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American Indifference

THAT the hideous spectacle of religious presecution should persist in Mexico is amazing, not merely with respect to its continuance but also with respect to the indifferent attitude the world and particularly the United States is according the situation.

There was a time, not long ago, when it seemed as if public opinion might prevail upon our government to exert its influence in behalf of the universal principles of justice and humanity. Prominent men, the press, and organizations everywhere were denouncing, in no restricted phraseology, the insidious Calles Law—a law denying that very principle of religious freedom which stands as a mighty pillar in American governmental structure and the upholding of which has always been a matter close to the hearts of the American people.

Yet no longer, apparently, does there exist any antipathy toward the demagogic Calles and his tyrannical law. A sudden hush has come over the nation. The press is strangely quiet. Men in a position to make their opinions felt are no longer interested in Mexico, at least, with regard to the disgusting imposition maintained by the Calles Administration. But minute particles of the real truth and of actual conditions sift over the border to us.

Why?

The same cruel law remains in operation. The same despot still heads the nation. We cannot, therefore, attribute the cold unconcern of our country to any improvement of the situation.

There is an answer, however, to the question we have asked. Although we dislike to forward it, because of the position in which it places this great land of ours, we take the liberty to venture the opinion that the apparent change of heart which has crept into our nation is due, and due only, to the appointment, and its consequences, of Dwight G. Morrow as American Asbassador to Mexico. It will

be remembered that Mr. Morrow was intimately connected with the powerful financial interests of J. P. Morgan prior to the assumption of his present office. It will also be recalled that Mr. Morrow's first official act of any importance was *the settlement, favorable to American holdings, of the great oil differences* then existing between the two nations. The effect this agreement had on the American attitude toward Mexico was of inestimable, though distasteful, significance. Almost immediately the press and conspicuous officials began to view Mexico with unsuspected friendliness. Editorials, cartoons, and public addresses forthwith depicted Uncle Sam and the sombreroed Mexican as enjoying a new and closer amity of relationship. Perfect serenity reigned! Antipathy was moulding itself into affection! That, to us, represents the real reason for the present indifference of our country to the atrocities that are daily committed in Mexico under the Calles law.

Considering our previous endeavors to secure the interests of humanity, (for did we not even war with Spain for humanity's sake?) such an opinion may appear unpatriotic to those fanatics who know not the full meaning of patriotism. But, aside from this, what else can we deduce from facts, and facts alone? Of course, it may be said that the genius, Lindbergh, caused the new understanding and cemented the bonds of friendship between the two countries. Without detracting from the glory of "We," this is simply, in our opinion, a clever means of evading the real question and the cunning use of a timely coincidence. Lindbergh undoubtedly accomplished much and we would be the last to discredit his work. However, when a law is invoked which arouses the just ire of every unbiased citizen, we maintain that no airplane visit could convert that ire into affection.

Reviewing the whole matter, it is truly disconcerting to believe that our great country, founded on those noble principles so unharmonious with the arrogant mandates of a certain Mexican despot, could permit monetary considerations to take precedence over the common interests of humanity. Let no one think that we are condemning Ambassador Morrow. Not at all. Our interests abroad must always be protected according to the immutable laws of justice. What we are condemning is the indifference in this country to a situation that from its very nature should arouse those basic principles of justice inherent in every man, and what is more, to remain thus, presumably because the vested interests of the nation have been appeased.

Until the American nation rids itself of this ignoble disregard for the cause of humanity, an impartial observer can come to but one conclusion, namely, that we have exchanged noble principles for paltry dollars.

John H. F. O'Connell, '28

Athanatopsis

Alone I wandered down a trampled-grassy glen,
And knelt beside a stone;
A deathless prayer I prayed, and spoke to you again
Through distances unknown.

The grey skies saw my tears and heard my quiet sigh
Where only sleep the dead:
For faith-armed hearts are light, and hope shall never die
In places hallowèd.

Frank E. Greene, '29

Pro and Con

WHATEVER throws light on the much mooted question of motion pictures and their influence must inevitably be of interest to all of us, interested as we are in the development of this glorious art. If a discussion should succeed in doing so much no apology is needed in presenting it to the thinking public. Such a task is accomplished in the debate which follows. Without further ado, then, a faithful report of the debate is presented. It is hoped that the searching and candid scrutiny to which motion pictures are here subjected will do much to dissipate many of the errors that have kept us from a just appreciation of cinematic art.)

Resolved: That, motion pictures exercise a pernicious influence on the youthful mind.

Affirmative: (This argument was presented by a gentleman who wishes his name withheld). Ladies and gentlemen. The question to be debated this evening is this: *Resolved:* That, motion pictures exercise a pernicious influence on the youthful mind. That is the question, and, if I may make bold so say as much, the only question to be considered. The question is not: *Resolved:* That, this House is opposed to motion pictures. The House is by no means opposed to motion pictures. If I may speak for the House, let me say that the House is unanimously in favor of motion pictures. No one is more in favor of them than myself. In fact, and I am revealing no secret in announcing it, I am what is termed in the slang of the day 'a movie fan.' Yes, ladies and gentleman, I am a 'movie fan' and I am not ashamed to admit it. Why should I be ashamed to admit it? We all need relaxation, we all need some amusement, we all need to get away from ourselves, as it were, to forget our sorrows and banish our cares. We are, in short, human beings; and as long as we are human beings we will continue to attend and to enjoy the presentation of motion pictures. We shall continue to find in the 'movies' (as my son calls them) a refuge, a retreat from the dull routine of the day, from the hustle and bustle of the workaday world. Here in these palaces of

enchantment we shall continue to respond to the lure of the open road, to the call of adventure, of romance; we shall continue to tremble, as it were, before crime, to fear before intrigue, to weep before pathos. But in all these things we must not lose sight of the rare opportunities for education afforded by the motion pictures. Time alone prohibits me from expatiating on this phase of the art. None of you, however, neglect these priceless opportunities. Of that I am sure. In this connection I am reminded of a poem which is, I am sure, familiar to you all, especially these two lines, "A little learning is a precious thing, And to be honored needs but to be seen." Thus, does the bard sum up so beautifully what I, in my humble way, am trying to explain. In addition to that he might have added that this learning, is to be attained now, more than ever, in motion pictures.

Before concluding allow me to relate to you something that is of great importance to you as admirers of this latest art. I had the opportunity not long ago of talking with a man who occupies a very important place in the motion picture world. I cannot divulge his name but it is familiar to you all. In the course of our conversation I said to him, "Mr." (calling him by name) "what would you say was the importance of the motion picture as it exists today?" I will never forget his reply. He looked at me earnestly for a moment then he said, "Motion picture art is still in its infancy and yet it performs the work of a Titan." Could the situation be summed up more succinctly, ladies and gentlemen? Everything that could be said is said there. I can think of nothing more to add to it. I thank you. (*Prolonged Applause.*)

Negative: (This argument was presented by a gentleman who wishes his name withheld.) Ladies and gentlemen. In considering whether or not motion pictures exert a harmful influence on the youthful mind, we must consider two things. First, we must consider the picture and then we must consider the child. Let us take the child. As we all know, the child is father to the man, and I would ask you to keep in mind this fact as we develop our argument. Let us take the child, then, from the time he enters the theatre until the time he leaves. The Bureau of Theatre-attendance Statistics informs us that in the year 1919, that is one year after the Armistice was signed, remember, year 1919, that is one year after the Armistice was signed, remember. In 1919, I say, the average weekly attendance at motion pictures

among children under 12 years of age was 58,544. Of this number 58° were native born, 20° foreign born and 22° of mixed parentage. Another interesting analysis shows that of these children mentioned 64° professed to be agnostic, 20° believed in private interpretation of the Bible and the remainder did not. These are figures, gentlemen, that should command the attention of every thinking mind in America today.

Let us go to Russia and examine the question there. In Russia, where the railroad system is admittedly inferior to our own, there is one theatre for every 8000 inhabitants. With what result, gentlemen? With the result, gentlemen, that the latest annual report of the Bureau of Internal Revenue shows a balance of \$8,453.60 for the fiscal year of 1927, as opposed to a balance of \$7,453.60 for the fiscal year of 1926. Can we boast of such an advance? I am constrained to admit that we cannot and this for reasons which I shall set before you. We can trace our present condition to the fact that the theatre-owners in our country fail to realize the importance of the child in the vast army of theatre goers. My question is: Are the children, who constitute one-fifth of the paid admissions in every theatre throughout the length and breadth of the United States, are the children, I repeat, being treated with the respect and consideration that so important a body should demand? I would ask my honorable opponent how he would reconcile these figures with strict justice. This is not a question of party policy, it is a question of fundamental right. (*Applause.*)

My honorable opponent says he is a 'movie fan.' Well, I'm a 'movie fan,' too, so at least we agree on something. (*Laughter.*) But, fan or no fan I cannot stand by idle while children under 12 years are obliged to pay the same fare for admission as adults. It is an outrage and an imposition, and how long the children are to bear the burden I cannot say. I only know that the worm will turn some day, and on that day let the theatre owners beware. The lamb will turn into a lion and will bite the hand that refused to feed it.

