such an estimate is in error in failing to consider personal gratification in the matter. A man who is comfortably situated is, in our opinion, justified in rebelling at being termed merely self-supporting.

This choice rests with the prospective graduate; is he to measure his success in monetary terms or will he take preferences into the judgment? High salaried positions are worthwhile aims for the college graduate yet it seems that there is more true wealth in the knowledge of a calling realized than in the amassing of worldly fortune.

It is a serious question, this matter of a profession or an avocation. It is not one to be set aside until the experience of years have decided for us that what we have been attempting was not worth the effort. The time to decide is now and not tomorrow. Does the collection of wealth really mean more in your life than the contentment of a calling followed, even though it offer less pecuniary reward?

The College Chronicle

The annual retreat at Providence College *Annual Retreat* was held March 29 to March 31, under the direction of the Rev. L. E. Hughes, O. P., retreat master. The program of conferences included mass followed by three sermons and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Wednesday, March 31, the entire student body received holy communion.

The Providence College Quartette, comprised of Leo *College Quartette* Tessier, Eugene Lachapelle, James Drury and Nicholas J. Serror, Jr., sang at the entertainment presented in the Church of Our Lady of Good Help, Rev. H. Sylvestre, pastor of Oakland, R. I., on March 20.

James Norman Eastham of the Senior Class represented the college at a meeting of the graduating class of Pawtucket high school on March 23. Mr. Eastham discussed the advantages of a college education.

The Providence College Orchestra, under the direction of the Rev. Fr. Baeszler, O. P., assisted at a concert in Manton on March 21. *Orchestra*

The College Glee Club and Orchestra are rehearsing for their first grand concert to be held in Woonsocket on the evening of April 13. *Glee Club*

The annual Freshman-Sophomore debate is now being arranged and will be held about the third week in April. The teams will discuss the question "Resolved, That the Volstead Act Should Be Modified to Permit the Sale and Manufacture of Light Wines and Beer." *Freshman Soph. Debate*

The Freshman team is composed of George Trainor, Francis Flynn and George Ellis and will uphold the negative side of the question.

The Sophomore team composed of J. Austin Carroll, Paul Cohen and Edward M. McEntee will defend the affirmative.

Nicholas J. Serror, '28

ALUMNI

The alumni banquet committee, composed of Howard Farrell, '24, chairman; Lloyd Coffey, '23; William O'Donnell, '25, are making final plans which will be announced in the near future.

The following have been elected to act on the Alumni Reception Committee: Joseph Fogarty, '23; Justin McCarthy, '24; Francis Dwyer, '24; J. Addie O'Reilly, '23; Timothy Sullivan '25. Daniel O'Neil, '24.

William O'Connor, '25, is working with the Queen Dye Co.

Edward Quinn, '24, is teaching at New La Salle Academy.

Charley Ashworth, '23, now at Tufts Medical School, was a recent visitor at the college.

Raymond Malloy, '24, pre-medical, made the retreat at the college during Holy Week.

John O'Neil, '24, was married to Miss Miriam Dillon of Pelham, N. Y. Jack is the first benedict of the Class of '24.

Eugene Sweeney and Howard F. Bradley, both of '24 are in their second year at Columbia Business School.

Joseph McCormack, '22, is now connected with a large brokerage concern of Wall Street.

Dick McCaffrey, '23, is now with the engineering department of the city of Central Falls.

Andrew J. Crawley, '21, is now representing the Blackstone Valley Gas & Electric Co.

Arthur Earnshaw, '26

EXCHANGE

A visit to the office of the staff brought demands from the skipper (editor), that wherefore it is resolved that one Exchange editor should emerge from his burrow and exhibit his prognostications to the chilly eyes of his fellow denizens. Wherefore the first magazine to be considered is "The Alvernia." In the article entitled "Longfellow" there is evidence of keen analysis of the characteristics of Longfellow's style and the explanatory reason of his popularity with the reading public. Also the fact has been exposted that the poet, unlike many other literary men, considered his art as an avocation rather than his principle calling in life.

