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## Resurrection

Deep hid within the darkling tomb,

The lilies buried lie:

Behold they burst from out the gloom,

And Death's black fears defy!

*James J. Sheridan, '30.*

## A Poet of the Ages

**A**S LONG as poetry lasts, the world cannot forget the name of Dante Alighieri, for that name is inseparably linked with the highest type of poetry, especially dramatic poetry. Only when the human mind and heart fails to appreciate, treasure, and love the best and noblest in the art of poetry, will it fail in its honor and love to this Tuscan genius. He was the creator of the Italian language and Italian poetry, and the founder of Modern Literature and culture. It is always fitting, therefore, to study this great literary figure who radiated a powerful influence and inspiration for all men in all times. Accordingly we purpose in this article to sketch the career of the greatest of Italian poets in the hope that such a review may inspire in us some desire for ideal poetry as found in his immortal "Divine Comedy."

Dante Alighieri was born in Florence, between May 18 and June 17, 1265; he was of a family belonging to the lower nobility. Of his early life and education little is definitely known. The poet was a contemporary of the best representatives of medieval philosophy, theology and chivalry. St. Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Blessed Albert the Great, and St. Louis, were still alive when Dante was born. Giotto was his companion and friend. Petrarch and Boccaccio were already living when he died. These facts indicate clearly the position he occupies at the very turning point of the Middle Ages, when the forces of modern life had just begun to rise. Accordingly Dante may be regarded as the great morning star of modern freedom and culture, or as the very type of mediaeval discipline, faith, and chivalry.

A few months after Dante's birth Charles Anjou gained a victory over King Manfred and thus he ended the empire in Italy, placed the French dynasty upon the throne of Naples and rendered prominent the political party known as the Guelfs. So Dante grew up amidst the triumphs of the Florentine democracy. This democracy was represented by the Guelf league, and it was opposed by a party known as the Ghibellines.

In 1294, Dante had already written his first book, the "Vita Nuova," or "New Life," an exquisite medley of lyrical verse and poetic prose, telling the story of his love for Beatrice, whom he had first seen at the end of his ninth year. Beatrice who was probably, the daughter of Falco Portinari, and wife of Simone de Bardi, died in June, 1290, and the "Vita Nuova" was completed about four years later. Dante's love for her was purely spiritual and mystical, the "amor amicitiae" defined by St. Thomas Aquinas as "that which is loved in love of friendship is loved simply and for its own sake." Beatrice was to Dante the symbol of all that was good on earth, and lifted his soul to the love of the highest good, namely God. Their actual lives went far apart, Beatrice marrying a noble Florentine, in 1287, and in the following year Dante marrying Gemma Donati.

At the beginning of the year 1300, the Guelfic party in Florence became divided into the rival factions of Bianchi and Neri (Whites and Blacks), the latter being an extreme papal party, while the former leaned towards reconciliation with the Ghibellines. Dante's sympathies were with the Bianchi, and being a prior of the trades, and a leading citizen in Florence, he went on an embassy to Rome to influence the Pope in behalf of the Bianchi. The rival faction of the Neri, however, had obtained the upper hand in the city, and in the usual fashion of the time were burning the houses of their rivals and slaying them in the open street. In Dante's absence, his enemies obtained a decree of banishment against him, coupled with a heavy fine, and a sentence which was soon followed by another condemning him to be burned alive for misconduct in office, and fraud. From this time the poet became an exile, and so remained to the end of his life. He has told us himself how he wandered "through almost all parts where this language is spoken," and how hard he felt it "to climb the stairs and eat the bitter bread of strangers." During this period he is said to have visited many cities, Arezzo, Bologna, Siena, and even Paris, and London. While staying in Bologna, he began, but left unfinished, a Latin treatise, "De Vulgari Eloquentia," in which he attempts to discover the ideal Italian language, and to show how it should be employed in the composition of lyrical poetry.

On the 10th of March, 1306, Dante with the other Florentine exiles was expelled from Bologna. In August we find him in Padua, and some weeks later in Lunigiana. About this time, 1308, he

began the "Convivio," or "Banquet," in Italian prose, a kind of popularization of Scholastic philosophy.