Until that day comes, we cannot claim to have a true democracy. We cannot claim to have followed faithfully the traditions and ideals for which so many lives have been offered on the glorious altar of sacrifice. Let us hasten the moment of reform, let us not allow private interests to stand in the way of the commonweal. Let us show ourselves true Americans by becoming, first of all, true Democrats. I thank you.

(*Prolonged applause.*)

John C. Hanley, '29

The Students' St. Thomas

WHILE St. Thomas Aquinas is everybody's saint, he belongs to students in a special way. He always loved students and scholars, and himself remained a deep student his whole life long. In him all students have a patron and a leader; and how fortunate they are in being able to treasure as a life-model one who has accomplished so much for the world and the Church, by the soundness of his teachings and by the sanctity of his life. What an inspiring career is their's to read and ponder!

Thomas Aquinas was born at Rocca Secca in the kingdom of Naples about the end of the year 1225. His father was the powerful Count Landolf, who had married the sister of Emperor Frederick I of Germany. His mother, Countess Theodora Caraccioli, was descended from the Norman kings of Naples and Sicily. Thomas, their third son, was cousin to the Emperors Henry VI and Frederick II, and was closely related to the kings of Castile, Aragon, and France. His sponsor or godfather was Pope Honorius III. From his childhood days Thomas seemed to have been marked by a special providence of God. An old hermit who lived on the banks of a river not far from his father's castle, prophesied that the child would do great things for God and the Church. One night when Thomas was about three years old, the tower in which he slept was struck by lightning; he was spared, but his little sister was killed, as also the horses in the stable below. He was remarkably free from the common faults of childhood. Although too young to read, he loved to play with books, gazing at the illuminated pages of script and turning the leaves with the greatest care. The sight of a book would always quiet him when crying. He was a gentle child, with deep, bright eyes, and a calm and thoughtful expression, which showed him even at that tender age thinking upon the things of God.

At six years of age Thomas was placed in the school for young nobles in the great Benedictine Monastery of Monte Cassino. Here he was taught the manly arts of horseback riding, leaping, swimming, together with the rudiments of reading and writing in several languages. He made rapid progress in Italian, French, and Latin. His piety kept pace with his studies. The good monks were not slow to perceive the remarkable character of the little scholar under their charge. They wondered at the precocious mind that was wont to ask, "What is God? What is truth?" Thomas was looked upon by masters and students as the model of the school.

Five years later upon the Abbot's advice, his father sent Thomas to the University of Naples. Naples was noted for its beautiful surroundings, but it was the capital of a kingdom, a large, gay, and wicked city. Thomas, however, fled the gaiety and idle pleasures of his fellow-students. Instead of giving himself over to the wild and riotous ways of living then prevalent among students, he devoted himself to prayer and study. Such a course could not but spell progress for the young scholar. Seven years he spent at the University. During the first four he mastered the trivium which included grammar, logic, and rhetoric; the remaining three-year course called the quadrivium, consisted of music, mathematics, geography, and astronomy. In both courses of study Thomas obtained degrees. His professors held him in the highest esteem. Though modest and hiding his talents from his fellows, he nevertheless acquired a brilliant reputation for learning and piety. It was said of him that he could recite the lectures he had heard, in a clearer and deeper manner than they had been given by the professors themselves. His leisure time he spent with the classics and in visiting the church of the Dominicans, not far away.

Long before coming to the University of Naples, Thomas had felt the call to the religious state and the priesthood. It came to him when he was ten years old in the Benedictine Monastery at the Canonization Mass of St. Dominic. This solemnity deeply impressed the tender soul of Thomas, and from that day on he treasured up the high ambition to answer the Divine call. Now, with the Dominicans so near at hand, he saw his opportunity. He begged the Prior of San Domenico admission to the Dominican Order, and in August, 1243, in his eighteenth year, he was clothed with the white and black habit of the Order of Friars Preachers. All this took place unknown to his parents, for he had never mentioned his intentions.

His family, therefore, received the news with indignation. Mother, father, brothers, and sisters did all in their power to turn him from his high resolve. Thomas fled to Rome; and he was on his way to Paris when his two brothers overtook him and dragged him back to Rocca Secca. His father upon finding him resolute, shut him up in a tower for a year and a half. At the end of that time his Dominican brethren complained to Pope Innocent IV and the Emperor Frederick against the injustice. In answer both the Pope and the Emperor sent strict orders for his release. He regained his freedom and was soon with his Dominican brethren once more.

Thomas' superiors, recognizing in him a special fitness for theological work, resolved to send him to Cologne to study under Albert the Great, then lecturing in philosophy and theology, whose fame as teacher had spread all over Europe. Accordingly in October, 1246, he and his Master General set out from Rome. They arrived in Cologne in January, having covered a distance of 1500 miles entirely on foot.

The reputation of Thomas had preceded him; and the students were impressed by his modesty and habits of study. But Thomas always sought to hide his talents. For a time he succeeded. His reserve and silence, his docility and simple ways, were mistaken by some of the students for signs of stupidity and dullness, and so they called him "the dumb Sicilian ox." It was soon discovered, however, that he was concealing his worth. Thomas had written out a solution of an obscure passage. Upon reading that exposition, Albert immediately recognized the work of a master mind. In consequence he bade his student prepare to defend a certain difficult question in solemn debate before the whole school. On the day of the debate the faculty and students assembled, and Thomas modestly and hopefully took his place upon the platform. He set forth the question with a skill and cleverness that dumfounded his hearers. His opponents attacked him with argument after argument, but to no avail. He answered every one. Even his master, Albert, hurled objections at him, but his ready pupil resolved them all with little difficulty. The master knew what he had in the scholar before him, and unable to contain his joy any longer, he turned to the audience and cried, "You call him a dumb ox but I declare before you that he will yet bellow so loud in doctrine that his voice will resound through the whole world." And so it turned out, as we shall see.

In 1248, in his twenty-second year, Thomas graduated from the University of Paris as bachelor of theology. Then he returned to Cologne with Albert, where together they opened a university, later to become renowned. Four years he remained here, during which period he was ordained to the priesthood. From Cologne Thomas' superiors sent him again to Paris to obtain his Doctor's Degree. While studying there he wrote several short works, and formed a lifelong friendship with Bonaventure, the saintly Franciscan friar. Both received the doctorate on the same day, and both died twenty-seven years later. An interesting incident is told of the two. One day Bonaventure asked Thomas, "From what book do you draw these ideas that astonish the world so mightily?", and the other, simply leading him to the crucifix, said, "There is my only book."

From 1256 his career is one bristling with varied activity and labor. We find Thomas engaged in teaching and preaching in Paris and Rome and Naples and other cities of Italy. His classrooms were thronged with so many students that he had to lecture in the public squares. Young men flocked to hear this intellectual wonder, and he delighted them with brilliant, learned, and profound discourses. Besides teaching he preached extensively, he frequently acted as counsellor to the Pope and King Louis of France, he took active part in the legislative service of his Order in different parts of Europe, he wrote prodigiously, and with all this he managed to spend hours of adoration before the Hidden Christ in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. It was in the presence of his Eucharistic Lord and Master that Thomas found inspiration, light, and courage to pen his immortal works. Many writings appeared during all this time: some philosophical treatises, the explanation of all the Epistles of St. Paul, the Golden Chain, or an explanation of the four Gospels comprised wholly of quotations from the Fathers of the Church, an explanation of the Book of Job, an explanation of the Gospel of St. Matthew and one also of St. John, a defense of the faith known as "Against the Errors of the Pagans," an explanation of the first fifty psalms, an explanation of Isaiah, and a commentary on Jeremiah. Had he written no more, this would have sufficed for a lifetime. But this was only a preparation for his masterpiece, the *Summa Theologica*, or Complete Manual of Theology. This work gives an entire synthesis of Catholic doctrine both dogmatic and moral. It is divided into three main parts: the first studies God in Himself, the

Creator, His existence, nature, and attributes; the second considers God as the end of man, and here are found treatises on morality, passions, sins, laws, and grace; the last part concerns itself with God as the Redeemer of men, and treats accordingly of the Resurrection and all the Sacraments which are the means of sanctification instituted by Christ. In 3120 questions St. Thomas takes us over the entire field of theology, removing as he goes along 10,000 difficulties or objections. It is verily a gigantic structure of theological and philosophical learning. In addition to these theological, philosophical, and scriptural works Thomas found time to compose a masterpiece of learning and piety, the Office of the Blessed Sacrament for the new feast of Corpus Christi. He wrote this upon the invitation of Pope Urban IV who had been charmed by his eighty-four articles on the Holy Eucharist. The hymns we sing at Benediction are the closing stanzas of two of those four canticles of joy, love, and adoration flowing from the pure heart of Thomas. We marvel how he could have crowded so much work into such a brief span of years. His literary achievements together with his labors as teacher and preacher are strong evidence of his mental energy. And this energy he freely and generously spent in the worthy cause of Christ and humanity. He sought not self in anything that he did. Again and again he declined out of humility to accept the highest ecclesiastical dignities. Often he would say, "Love of God leads to self-contempt, whereas self-love leads to contempt of God. Thanks be to God, my knowledge, my Doctor's Degree, my work have never been able to take humility from my heart." Here we have the keynote of his whole life. His love for God was deep and sincere. What he possessed he realized came from God, the Giver of all good gifts, and to the end of his life he labored ceaselessly and untiringly in gratitude to that Giver.