"Modern Fiction" is a diatribe against one of the pronounced characteristics of modern fiction—realism. We presume that the writer distinguishes between exaggerated and moderate realism or rather the overemphasizing of the material. In this, the writer decries the ignoring of the ideal, or the treatment of it as an illusion. Intersperment of various quotations, aproposely placed, shows that his selection of this idea is well substantiated by other writers of literary note.

Then we have "America's Future" and "Can This Government Last" in which the case of Christianity versus civilization is admirably presented. The questions of personal liberty, state rights and duties of capital and labor are discussed sanely and are relegated to their proper source for solution. In the poetical department there appears to be a dearth of good verse, with the exception of "The Snowstorm." By way of farewell we advise that the name Cecilia in the poem "Cecilia Kissed Me" be omitted and the name Jennie substituted, for then we would have an obvious and explicit plagiarism of J. H. Leigh Hunt's "Rondeau."

The bold flaring statement "The Nordis—Is He Superior" on the frontepiece of "The Ambrosian" made us think that now in this article we will find what a Nordis is—learn to distinguish and classify him in that genus of homines and perhaps understand that declaration of Nordic Superiority. To be sure there were not found length

and dull statistics, yet in stating and also demolishing the theories and qualities which denote Nordic supremacy, the writer by his clear arrangement of reasoning demonstrates that all this hub-bub is but a form of skilfully directed propaganda indirectly intended for the disbarment of Catholic races from entrance to the United States, and the present immigration law is one of the fruits of this clever propaganda. Concerning the short stories, we note that they open in an interesting way, with conversation or a bit of supposed action or some challenging statement that awakens the curiosity of the reader. The heroine in the story "Curls" appears not overextremely modern for the character she was intended to depict and her actions would draw heavily on the credulity of a modern cynical office force. We congratulate the author of article "William Mitchell" for a complete and elucidating biography of this military commander. The author with his clear enunciation and disinterested interpretation of the justice awarded Mitchell shows that as a biographer his personal opinion is subordinate to the delineation of his subject. The editorial "Fascism and the American Press" attributes three reasons why newspaper men had recourse to adverse criticism, but we think that another fact to be considered is the persecution of Masonic Orders by Il Duce and as an aftermath the present inquiry into Italian Debt Settlement.

"The Trinity College Record" has once again made its quarterly visit to entertain us with an abundance of short stories and good verse. In "Sandy" the authoress describes one of that new class of criminals so roundly denounced and little understood by a society which shrugs its shoulders at the crime wave and attributes it to the war, prohibition, lack of home training, religion, etc. All the apathy of the situation and helplessness of the prisoner is brought out by the extreme care with which each stage of his impression is recorded. The treatment of "Michael Arlen" and a resume of some of his works shows the connection of his life to his works. The versatility of his style, determining of the source of his popularity and the retrospection by the authoress of the paper is naively free and philosophically comprehensive.

Allan E. O'Donnell, '26



Our Captains

The decision of athletic authorities at this institution to create a special commission authorized to select captains of the various competitive sporting teams has been endorsed by the majority of alumni and supporters of the college. The system will be instituted during the baseball season. Its effectiveness is forecast.

Announcement of the idea was made by Rev. Jordan F. Baeszler, O. P., new athletic director, at the football banquet held during the early part of December. The plan was briefly summarized. A skeleton of anticipated favorable reactions consequent upon its operation was submitted to the interested students. Requests for further explanation of the unique method for captaincy elections have evoked the following article:

The time-honored system empowers letter men to nominate and verify their leader. The votes of these eligible players will still be considered in the new method. But the interests of the institution and the opinions of the coach will also be respected.

A board composed of three members, each of whom is authorized to cast one vote, will be organized. The manager of the specified team will be delegate of the letter men. He receives his instructions from them. Nominations are made by the manager. Then the names of the most acceptable, more acceptable and acceptable candidates are submitted in behalf of the letter men.

The athletic director or a delegate thereof, one of the triumvirate, is eligible to cast a vote. The third ballot will be in the hands of the coach. A majority elects. The faculty athletic director will guard the interests of the institution's scholastic standing while the coach will express his views on the player he believes will be the best leader on the field of competition.