All certain traces of Dante are now lost for some years. In November, 1308, Henry of Luxemburg was elected Emperor as Henry VII. In him Dante saw a possible healer of the wounds of Italy, a renovator of Christendom. This drew him back again into the stormy sea of politics and the life of action. It was probably in 1309, in anticipation of the Emperor's coming to Italy, that Dante wrote his famous work on the monarchy, "De Monarchia," in three books. In the spring of 1312, he seems to have gone with other exiles to join the Emperor at Pisa, and it was there that Petrarch, then a child in his eighth year, saw his great predecessor for the only time. In 1316, several decrees of amnesty were passed, and although these decrees excluded Dante, some attempt was made to include him. The poet's answer was his famous letter to an unnamed Florentine friend, absolutely refusing to return to his country under the shameful conditions. In 1320, we find him staying at Ravenna with his friend, Guido da Polenta. The following year his suffering and wanderings were ended by death which came on the 14th of September. He was buried in the church of San Francesco, at Ravenna, where his bones still lie.

Dante's life is best portrayed in the trilogy composed of the "Vita Nuova," the "Convivio," and the "Divina Commedia." In studying these works one can trace three distinct phases in the development of the character and genius of their author. In the "Vita Nuova" can be seen a young man full of enthusiastic devotion to study and poetry, filled with a pure idealized love for a noble woman, and led by this love, to a confiding faith in God, and to a love and charity for all the world. In the "Il Convivio," we see Dante full of passionate love for science, struggling with doubts, and relying on human reason as the sole means of obtaining happiness. This work is a scientific discussion on the philosophy and science of the times, and in it we no longer find the simple faith of the earlier days, but struggles and conflicts with temptations and griefs. The third and last period of his life is shown in the "Divine Commedia." Here we find the poet crushed by sorrow and chastened by suffering, turning to God for peace and comfort.

In a limited page, such as this must be, it is impossible to give any but the most general information and facts regarding Dante's works. Accordingly we must be satisfied with the incomplete account that follows. In "De Monarchia," we find some theology of Dante, the poet.

Here he states that man is ordained for two ends; blessedness of this life, and blessedness of life eternal, which man's natural powers cannot reach without the aid of the Divine light. To these two ends man must come by diverse means: "For, to the first we attain by the teachings of philosophy, following them by acting in accordance with the moral and intellectual virtues. To the second by spiritual teachings, which transcend human reason, as we follow them by acting according to the theological virtues." But although these ends and means are made plain to us by human reason and by revelation, men in their cupidity would reject them, were they not restrained by bit and rein. "Wherefore man had need of a two-fold directive power according to his two-fold end, to wit the Supreme Pontiff, to lead the human race in accordance with things revealed, to eternal life; and the emperor to direct the human race in accordance with the teachings of philosophy."

The "Vita Nuova," Dante's first book, we have already mentioned. It was dedicated to the Florentine poet, Guido Cavalcanti, and ends with a promise of writing concerning Beatrice, "what has never before been written of any woman." His great poem, "the Divine Comedy," written in great part, if not altogether, during his exile, is divided into three parts, entitled Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. The poet dreams that he has wandered into a dusky forest, when the shade of Virgil appears, and offers to conduct him through hell and purgatory. Further the poet may not go, but Beatrice herself shall lead him through paradise. The harmonious fusion of the loftiest mysticism with direct transcripts from nature and the homely circumstances of daily life, all handled with poetic passion and the most consummate art, gives the "Divine Comedy" its unique character. The closing canto is the crown of the whole work; verse and music are wedded in perfect harmony, the most profound mystery of faith is there set forth in supreme song with unsurpassed clearness and force. The "Divine Comedy" is a famous drama of justice based on love, and hate. Old as this drama is, it is ever new, since it portrays the permanent passions of the human race, and their unchanging consequences. As Mr. Alfred Brooks says, "In such a degree as we come to know the 'Divine Comedy,' we must come to know its author, Dante, every line of whose works proves him to have been, and to be, one of the noblest of earth's sons and heaven's heirs, because he realized as few men do the sacredness of life's actual experiences." And this is true. Aglow with a prophet's passionate conviction, and an apostle's undying zeal, he is guided by a philoso-

pher's breadth and clearness and principle, a poet's undying sense of beauty and command of emotion, a reformer's practical aims, and a mystic's prayer for peace. And although he points his works with dramatic touches of startling power and variety, yet with all the depth and scope of the sympathies, he never for a moment loses himself or forgets his purpose, which is to lead men to God.