The end of this fruitful and blessed career came in 1274. In January of that year Thomas left Naples for Lyons where he had been summoned by Pope Gregory X, taking along with him a treatise "On the Errors of the Greeks," which had been highly commended. This journey proved to be his last. His health failing, he was forced to seek hospitality in the Cistercian Monastery of Fossanova, and died there at break of day, March 7, 1274, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

Thomas was canonized a saint at Avignon on July 18, 1323, by Pope John XXII. There in the Cathedral where the first Mass in

honor of the Saint was sung, Pope John laid stress upon the importance of St. Thomas' works. Among other things, he said, "Thomas' doctrine was not other than miraculous. . . He has wrought as many miracles as he has written articles." Praises have ever since been heaped upon St. Thomas by Popes, councils, universities, and religious orders. Pius V in 1567 proclaimed him Doctor of the Universal Church. In 1880 Leo XIII declared him Patron of all Catholic universities, academies, colleges, and schools throughout the world. The Fathers of the Council of Trent placed his *Summa Theologica* by the side of the Scriptures and the works of St. Augustine on the table in the council-chamber. The great Pope Leo XIII said of him: "Among scholastic teachers, ranks above all, as prince and master, Thomas Aquinas. . . . Of a mind logical and penetrating; a memory quick and retentive; above all a life pure and tending to God alone; rich in human knowledge and divine, he has like the sun vivified the world by the light of his virtues, and filled it with the splendor of his doctrines." No theologian, except perhaps Augustine, has exerted such an influence on the theological thought and language of the Church as did the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, "the most learned of the saintly, and the most saintly of the learned."

Urgo G. Caroselli, '30

She Comes to the Plantations

*Spring pays court to thee again,
Stealing softly down the glen:*

Through the dark, deserted vales,
Over the barren mountain trails,

Comes she from the southern seas,
From her own Hesperides.

Garbed in garments gaily green,
At thy gate may she be seen,

Calling to the light once more
Sleeping beauties through Earth's door,

Thronging all the new-clad trees
With her wingèd poetries.

*Hidden in the hearts of men,
Spring pays court to thee again.*

James J. Sheridan, '30

Fallen Castles

MICHAEL GLENNON, his feet on the broad oaken table, unbuttoned his rich brocaded waistcoat with one hand while the other held a thin stick of charcoal ready to add a few, additional, deft touches to the sketch that was propped up against his knees. He leaned back further, and balancing himself on the rear legs of the chair contemplated his drawing critically. A little more shading was needed here; a trifle broader sweep there. He executed his corrections and then removed his feet from the table and assumed a more dignified posture.

He rested the sketch slantingly against the tall, half-filled tankard and retired to a shadowed corner of the tiny compartment to view his drawing from the distance. Quite satisfied with the result of his efforts, he returned to the table and swallowed the contents of the mug at a gulp.

He was a very tall, young Irishman with sparkling, humorous, blue eyes, a slightly crooked nose, a twitching, good humored mouth and very irregular teeth. His long, thick hair was pomaded, powdered, curled and tied with a wide, black ribbon at the queue. His full skirted scarlet dragoon's uniform, heavy with gold lace and embroidery and gold fringe epaulets lent an air of martial dignity to his well knit athletic form even though now his shoulders were slightly stopped and the coat hung carelessly from his back.

Michael Glennon's parents had found refuge from persecution in France with many another ardent Irish Catholic supporter of the deposed King James II; the years had slipped by with silent, relentless tread, and Michael, an orphan and a French citizen, was a royal dragoon when on duty with his regiment at Versailles and an artist during the scanty leisure hours, plying his stick of charcoal in the little, private parlor of Jean Lafitte's auberge, "Le Poisson Rouge," two miles along the Paris road.

The young man, sensible and cool though inclined to be rather idealistic, was well content, except for a spasmodic yearning to be in the thick of battle, at the gay carnival of the pleasure loving Court of the young Louis the Well-Beloved;—but recently he had become inclined to fits of melancholy. He had inadvertently fallen in love—violently so, in fact, with a young woman seemingly far above his station whom he had seen but twice; once distinctly, then at a distance.

One evening at twilight he had been stationed at one of the secluded, secret entrances to the garden at the left side of the palace near the reservoir, and while he dreamily paced the terrace thinking of a fit subject for a new sketch, his alert eyes caught sight of two slim figures muffled in voluminous cloaks of inky satin hastening along the marble avenue lined with budding rosebushes that approached his station. He stopped in his walk and stood motionless and erect in the doorway, watching the approaching figures from the corner of his eye with interest. One came quite close to him and fastened two scrutinizing, violet eyes upon his face. It was expressionless. Then a small, shapely hand, laden with rings and bracelets emerged from the heavy black folds and presented a pass signed by the minister. He stepped aside at attention; the ladies slipped by him and disappeared into the gloom of the palace. Two days later, he had seen the one who had fastened her eyes upon him from the window of the guardhouse as she glided along the terrace, her rosy lips pursed in petulance and her bright, auburn hair catching the gleam of the sun beams like burnished copper plate. His keen, artist eye had distinguished each feature of her face and he had just finished reproducing it in charcoal. It was a good likeness, thought he, and now he must have more wine to celebrate.

He pounded violently with clenched fist on the rough surface of the table. Some five minutes later, the rotound Jean Lafitte presented his obsequious form in the doorway. Michael gave his small order, curtly interrupting the profuse apologies of the host without ceremony.

Michael buttoned his waistcoat and his jacket and arranged his silken sash as he walked the uneven boards of the floor impatiently. He was wondering whether he would ever have the opportunity to speak to her—to tell her how. . . . Crash! A noise like the falling of glass chandeliers burst the thin walls of his compartment. He stopped short. A brief interval of deadly silence. Then the scuffle of

feet,—and a shrill scream pierced the air. Michael smiled. Some drunken loon had most likely tried to steal a kiss from the bar maid and had overturned one of the tables laden with mugs in his wild lurch. Such occurrences were far from rare in an inn frequented by his Majesty's dragoons. But the scuffle continued, and the woman cried despairingly, "A moi! a moi! Assistance! Assistance!"

The voice was as clear as crystal dropping into water. Michael resolved to investigate. He drew his sword from its scabbard on the table, and quickly opening the door, stepped out upon the balcony.

The scene that struck his eyes caused him to dash headlong down the narrow, rickety stairs with demoniac speed. A young woman, richly dressed with a long, black cloak slipping from her shoulders, was separated from her pursuer by the width of the table. He had her pinioned by the wrists. The tap room was deserted.

It was the girl of the sketch.

Michael vaulted an overturned table, and seizing the girl's assailant by the huge cuff of his elegant coat, wrenched him away and sent him sprawling across the floor. The gentleman was ostensibly disconcerted by this unexpected turn of events, and it seemed for a moment that he would beat a hasty retreat. But he collected himself and disdainfully drew his rapier.

Michael, cool and skillfull, parried with feline agility and in a few seconds the encounter was terminated by a swift thrust on the soldier's part into his opponent's sword arm. The unknown dropped his rapier and, not stooping to pick it up, swiftly followed his original inclination by taking to his heels.

Michael did not choose to pursue him.

Moved by an unaccountable impulse, he lifted the girl in his strong arms, bore her up the narrow stairs into the room he had left so precipitately, and shut the door with a vicious kick.

He set her down.

She fastened two melancholy violet eyes upon his face and peered into his very soul. Then she murmured to herself, "I can trust this man."

With a quiet, almost royal dignity she asked, "What may your name be, gallant Monsieur?"

"Michael de Glennon, lieutenant of his Majesty's dragoons."