BOARD OF CONTROL NEEDED

Necessity of a board of control with administrative authority is shown from the importance and value of competitive sport and athletics in the educational life of youth and man, pupil and student. A commission with larger vision and more expansive educational powers than are embraced by pupil and student is the answer.

Providence College believes it has carefully studied the problem and effected a successful solution. The results are awaited.

Elimination of all evil and development of true values of play are fundamental objectives of any academic athletic association. The veteran teacher, experience, has established the necessity of neuromuscular exercise. The nature of athletics is essentially social. Competition is the cause.

Importance of control increases as the grammar school pupil continues his studies through high school and then through academic institutions. Athletics develops values in co-ordination of muscle and mind. Evils are produced when social influences operate effectively over ignorant youth.

Fundamentally, athletics benefit both spectator and player. Athletes seek pleasure in achieving social and organic power. They develop fellowship, loyalty and sympathy and concentrate towards unity. These are but some of the educative elements in athletics.

Incentives of contestants in competitive athletics are offsprings of play tendencies that humans have in common with animals. Various theories have been proposed to explain the meaning of this play tendency. Many believe it is an expression of surplus energy. Pleasure is gained from mere motor discharge, others say.

Social impulses, rooting themselves in early childhood, usually blossom forth in adolescence. Tendency to satisfy desires of competition become strong as simple solo efforts lose their charm. Athletics provides the medium for expression of combative, egoistic and social impulses and emotions.

But the development of athletics in prominence during the past few years has in coincidence built up stronger desires on the part of contestants to acquire social leadership and power. Objectives revolve around honor.

The captaincy is the aim.

A system that will effectively control selection of athletes capable of successfully filling the honor-bearing position has been evolved from many ideas submitted and discussed. Interests of the letter

men will be parallel to those of the institution they represent and of the coach under whom they strive for educational success.

Proposed operation of the plan will give Providence College an opportunity to satisfy itself that the system is workable.

ELIMINATES FRICTION

Groups of players, organized into so-called fraternities, will be unable to effectively control selection of captains. Absence of such societies in Providence College automatically eliminates this aspect. Nevertheless, active work of fraternities in many institutions has caused serious errors in decisions on team leaders. The spirit of the team, unity of play and the fighting morale usually suffer.

Letter men will authorize the manager, according to the proposed plan, to nominate the player they believe the best selection for captain. Two alternate members of the team will be reserved as the more acceptable and acceptable candidates. The name of the most acceptable letter man is submitted. Serving in the capacity of delegate, the manager will mechanically cast his vote for him.

The coach of the team, a keen student of the ability and qualities of the candidate for the honor, gives his views on the nomination. A confirmation may result. A negative vote, however, is an alternative for him provided he sincerely believes another member of the eligible group is better qualified for the position. Submission of the coach's vote in favor of the athlete named by the manager automatically elects him.

Contrary action, however, paves the way for the third vote by the faculty athletic director or his representative. Three ballots are cast at the election. The third member of the commission may favor the action taken by the coach. Unanimity results. Provided both the mentor and the faculty delegate reject the letter men's most acceptable candidate, the name of the more acceptable athlete is presented. Similar voting formalities are effective during consideration of the candidates.

The system fairly considers (1) the consensus of the letter men; (2) the opinions of the coach and (3) the interests of the institution. The idea, believed to be novel, will be developed along the best possible lines for the better all-around understanding and relations of students, players, coaches and faculty.

BASEBALL

Early in March the diamond hopes of Providence College received a decided jolt when it was announced that Jack Flynn, who has mentored the team for the past two seasons, had signed to manage the New Haven Eastern League Club. Inasmuch as Jack was well liked here and as his work with the Providence College baseball teams of the past was truly remarkable, his resignation came as a surprise to the sport followers of Providence.

