

ALEMBIC DIRECTORY OF ADVERTISERS

(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

BADGES

Wm. R. Brown Co., 33 Eddy St.

BAKERS

Capitol Hill Home Bakery, 286-288 Smith St.

Clark's Bakery, 183 Smith St.

Piche's Bakery, 661 Smith St.

Tommy Tucker Baking Co., Delaine St.

BANKS

National Exchange Bank, 63 Westminster St.

Industrial Trust Co., 49 Westminster St.

BARBERS

Elm Barber Shop, 997 Smith St.

Pietro Pesaturo, 191½ Smith St.

Leo Venegro, 426 Smith St.

Jack Volge, 229 Smith St.

La Salle Barber Shop, 1007½ Smith St., cor. Academy Ave.

BOILERS

Wholey Boiler Works, 95 Whipple St.

BOOKBINDER

Walter E. Horton, 661 Westminster St.

BOOKSELLERS

Preston & Rounds Co., 98 Westminster St.

The Book Shop, 4 Market Square

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.

CHURCH GOODS

William J. Feeley, 181 Eddy St.

W. J. Sullivan, 53 Eddy St.

Joseph M. Tally, 506-512 Westminster St.

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Costello Brothers, Pawtucket

Morse Tobacco Company, 53 Eddy St.

CLEANERS AND DYERS

Pequot Cleansing Co., cor. Dexter and Ford Sts.

CLOTHING

Affiliated Clothiers, 94 Washington St.

Bolton, 213-214 Woolworth Bldg.

Browning King & Company, 212 Westminster

Cox Sons & Vining, 131-133 23rd St., New York City.

Fintex, 135 Weybosset St.

Franklin Clothing Co., 220 Westminster St.

Howell, 75 Westminster Street

Kennedy Company, 180 Westminster St.

The A. Nash Co., 385 Westminster Street

Wolfe Brothers, 38 Washington St.

CONTRACTORS

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

Mahoney & Tucker, 72 Weybosset St.

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

CONFECTIONERS (Retail)

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COSTUMERS

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A. Slocum & Son, 37 Weybosset 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.

O. J. Hannaway, 675 Smith St.

Haskins Drug Store, One Block Down from the College

Hillis Drug Co., 306 Smith St.

La Salle Pharmacy, 1009 Smith St. cor. Academy Avenue

McLaughlin's Pharmacy, Chalkstone - River Avenues

John J. Neilan, 143 Smith St.

DRY GOODS

Gladding Dry Goods Co., 291 Westminster St.

John Curran, 2nd Floor, Arcade.

ELECTRIC SHOPS

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ENGRAVERS

Bickford Engraving & Electrotyping Co., 20 Mathewson St.

Thomson & Nye, 212 Union St.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

Arcade Employment Agency, 70 Arcade

FENCE BUILDER

E. C. Church Co., 136 W. Exchange St.

FISH DEALER

Cook's Fish Market, 216 Smith St.

FLORISTS

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FUEL

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FUNERAL DIRECTORS

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Orms Street Garage, Union 2042

Smith St. Garage, 193 Smith St.

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Providence Gas Co., 100 Weybosset St.

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(FOR THE PRESENT SCHOLASTIC YEAR)

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Calverly St.

INSURANCE

Gallivan & Co., 608 Turks Head Bldg.
Joseph H. Kiernan, 171 Westminster St.
O'Donnell & Co., 48 Custom House St.
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Charle O'Donnell, 60 Washington St.

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Maguire Bros., 189 Eddy St.

NEWSPAPERS AND PUBLICATIONS

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Providence News, 50 Weybosset St.
Providence Tribune, 2 Weybosset St.

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The L. H. Bellin Studio, 256 Westminster St.
Ye Rose Studio, 385 Westminster St.
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PRINTERS

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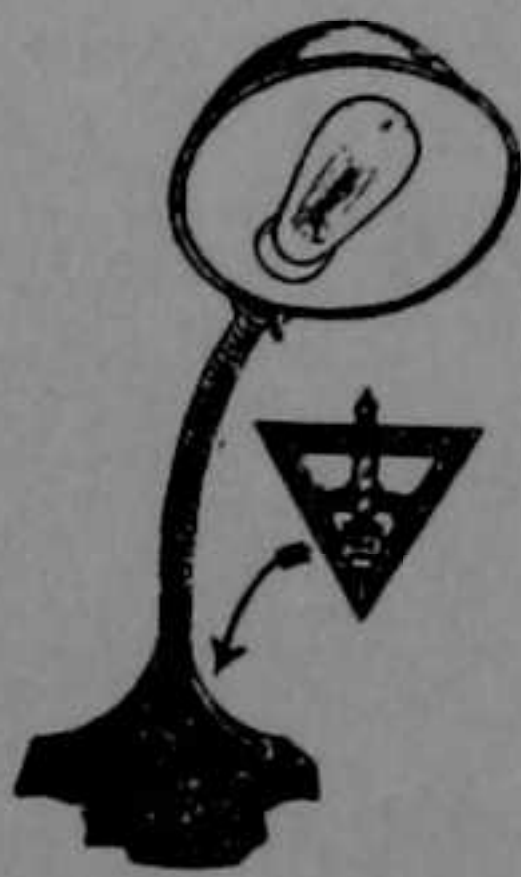
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"PLACE THE PLACE—IT'S PLACE'S PLACE"

Providence College Alembic

VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1927

NO. 7

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Fr. H. J. McManus O. P., S. T. Lr.

The College in general and the Alembic staff in particular recently suffered a great loss when Fr. H. J. McManus, O. P., S. T. Lr. accepted an appointment to the Presidency of Aquinas College at Columbus, Ohio. Fr. McManus was a member of the Faculty of Providence College for seven years, coming here immediately from the Dominican House of Studies at Washington, D. C. During his sojourn at Providence, Fr. McManus lectured in Religion, Philosophy and English. In addition to his lecturing duties, he held the office of Moderator of the Dormitory which houses the students who are preparing to enter the Dominican Order. This dormitory formerly located on Park Street, is situated now in Guzman Hall, the new building on the west wing of the campus and Fr. McManus did excellent work in supervising the remodelling of this recent addition to the College buildings.

However, it is chiefly in another connection that we wish to speak of Fr. McManus, the one in which we of the Alembic Staff knew him best. He was the first Faculty Director of the Alembic, a position which he held up until the time of his departure for Aquinas.

The project of publishing a literary monthly at Providence College was begun in 1920 at a time when the student body numbered less than half of the present enrollment. But from the very beginning, due chiefly to the untiring efforts of Fr. McManus, the Alembic was a financial and literary success. He extended to each succeeding staff his whole-hearted cooperation and assistance in all matters pertaining to the conduct of the enterprise. During his seven years as Director, in accordance with his expressed wish, his name did not appear in connection with the work and it is not until the present writing, when we are able to evade the deletion of his modest blue pencil, that we have the opportunity of expressing the honor and praise due him. However, although the extent of his efforts along this line was never known generally we are confident that his praises as a kind friend and loyal advisor were sung in



REV. FR. JUSTIN McMANUS, O. P.
Providence College
Providence, Rhode Island

private by every member of preceding Alembic staffs just as they are being sung in public today by those who compose the present one.

Students of the College owe Fr. McManus double homage and he goes to Aquinas with the congratulations and best wishes of all. He will be succeeded as Director of the Alembic by Fr. P. L. Thornton, O. P. and the staff assures the New Director of the full-measure of their confidence and support.

Wanderlust

April fills the air once more
With laughter mad and free;
Yet though I roam not as of yore
My heart must ever be
Where bright stars burn,
And with many a turn
A road winds by the sea.

And they are fair, the paths of Spring,
With life and gayety;
But winding trails must ever bring
That old scene back to me,
Where bright stars burn
And with many a turn
A road winds by the sea.

Arnold Dale, '27

Frederic Ozanam

IN the crypt of the Church of the Carmelite friars at Paris rests the body of Frederic Ozanam, one of the fairest flowers of Catholic manhood. An apostle of charity, a true and humble leader of Christian youth and a conscientious educator,—these are some of the characteristics that will imprint in our memories forever the name of that indefatigable champion of the Church.

Ozanam was born on the 23rd of April, 1813, at Milan, then a French city. His education was first undertaken by his elder brother and when he was ten years old, he entered the Royal College of Lyons. In his fifteenth year there occurred to him that crisis of doubt of which he later wrote to two friends in the following words: "Attacked for a time by skepticism, I realized the utter necessity of clinging with all my strength to the columns of the temple, even though it were to crush me when it fell. And behold today I cling to that column which I find illuminated by the rays of wisdom, of glory and of beauty. I embrace it with enthusiasm and with love; I shall remain at its foot, and thence I shall extend my arms in invitation to the wanderers on the sea of life to regard it as the beacon of deliverance."

Thus Ozanam consecrated his life's work to the extension and vindication of Christian truth and he set about composing a work entitled, "The Christian Religion Demonstrated by the Antiquity of Historical, Religious and Moral Beliefs." Though this enterprise was never fully realized because of his premature death, all of Ozanam's works were inspired by the same spirit of love and devotion to God who had been torn from the hearts of many by skepticism and incrudulity. "In the history of literature," he says "my principal study will be the civilization of which it is the flower, and in that civilization I shall glance especially at the handiwork of Christianity."

Having received the Baccalaureate of Letters when sixteen years old, Ozanam proceeded to Paris to study law. Such a profession was not agreeable to him, but he followed it to please his parents.