"Gle-non. Merci Monsieur. Thank you, Monsieur Gle-non for your timely intervention; without you, I—I. . . ."

Michael, having lost his tongue, stood at a respectful distance and gaped with rapt admiration at the materialization of his dream.

She continued with lowered eyes, "You were so gallant to—."

Glennon acknowledged the compliment with a low bow.

The girl felt a furious pounding in her heart as she looked into his candid face; an emotion, quite novel to her, overcame her. She turned away to conceal her embarrassment and moved to the table, arranging her awry ringlets by pats of her bejewelled hands. She sank into the chair he had occupied and then faced him.

Michael approached her with a thoughtful frown. He wondered what had become of her companion. He decided to question her. "I cannot understand, Mademoiselle, how you came to be so beset. What became of your companion?"

A shadow of suspicion veiled the clear eyes for an instant. Did he recognize her? Could he possibly suspect? Ah, no! She had never seen him, and yet he might have seen her at a levee or a fete. She, nevertheless, queried with the dignity of royalty,—*"Tell me, Monsieur, how did you know that I had a companion?—Oh!"* The icy glance melted into a sweet smile. *"Ah, Mon Dieu, you are the young dragoon who was posted at the reservoir gate when—a—the other night!"*

"So I am, Mademoiselle . . ." affirmed Michael with an inclination of his head, hoping that she would supply the name.

She smiled at this ruse and resolved to hold him in suspense. *"Monsieur Michael, I can trust you; can I not?"*

"Of course!" he answered ardently.

Her ring laden fingers played with the ugly wine mug. Then with an entreating smile, she implored, *"Then trust me. The affair in which I am involved is a state secret. I was forcibly separated from my companion by the man whom you wounded—I know his name; that is immaterial. We wanted to obtain a paper of the utmost significance that I am bearing to—to—a—the Polish Ambassador. You see, Poland thanks you in my name."*

Michael, pleased and emboldened by her graciousness, decided mentally to ask her outright. *"Thank you for your confidence, Mademoiselle,—but would I presume too far if I asked your name?"*

She was taken by surprise. "Ah, non! I am—a—," she hesitated for the fraction of a second. "My name is Countess Sophia—Koklinska, maid-of-honor to her highness, The Princess Maria of Poland."

The dragoon performed an elegant bow.

Mademoiselle Koklinska smiled, but her eyes were extremely pensive. She dropped her eyes to avoid his glance as he raised his head and her eyes fell upon the charcoal sketch lying face downward on the surface of the table. She turned it over in her hands, and then blushing, she let it fall. She recognized her own portrait and guessed his secret.

Michael Glennon grew pale.

She raised her enquiring eyes to his face and saw his emotion. She was happy. Why should she not love and be loved? It was her right! Impulsively she rose and extended both her hands to him. As he seized them, Jean Laffitte discreetly slipped into the room and placed a bottle of wine on the table.

Thus began an idealistic and noble romance in the very center of a sensual, licentious, unknowing Court. Michael Glennon lived in a dream for three short weeks. She loved him! He built many Castles in Spain and optimistically skipped all the obstacles of rank and station.

In a court teeming with courtiers, it was easy to be alone. Every evening at Angelus, La Koklinska stole away from her duties and met him at the unfrequented reservoir gate. They came to know each other more intimately in these few stolen moments than if they had spent weeks together. She learned all of his ambitions, his hopes, his dreams and promised that she would speak to the Princess about whom she spoken often, telling him how unhappy she was, on the verge of being married to a man who had so many favorites. But one night she was very wistful and sad as she bid him a sweet adieu.

The next day he waited for her in vain.

Michael was suddenly plunged into the chaos of despair. Mademoiselle Koklinska avoided him for a week. His castles collapsed and left haunted ruins for the melancholy spectre of his happiness to wander through.

Then one evening as he sat smoking a long clay pipe in the guardhouse, a footman arrayed in the splendid livery of the Princess

de Bourbon brought him a scented note. Just a few lines instructing him to follow the lackey was scrawled hurriedly on the sheet that was engraved with the unmistakable coats of arms of the Princesse Henriette.

Twenty minutes later, Michael impatiently walked the parquet floor of the tiny but magnificent anteroom of the Princess' apartment suite, his mind in a quandry and his eye riveted on the handsome door that opened into the interior apartment. He could not understand why the Princess had sent for him. For days he had been drifting lethargically and now. . . .

The door opened quickly inward. A lady with powdered hair as white as alabaster and extremely arrayed in the most extreme fashion of a foppish era, shimmering in cloth of silver, gem-crusted brocade and snowy, priceless lace slipped into the room and shut the door. The blue diamonds, hanging from her ears, caressing her throat and wrist, and studding the rings that encircled every slender finger, sparkled in the mellow candlelight and dazzled him by their brilliance.

He recognized La Koklinska!

Impulsively she ran to him. He embraced her. She permitted him to kiss her again and again. Then she drew away from him and cried, "Michael—this is adieu! I must never see you again!"

He stood as one petrified. His lips managed to frame the words, "Sophie, why?"

She disregarded his entreaty and continued, "The Queen will give you money to buy your release from the army; to return to your beloved native land and regain the estates of your ancestors; and then—later, marry some lovely girl worthy of you. But—Oh, my Michael—think kindly of poor, unhappy Koklinska!" Her eyes were bright and dry but tears were in her voice as she clasped her jewel laden hands.

He threw himself at her feet and cried, "I do not want the Queen's charity;—I want you, you!"

She ran her fingers lovingly through his unpowdered, black hair. Then she threw back her regal head and said sadly, "You can never have me."

He sprang to his feet and demanded, "Why?"

"Because I am affianced. Because I am a Princess; and I—I

must place duty before all else, even love. I am—" she hesitated for one moment, then with queenly dignity concluded, "I am Marie Leczinska, the affianced of the King of France."

Paul F. Csanyi, '30

Macaroni

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
I see what was, and is, and will abide
Until the morning of Eternity;
If all the flowers of all the fields on earth
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
A rain of tears, a cloud of dark disdain,
O my uncared-for songs, what are ye worth?
Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me,
When to the sessions of sweet, silent thought
I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,
For virtue hath this better lesson taught:
A sonnet is a wave of melody,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!

Theodore Maynard and Catholic Poetry

AS WE glance over the names of those who have been judged worthy of being ranked among the immortals of literature, and poetry in particular, we come upon many who are converts to Catholicism. Not to go back too far in time, let us mention John Henry Newman, that most illustrious son of the Church and the prince of all writers during the past few decades who, though he is known especially by his prose compositions, has bequeathed to us such a beautiful example of poetic technique as "The Dream of Gerontius." For the profundity of its subject and the vividness of its imagery this piece is unexcelled. Surely none but a Catholic could have given us this spectacle of a departed soul in its flight to its God. Then we have Aubrey de Vere, a great admirer of Newman, and Oscar Wilde, the man who was responsible for sounding the death-knell of Victorianism, and John Tabb to whom we are indebted for many exquisite lyrics. Coming down to our day, we encounter Joyce Kilmer, who is certainly the most discussed American poet of the last decade, while much of his work was quite mediocre; nevertheless, such lines as he rendered in "Trees" more than make up for the difference. It is a pity that one who promised such things should be snatched so quickly from our midst.

Undoubtedly, the works which flow from the pens of Catholic poets are the topics of conversation today. Much commentary criticism has been passed upon them, but, at the same time there are many whose voices have been raised in protestation against their works as "Catholic Poetry." They claim that there is no such thing as Catholic poetry. In answer to this contention, let us examine one of our contemporary writers who is also a convert to Catholicism, a man who has seen life, and, for that very reason, knows what he is talking about, who has produced such work as we claim may class him with the best of poets—Theodore Maynard.

Though still young in years, Theodore Maynard has traveled far and experienced the rugged ways of life. Born at Madras, India, the son of missionaries, he was received into the Church in 1913. For several years he wrote for the *New Witness*, under the Chestertons (themselves converts and poets of note), and for other London publications. Since his arrival in America some eight years ago, he has devoted himself wholeheartedly to the advancement of literature and to the swelling of the treasury of Catholic verse. To this end he has edited several volumes of Catholic endeavour in the field of poetry, the most recent of which is an anthology entitled "Modern Catholic Verse."

Indeed, Theodore Maynard is one of the staunchest defendants of the assertion that there is a Catholic poetry. Let me quote the opening lines of his introduction to the above-mentioned compilation:

"But though all poetry is not Catholic, there is such a thing as Catholic poetry. And to deny it is to commit that most fundamental of critical errors: the separation of literature from life."