Without doubt Jack Flynn is one of the finest, if not the finest, baseball coach in this part of the country. He starred with the Holy Cross team in his undergraduate days, served with the Pittsburg and Washington major league clubs, and managed several of the different teams in the Eastern League circuit. While coach of our teams, Jack has placed Providence College on the athletic map by developing a fast and aggressive nine from a small amount of material, and to cap his triumph he discovered Charlie Reynolds, brilliant leader of the 1926 team, and without a peer in college ranks.

Though Providence College regrets the departure of its brilliant coach still we all wish him success in his new endeavor and hope that he will bring his new club "home" as a winner.

After careful deliberation on the part of the athletic authorities regarding the selection of a successor to Jack Flynn, it was finally decided that the man best suited to bring the 1926 team to the diamond pinnacle, was Jack White, former International League star.

Jack White started his baseball career with the old Western League and from there travelled to the Toronto team of the International League, where he played in the outfield for several years. He was later purchased by the Buffalo team of the same league and while with them earned an enviable record as a hitter and fielder. During his baseball career he displayed sufficient ability to be drafted by major league teams such as the Chicago and Washington Nationals, but was never summoned for actual service, other stars getting the call in each instance.

Jack White is a keen student of the game and there isn't the least doubt in the mind of the writer but that the Providence College 1926 team will be as great, if not greater, than the 1925 aggregation. In behalf of the Alembic Staff and the student body we extend our support and best wishes to our new mentor.

Due to the late spring and the consequent unfavorable weather, the baseball candidates have been handicapped as to outdoor prac-

tice, as Hendricken Field has been in a soggy state, and so the players have had to travel to Davis Park for their practice sessions. All the veterans of last year's team that are still in college are ready to win their posts again this spring, while there are many promising candidates ready to battle for berths on the nine.

The pitching department is well stocked with such capable twirlers as Captain Charlie Reynolds, Joe Whalen, Joe Smith, the only southpaw on the staff, Jack Triggs, all veterans of last year's team, and Tim Kennedy and Henry Danis, promising new recruits. Johnnie Halloran, captain of the 1925 nine, and Tom Maroney, star substitute last year, are again ready to don the mask and pads. The infield is intact with the exception of the first base post which was left vacant by the graduation of John J. Sullivan. Tom Graham and Nap Lajoie, both Juniors, are the most promising candidates for this post. Considine and Frankie O'Brien are veteran outergardeners ready for duty.

Two additional games have been added to the list by Manager John E. Farrell. These contests are with the Providence club of the Eastern League circuit, and will take place at Kinsley Park on April 7 and 9. As the team opens its schedule in New York on April 13, the games with the Grays will serve to give Coach White a chance to see his charges in action before the opening tilt.

BASKETBALL

PROVIDENCE 1929 VS. NEWARK Y. M. H. A.

On February 28th, the Providence College Freshman quintet lost a hard-fought battle to the Newark Y. M. H. A., 25 to 20 at Newark, N. J. The first half ended with both teams being tied at 12 points each.

The Jersey team is rated as one of the fastest in their vicinity and is yet to taste defeat. The yearlings maintained a small lead until the final minutes of play when the home club came from behind to clinch the verdict.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

NEWARK Y. M. H. A.

Dillon, lg.rf., Willman

Spring, rg.lf., Katz

O'Leary, c.c., Goldstein

Allen, lf.rg., Shartoff

McNeice, rf.lg., Rosenberg

Goals from the floor—Willman, Katz, Shartoff 2, Rosenberg 2, Den-

berg 5; McNeice 2, Allen 2, O'Leary, Dillon 2. Goals from fouls—Shore, Rosenberg 2; McNeice 2, Allen, Spring, Dillon 2. Referee—Considine. Timer—Farrell. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 VS. ST. JOHN'S PREP

The Providence College Freshman quintet received its third setback in as many days when the powerful St. John's Prep team of Danvers whipped the yearlings by a 24 to 19 score in the La Salle Academy gym. Earlier in the season the yearlings were defeated by the same club by an overwhelming count.