Meanwhile he did not relinquish his studies in literature which he liked so well. Among the many striking traits of Ozanam none, perhaps, is so impressive as the child-like candor which he did not lose with the coming of adolescence. In reference to this virtue, Lacordaire narrates a beautiful incident which deserves special mention. It was on New Year's day in 1832 that Ozanam was to meet Chateaubriand. The latter, after a discussion with the young author, asked him if he were going to the theatre that evening. Ozanam hesitated between the truth and the fear of appearing childish. Truth, however, conquered him and he avowed that his mother had advised him never to enter the theatre. The author of "The Genius of Christianity" replied: "I conjure you to follow your mother's counsels. You would gain nothing at the theatre and perhaps you would lose much."

At Paris, in the home of Andrew Ampere, famous physicist and mathematician, Ozanam received a hearty welcome. He became acquainted also with the young Count de Montalembert whose service to the cause of religious liberty was an example of real courage and manhood. Ozanam was only twenty years old when, with seven of his companions, he founded the charitable Society of Saint Vincent de Paul. He realized that he needed God's blessing for his Apostolate and he was convinced that, in order to attract that blessing, he must go to the aid of the poor. He saw in the destitute person a brother in Christ, a brother who must be aided, first morally and then physically. There was the model Christian man of Charity. How vastly different is such a charity when compared with our so-called philanthropy of the twentieth century! Philanthropy seeks to alleviate destitution and suffering by material aids. The beggar seems to be offensive to the refined tastes of modern society and he is given over to the State for protection and livelihood. But to Ozanam, the beggar was an image of the Blessed Savior and, for that Savior's sake, he cheerfully devoted to the poor all the moments that were left to him from his varied occupations. The first meeting of the Charity Conference took place in the month of May in the year 1883. Since then the society has spread extensively, bringing relief and happiness to the vast army of suffering humanity.

The inauguration of the famous Conferences at Notre Dame de Paris was the result of a petition which Ozanam and many of

his friends had addressed to the Archbishop of Paris. The Dominican, Lacordaire, was appointed to that noted pulpit and his brilliant eloquence has left an indelible mark on the annals of sacred oratory. Since Lacordaire, the pulpit of the Church of Notre Dame de Paris has been occupied by such renowned preachers as Rangan, Monsabre and others.

When Ozanam was appointed professor of foreign literature at the Sorbonne, that university counted among its faculty several victims of the false philosophy of the age. The students, moreover, reflected the spirit of religious animosity, engendered by the French Revolution. Amidst all these obstacles Ozanam never compromised the position of his beloved faith and in the words of Lacordaire, "he retained the affection of the Catholics, the esteem of the faculty of which he was a member and, outside of these camps, the sympathy of that fickle crowd which is called the public."

The Apostolate of Ozanam was very well characterized by the following words of Monsignor Parisis of Langres: "I believe that the Catholic laymen of today have a particular and providential mission. Everywhere the powers of the time repeat that the State is laic. Well, God has replied to this declaration: 'I shall establish among you a lay priesthood.' One destitute of that sacramental character which you blaspheme, not clothed in that costume which you contemn, one which does not follow that segregated manner of life which you criticise; but one which will manifest the intelligence of zeal of the veritable priesthood, not indeed performing the sacred functions which must ever remain within the limits of ecclesiastical hierarchy, but performing social functions. Behold the action of Divine Providence in our days—the work of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Francis Regis, of St. Joseph, of Ozanam."

In 1850, at the height of his noble career, the great soul of Ozanam ascended to God. He had planned a majestic literary monument to spread the light of Christian faith among men, and, though he knew that death was approaching to put to end his lofty and cherished ambitions, he submitted to God with resignation and with love. In terminating his eulogy of Ozanam, the Protestant, Guizot, said: "The model of a Christian man of letters, worthy and humble, an ardent friend of science and a firm champion of the faith, tenderly enjoying the pure pleasures of life, was taken away from

the holiest affections and the noblest labors, too soon, according to the world, but when he was mature for heaven and for glory."

Pelissier, in the "Glories of Christian France," speaks thus of Ozanam: "Christianity and erudition; profound science and simple faith; all the subtleties of criticism and all the wealth of an imagination placed at the service of Christian truth; an activity which carried him continually from the Library of the Institute to the garrets of the poor; a gift of eloquence which dominated a raging audience of young Voltarians, and which also calmed the sufferings of the poor and indigent; such is the spectacle offered to our imagination by the life of a man of genius and of heart.

In the death of Ozanam, the Sorbonne lost a learned master, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was deprived of one of its greatest and humblest founders, and the Catholic Church mourned for one whose life had been an incarnation of her holiness and a realization of her ideals.

May the blessed memory of Ozanam ever remain an incentive for all the noble aspirations of the Catholic laity.

Anis Samaan, '27

Memories

Memory is like a book
Whose pages I love to view;
Whose many pictures time dims not,
But leaves them ever new.

And midst those precious pictures fair,
Seen through time's misty haze,
The fairest ones will ever be
Those of my college days.

Thomas McEvoy, '27

The Road to Calvary

He comes amidst no trumpets glad,
No blast of heraldry,
But walks His way in silence sad
To climb the gallows-tree.

No kingly sceptre in His hand
But on His back a cross,
While there unmoved His people stand,
Unmindful of their loss.

The King of Kings, the Son of God,
Today on Calvary dies—
He now the path of pain has trod
And walked the road of sighs.

The cross He bears midst insults hurled
Amidst the rabble's jeers,
Shall stand ablaze atop the world,
Forever through the years.

A sign from God's great throne above
Of our poor souls' rebirth,
A beacon-light of greater love
Than ever graced the earth.

Gerald J. Prior, '27

Why

SPLENDOR! Is anything so glorious as nature's tinted canopy? August is unrivaled in the beauty of its sunsets, and now the Jersey sky was daubed with hues that would have been ridiculed as imaginative on canvas. The day's sun had passed its zenith and was now sinking unwillingly into oblivion. Even its exodus was magnificent. Nature herself stood aghast.

For twenty-five years he had received this evening farewell, and as he told his mother, "It really helps a fellow to keep smiling." Glory is always followed by some degree of darkness, but old Sol never fails to come up smiling. It forgives the dark thief.

His mother's thoughtful smile was her comment. She was, perhaps, not so sure that anything could surpass the brilliance of her charming lad. Pat, who might have decided to be a boy had her own preference been consulted, was the other single object of her mother's devotion. Patricia, however, being a girl, held an inferior position even in her mother's affections.

Dinner was hardly a reverie, chatter being in order. The family usually knew what all the girls in Pat's office were doing, although her own activities were less frequently discussed. Stephen usually talked as an embryonic lawyer is expected to converse, though as yet his prospects were hardly glowing.

The sensational case of the New York shop-lifters (all cases were either stupid or sensational in the metropolis) was attracting attention to the unimagined atrocities of the weaker sex. Our hero had been assigned to this case and undertook it with enthusiasm; for it promised some publicity, and what was more welcome, some pecuniary profit.

"Men can plead in a manly way before a court and be considered as individuals, but crimes perpetrated by a woman debase the sex; and believe me, if I am capable of making it so, their punishment will be sensational as their escapades." Thus threatened a determined student, while Pat, the cheerful, hummed.

The following day found Stephen busy on the case. He was

determined that the three young ladies, to whom the robberies had been imputed, should pay a severe penalty. He was as a vulture seeking its prey, or as the night about to obscure the glory of the sun. His evidence was laying itself out smoothly, and he arrived home the next evening in rather a satisfied mood.

The dinner table was always the scene of his court-room rehearsal, and there he often waxed eloquent.

"Gosh," he began, "the women are becoming equally daring in theft as in everything else. I am dealing with three whose brains worked quickly as their hands worked dexterously. Only the most fashionable shops were the objects of their plunderings, while small antiques were their specialties. These were easily disposed of. This though, is the first snarl I have met in the case. I cannot trace their exchange bureau, nor is it known whether or not they used a go-between. One of the three has been shadowed to Jersey, but on being questioned she claims to have a brother residing on this side of the river."

Pat hummed. His mother was attentive.

"This brother story is being investigated for it is very probable it is a mere sham to give a cloak to this damsel's suburban rambles. It is positive that the antiques were not disposed of in New York. Such tricks are not attempted by people as clever as these three were and are. Jersey is a very likely haven for floundering trophies."

Pat broke into a light tune. That this determined creature was her brother often amused her. Lawyers, especially young ones, were particularly unreasonable. They could hardly be considered humane.

"How could young men exist if they were really as busy as they imagine themselves to be," queried his mother as Stephen placed himself wearily in a chair the following night."

"O well, I don't mind getting tired when I have the satisfaction of having accomplished something, mother. The case is about ready. Just now it stands something like this." To Pat's accompanying hum, her brother outlined the affair.

"Three young ladies removed antiques from fashionable shops at various times. These articles were taken to Jersey and given to another culprit, presumably a girl, who delivered them to their final destination. All this I know for actual fact. So far as can be discovered they had no motive to steal other than malice, for a

spirit of excitement ceases before becoming crime. It shall be my object to prove that they are malicious women and hope that they may be severely punished. How's that?"

Pat was not humming.

"My dear brother amazes me! Steve you are unjust and go beyond your right."

"O Pat, you don't know anything about law, and it is just a feminine sympathy that makes you think me cold."

"I waste no sympathy, unless I do on you. I had imagined I could help you to succeed, but I want to help a brother and not a hang-man."

"Pat! how can.....?"

"Do lawyers lost their humanity? A crime is committed, and they immediately see the punishment due it. These two phases are inseparable. There is nothing more. A baby could do better, for it would first ask 'why'."

"I told you they had no motive."

"There is always a motive, though in many cases, as in this, it would hinder the prosecution. Perhaps these women are helping someone. Perhaps the go-between was buying law books that her brother might know how to send her to jail."

Stephen was silent. His case had been completed, and yet he had lost.