There is a Pagan poetry wherein we may see the Pagan spirit, reckless in its abandonment; there is a Mohammedan poetry which fairly breathes the spirit of the "Apostle of Mecca." The critics will admit that. But what about a Catholic poetry? Surely there must be the expression of those pithy emotions which aptly illustrate Catholic sentiment.

We read that poetry is "the expression of the beautiful." And yet, is there anything which can vie in beauty with the simplicity, the sublime simplicity, of the teachings of Christ Himself? And what is better fitted for portrayal in that most delicate mirror of human nature, the lyric, than that most universal of creeds—Catholicism?

Our critics maintain that Catholics write sentimental poetry and therefore no poetry. But surely we are not to consider as sentimental that which is natural. Moreover, poetry is not composed only of externals, mere verbiage. We can find that in prose. But that which makes poetry what it is, that charm which lifts men out of themselves is the expression of the *noble* emotions. This is the most potent factor in its composition. For example, let us take a few verses of Theodore Maynard's "The World's Miser," wherein he likens the Almighty to a miser taking infinite care of all his treasures:

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A miser with an eager face
Sees that each rose leaf is in place.

He counts the hairs of every head.
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single drop be there.

That, gathered into ponds and brooks,
They may become His picture books

To show in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

We see this man giving utterance to his admiration for the Creator's concern for even the least of His creatures. And yet, it is a purely Catholic conception. I doubt if any but a Catholic could have written the lines. It is a beautiful picture and to my mind, at least, the poet was imbued with a very definite emotion when he put the lines into metre.

But it is not our intention to say that all the verse written by Catholics is to be classed with the best poetry. Some of it is so poorly constructed both from the point of view of thought and expression that it is little wonder that we are criticized. Even many Catholics themselves have been heard to criticize the maudlin sentimentality with which the pages of our Catholic periodicals are profusely scattered.

To this objection, Theodore Maynard has offered a very plausible explanation:

"The plous verses that clutter up Catholic magazines, and more that is even too bad for such magazines, may be explained. They are simply bad because Catholicism is good. Catholicism is poetry, and for that very reason the poet finds a difficulty in being able to convey it. He experiences real emotion, which gets in his way when he starts to write

From which, I take it, he means to say that Catholicism is such a big thing that it arouses in the man who would write, such lofty emotions that he is unable to handle them deftly. He undertakes his task with the best of intentions, but losing himself in the profundity of his subject, he lapses into mediocrity.

A Catholic poet need not write about his faith to give his work a Catholic tone. Indeed, many of his lines never make mention of his religion, and yet, there is that unmistakable universality which is both catholic and Catholic. This is the test of the true lyric. It is applicable

to all peoples, at all times, and in all places. For example, let us glance at one stanza of Maynard's poem "Exile":

I think of England—and there wakes
Pain like wild roses in her brakes,
A pain as dear as they,
That digs its roots in English earth.
And brings an English flower to birth
Six thousand miles away.

No one could ever say that these lines were positively penned by a Catholic. A poet of any creed might have rendered them. Now, let us take another stanza in the same work:

For though I wander through all lands,
Seeking a house not built with hands
For my eternal home,
No city in this world of men
Can claim me as a citizen
From Babylon to Rome.

Immediately we see that there is a different touch in these lines. The poet has become more intimate and has opened up his heart to the world with an attitude that is distinctly Catholic in its character. He is not bound by the ties of the world! What could be more in accord with the teachings of Rome.

In conclusion, let me quote Theodore Maynard's own words on this subject, for, I feel that anything I would say could not better express the feelings of the man. He, too, had been speaking of the place of converts in Catholic poetry, and, in paraphrasing the words of a clever compatriot of his, he says:

"I feel almost tempted to say: 'The best thing that can happen to anyone is to have been born and brought up a Protestant, and then to have come to Rome.' But I will not say it, for I know, being a convert myself, how much I missed in childhood and youth. But it may be that it is the knowing of this that makes poets of converts."

James J. Sheridan, '30

AEsop—No Less

GO TO any college in the East and you will find the type. There are thousands of them who plaster their hair down, smoke a pipe, have some pretense to good-looks, and in general cannot be distinguished from the other ten thousand who mould themselves after the "ideal college man." Charles Herbert Spink, known in fraternity circles as "Dumhead" Spink, was of this species. He was in his second year at Darkmonth University. His home town, to which the Southwest Limited now happily carried him was Squeedunk, a town boasting two or three thousand inhabitants and a volunteer fire department.

Charles had progressed wonderfully in the classroom and more so in social life, for his motto was "if college interferes with social activities, cut out college." He was sophisticated, a man of the world. He felt his parents had just cause to be proud of him. As he sat in the club car continually smoking, he crossed his legs and leaned his head on the back of his chair. His trousers were meticulously pressed and his tie was an epitome of the artistic instinct which he boasted. His hands were delicately fondling a cigarette, which unconcerned gesture he had practiced many times in the privacy of his room.

"Yes," thought Charles, "it is pleasant to be like this; no worries, a comfortable train and a cigarette." He glanced casually around him and his gaze included the usual cast of men found in a smoking car. He mused, as college youths are wont when travelling, upon the how, when, and wherefore, of his fellow-passengers. Of course they were beneath him; they could not appreciate the fine things in life. Their existence must be dull and dross. No books, no learning, no culture, none of the things that make for superior wisdom.

There were no striking characters in the lot, but for some indefinable reason—sometimes we get this way—his glance fell upon a young business man; probably one of those horrid travelling-salesmen who tell

so much of their lives and are forever selling people all sorts of doo-hickeys. As his thoughts began to wander he saw the young travelling man approach him and politely ask for a match. Immediately putting on his superior manner, Charles nodded frigidly and mumbled some irrelevant phrases, meanwhile producing a sliver lighter. The young man thanked him and began the conversation by means of ye good old weather. Now although Charles feigned a look of stern coldness, he was in reality hungering for some honest-to-goodness conversation. His wish was destined to be satiated.

The travelling man was not backward in introducing himself—the heritage of travelling salesmen, it seems,—and rambled on to various topics, dominating poor Charles by his sheer power of speech. Charles thought that he would probably sell him something, but the man said that he owned a supply store in “Noo Yawk,” so it was all right. Bathed in the atmosphere of the speaker, Charles responded generously to the voluble speech of his companion and listened attentively to the monologue. He was speaking now of some new contraption or other that he had picked up recently. Charles thought that he said it was a new safety razor. No, the travelling man was not financially interested in it but, as a benefactor of the human race, he would show Charles his treasure.

He went to the forward car and returned with a queer-looking device. It was a safety razor made on a new principle; it had a repeater cartridge just as the “Liberty.” No more drudgery, no more scraping; a clean, sweet, velvet shave. Don’t bother looking for new blades, just press a slide and a new blade is ready for use. Any child can handle it. Another factor that makes it a superior razor is that the steel is specially tempered and placed at a new angle. It saves so much wear on the face and “really” it is indispensable. I can’t see how I used to manage without it.

Our hero took the innocent, gold-plated instrument in his hands and regarded it suspiciously. Satisfied that it wasn’t a new trick and that it really measured up to the praises liberally showered upon it by his companion, he decided to inspect it more minutely. Unconsciously he pressed a small slide when lo and behold the old blade disappeared and a new one took its place. A *really* valuable little razor. His companion was still talking but Charles did not hear him, for he was completely captivated with the marvels of this ingenious

bit of craftsmanship. He asked the price; the travelling man seemed shocked. He was not selling them, really, he just showed it to Charles because his brother had given him a few samples for himself. Charles then asked him if he would be willing to part with one for five dollars. The travelling man looked grieved. He oughtn't to do it. They would not be placed on the market for two or three months and it was a priceless possession. He finally succumbed, however, to the earnest entreaties of the lordly college man and gave him once . . . for five dollars. He took the money with good grace and chatted a while before leaving.

About two hours later our calm, self-possessed young hero was preparing to take his leave of the Pullman, for the conductor drawled "Squeeeeeeedunk." He walked through the smoking car and there saw the travelling man in earnest conversation with a fellow-passenger. Instantly his hand flew to his pocket to see if his treasure was safe. He felt the cool, round handle and smiled at the common-place travelling man. Just as he was alighting he heard a remark that sounded familiar, "No, I'm not financially interested in it but. . . ."

Joseph J. Della Penta, '30

RESIDUUM

A FEW WREATHS OF SMOKE

"Lord Salisbury," the Duke of "Marlboro," Sir "Chesterfield," "Harry Tarryton," with "Robert Burns," the nephew of "Prince Albert," went to visit the scene of "George Washington's" victory at "Yorktown." They spent the night at "Three Castles," the home of the "Blackstone's," belonging to the well known John "Blackstone Junior." Young "Blackstone" showed his guests the "Old Gold," of the family treasure chest, and told them about the "Lucky Strike" they had had in oil.