The Prep school boys took an early lead which was constantly challenged by the yearlings. The Danvers team uncorked a brilliant offensive star in O'Connor, who rimmed the basket six times during the contest. In the second half the Freshman five-man defence was penetrated repeatedly by the running attack of the Massachusetts boys. In the last period the fracas passed from the rugged to the furious stage as the college men endeavored to overcome a 14 point lead.

Accurate "long Toms" by Allen, McNeice and Dillon in the last quarter drew rounds of applause from the crowd. Dillon was the star for the Smith Hill quintet, while O'Connor led the prep school attack.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929	ST. JOHN'S PREP.
Allen, rf.	rf., Clancy
Supple, lf.	lf., O'Connor
O'Leary, c.	c., Fitzgerald
Spring, rg.	rg., Lenane
Dillon, lg.	lg., Tierney

Goals from the floor—Allen 3, Dillon 4, McNeice, Clancy, O'Connor 6, Fitzgerald, Tierney. Goals from fouls—Allen 2, McNeice; Clancy 2, O'Connor, Fitzgerald, Tierney 2. Substitutions, Providence—McNeice for Supple, Nawrocki for Dillon; St. John's—Welch for Fitzgerald. Referee—Maroney. Timer—Walsh. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 VS. TECHNICAL HIGH

Captain O'Leary of the Freshman team pulled the Tech High game out of the fire when with but two minutes to play in the five-minute overtime period he dropped in two "long Toms," giving the yearlings a 20 to 18 victory.

The yearlings led at half time, but the Red and White forwards of Tech opened up in the second half and, at the end of the regular time limit, had knotted the score at 16-all. Eric Osterlund, midget

forward of the Tech five, played one of the most brilliant games of his career, leading the individual scoring with a total of 11 points.

Heck Allen and O'Leary starred for the Freshmen with Dillon and McNeice giving a great exhibition of floor work.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929

TECHNICAL HIGH

McNeice, lf.	rg., Garland
Allen, rf.	lg., Rotelli
O'Leary, c.	c., Hanley
Dillon, lg.	rf., McCormack
Spring, rg.	lf., Osterlund

Goals from the floor—McNeice 4, Allen, O'Leary 2, Supple; Hanley 2, Osterlund 4. Goals from fouls—McNeice, Allen 3, McCormack, Garland, Rotelli, Osterlund 3. Substitutions—Supple for Spring. Referee—Haughey. Timer Maroney. Time—two 10 and two 8-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 VS. Y. M. C. A. PREP

In their second contest of the season with the Y. M. C. A. Prep five, the college yearlings registered a 56 to 28 win in the La Salle Academy gymnasium. The Freshmen gained an early lead and at the end of the first half were on the long end of a 20 to 13 score. In the last two periods Heck Allen and Jim McNeice gave a brilliant exhibition of floor work which completely routed the "Y" aggregation.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

Y. M. C. A. PREP

McNeice, rf.	rf., Glover
Allen, lf.	lf., Pollock
O'Leary, c.	c., Holland
Dillon, rg.	rg., Temple
Spring, lg.	lg., Comerford

Goals from the floor—McNeice 6, Allen 11, O'Leary 4, Dillon 5, Supple; Glover 7, Holland 4, Pollock. Goals from fouls—Allen, Supple; Glover 2, Holland 2. Substitutions—Supple for Spring; Nahrgian for Comerford; Johnson for Nahrgian. Referee—Triggs. Timer—J. Graham. Time—Four 10-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 VS. NAVAL HOSPITAL

The Naval Hospital quintet, claimants of the State amateur title, received a 42 to 14 drubbing at the hands of the Freshmen in a fast and rugged game at the La Salle gymnasium.

The first two periods saw an interesting battle between the two aggregations but in the third period the yearlings piled up an overwhelming lead while the sailors were able to chalk up only one point during the last 18 minutes of play. During the latter part of the fray, Allen and McNeice swept through the Newporters' defence time and again to toss the leather through the basket.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

McNeice, rf.rf., Templeton
Allen, lf.lf., Madison
O'Leary, c.c., Erickson
Dillon, lg.rg., Hallgarth
Spring, rg.lg., Frank

NEWPORT NAVAL HOSPITAL

Goals from the floor—McNeice 4, Allen 7, O'Leary 5, Spring 2; Templeton, Frank 3, Wilcoxson 2. Goals from fouls—McNeice 2, Allen 4, Frank, Wilcoxson. Substitutions—Supple for Spring; Wilcoxson for Hallgarth. Referee—Maroney. Timer—Vincent Connors. Time—Two 10 and two 8-minute periods.