Robert J. Lane, '29

The Evils of Paternalism

Within the last decade there has come to our attention a movement to increase the powers of the Federal Government so that all affairs will be conducted under a centralized system of bureaus. These movements sponsored by citizens, who believe it is their mission to legislate for their fellow men, have attempted to interfere with our educational, our religious and our social liberties to such an extent that preparations are being made for a struggle which promises to be one of the main issues of the next campaign.

Those who laid the foundation of this government were students of political institutions. They had witnessed the evils of autocratic power and had been the victims of a tyrannous paternalism and bureaucracy. They were determined that the principles announced in the Declaration of Independence should be the basis of the government to be established by them. They believed that all power rested with the people and that the inalienable rights with which individuals were endowed might not be invaded but should be protected from evil influences and from centralizing and autocratic forces. They set up republics which were denominated sovereign states. Perceiving the necessity of a central government with limited powers, they adopted the Constitution of the U. S.

But today the Constitution is interpreted differently than our forefathers intended. Slowly has the Federal Government been usurping the rights of the states—until conditions have become so alarming that far-sighted students of political science have pointed out the destiny of this government under the present tendencies.

Today there are many malign influences attacking the structure our fathers have erected. Demagogues are putting forth false propaganda to inflame the passions of the people or to arouse their fears, so that evil measure may be carried forward and un-American and destructive policies put into execution. These demagogues disregard constitutional morality, state rights, individual liberty, and the question of the general welfare. The setting up of a new Federal agency with unlimited authority to promulgate rules and regulations to deal with a fancied evil is regarded as of paramount importance. Any appeal to the experience of the past or to the philosophy of government is treated with derision. The idea of reform and growth and progress by the application of natural laws is cast aside. Arbitrary power, usurpation, and the ruthless destruction of the individual and his rights are not only justified but approved.

By drastic penal statutes they would control the habits and appetites of individuals and deny freedom of thought and action. They deny the competency of individuals to govern themselves. Traditions, environment personal traits and the immutable laws that lie at the base of human progress, they neither recognize nor approve. To them lack of uniformity is regarded as detrimental to progress. They believe that uniformity of thought, the conformation of conduct to arbitrary rule and standard are production of the best results and will secure an ideal civilization. Such is the philosophy of those who are attempting to establish centralized bureaucracy. Such was the philosophy of ancient tyrants and despots.

Things have come to a pitiable state when a multitude of people turn from the development of self, from the determination to grow, expand, and be differentiated from the mass, and look to the Federal government as the source of all light and power, the arbiter of their destinies.

Society is not a protoplasmic mass. We want no form of government that crushes individualism and reduces itself to a colloidal state. The chief glory of the American people is found in the fact that the men and women of this land have developed to a high degree the spirit of self-initiative for whatever strength the Nation possesses arises from the strength of the individuals within the nation. Nor do we want a system that destroys self government the very foundation of a free country.

The ideal of local self government is our most precious heritage. It is the school in which self-control, independence and liberty are bred. It is necessary for the welfare of our Federal government. This land of ours covers a vast territory. From ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the Gulf may be found almost every variety of soil and climate. Physical environment and historical tradition have given rise to a diversity of customs, manners thought and speech. The occupations of the people of the different sections are characterized by fundamental and permanent differences. It is this diversity that makes local self-government essential to the progress of the nation.

Many persons might label as absurd the charge that our institutions are endangered, but that a centralized government may come about is no idle remark. It is very probable. The American people show but little interest in fundamental questions relating to government. To them the constitution is a sealed book. They

seem indifferent to the philosophy of government. Added to this lack of interest in affairs of government are certain philosophical systems tending to destroy all existing institutions. Today there is in the land a spirit of discontent and resentment against rules, regulations, law and discipline. This spirit permeates our political life, influences the social organism and infects the religious life of the people. It challenges the past and present and seeks to undermine and destroy superstructures of beauty and strength which have been erected in various fields of human thought. This spirit lends itself to materialism and denies the influence and permanence of moral and spiritual forces. In this view there is nothing worthy of preservation, there are no precedents to be followed and no lessons to be derived from the pages of the past. Then there is the spirit of Bolshevism which at this moment is manifesting its influence in China, in Mexico and in Nicaragua. How far it is established in this country cannot be determined. But this, joined with those who advocate a system of paternalism and the general indifference of the average citizen, makes the future of this nation none too bright.

What is needed to remedy such a state of affairs is a greater interest on the part of the citizens in matters of government. If we Americans cannot perceive the clouds assembling on the horizon of our liberty, if we cannot see the ever increasing forces tending to destroy our constitutional structure, if we believe these things cannot come to pass, let us turn our attention to Russia where the Communists were caught within the swirling grasp of these destructive influences. The sorrows of Russia were intensified and their tragedies made more somber as this malignant spirit encompassed the land. We can turn to Germany where once the proud boast was made of the complete absence of difference among her citizens. It is the hope of all that America will profit by the experiences of the past and that the principles underlying this government will be protected from paternalism, materialism, Bolshevism, and other un-American movements. May America prove an exception to Lord Byron's rather gloomy and melancholy prediction. When speaking of government, he stated that when the people obtained freedom then "came wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last,—and history with all her volumes hath but one page."

Warren J. Moroney, '27

The Vicissitudes of Life

"No, Cuthbert, I can't marry you. The man I marry must do big things in a big way; he must be famous; his name must be on the lips of the multitude (like Listerine, cold sores and moustaches); he must be a hero beloved by all."

This, coming from the lips of his adored Farina was the death-kneel to the omorous hopes of Cuthbert McBlank. For years he had worshipped her, hoping one day to make her his own. But now his hopes were shattered; his dreams of a bright future broken like so many bubbles. By her cruel words he had been hurled from the pinnacle of joy to the black depths of despair. But wait! Hope springs eternal. (Apologies to Casey at the Bat) Perhaps he could become such a man as she had pictured. With this resolve in his heart, things did not look so black. Drawing his cap and gown more tightly about him he stepped out into the glorious sunshine which but a moment before had seemed but a mockery of his dark mood. (Subjunctive.) Did he not have a diploma from a correspondence school? And was not his father the first in his district to violate the Prohibition law. What more could a man ask? Many of our presidents have had a more humble origin.

Now for his choice of profession. What could he do? How to raise himself above the mob? He discarded the idea of running an elevator. How to appear before the public? How to be a hero? His pride would not allow him to toss flapjacks in an open-front restaurant. Just then he staggered as from a blow. Inspiration had hit him! A human fly! That was it. In his profession he would scale the heights and be enabled to climb the ladder to the heart of Farina.

He immediately sent for James B. Altitude's book on "The Gentle Art of Human Flying." He devoured this assiduously that night and was bothered with indigestion all the next day. The day following, however, when Cuthbert felt well enough to make a beginning in his new profession, natives of his little town were astounded to see a small man climbing barber poles with a book in his hand and chanting, "Every day in every way I'm getting climber and climber." You've guessed it. It was our Cuthbert. He had was, at last, a hero. He alighted from the train in the little town

been told to start in a small way and this seemed to him most suitable.

Of course as is the case with most geniuses he was forced to suffer the jeers of the crowd. Did he give up? Did the jeers of the people deter him from his noble end? Did public opinion mold his future destiny? What was the date of the discovery of America? How are You? For answers see the August issue of the Alembic.

No. Cuthbert did not give up. Lesser men might have been driven aside. But not our Cuthbert! From barber-pole to lamp-pole, always climbing higher; from lamp-pole to a four story building and then the papers began to take him up. His motto was "Excelsior!"

A year has passed. We see him on the night preceding his most famous exploit. Success would bring him wealth, fame and perhaps Farina. Tomorrow he would attempt to scale the Woolworth Tower. And yet this man who tomorrow would face death was able to go to sleep after a meal at his college cafeteria. He dozed off murmuring, "Farina, Farina, Farina," and the waiter brought him three orders of breakfast food.

The morrow dawned; Cuthbert yawned and Nero cried, "Feed those lions." He rose, dressed, ate a leisurely breakfast and proceeded downtown, where the crowd awaited his coming. The roar of the crowd was heard, "It's him! It's him!" After this a lone voice piped in reproof, "It is he! It is he!" Cuthbert remarked, "Ah! A Harvard man in the crowd."

With a smile and a kind word for all, Cuthbert prepared to do his second-story act. Throwing discretion to the winds and his coat to a friend in the crowd, Cuthbert began his climb. For us to record the details of that (or is it those) epic feat would be a waste of time. They are written in your minds forever, together with the story of Washington crossing the Delaware and the epic of the first and only pedestrian who crossed Broadway at 42nd Street. Was he successful? See any newspaper published in 1831 for the vivid account of his success together with his testimonial on the value of Mineralava.

But success meant only one thing to Cuthbert. He was ever true to his first love and his success was but a means to the attainment of Farina. He would go to her now, confident that he had done something big; his name was on the lips of the people; and he

where Farina lived and skipped gayly up the dusty road leading to her home. He dashed into the house and saw her in the kitchen, her back to him. He walked stealthily up to her and throwing his arms around her, exclaimed, "Here I am Farina."

Her reply was, "You're late this morning. I'll have two quarts of milk and a pint of cream."

Disregarding this meaningless drivel, Cuthbert cried, "It is me, Farina! The man you sent out in the world to do something big and who has returned to you with the plaudits of the populace still ringing in his ears. I have come for my reward. Farina, give me your answer."

"Why Cuthbert! Of course! You have justified yourself; you are my ideal. I will marry you."

His cup of joy was filled to overflowing. He would go and get a justice of the peace. But Alas! Something was yet to come between him and his beloved Farina.

As Cuthbert started for the door, it came. It was Farina's cat and the cat caught itself in Cuthbert's feet, hurling him down the two steps before the entrance. Cuthbert's neck was broken!

Farina shrieked and then fixed her hair, as she was expecting the ice-man anytime now.