The next day while looking at "Blackstone's" animals which included a "Camel," an elephant called "Jumbo," a "Royal Bengal" tiger, and a racing horse called "Sweet Caporal," they were scared by a "Barking Dog" called "Spud."

That night they attended a play at the "Piedmont" theatre, called "London Life." "Between the Acts," they met two dancers from "Mecca," "Helmar," and "Murad." At "7-20-4," "J. A." Brown, "Chesterfield's" valet, brought the news that a dispatch had come from "Melachrino," stating that King "Boko" had come down with "Cinco" measles and was dying.

The next day they journeyed with "Peter Schuyler," the noted "Granger," to "Edgewood," where they saw a "Pippin" "Ballgame" between the "Admirations," and the "Black and Whites." The game was played on an "English Oval," at "Melba" Park. The score was "Half-in-Half" until the tenth inning when "Johnnie Walker" hit a "Home Run," winning the game for the "Admirations" by a score of "7-11."

*By Lord Smythe Atherton, '31
C. C., Jr.*

ASK ANY OF OUR EAST SIDE PROFS

(Rms. 24, 25, 34, 35)

"Red" Crosson is going to become a riveter in June. He says it's a "good racket."

FAIR EXCHANGE

Jim: "Say, Dan, did you exchange presents with your girl this Christmas?"

Dan: "Yes, it might be called that."

Jim: "Why, what happened?"

Dan: "Well, you see it was like this, I gave my girl a vacuum-cleaner for Christmas and she gave me the air."

PAGE THE S. P. C. (ATHLETICS)

Malcolm Brown says that he can't see why big, healthy men should take any enjoyment out of "shooting baskets." He says that those poor, little things have as much right to live as anything else.

Smitty: "Tony says that I am quite a wit."

Spence: "Well, he is half right."

Teacher to small boy: "Now, if I give you this apple, would you give half to your little brother?"

Small Boy: "No."

Teacher: "Why, Johnnie, I am ashamed of you. Why wouldn't you?"

Johnnie: "Because my mother always taught me to take his part."

AND NO POTATOES

Mary had a little lamb,

You've all heard that, no doubt,

But this was in a restaurant,

And she thought she might get stout.

First Arab: "That girl must be dizzy."

Second Arab: "Why?"

First Ditto: "Well, she works in a circulating library."

MAKING LIGHT OF US

The U. S. Department of Exports states that there has been no market for American matches in Scotland during the past few years. It seems that sales dropped off just after they learned in Scotland that we were making "double tip" matches.

Wheeler: "Can you swim?"

"Red" Ritchie: "Sure."

Wheeler: "Can you tread water?"

"Red": "Go on, you can't kid me. Tires are the only things that can be vulcanized."

"Tiny" Koreywo recently decided to reduce because he heard that weight was going out of style, so he betook himself to a well known calory controller in the city and asked to have a diet made up. He was told to return the following day, and when he returned the C.C. said: "... a slice of toast, orange juice and tea will comprise your daily diet." "Say, Doc," pipes up 'Tiny,' "shall I take that before or after meals?"

Willie: "That molasses candy manufacturer sure has an awful pull."

Sillie: "Yeh, he used to work in Schulte's, so he knows all the 'ropes.'"

The latest Scotch story is about the Scotchman who sent his son out to get his feet wet after his cold had been cured, because there was a half bottle of cough medicine left.

'29: "How was the food at the banquet?"

'28: "It was good, all but the young chicken soup."

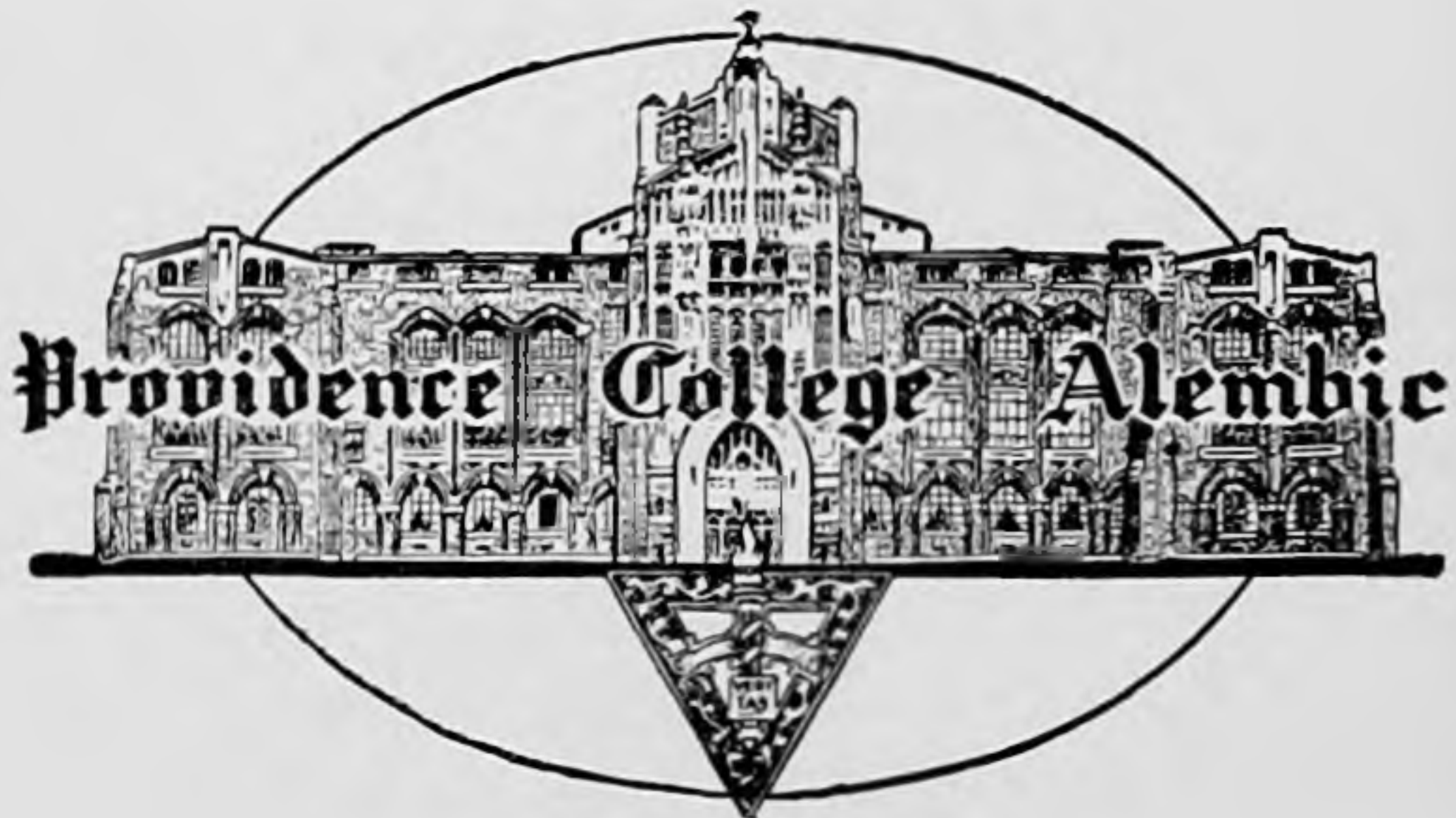
'29: "Young chicken soup? Never heard of it."

'28: "Oh, that's water in which eggs have been boiled."

TENS TO FOURTEENS

Johnnie Farrell has asked us to make the announcement that he wishes all the men in the College with big feet to communicate with him. He is looking for outfielders who can cover a lot of ground.

Philip B. Hearn, '28



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TRIBUTE

What a noble institution a public library is! Though we should make use of as many laudatory phrases in behalf of it as there are words in the entire sum of its manifold volumes, we could not hope to arrive

at a just estimate of its greatness. Its nature is such that it transcends both oral and written appreciation. Demosthenes, at the zenith of his oratorical career, would have been unable to stir within us emotions of a quality commensurate with the character and significance denoted by the expression, public library. Shakespeare, in the most fruitful period of his literary life, would have been unable, however erudite he may have been in the art of harmoniously blending word colors, to depict justly that nature lent by the expression, public library. Foolish, then indeed, would we be to attempt to calculate the worth of describe the glories of such an institution.

However, despite the impossibility of a worthy elucidation of the merits of a public library, we cannot, withal, but feel, especially in view of the fact that the Providence Public Library recently observed its fiftieth anniversary, an overpowering urge to express to that foundation a deep gratitude for the countless beneficent services it has rendered the students of Providence College. As we all know, the temporary lack of a complete library and accompanying facilities have often hampered us in our work. Still, this deficiency has not been without a capable means of substitution, for in this role the Providence Public Library has so well played its part that many of us are disposed to look upon it as a necessary adjunct, if not as a part of the College itself. The prompt, courteous, and efficient service which has always been accorded us by the personnel, together with the extensiveness of collection to be found within its walls, have often led the writer to this conclusion: The Providence Public Library must surely be the most potent agency for good in the intellectual and social life of the community it so well serves.