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE 1929 VS. TECHNICAL HIGH

In their final clash of the year the Freshmen proved their superiority over any of the city fives when they defeated the Tech High quintet, city champions, by a 26 to 22 count.

The game was keenly contested and was perhaps the best seen on the La Salle court this season. It was the second defeat that the "cubs" have hung on the high school lads as they defeated them earlier in the season by a 20 to 18 score.

Tech took an early lead but the yearlings soon showed their accuracy in shooting baskets with the result that when the first half ended the count was knotted at 12-all. At the start of the third quarter the college lads opened up a whirlwind attack which gave them a lead which the high school players failed to overcome.

For the Freshmen, Allen and McNeice were again the stars, while Hanley turned in the best night's work for the prep school lads.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE 1929

McNeice, rf.rf., McCormick
Allen, lf.lf., Osterlund
O'Leary, c.c., Hanley
Dillon, rg.rg., Rotelli
Spring, lg.lg., Garland

TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

Goals from the floor—McNeice 4, Allen 5, O'Leary 2, Dillon; McCormick 2, Hanley 6, Osterlund. Goals from fouls—McNeice, O'Leary; Osterlund 2, Hanley, Garland. Substitution—Supple for Spring. Referee—Maroney. Timer—Vincent Connors. Time—Four 9-minute periods.



WHETHER YOU PLAY

BEHIND THE BAT

in the box, in the infield or out in the grass, you'll need some of our kind of baseball equipment. For our bats, balls, gloves, masks, protectors, etc., are the kind that make for championship baseball. We are prepared to supply individual needs or to outfit any kind of a team.

Dawson & Co.

54 Exchange Place

The Best in Women's Apparel

MARY AND FRANCES SHOPPE

305 WOOLWORTH BUILDING

You will find here a new assortment of Dinner and Evening
Gowns for all occasions

ELIZABETH CLAYTON SHOPPE

SUITE 315. WOOLWORTH BLDG.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

You will find that our marcelling, bobbing and treatments, interpreted in the newest modes under the direction of Madame E.

Louise Ellis, of New York, are all you can desire.

Specialists in Marcel Permanent Waving. Special rates on Mondays
and Tuesdays

Telephone Union 0818-6661

R. H. BURLEY

Wholesale

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

279 CANAL STREET

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

BICKFORD ENGRAVING AND ELECTROTYPE COMPANY

20 Mathewson Street

Providence

- - -

Rhode Island

WILLIAM J. FEELEY

Jeweler and Silversmith

Ecclesiastical Wares in Gold
Silver and Bronze Medals
Class Emblems

The Rosary in Fine Jewels

Illustrated List on Application

181 Eddy St., Providence, R. I.

Telephone Union 1535

**JOHN J. ROURKE
& SON**

**Beef and Provisions, Butter
Eggs and Poultry**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

261-267 Canal Street

Providence, R. I.

STOP AT

McLAUGHLIN'S PHARMACY

THE COLLEGE DRUGGIST

Cor. Chalkstone and River Aves.

One of the Loyal Rooters

FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS—ALEMBIC ADVERTISERS—Use the Alembic Directory

J. HOWARD McGRATH

T. RUSSELL McGRATH

James J. McGrath & Sons

INSURANCE—REAL ESTATE

341 Grosvenor Building

Personal Attention

Years of Experience

Cassidy & Fox

MILLINERS

501-502 Lapham Bldg.

Telephone

290 Westminster Street

Providence, R. I.

Wright & Ditson

Athletic Outfitters

Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Track, Archery, Fencing, and all outdoor and indoor sports.