O. Danger, '27

Windows

Among the pillars in the gloomy pew,
I ponder on the magnitude of these
High windows stained, which hold for us the keys
Of mysteries and truths of Faith in hue.
Each forms in ceiling sky a satellite
Depicting scenes from tales of Christ; His birth
And early life and death, ascent from earth;
Through which in mellow rays streams golden light.

You serve your purpose well, befilmed glass,
So silent stand you there before His throne,
Relating much for heed to those who pass
To stop awhile and talk with Him, alone.
A semaphore to flag each human train,
And switch it to the tracks of His domain.

J. Lannen, '29

The Doctor

RECENTLY Anti-Medical publications have arranged and denounced the doctor as a treasonable and un-American conspirator against the American public. These publishers by means of their illogical statements, which are not alone radical, but insulting and ridiculous as well, are conveying to the minds of the gullible a mal-attitude, making the practitioner an object of contempt and classing him as a murderer.

This situation is very lamentable; for followers of the Great Physician, Who came into the world not to be served but to serve, do not deserve such accusations. If publishers would but exercise adequate surveillance over their editorial staffs, there would be no cause for complaint from members of the profession.

The picture entitled "The Doctor" which is the work of that famous artist, Sir Luke, and which hangs today in the famous Tate gallery, portrays in an excellent manner the true character of the physician. Yet, our modern writers see fit to interpret this picture to coincide with their designs. In various articles, written under this picture, we see words, similar to the following, "The scene speaks for itself. The grief-stricken parents are standing by while the doctor sits and does nothing."

It is a very pathetic picture indeed and the grief-stricken parents are well worthy of our sympathy. Let us study the picture closely, let us imagine the story which prompted it, and from it draw our conclusions about its significance. We see that the scene is a room in a fisherman's cottage; the time that dark hour just before dawn when human life is at its lowest ebb. The doctor sits intently watching a sick child wrapped in blankets and reclining on a number of pillows supported by two chairs. Near the curtained window sits the mother, her head buried in her arms, not in sleep, but in deep grief, expecting her child to pass to the great beyond. The poor father stands by his wife and turns his gaze to the doctor's face. All their hopes are centered in his ability. Yet under the light of the lamp "the doctor sits and does nothing."

Let us place ourselves in his position and see whether we would be more prone to take decisive action. No, we would sit and meditate just as the doctor is doing. Let us study him closely, observing

the evidence of mental strain upon his face. He is directing all of his mental faculties to the one end, that of saving the child. Yet, "the doctor sits and does nothing."

Again let us observe the picture carefully. There on the table is a bottle half-filled with medicine, on the bench a basin and pitcher, both showing signs of recent use, proofs that he has already done some thing. Yet, "the doctor sits and does nothing."

Again study the doctor and observe what a fine specimen of manhood he is. A face that denotes an intellect of broad understanding and sound character. Notice his reaction to the strain to which only a doctor is accustomed. Observe the profound aspect which causes us to wonder what is occurring within that troubled brain. It may be he is thinking of other cures or praying to the Almighty to lighten his burden and to assist him in solving the deep mystery of life.

The doctor is tired for he has driven many miles that cold night. Every nerve of his mind and body has been strained in his attempt to save the child. He meditates in solitude and communes with God, storing all faith and hope in Him, for he knows that without divine aid he can accomplish nothing. Probably he is thinking of his own motherless daughter whom he left on her death-bed to answer the call of his profession. What a sacrifice! Yet, "the doctor sits and does nothing."

There are very few of us who cannot recall a situation in which a doctor placed himself between us and the approach of the grim Phantom of Death. Sometimes it is almost sufficient compensation for our illness to have him beside us, to enjoy his company and pleasing personality. For with every visit he carries an atmosphere of cheer and hope into the sick-room. He extends a helping hand when it is most needed; assists his fellow creatures to their feet when they have fallen; encourages them when downhearted and sends them on their way rejoicing.

As the doctor studies his young patient he murmurs a sigh of relief; the crisis has passed; God has answered his prayer. The light of dawn creeps slowly through the window, bringing with it new life and vigor to the infant sufferer.

The doctor's task is done. Tired and weary, he struggles home, happy in the knowledge that he has saved a human life. But his cup of joy is turned to the bitterest sorrow. On his arrival

home the doctor discovers that the angel of death had preceded him, and his precious daughter has been borne away on the wings of night. Tears run down his face and as they fall memories from the past return to him, echoes of the silvery laughter which once sounded throughout the now silent walls of that bleak house. These memories will endure forever and somehow lighten his burden of sorrow. But the present is, indeed, a dark hour for this man who does nothing, for this man who sacrificed to the inexorable duty of his profession the one thing which he cherished.

Yet such a martyr and savior must face insults, falsehood, and malice in addition to his professional burdens. He is made the prey of every sensation-seeking journalist in the country, the target for every semi-intellectual treatise upon the ills of society. Time, however, will bring wisdom to such critics. They will learn, when they observe the high respect and reverence in which the doctor is held by humanity, that this "man who does nothing" is the man upon whom his fellow-men depend in their terrifying moments; and that he accomplishes more in one hour than they in the whole of their cynical and selfish lives.

Richard Shirinian, '27

Nocturne

As someone plays a sugared tune
 Of little loves and nights in June,
 The talk runs on its restless way
 To this and that and "So they say."
 Smoke rises from a cigarette,
 A lady drops her vinaigrette,
 The night approaches now its doom.
 His eyes meet hers across the room,
 And through his mind a mad dream slips
 Of Helen and the thousand ships
 That sailed for her a hundred seas,
 Of Guinevere and Heloise,
 Of pale Errinna's lovely lyre,
 Of Rome and Nineveh and Tyre—
 His neighbor says, "A lovely night,"
 Then wonders why his answer's trite.

Gerald J. Prior, '27

A Pitch in Time Saves Nine

ONLY two more days before the big game! Everything was in readiness. The students of Burn More college were all enthused over the approaching baseball game with Asbestos for the intercollegiate championship of Paris, Kentucky, and points east. The Burn More team had been selected; Abelard was to pitch. With him in the box, the students would bet their last dollar, or even their last two if they had them. All is peaceful, serene, calm and a few more adjectives of similar import. Victory was assured for Burn More. The rooters of the other team were equally sanguine. In their own town they were duplicating the actions of the Burn More students.

* * * *

This break is to allow "tempus" to "fugit," as they say in books.

* * * *

It is the morning of the big game. The air is filled with expectancy (We almost said mosquitoes, but this isn't New Jersey). The visiting students have arrived on their bicycles and "kiddie cars," and there is incessant wrangling between the two student bodies.

It is high noon (On the day of a big game everything is high). There is a commotion on the campus. Abelard, surrounded by his cronies, is coming wrathfully up the drive. He marches to the Dean's office and there delivers his ultimatum. His weekly check from the college had been presented to the bank and had not been honored. He demanded payment. The dean was helpless. What to do? What to do? He could not pay the man and the college would lose the game. Aloud he said, "What'll I do?" and one of the faculty started to play an accompaniment on the piano. The pitcher was bored. He said, "No pay, no play," and laughed at his own wit. In desperation the dean decided to appeal to the man's higher faculties (borrowed from another college). "Disregard monetary remuneration," he said, "and go out and win for Alma Mater." The star denied that he knew anyone named Alma and said if he did it was none of their business.

The pitcher was adamant and the dean was broke, so no agreement was reached. Burn More had lost her star pitcher. When

the students heard this, they were frenzied (We were going to say wild, but they were wild anyway). From anger they went to despair (on bicycles). The game would be lost and also their money. That meant dispensing with their daily lunch of lady fingers and malted milk until a check could be had from home.

Shyly, slyly and drily, Ebenezer Do went to the dean's office. He would pitch today! He had never pitched before, but what of that? He was accepted.

The game is on! The visiting team is batting. They can do little with Eb's offerings. He retires the side. Burn More goes to bat. They, too, are helpless before the pitching of their opponent. The game is resolved into a pitching duel. Just then five students walked across the outfield; one has a cane, the other four have pyorrhea. The players take their positions and the game goes on.

In the fifth inning Burn More's 3rd baseman crosses the plate on a hit by the catcher. The umpire said the run wouldn't count because he didn't remember how the runner got on base. They cajoled, they argued, but to no avail. This umpire was "tough"—like a street car conductor, he told them all where to get off.

Time rolls on. It is the ninth inning, the tenth, the eleventh and still no score. The game begins to rival "Abie's Irish Rose." The game, in the 22nd inning, is called on account of darkness. A shot is heard. A Scotchman has shot himself because he bought a score-card and there was no score.

* * * *

It was later discovered that Ebenezer was a Big League pitcher going to college to get atmosphere. He got the "air" all right.

There's a moral to this. In the words of the wise man, "A thing worth doing should be well done" (Examples: roast pork, roast beef, etc.).

D. S., '27

This Literary Freedom



R. SINCLAIR LEWIS, that gentleman of letters who inaugurated the practice of refusing prizes for excellence in literary composition, recently published a novel which threatens to become the season's best seller. It is entitled "Elmer Gantry" and it tells in detail—as though a novel by that erudite author could do anything else—the story of the rise of a Main Street lad to a high place in the clerical profession. The book, in addition to its aforementioned threat of becoming another fifth greatest industry, also shows signs of being the match that may set the river on fire, and, since we seem to be going in heavily for proverbs, the last straw that will break the already overburdened back of the camel of literary censorship. It has aroused the wrath of every Nordic, blond Anglo-Saxon in the country and, as this is one of the few cases in which we agree with those embattled farmers, let us examine the reasons for their anger.