We do not know whether the citizens of Providence really appreciate their beautiful library. We hope they do, although the facts brought out at the recent celebration would seem to disprove such a statement. What we do know is this—that if we had anything to do about it, the Providence Public Library would want for nothing.

A WORD OF COMMENDATION

The response accorded the plea in last month's issue of the *ALEMBIC* is most gratifying. While a straggling few still persist in smoking in prohibited places, the student body, on the whole, is to be

heartily commended for its generous co-operation in the observance of a just rule. Of course, it might well be advanced that the student body, by its present conduct, is only now performing a duty it should have performed long ago. Valid though this consideration be, it does not lessen our appreciation for the keen spirit of co-operation manifested by the students in regard to the smoking regulation. To maintain a steady course is one thing; to deviate radically from that course and then regain it is quite another. Aside from this consideration, however, that which is most pleasing, consists not so much in a knowledge of the conformity of the student body with this particular rule as it does in a realization of the existence in Providence College of that basis element of all true college spirit—recognition for and co-operation with designated authority.

The ALEMBIC, whilst commending and thanking the student body for the live spirit of co-operation which it has so openly exhibited, does not wish to convey the impression that it was responsible for this new compliance with the smoking rule. Through a coincidence, the plea published in the February issue happened to be most timely but, apart from that, amounted to nothing more. It so occurred that, simultaneously with the release of the last number, the authority from whom the rule emanated urged, in a manner that could admit of no refusal, the observance of the smoking regulation. To the Reverend Dean, then, as well as the student body, the ALEMBIC tenders its gratitude for a work well done. The "Tie-Up" is also to be congratulated on the part it played in behalf of rule, number twelve.

However, two facts, trite though they be, should, as a concomitant of this incident, impress themselves on the mind of every student: first, that observance is just as easy as non-observance, and secondly, that the results effected by conformity are far more desirable than those consequent upon non-conformity to regulation.

EXCHANGE

THE CHIMES

This magazine is a Quarterly to which we always look forward. Upon reviewing this number, however, we find the Literary Department not quite up to the standard. Two-thirds of the magazine is devoted to departments, and the remainder to the presentation of the short story, essay, and verse. We do not sanction this policy. One of the objects of "The Chimes" is to encourage literary improvement, and we believe that at least one-half the magazine should be devoted to literary composition. In this issue the short story has been almost entirely neglected, a defect which characterizes too many of our college magazines. Serious consideration should be given, therefore, to the proper apportionment in the makeup of a magazine.

The first article in the Winter Number of "The Chimes" is a panegyric on Cardinal O'Donnell. The author, a close friend of the late Churchman, has presented a splendid eulogy on the lovable prelate of the land of Erin. "The Battle of Harlem Heights" is instructive. Some light is thrown on the nature and circumstances of this engagement and the effect that it wrought in the seemingly hopeless cause of the men of '76. A very amusing story is "The Irony of Fate." (Incidentally it is the only short story in this issue.) We say amusing owing to the nature and the clock-like sequence of events. But one thing struck us forcibly, that is, the unreality of the entire theme. It is remarkable, indeed, how some writers can arrange fictions to suit circumstances. Were such a life as Goldstein's to be the lot of any man, we think his fainting would not be of temporary character.

"Life In Medieval Universities," and the second installment of "The Beginnings of Monasticism" are two essays of more than ordinary excellence. The latter is a splendid exposition of the activities of the early Monks in the British Isles.

The Editorial Department is well edited, the subjects admirable in choice and treatment. We were interested particularly in the Book Chat section. The reviewers are to be complimented on the splendid manner in which they have presented their criticism. No doubt this book review work effects untold good in the cultivation of the reading habit which today among college men is anemic or spasmodic. We shall be waiting for the Spring Number of "The Chimes."

THE HOLY CROSS PURPLE

The January Number of the "Purple" is up to the standard of its predecessors. There is one characteristic that strikes us, namely, the brevity of the essays and stories. This quality, however, does not detract from their completeness.

"Picture in Smoke" is one of those single-scene stories in which the reader is saturated with the pensive atmosphere that permeates the entire theme. The composition is artful, well thought out, and is presented in a style well befitting the situation. We think the movement in "Episode" too rapid. The climax did not surprise us for the interest in the story was betrayed all too soon by the injection of the sentence "There was a peculiar glitter about the eyes, etc."

We wonder if Mr. Feeney belongs to that corps of wake-goers to whom he refers in his "Wakes." He sure "knows his wakes." (You will pardon the expression.) "The Hymn to the Sun" by this same versatile author is a clever piece of imagination. There is a great lesson to be learned from the tragic ending in "Not Guilty." Avarice knows no limits, no laws, no restraint. "Up in the Clouds" brings back many memories to this writer. The gallery has been the refuge of many a student, though all have not been as fortunate as Mr. Doyle to graduate to the orchestra. The impressions of the author are well expressed, and we agree with him that the theatre has been all too often unjustly condemned.

Of the verse we have singled out "The Hymn to the Sun," "The Cemetery at Belleau Wood" and "The Winter of Life."

John W. Murphy, '28

COLLEGE CHRONICLE

THE SENIOR BANQUET

On Thursday evening, February 16, the Class of 1928, 100% strong, assembled at Jim Smith's Inn for the one purpose of celebrating in a befitting manner, that traditional custom, the Senior Banquet. And in a fitting manner they did celebrate! The affair is but a memory now, but in years to come, members of the class will look back upon this affair as the beginning of the end—of undergraduate days. The comradeship shown only served to cause many of the class to wish that they had seen more of each other during the four years, but this did not in any measure dull the evening's enjoyment.

The invited guests were as follows: Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., President; Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Dean; and the members of the Senior Faculty: Reverend Martin S. Welsh, O.P.; Reverend Daniel M. Della Penta, O.P.; Reverend Paul E. Rogers, O.P.; Reverend Jordan F. Baeszler, O.P., Reverend Leo C. Gainor, O.P.; Reverend Arthur B. Cote, O.P.; and Reverend Leo M. Shea, O.P.

The Speakers of the evening, introduced by Stephen A. Fanning, President of the Senior Class, who acted as toastmaster, were: Reverend Lorenzo C. McCarthy, O.P., Reverend Daniel M. Galliher, O.P., Daniel A. Nash, and John T. Horrigan.

The entertainment consisted of selections by the musicians of the College Orchestra, and by vocal selections rendered by an octette, composed of the Senior members of the Glee Club. Baritone solos by William Farrell of the Senior Class also featured the program.

The Committee, which worked diligently for the success of the affair and to which much credit is due, was composed of the following members of the class: Stephen A. Fanning, Chairman, Cornelius V. Connors, Edward T. Lewis, T. Henry Dalton, and Edward J. McIsaac.

Long live the Seniors!

THE SOPHOMORE HOP

The Sophomore Prom, the first in the history of the College, (although to us, these Sophomore social climaxes will be ever known by the humble and not-so-romantic name of HOP) was held at the Metacomet Golf Club on the evening of February 21, 1928.

The first attempt at a Sophomore formal affair proved to be more successful, socially and financially, than the committee had ever dared to hope for. It was indeed Mardi Gras Night for the Sophs, who, according to our own humble and personal opinion, should not be permitted to venture forth in evening armor until they have reached the coveted peak of the Junior year. They as well as their numerous guests were elated with the social and everything that went with it.

Although there were more guests present than the floor could hold conveniently, who minds whether there is spaciousness or a lack of it at College affairs? The more the better saith the Sophs. Despite the number present, (as though that had anything to do with it) the HOP was characterized by competent critics as one of the most attractive and most orderly conducted dances in many a moon. In fact, we have heard it whispered, even of late, and by those who claim to know, that the pulchritude of the damsels as well as the shades and styles of their gowns, seriously challenged the undisputed reign of Junior Proms over all paths of beauty and splendor. But this is mere opinion we feel certain.

It is worthy of note that despite the brotherly feeling between the classes, the Freshmen rallied to the support of the Sophs and to the former goes a great measure of the credit due to the success of the dance.

The music furnished by the reliable College Orchestra was favorably commented upon by all present; in fact we have yet to hear complaints of any variety whatsoever.

The Committee in charge of the arrangements was composed of the following: Joseph C. Flynn, Chairman; Joseph E. McGeough, Joseph Merluzzo, George H. Foley, Albert L. Rosenstein, Francis V. McGovern, Francis M. Hackett, and Robert J. Goldson.