Athletic Underwear, Sweaters, Jerseys, Running Pants, Sweat Shirts, Uniforms and Shoes.

(Send for Catalog)

Our Providence Store Carries a Complete Stock

344 Washington St., Boston

82 Weybosset St., Prov., R. I.

Telephone Union 4070

MISS HANNAH A. SLATTERY

Permanent Wave

Shampoo Water Wave Marcel Wave Manicure

Scalp Treatment Face Massage

Room 812 Lapham Building

Providence, R. I.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THEM—Use the Alembic Directory

J. H. CONLEY & COMPANY

157 WESTMINSTER ST. Thru 75 EXCHANGE PLACE

WHOLESALE **MILLINERY** RETAIL

YOUR VISIT IS SOLICITED

ANNIE M. RYAN

MILLINER

136 Westminster Street

Providence, R. I.

JOHN T. COONEY

Attorney at Law

628 Hospital Trust Building

Providence, R. I.

W. E. LAMARINE

General Mill Supplies

Importer and Importers Agents

144 Westminster Street Providence, R. I.

Agent for Graton and Knight Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass.

MENTION THE ALEMBIC—Use the Alembic Directory

S. T. JORDAN, Prop.

Gaspee 1038

GENERAL PHOTO COMPANY

**We take Flashlights of Outings, Machinery, Copies,
Jewelry, Enlargements**

Photos for Advertising and Catalogues

131 WASHINGTON ST.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

DUCO FINISH

Your Own

Automobile and Furniture

with

DU PONT'S DUCO

For Sale at

J. F. McGlinchey's

Hardware and Paint Store

420 SMITH ST. UNION 5674

Have Your Lawn Mower Sharpened
We Call For and Deliver

EVERY SERVICE

THAT A BANK

CAN RENDER

IS YOURS AT

INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

Resources More Than \$100,000,000

Member of Federal Reserve System

Main Offices in Providence

Branches All Over the State

WALTER B. CLARK

Gilder and Frame Maker

131 WASHINGTON STREET.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

—NEW—
**COLLAR
ATTACHED
SHIRTS**
White and Fancy

—NEW—
**BATS AND
BUTTERFLY
TIES**
Charlie O'Donnell
Hats and Men's Furnishings
60 WASHINGTON ST.

C. K. GROUSE

We Furnished the Prom
Favors and Desire Your Con-
tinued Patronage for Class
Rings and Jewelry

4 BRUCE AVENUE

North Attleboro, Mass.

STUDENTS

Silva
Optician

**334 WESTMINSTER
STREET
PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

Special discount given to
students authorized by
Father Galliher, as at-
tending this college.

**Notwithstanding Extra Service and Skill, Our Prices Are No More Than
Asked Elsewhere**

—Let us help you look into the future.

—First, you'll agree that the eyes are your greatest asset. They are the doors through which enters the knowledge that you are storing up for future use.

—But school and college life places a severe strain on the eyes. Do not let eye trouble retard your progress in the race.

—A wise precaution is to have your eyes examined by an oculist and bring your prescription here to be filled. We not only specialize in filling oculists' prescriptions but have at our command a remarkable varied stock of styles in Eye Glasses—styles that really add to one's appearance.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THEM—Use the Alembic Directory

LIFE INSURANCE WITH CONFIDENCE

The Massachusetts Kind—guarantees just treatment
of policyholder

COLUMBIAN NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

Providence Office, 506 Howard Bldg.

JOSEPH H. KIERNAN

**HARDWARE
CUTLERY
PAINT
AUTO SUPPLIES
AND TIRES
ELECTRICAL
VACUUM CLEANERS
AND OTHER HOUSEHOLD
CONVENIENCES
A CENTURY OF SERVICE**

BELCHER & LOOMIS
HARDWARE CO.
83-91 WEYBOSSET STREET
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

HILLIS DRUG CO.

DRUGGISTS

Agents for Parker Duofold

Fountain Pens

306 Smith St., Cor. Orms

HEALEY'S HOTEL

LAWRENCE L. HEALY

SNOW AND WEYBOSSET STREETS

Providence, R. I.