In the narration of his story, Mr. Lewis, with all the delicacy of a travelling salesman telling a tale in the smoking-car, introduces many incidents more or less detrimental to the honor of his erring hero. To account for their occurrence he is forced to stoop to the use of many literary devices which he formerly scorned. As a matter of fact, he enrolls himself as a member of that school of writers who take mischievous delight in placing the much-maligned Mr. Coincidence on the rack and stretching his already lengthy arm until even the editors of certain five-cent weeklies raise their thumbs in an appeal for mercy. And to what purpose does the Babbit's worst friend and severest critic do this? Merely to enrage the aforesaid exponents of conservatism. In other words, Mr. Lewis is walking across a field inhabited by a quadruped of the species *taurus*, tastefully attired in a pastel shade of red (Apologies to Exchange editors of the gentler persuasion if our description of the flaming hue is slightly muddled).

Of course the subject of our disquisition may be well able to

answer the charges against him. He may reply by a new paraphrase of the old Dreiserian slogan and say "But, Art is like that." We are quite prepared to admit that all characters in fiction must be slightly exaggerated in order to hold the interest of the reader. But that this dictum permits an author to take an isolated case, exaggerate its characteristics in the manner of a small boy describing the fistic prowess of an elder brother, and present it as the central theme of a novel supposedly descriptive of a class, is a proposition to which no man in his senses will assent.

However, Mr. Lewis may argue that his recent novel does not purport to depict the general characteristics of a class and is merely the story of an individual. But, in answer to this and with a polite bow to a certain green-covered periodical, we refer him to his most constructive critics.. In their exhaustive panegyrics upon the work, we see it referred to as a discriminating study of the profession of which its protagonist is a member. The action of Mr. Lewis, sitting back calmly and receiving these eulogies, forces us to believe that he agrees with the majority of opinions expressed in them.

As a work of art, then, the book seems to us valueless upon two counts; first, in so far as it is not literature but propoganda and secondly because we recognize in it nothing of lasting worth. Viewed in another light, this novel may do more harm to the cause of American letters than anything published in recent years, since from the irreverence of its opinions one might consider the American author as a man who respects the sacredness of nothing and one whose destructive tendencies can be curbed only by strong censorship.

Gerald J. Prior, '27

Delusion



BLAZING sign first greeted my gaze as I stepped through the enclosure. It was reminiscent of a certain thirteenth century poem, slowly resolving itself into this ominous warning, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." A slight tremor of fear shook me and I turned to my guide for assurance (Certain no one dared to descend without a guide to the lower regions, and my present companion was a very likeable chap). He smiled at these signs of trepidation and signalled me to follow him.

Very carefully we traversed a narrow passageway which became more chilling and damp as we advanced. In the distance a tiny light glimmered, but as yet not strong enough to insure a safe footing. The walls overawingly hemmed us in while I followed the burly silhouette of my guide as closely as possible. Walking for mythical miles, we reached what appeared to be the outposts of the underworld. Adjoining this subterranean path was a cave illuminated by lurid red lights, and a continuous moaning echoed from within. Near the far walls of the cavern were collected a group of doomed souls. They were hideous to behold and divested except for a covering of matted hair. Their movements were almost mechanical as they circled about a smoking cauldron.

When questioned, my guide was mute and beckoned me to continue our journey. A faint murmur floated to us from ahead and suddenly appeared a white figure through the hitherto dense blackness. Gliding, rather than walking, it illumined the passage like some cherubic figure. In vain I tried to examine the guide concerning this beautiful vision, but he would merely smile and proceed as before.

Now we come to a tiny stream bridged by a wooden structure. It was the river Styx or one of its tributaries. However, it failed to concur with the imaginative representation I had hitherto cherished. Its mighty roar was superseded by a noisy ripple. No gory waves lapped at the barren shores nor was Charon or his skiff within sound. We crossed and ascended a gradual slope, passing weird sights and phantasies.

Meanwhile the vision preceded me at the same distance as

before. I hurried forward to secure a better glimpse of it, when it suddenly disappeared from sight. A few moments later I discovered that this was the result of a sharp angle formed by the rugged walls. Around this bend we met white cloaked apparitions more in keeping with the idea of ghosts. They floated about on a raised ledge, staring at us with fiery eyes. Each movement of these phantoms was accompanied by the rasping clank of chains and doleful cries of those in despair. A purplish light served to disclose their figures, but this was suddenly extinguished, leaving us in utter darkness.

My guide led once again and soon a steady hum, as of many voices, assailed our ears. This droning gradually grew in volume until one voice was distinguished above the rest. And then we burst into God's sunshine amid the barker's cry, "Take a trip to Hades, for the small sum of ten cents; wander through the devil's haunts and experience the sights of the underworld."

For several moments I was blinded by the swift entrance into the sunlight. But my eyelids dilating sufficiently enough to recognize objects, I beheld the seraphic vision of the lower world in a flowing white dress, walking leisurely down the promenade at the side of a very athletic young man. And I continued my inspection of the resort's amusements.

J. Lannen, '29.

Residuum

LOST IN A BIG CITY

"My Goodness! is this Washington, D. C. I would have sworn it was a pair of false teeth." This was my brilliant remark as I first gazed at the Nation's Capital. I tethered my Padillac (hired) to a near-by policeman (I knew that it was safe there as he wouldn't move) and set about seeing the town. Never having been in Washington, I shall proceed to give you a minute description of that beautiful burg. There are so many tall skyscrapers in town that "tonsil covers" are provided for all tourists in order to prevent sun-burned tonsils (laughter). One of the most peculiar facts about the city is that the National Library, which is located there, is filled with books.

When one leaves the train at the station (everyone leaves it there as a train makes a rather bulky bundle) one is approached by a chap with a red cap who, we believe, does imitations of Al Jolson. He yells "Smash your baggage?" Your scribe's witty reply to this was, "Of course not. Why should I want it smashed? I've got all my clothes in it." Looking at me sadly, he said, "And they hung pictures." I couldn't understand the man, so I left him saying, "Funny people, these Chinese."

"Taxi! Taxi!" a fellow yelled. "I'll take you there in a hurry." "I'm not going there," I answered. He then said, "All right, I'll take you there in a jiffy, yokel." As he was only a Yellow Cab driver, I let this pass.

Going across the street I was stopped by the voice of a big burly policeman shouting, "Cross on the cross-walk, you." I immediately retreated before this magnavox and waited for the walk to cross. It did not cross; it didn't even budge. Such a strange city.

I asked a man, "Say, old shoestring, where is the other side of the street?" He said, "Over there." I thought he was going to sing that song. "But," I replied haughtily, "a man over there said it was over here." He smiled, but I knew I had put him in his place.

I will now leave this great city behind me, having no other place to leave it. I travelled home incognito instead of by train.

Walter Molony, '27

Providence College Alembic

Frosh: "Did any of you fellows lose a pen?"

Junior: "Yes, I did."

Frosh: "What's your name?"

Junior: "Pete Roleum."

Frosh: "Wrong fellow. This pen belongs to Pat. Pending, his name is on it."

Abie (cornering a burglar in room with gun): "Hands up or I'll shoot."

Quick Witted Burglar: "\$5 for de gat."

Abie: "Sold."

A couple of Seniors from New Haven had just bought a "relic" and drove down to Exchange Place where they parked it to take in a show. While they were gone a traffic officer "tagged" their car for parking overtime. On their return they noticed the ticket and the driver was for throwing it away when the other remarked, "Save that ticket, that number might win something."

Visitor: "What an innocent looking face that man has."

Dean: "I hadn't noticed. Kaveny, what have you been doing now?"

Moran: "Do you thing your father will object to my suit?"

Helen: "I don't see why he should; he wears one almost as bad."

Beggar: "Could you give a poor man a quarter for a meal, sir?"

Victim: "If you are so hard up why don't you sell that diamond ring you're wearing?"

Beggar: "Oh! I couldn't do that, sir, you see it belongs to my chauffeur."

A letter from a college boy to his father: No mun, no fun. Your son. From Dad: Too bad, I'm sad. Your dad.

"Now, we'll go over the books," as the cockroach said, walking across the library table.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

Cupid Publishing Co.

Dear Company:

I have received your book entitled "Secrets of Successful Courtship" and I was pleased with it. I glanced through it hurriedly and set out to practice what you preach.

The first girl I met on the street was one whom I had always recoiled from in fear and trembling. I believed her to be unapproachable. Fortified by the lessons contained in your wonderful book, I nonchalantly sauntered up to her, stopped her and started to talk. The look of consternation on her face was ample reward for my application to the lessons taught by you. Needless to say, at the end of the conversation my fear of her was gone and she was very docile. I had followed your first suggestion, "Be foreful."

I made a date with her and in the meantime I perused the book again. I went back to her and exerted my mental force on her. She admitted her inferiority—I was the master. I did the conversing; she listened to me wrinking in the words of wisdom with a look of pride in her eyes. This went on for some time. I remembered your suggestion, "When the effect produced by force begins to wane, arouse their pity, the maternal instinct."

I followed your exhortations literally. I deliberately mashed my finger at one time and thus aroused her pity. Again I called on her with buttons missing from my coat. I could see the effect of this. Gradually she stared to help me, to comfort me and I knew you had the right dope.

Fully satisfied of the benefits to be derived from your teaching I decided to try it on some one else. I started for bigger game. But no! My first conquest (we shall call her Nellie, for that was her name) would not tolerate my departure from her. Try as I might I could not extricate myself from the predicament in which I found myself. Every objection I made was met with a ready answer.

Well, to make a long story short, I found that your "Secrets of Success" were too successful. I was hooked! I am not blaming you. It was all my own fault. What makes the situation worse is what I have just found out. Nelile has been reading a copy of

your book! Whether she has more will power than I, or what the cause may be, I do not know. However, I am now a Benedict.