MUSICAL CLUBS CONCERT

Monday evening, February 20, brought with it the concert of the Providence College Musical Clubs, held at the La Salle Academy Auditorium for the benefit of the St. Pius Parish Building Fund. The program was composed of selections by the Orchestra, Glee Club, and various vocal and instrumental selections by individual members of the musical organizations.

The assisting artists were Miss Margaret Lally, Soprano, and Mr. George Jordan, Violinist.

A large audience attended the concert which was characterized as exceptionally well selected and presented. The entire concert was under the personal supervision of Reverend Jordan F. Baeszler, O.P.

LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

Although the forum is dark and silent for the time being, the members of the society who will appear against Boston College at Providence, March 8, are withdrawn to seclusion for preparation of their arguments and perfection of their delivery and we expect a well-prepared and well-trained team to represent us against the boys from Chestnut Hill.

JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

News trickles forth that the book and lyrics for the Junior musical comedy presentation are completed and that the work of casting is now being done with hopes of immediate rehearsal for the oncoming theatrical presentation. More of this will appear in an early issue.

Incidentally we hear that the date of the Junior Prom has been changed to April 25. The Committee is busily engaged on the details accompanying such an event, and we have nothing to do but sit back and await the approaching day.

James E. McDonald, '28



BASKETBALL

PROVIDENCE VS. NEW HAMPSHIRE U.

at Durham, N. H., February 8, 1928

Flashing a strong passing attack and presenting a stonewall defense, the Providence basketeers handed the University of New Hampshire quintet a 36-23 drubbing. Wheeler and Kreiger led the assault on the local net, Wheeler being the best pivot men seen there in some time. The Smith-Hillers assumed a lead in the first three minutes of play and were never headed. At the intermission Providence had a 16 to 7 lead.

The accurate foul shooting of the visitors had no little to do with their win, as they caged 16 goals from the free throw line, Kreiger taking high honors with six.

The outstanding performers with the New Hampshire team were Patch and Smart, elusive Wildcat forwards.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE				NEW HAMPSHIRE			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, l. f.....	4	6	14	Clement, l. f.....	1	0	2
McCue, r. f.....	1	2	4	Smart	2	1	5
Allen	0	2	2	Clark, r. f.....	2	0	4
Wheeler, c.....	4	4	12	Patch	4	0	8
Murphy, l. g.....	0	1	1	Schurman, c.....	0	1	1
Szydla, r. g.....	1	1	3	Burke	0	1	1
	—	—	—	Gaunt, l. g.....	0	0	0
Totals	10	16	36	Bridge, r. g.....	0	0	0
				Stolovesky	1	0	2
				Totals	10	3	23

PROVIDENCE VS. BOSTON UNIVERSITY

at Boston, Mass., February 11, 1928

Providence registered a very decisive 42-24 victory over the fast-stepping Boston University hoopsters at the St. Botolph Street gymnasium before a large crowd. This triumph avenged the one-point defeat the Dominicans suffered on the B. U. court last year. Previous to this encounter, the Terriers claimed victories over the fast Brown, Harvard, Tufts, and Northeastern fives, and had suffered but three setbacks.

Wheeler proved to be the main cog in the Black and White machine, and what a machine it was. The passing of the Providence team was wonderful, its defense nearly impenetrable. Captain "Chuck" Murphy held Cohen, B. U. forward, and one of the finest shots in the East, to one field goal. Everything considered it was a great win for Providence.

aggressive guard, broke through for five field goals.

Kreiger, Providence forward, was high scorer of the game, with 16 markers, his running mate, McCue, garnered eight, and Szydla,

The summary:

PROVIDENCE				BOSTON UNIVERSITY			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Kreiger, l. f.....	5	6	16	Zandan, l. f.....	0	3	3
Fleurent	0	0	0	Hubbard	0	0	0
McCue, r. f.....	3	2	8	Cohen, r. f.....	1	2	4
Allen	0	0	0	Smith	0	0	0
McGovern	0	0	0	O'Brien, c.....	2	1	5
Wheeler, c.....	1	2	4	Bartlet, l. g.....	2	1	5
Murphy, r. g.....	1	2	4	Nims	0	0	0
Forrest, l. g.....	0	0	0	Soutler, r. g.....	3	1	7
Szydla, r. g.....	5	5	10				
Rzezniki	0	0	0	Totals	8	8	24
Totals	15	78	42				

Referee—George Hoyt. Time—20-minute halves.

PROVIDENCE VS. MASS. TECHNOLOGY

at Cambridge, Mass., February 18, 1928

Providence provided another upset when they defeated the crack M.I.T. quintet, 26-21. Although the Engineers entered the fray as favorites, the Dominicans proceeded to turn in their third win in ten

days. Previously they defeated the University of New Hampshire and Boston University quintets by overwhelming scores.

The Black and White started with a rush and took an early lead. The Tech hoopsters failed to break into the scoring column during the first five minutes of play. In the second half Providence flashed its best playing to romp through the M.I.T. defense to mount their total to 22 before Tech got going. With the score 24-11 against them, the locals started a rally which enabled them to climb within striking distance of the Dominicans.

Allen, M.I.T. center, was the high scorer, with nine points, Bates, his teammate, made three field goals and one foul. Szydla led his club with eight points, Kreiger and McCue each made six points.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE				M.I.T.			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, l. f.....	2	2	6	Bates, l. f.....	3	1	7
McCue, r. f.....	1	4	6	Johnson, l. f.....	0	0	0
Wheeler, c.....	2	1	5	Reynders, r. f.....	1	1	3
Murphy, l. g.....	0	1	0	Allen, c.....	3	3	9
Szydla, r. g.....	3	2	3	Lawson, l. g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—	Spahr	0	0	0
Totals	8	10	26	Estes, r. g.....	1	0	2
					—	—	—
				Totals	8	5	21

PROVIDENCE VS. N. Y. STATE TEACHERS

at Albany, N. Y., February 24, 1928

State College of Teachers sprang a surprise by defeating the Dominicans, 31 to 30, in an overtime game on the State court. The Providence quintet found the playing surface too small for their style of play and consequently were under this handicap throughout the game.

State kept pace with Providence during the early stages of the fray, and the former held a 17-15 advantage at half-time. In the third and fourth periods the lead alternated. At the close of the playing time the score was tied, 27 points apiece.

Goals by Capt. Kuczynski and Klein of State gave the New Yorkers a victory in the five-minutes overtime. Kuczynski was the high-scorer with 14 points. Szydla led the Black and White attack with four field-goals, Kreiger and McCue scored seven points each.

The summary:

STATE COLLEGE				PROVIDENCE			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Carr, r. f.....	2	3	7	Allen, r. f.....	1	2	4
W. Austin, r. f.....	0	0	0	Kreiger, l. f.....	2	3	7
Kuczynski, l. f.....	5	4	14	McCue, c.....	2	3	7
Goff, c.....	1	1	3	McGovern, c.....	0	0	0
Griffin, r. g.....	1	0	2	Szydla, r. g.....	4	0	8
Herney, l. g.....	1	0	2	Murphy, r. f.....	2	0	4
Klein, l. g.....	1	1	3		—	—	—
Totals	11	9	31	Totals	11	8	30

Score at half time—State, 17; Providence, 15. Referee—Humphreys. Fouls—State, 12; Providence, 14. Time of periods—20-minutes.

PROVIDENCE VS. UNION COLLEGE

at Schenectady, N. Y., February 25, 1928

Union College defeated the Providence basketball team, 27 to 22, in a fast and interesting game in which the Garnet led throughout and was threatened only in the last few minutes, when a belated Providence rally ended one count short. A counter rally by Union put them out in front with a comfortable margin.

Krieger of Providence carried off individual honors, accounting for a total of 12 points. Livingston led the Union attack with seven counters, Delong followed closely with three field goals.

The summary:

UNION				PROVIDENCE			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Livingston, r. f....	3	1	7	Allen, r. f.....	2	1	5
Mackie, r. f.....	1	2	4	Krieger, l. f.....	4	4	12
Brignola, l. f.....	1	0	2	McCue, c.....	0	0	0
McDowell, l. f.....	0	1	1	Szydla, r. g.....	0	0	6
Delong, c.....	3	0	6	Murphy, l. g.....	0	1	1
Bullard, r. g.....	0	0	0	McGovern, l. g.....	0	0	0
Mendes, r. g.....	1	2	4	Fleurant, l. g.....	1	2	4
Potter, l. g.....	1	1	3		—	—	—
Totals	10	7	27	Totals... ..	7	8	22

Score at half time—Union 18. Providence 13. Referee—Tilden. Fouls committed—Union 12, Providence 10. Time of periods—20 minutes.

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