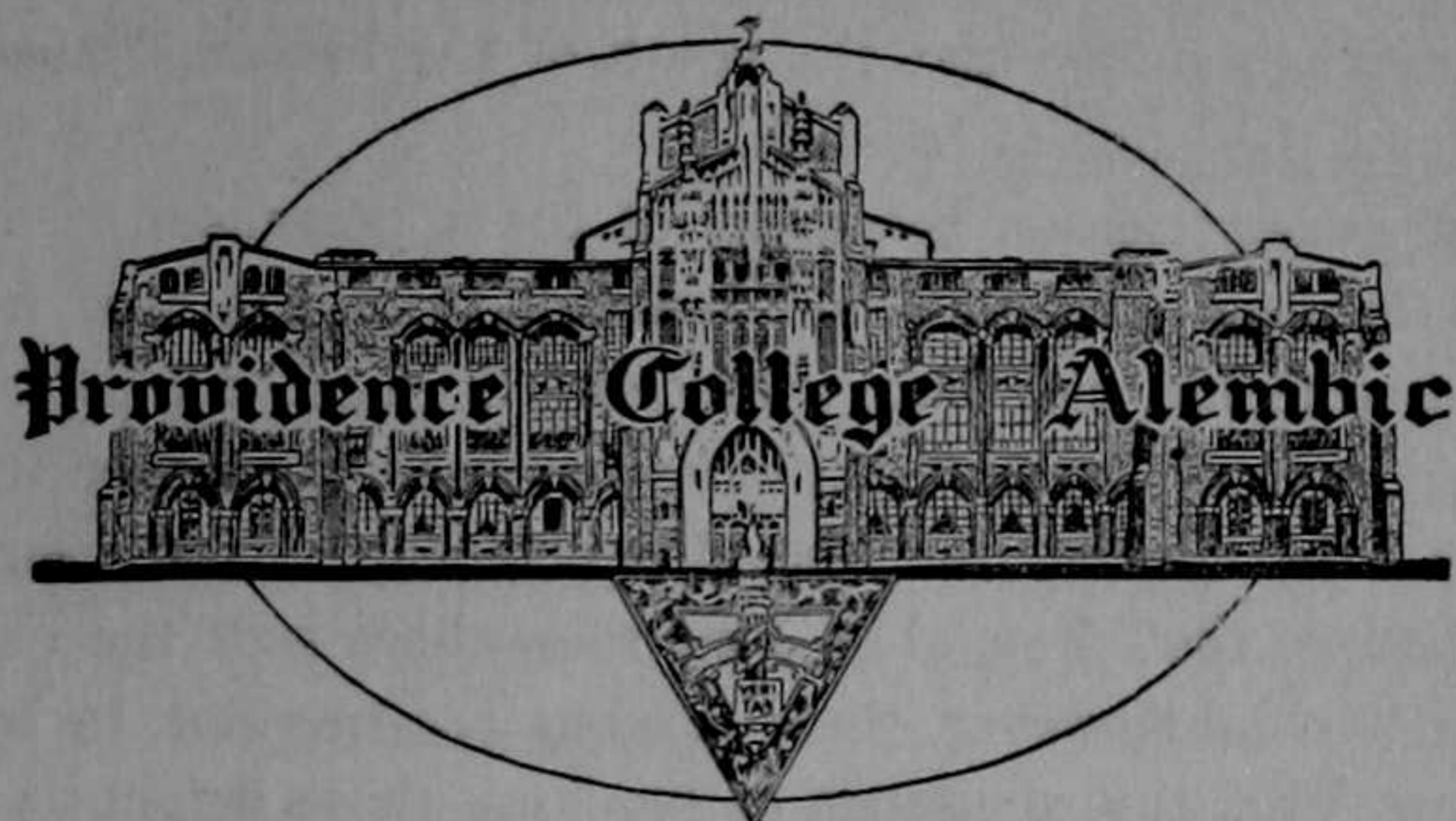
To prove the confidence I have in you I am sending a check for your book, "How to Be Happy, Though Married."

Hopefully yours,

HOOK N. EYE

P. S. If my wife applies for this book too, please don't send it to her.

O. Danger, '27



VOL. VII.

APRIL, 1927

NO. 7

Gerald J. Prior, '27, *Editor-in-Chief*

John F. O'Connell, '28, *Assistant*

Cyril A. Costello, '27

Henry Kaveny, '27

Joseph Lannen, '29

Walter Dromgoole, '28

Daniel Spaight, '27

T. Russell McGrath, '27

Francis J. McKenna, '27

Stephen M. Murray, '27

Emmett F. O'Gara, '28

Anis Samaan, '27

Advertising

John C. Beirne, '27

Francis Mullen, '29

John Mullholland, '28

Francis Hackett, 30

Circulation

Eugene Sullivan, '27

J. Austin Carroll, 28

For the past few weeks there has been a dearth of activity about the campus due to the completion of the basketball and hockey schedules, coupled with the cessation of social functions in observance of the Lenten period. However, with the first zephyr of Spring there is heard once more the sound of the willow coming into contact with the horsehide and the "ping" of a fast liner meeting the leather of a fielder's glove. To those of us not acquainted with the elab-

orate symbolism of the sporting page, we will explain that the above merely signifies that the youth of the nation is busied once more about the game of baseball.

The present season has many of the appearances of becoming one of the most successful our baseball team has ever had. An excellent schedule has been arranged, the most competent coach ever to direct our diamond activities has been re-engaged and, with but two faces missing from the all-star lineup of last year, Providence College should stand in June somewhere near the top of the baseball world. However, there remains one question to be settled before we have any assurance of reaching those heights. Are the students of the College to support their team in the manner which makes for victory in all contests? Are they to attend each home game and extend to the players their hearty confidence and good will? Until this question is answered in the affirmative, the outlook for the future must appear doubtful.

Spring rises once more in all her fragile loveliness **EASTER** to free the world from winter's frosty yoke. True, there are days when a bitter memory of March lingers in the air, times when a swift flurry of snow recalls the storms of December. Along country roads one still may see a few mounds of ice hiding behind walls and trees in a vain attempt to evade the searching rays of the sun. But what of these? For from somewhere in the woods a robin calls, on the lawn a blade of grass bravely raises its head, and, with a silvery laugh for this a new freedom, a brook runs gayly toward the distant sea. Earth awakes, and the hearts of men weakened by the wastes of winter, are strong again in the age-old reality of spring.

It is at this time, when the heavens and earth seem united in a holy alliance to honor the feast, that the Church celebrates the festival of Easter. Now it is that she commemorates the anniversary of that more glorious reawakening, the resurrection of Him Who holds all the beauty of the universe in the hollow of His hand.

If the world would but pause in the midst of its trouble and strife and consider the significance of Easter, there it would find the remedy for all of its ills. For the festival of Easter is the feast of Faith triumphant amidst the onslaughts of skepticism, of belief victorious over the attacks of doubt. Just as the snows of winter fade before the torrents of spring, so would the doubts of men be

banished by the light of faith. Then would disappear the mad hedonism, the cheap cynicism, the selfish materialism, all the little half-gods of a world that knows not what it needs and that will not rest until it turns once more to belief in the Resurrection and the Light, to faith in the Resurrection of the body and trust in the Light that shone on the hills of Galilee.

THAT AMAZING LETTER In the current number of one of our monthly magazines there appears an open letter addressed to a gentleman who, it is thought, will be one of the leading candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination. He is a member of the Catholic Church and the purpose of this article, as we understand it, is to determine whether or not the doctrines of his Church will interfere in any way with the executive policies of the candidate in the event of his election. To many of us, who are acquainted with the stand of the Church in regard to political and national affairs, the question may appear unnecessary. However, it may seem a fair query to one not quite so familiar with the Church principles. We believe that the writer who proposes these questions does so in a spirit of honest inquiry and not with the intent of raising any religious issue. Undoubtedly Governor Smith of New York, to whom the letter is addressed, will respond through politeness, although knowing at the same time that the writer could, by means of five minutes diligent inquiry, solve all of his personal doubts.

However, the Governor's reply, which will consist most probably in a detailed answer to each question, will also be such that its content may be summarized in a single sentence. And this one sentence will, we believe, serve as a sufficient answer to this interrogation. For the position of the Church in this matter may be briefly stated by saying that she prescribes no ruling to those in civil authority with regard to the conduct of their official duties other than that they act at all times in strict conformance with the principles of Christian ethics.

Surely such a ruling would in no way interfere with an elected officer's duty to the United States. It is agreed by all that the United States is, by its very nature, a Christian country and any precept, which commands an executive to act in accordance with the principles upon which the government of his country is founded, would serve as an aid rather than a hindrance to the performance of his official tasks.

College Chronicle

Debating The Providence College Debating Society has completed plans for its second intercollegiate debate of the year. It will be held on Tuesday evening, April 26th, the place remaining yet to be announced. The question, as in the previous debate, is, "Resolved: That the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be repealed." The Providence College team will support the affirmative side and it will consist of Cyril A. Costello, Charles J. McCarthy, and Stephen M. Murray, all of whom are members of the Class of 1927. The arguments for the negative will be presented by a team from St. Viator's College of Bourbonnais, Illinois. The chair will be occupied by Mr. Eugene J. Sullivan, '27, treasurer of the Society.

The Junior Prom The Junior Promenade, outstanding social event of the College year, will take place at the Narragansett Hotel in the near future. The Committee is working diligently and the affair promises to be a huge success.

Retreat The annual Retreat will be given on April 11th, 12th and 13th, the three days preceding the dismissal of classes for the Easter Holidays.

Return of Father Jordan Fr. John A. Jordan, O. P., has returned to Providence College after two years' service as President of Aquinas College, from which position he was forced to resign because of ill health. The Alembic, in the name of the student body, extends him a hearty welcome.

T. Russell McGrath, '27

Editor's Note. (We observe in reading over his copy that our efficient but self-effacing Chronicler has neglected to note a recent occurrence. It becomes, then, our pleasant duty to do so.)

Mr. T. Russell McGrath, '27, has lately been awarded a scholarship by the Knights of Columbus for graduate work at Notre Dame, leading to a degree of Master of Arts. Congratulations!

Exchange

During the past few months we have been greatly pleased to find an abundance of wholesome humor in our Exchanges. We are not of the class who would sacrifice literary worth for humor, but it is indeed gratifying to see some wholesome humor in the college magazines.

A college magazine is read, for the most part, by college students. Now even the most serious minded among the students relishes a little joke interspersed with the serious reading matter. Many foes of the college man will say that college life is a joke anyway. Be that as it may, we admit the truth of the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." In similar vein we might say that everything serious and nothing light makes Jack equally dull.

A college magazine should embody the spirit of those whom it represents. The college man is expected to lead the world in many things. The college man is usually a leader in after-life, a molder of public opinion. Why, then, not mold the nation's comedy? We Americans have recently had our sense of humor attacked. It remains for the college man, through the medium of the college paper, to mold America's humor.

A step in the right direction has already been taken, as is evidenced in current college papers. The effect is to be attained, not by spreading risqué stories, but by placing humor on a high plane and issuing jokes, puns or what-have-you that cause spontaneous pleasure and leave no undesirable after-taste. When this is done, the college man will have done something for the world, something that will be appreciated more, perhaps, than any erudite explanation of the fourth dimension or any propounding of theories, exhaustive and logical as they might be.

A happy medium of serious literary effort and of material of a lighter vein will give the world a true impression of the present-day college man—not a wastrel, spending his time in pursuit of pleasure, nor yet an absent-minded demagogical-looking person wearing large horn-rimmed spectacles and everlastingly carrying a volume of Keats or of Xenophon—but a young fellow who is serious or

humorous as the occasion demands, a youth that is as his magazine, partly serious and partly humorous, but wholesome withal.

The Xavier, a high school publication, is a welcome visitor. The excellence of this magazine stamps it as far superior to the usual high school organ. It is the largest publication we receive, containing over 100 pages of literary worth. Contrary to our expectation, we found that quality had not been sacrificed for quantity.

In the March issue we find stories, verse, essays and various departments, all splendidly handled and so blended as to make this magazine one of the best high-school papers it has been our pleasure to read.

"Only a Rose," a short story, is a very simple thing, simply treated, but in it, there is beauty of thought. From this we wander to "A Question of Reality," a story of the detective type which is very well written. The verse is good throughout. The essays are above par—especially did we enjoy "The Magic of de Quincey's Style." We encounter a serial, a rarity in school publications. It is a mystery story, interesting and well-written. But we will not prophesy. We have read the first part only; any one can create difficulties; all cannot provide plausible solution. This is the test of the serial-writer. We await the conclusion and hope that the writer does as well in his concluding installment as he did in his first.

We regretted the absence of humor in your magazine and would advise the use of a few jokes to make this splendid paper complete.

From Vermont comes *The Purple and Gold*, a fine magazine. The first story of your Mid-year Number is the best. Your other stories, "After Fifty" and "Two Lives for a Soul" are also good, but are eclipsed by the first story. "Epistolary Literature," an extensive and enlightening essay, is pleasing. "Mark Twain," another essay is also well done although we can not agree with all of the writer's sentiments. Your "Tatler" is good.

On the whole, a well-balanced magazine, the next issue of which we anxiously await.

The Rosary College Eagle is good reading. We delighted in the story, "Her Life Work." It is very good treatment of somewhat familiar theme. "The Moral Ending in English Novels" is a good essay. We liked "Enigma" among the verse contributions.

The "cuts" heading your departments are very good. There are two verse contributions and only two stories. Could not a better balance be obtained?

We enjoyed the *Anselmian* from New Hampshire. The excellence of your magazine is well exemplified in your essays which are very good. "A Note on the American Democracy" and "Washington" are both very good. "She Stoops to Conquer" is a good story. Among the verse contributions we were attracted by "Words" and "The Bellbouy of Despair." Your Departments are very good. "Laffin' Gags" is a good humor department.

Especially enjoyable is "EX Libris." All the reviews under that heading are good, but we must praise particularly the review of Durant's "Story of Philosophy." The writer begins with this statement, "'It is not a story of Philosophy' in condensed form as as one might be led to believe, but a story of some philosophers." He continues, pointing out the discrepancies and omissions which caused him to draw this conclusion. In doing this the writer mentions several philosophers who merit places in the ranks of genius and who have been ignored in Durant's version of philosophy's progress through the ages. The treatise then becomes detailed, criticizing "The Story of Philosophy" from a triple viewpoint, scholastically, scholarly and ethically. The review is well written and is logical throughout.

D. Spaight, '27.

Alumni Notes

'24

The Alembic extends congratulations on behalf of the student body to Mr. Francis P. McHugh on his engagement to Miss Mildred Dowding, Lowell, Mass.

We have been apprised of the fact that Charles Gibbons, A. B., is associated in business with the Wm. Douglas Shoe Company.

'25

Francis J. McGee, Ph. B., was a recent visitor on the campus. Francis A. Holland, ex '25, recently was awarded a scholarship at the Dental School of Harvard University.

'26

Charles F. Reynolds, A. B., is with the Providence Grays at their training camp at Norfolk, Virginia. This is his second year with the local team. In his initial year with this team a sore arm prevented him from displaying his true calibre. Best wishes for a successful season, Charlie.

Thomas J. Moroney, Ph. B., was recently appointed coach of baseball at Masee Preparatory School, Stamford, Connecticut. We feel assured that Tom will be successful in his new role.

William H. Leslie, Ph. B., is pursuing a course in Foreign Service at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Robert J. Johnson, Ph. B., is associated with the faculty of The School of Oratory, Summit, New Jersey, as teacher-coach.

William C. O'Neil, Ph. B., is engaged in the brokerage business in Pawtucket, R. I.

William J. Bannon, Ph. B., is pursuing a course at the School of Business, Columbia University.

Francis J. McKenna, '27

Scalpel and Forceps



Sanitary Engineering

SANITARY engineering is best defined as that professional branch of civil engineering that is concerned with the construction and operations which promote and guard the health of communities. This deals with the means of supplying congested cities and towns with pure and wholesome water, means of removing, in underground channels, spent water, called sewage, and finally the means of collecting and removing various solid waste products and refuse, such as garbage, street sweepings, and rubbish.

Sanitary scientists have determined that impure water has been the cause of many cholera and typhoid fever epidemics. Naturally the engineer has had difficult problems to solve; for water, be it from mountain streams, lakes, or rain, is easily and quickly contaminated with organic matter that contains injurious bacteria. The engineer, therefore, must devise some construction that will purify water, so that it may be supplied, in a condition fit to be used, to many city families.

Large sand filters have been constructed for this purpose. The size of the filters differ according to the quantity of water to be filtered and the rate of filtration. Three or four filter beds covering an area of about two acres are constructed. Each bed is separated by a massive wall of concrete. The bottoms or floors of the filters are also concreted and connected with drains. The filters consist of three layers—one of stone, one of gravel, and the third of fine sand. Each layer has a definite function. The fine sand layer, however, is most important, for it soon becomes covered with a thin layer of organic matter, which is very essential for effective purification. Means are provided for the cleaning of the filters quickly

and easily. The engineer also must construct pumping stations, reservoirs, and survey water mains that will supply families many miles away with pure water.

As a water-supply system brings to the city pure water, a system must be devised that will carry away the same water fouled with household wastes. This is called a sewerage system. The engineer's obligation is that the sewage be carried to a safe distance from the city. He must construct his system in such a manner that the sewage in its flow through sewers should be both quickly and completely discharged, for there is present organic matter that decomposes within twenty-four hours. This decomposition brings about putrefaction which is accompanied by offensive odors. The sanitary engineer is confronted by other tasks, such as supervision of house plumbing and drainage.

The third important object of sanitary engineering is the proper disposal of street sweepings, rubbish, and garbage. Garbage is often thrown into the sea and thus carried away. This is not very satisfactory. However, the ingenuity of the engineer has provided better means. Plants for the reduction or cremation of refuse have been built. The reduction process consists in heating garbage by steam in closed vessels, so that the garbage will separate into a black liquid, grease, and solid nitrogenous matter. The grease is utilized in soap manufacture, while the nitrogenous wastes have been used as fertilizer. The black liquid, however, has given the engineer another problem. The liquid has to be disposed of, for it contains many bacteria which, though killed by the cooking, may, nevertheless, prove harmful. The liquid must be carried away properly so that it will not contaminate pure drinking water.

The process of cremation, that is, of burning the refuse, is not so efficient. It has proved to be costly, and offensive odors, that are detrimental to health, are given off, due to the decomposition of organic matter into various gases.

The scope and field of the engineer is not limited. We thus see that this profession requires not only a practical knowledge of civil engineering, but also a thorough understanding of prevalent disease theories together with a comprehensive study of bacteriology.

Old and New Ideas Concerning Health Protection

No science has made greater progress during the past hundred years than the science of Preventive Medicine. In early times all diseases were looked upon as due to the same cause, which was the anger of the gods for some misdemeanor on the part of the individual or the community. When a pestilence came upon the people, they had only one method of reprieve. The usual course was to go through ceremonies and offer sacrifices in order that this anger might be appeased.

For a thousand years great plagues swept over Europe almost unchecked. In every community there were healers and medicine men who claimed to possess magic arts in dealing with all human ailments. But there was a grim truth; nobody had the remotest idea what brought these epidemics, or how they were spread, or what might be done to prevent them. It is said that the black death in the fourteenth century carried off one-third of all the people in England. Whole towns were swept out of existence. Knowledge concerning the nature of disease and the methods of preventing it developed very slowly for many centuries, as many superstitions had to be broken down. Moreover, it is only within quite modern times that health protection has reached the stage where it could properly be called a science.

Health protection did not attain a scientific basis, in fact, until the germ theory of disease was worked out and accepted. This theory, which is simple enough in its elementary principles, completely reconstructed the ideas of the human race concerning the causes and methods of preventing bodily ailments. It provided a complete explanation for many things which had been looked upon as utter mysteries. The wonder is that the world spent so many centuries in discovering it. Even in the days of the Roman Empire, intelligent men suspected that there was some connection between pestilence and filth. Just what this connection was, they were never able to trace out satisfactorily, nor did anyone manage to do it for more than fifteen hundred years after them. How long it has sometimes taken the world to move from one step in knowledge to the next!

Samuel Epstein, '29



BASKETBALL

LOWELL TEXTILE VS. PROVIDENCE

At La Salle Gym., March 4, 1927

With Larry Wheeler and Jack Murphy leading the attack, the 'Varsity basketball team swamped the Lowell Textile aggregation, 65 to 19, at La Salle Gym. in the final game of the season.

Wheeler played his finest game of the season, capturing the high scoring honors of the evening with eight field goals and three foul throws for a total of 19 points.

Jack Murphy, playing his last game for Providence, was equally brilliant, and as a result of his accurate tosses he rolled up his season point-total to 110.

The visiting team was outclassed from the start and at no time was the outcome in doubt. Kenney, their captain, flashed the only good basket work for his team which included two sensational "long toms" from mid-floor.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE	LOWELL TEXTILE
Szydla, l. f.	l. f., Greenwood
Allen, r. f.	r. f., Logan
Wheeler, c.	c., McKay
R. Rzezniki, l. g.	l. g., Brosman
J. Murphy, r. g.	r. g., Kenney

Goals from floor—Allen 5, Szydla 2, Fleurent 5, Wheeler 8, J. Murphy 7, Rzezniki 2, McKay 2, Kenney 4, Brosman. Goals from fouls—Allen 2, Wheeler 3, J. Murphy 2, Greenwood 2, McKay, Kenney 2.

Substitutions: Providence—Fleurent for Szydla, Szydla for Allen; Lowell—Corbett for Logan, Slack for Greenwood, Greenwood for Brosman, Burke for Greenwood. Referee—Pieri. Time—10-minute periods.

SUMMARY OF BASKETBALL

With the defeat of the Lowell team, the Black and White

closed her first 'Varsity basketball campaign. Under the able coaching of Archie Golembeski and the leadership of Capt. Hector Allen the team won six of its last seven starts and finished the season with a creditable record of eight wins and the same number of losses. The notable victories were those over Middlebury and St. John's, while the margin of defeat to Seton Hall and Boston University was only by one and two points respectively.

HOCKEY

PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

At Arena, March 11, 1927

Brown University won its second hockey game from Providence College at the North Main Street arena by 3 to 1. The game was the final one for both sextets and was the last of a series of two games played between the two local institutions.

Brown scored first, when Billings carried the puck unassisted down the centre of the ice and lifted a high shot that Goalie Vin Cummings knocked down directly in front of the net. Billings, following up, pushed it through the corner of the goal 12 minutes after the opening face off.

In the second period Providence College exhibited their best play. Fred McGarry led the onslaught on the Bruin goal and after 6 minutes and 50 seconds of play carried the puck unassisted down the left lane and shot a beautiful goal high up in the corner of the net which tied the score. Providence got its passing game underway and threatened the Bruin goal on many occasions.

The final frame was marked by roughness on both sides, with several near fights. Referee Stewart was hard pushed to keep the contest a hockey match and not a fight. Perrine was the star of the period, scoring two unassisted goals for Brown on long shots that bounced over Cummings's stick.

For Providence, McGarry stood out as a clever skater, but the consistent work of Capt. Jack Graham, Bride and McKenna have rivalled his throughout the year. All four of these men are Seniors, and the Dominicans will be badly crippled by their loss.

BROWN	PROVIDENCE
Gardiner, l. w.	r. w., McKenna
Gross, l. d.	r. d., Coleman
Partridge, c.	c., McGarry
Billings, r. w.	l. w., Bride
Perrine, r. d.	l. d., Graham
Fessenden, g.	g., Cummings

FIRST PERIOD—Brown, Billings, rebound	12:00
SECOND PERIOD—Providence, McGarry, unassisted	6:50
THIRD PERIOD—Brown, Perrine, unassisted	:20
Brown, Perrine, rebound	3:30
Substitutions: Brown—Eastwood, Peters, Chase; Providence— Moran, Cunningham, Malony.	
Penalties—Billings 2, Gross, Bride 3, Maloney, Peters, Moran, all 2 minutes. Referee—Bill Stewart, Boston.	

“CHUCK” MURPHY HONORED

Charles A. Murphy of Albany, N. Y., was elected captain of the 1928 'Varsity basketball team at a meeting of the lettermen. Murphy served as forward during the season just completed and was instrumental in the fine showing of the quintet in the latter part of its campaign. He is a Junior, having attended Holy Cross for two years before transferring to the local college last fall.

Captain-elect Murphy prepared for college at Cathedral High in Albany, where he played football, baseball and basketball, starring in the latter sport. He was chosen all-scholastic forward at the Rensselaer Polytechnic tournament at Troy.

The appointment of Joseph A. Nole of Fitchburg, Mass., a Junior, as manager of the 'Varsity aggregation for next winter, was also confirmed by Graduate Manager Farrell. Nole graduated from Fitchburg High in 1924, where he won wide recognition for his athletic prowess.

Captain-elect Murphy will have five letter-men to start the 1928 campaign as the result of the official announcement of the men awarded insignia for their work this winter. The letter-men are as follows: Forwards, Capt. Allen, Captain-elect C. Murphy and Syzdla; centre, Larry Wheeler, the Newport ace; guards, Pete Rzezniki and John Murphy, football leader in 1926, and student manager, Thomas H. Bride, Jr., who boasts six letters for athletic work with the Dominican sports teams.

MALONEY ELECTED CAPTAIN OF HOCKEY

Frank A. Maloney of New Haven, Conn., the only Junior member of the first 'Varsity hockey team to represent Providence College, was unanimously elected captain of the sextet for next winter at a meeting of the letter-men held at the college. Maloney succeeds his fellow townsman, Jack Graham, who led the Dominican forces during the past campaign and paired with him at the defence assignments.

Maloney featured the only victory of the Dominican stick wielders when they opened their campaign with Springfield, and it was partly his clever work that enabled the Black and White sextet to make a creditable showing during January. Just prior to the Boston University game he was taken ill and was not able to don his skates again until he entered the second Brown tilt after three weeks of inactivity. Recently Maloney was elected chairman of the Junior Prom Committee.

Prior to the election the players who are henceforth entitled to wear 'Varsity hockey insignia were named. The list follows: Capt. John A. Graham, '27, of New Haven; Frank B. McKenna, '27, of East Providence; Frederick B. McGarry, '27, of New Haven; Thomas H. Bride, Jr., '27, of Cranston; Edward H. Cunningham, '27, of this city; Frank A. Maloney, 28, William H. Flynn, '28, both of New Haven; Vincent E. Cummings, '29, of Cranston; Francis P. Moran, '30, and Francis T. Coleman, '30, both of this city, and James P. Morley, '27, manager, of Norwich, Conn.

With five players leaving the team this year via the diploma route, Capt. Maloney will have a big problem to solve next winter when he issues the first call for hockey candidates. Vin Cummings, who played at goal in the two Brown games, will again be on hand.

BASEBALL

FLYNN NAMED AS COACH

The appointment of Jack Flynn as coach of baseball for the season of 1927 was announced by Graduate Manager Farrell. The news that the popular mentor would again direct the destinies of the Black and White was heralded as a sign that the Dominicans would remain among the leaders in intercollegiate baseball. The former big-leaguer who coached the varsity during the seasons of 1925 and '26 returns to Providence after piloting the New Haven club into first division in the Eastern League.

Jack is better known to the students as the man who developed the battery of Charlie Reynolds and Johnnie Halloran which reached brilliant heights in the memorable twenty and eighteen-inning Brown games, and also Captain Ray Doyle, our crack second baseman, who scored the only run in the first mentioned game.

SCHEDULE

The 'Varsity list includes tilts with nearly all the leading outfits of the East. The real feature, however, is an intersectional tilt with Vanderbilt University of Tennessee, slated for Commencement Day feature in June. In the course of the next three months the Dominicans will match their baseball prowess with that of Fordham, 1926 Eastern champions; Villanova, Brown, Boston College, Harvard, Yale, Manhattan and Boston University.

The schedule is as follows:

April 9, Northeastern at Boston, 12, Providence Eastern League (exhibition game); 16, Providence Eastern League (exhibition game); 20, Upsala College at East Orange, N. J.; 21, Cathedral College in New York city; 22, Seton Hall at South Orange, N. J.; 23, Villanova at Villanova, Pa.; 24, New York A. C. at Travers Island, N. Y.; 28, Colby; 30, Worcester Polytech at Worcester.

May 3, Villanova; 6, Fordham; 7, City College of New York; 12, Manhattan; 14, Brown at Aldrich Field; 17, Boston University; 19, Harvard at Cambridge, Mass.; 21, Brown at Aldrich Field; 25, Boston College at Boston, Mass.; 27, Temple University.

June 2, St. Michael's; 7, Boston College; 11, Tufts; 14, Yale at New Haven; 16, Vanderbilt University.

The appointment of Frederick A. McDermott of Phillipsdale a member of the Junior class, as manager of the 'Varsity baseball team, was announced. McDermott served as an assistant manager of the 1926 aggregation and with the failure of the Senior assistant manager to return to college received the post. He is a graduate of La Salle Academy in the class of 1924 and recently was elected a member of the Junior Prom Committee.



WHETHER YOU PLAY

BEHIND THE BAT

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