Dante is a many sided figure in history. As a politician, he represents the ideal of the Holy Roman Empire to be that of a universal Christian Monarchy consisting of the Roman Empire and the Roman Church. As a theologian he is the voice of Mediaeval faith, "the painter of his visions," and the exponent of the law of man's moral being in the light of Mediaeval Creeds and in the terms of scholastic philosophy. It is as a man of letters, however, that he commands the attention of the world. He broke loose from scholastic Latin of Literary Europe, and out of the mass of the Italian dialects created a noble, pure, and universal Italian. He is the first Christian poet. Christianity furnishes the main motive of the "Divine Comedy." The poem is the first great exponent of the struggle of the human will and the aspiration of the human soul towards God. Its highest ideal of beauty is Christian; it is pervaded with the sense of moral responsibility, and the sanctifying power of sorrow. This work of dramatic poetry is a masterpiece of the ages. Ruskin could rightly characterize its author as "the central man of all the world, as representative in perfect balance the imaginative, moral and intellectual faculties, all at their highest." And Nelson Page has paid the following tribute to Dante, "What I have desired is an American to do honor to Italy and her greatest poet; to suggest the great debt that we Americans—not only Americans of Italian blood, but other of us, Americans of English blood, owe to him who six hundred years ago, dying in exile, left, as a heritage to us all, the heritage of a comprehension of Liberty; of Justice; of fear of God; of Devotion to Him; of Reverence to Women; a heritage that has set the world forward and that if rightly guarded, will in time bring about the realization of Dante's divine vision of Peace and Love, and the coming of the Kingdom of Right in the ineffable light of the Paradise of God."

*John Anthony Mellone, '31.*

## The Older Feminism

**R**ECENTLY, while idly thumbing a musty book of reference, the gods of Extreme Good Fortune placed in the way of my desultory perusal the following brief history:

### PUGILISTS FEMALE

Proficiency with the gloves was added to the category of ladylike acquirements in the eighteenth century, as the following account will show:

**CHALLENGE!**—I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage and box me for three guineas; each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle..

“Amour propre” could, of course, not allow so specific a challenge to pass unheeded; so we find acceptance as follows:

I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail to give her more blows than words, desiring home-thrusts, and from her no favor. She may expect a good thumping.’

Here the account ended, much to my disappointment and indignation. It seems to me that history had been strangely recreant to her duty. For I had become partisan, and was anxious to read further how the cause of injured innocence had been vindicated in honorable warfare, and how the redoubtable Hannah Hyfield had realized in a soul-satisfying way her noble and truly Christian desire for “home-thrusts.”

Hannah had captured my sympathy at the outset; for no lover of peace could fail to take the side of one so incontinently drawn into a brutal brawl. But the sympathy that went to her as a victim of the graceless assault of her enemy was completely overshadowed and forgotten in the admiration which her defiant attitude and the mordant



expression of her vigorous spirit drew from me. My sympathy had been touched with compassion, for it seemed that so swaggering a challenge could only have been directed to one little able to give battle to so confident an adversary. But the unflinching reply of proud Hannah held no plea for compassion. Here was a champion who would not disappoint her supporters, a warrior worthy of her steel.

If her fearless answer to the blustering challenge is a true reflection of her martial skill (and there seems to be no reason for believing that it is not) then the outcome of the encounter, despite the reticence of history, need not be shrouded in mystery. If she was as successful in delivering "home-thrusts" as she had been in refuting the flatulent rodomontade of her aggressor, then the silence—the criminal silence—of history need not reveal the fact that the pride of Clerkenwell fell ingloriously before the stalwart champion of Newgate Market. It is my own belief that Hannah Hyfield "did not fail," even as she prophesied, and that she gave "more blows than words" to the unfortunate dame who dared tempt her to wrath.

So much may be inferred from the meagre evidence at our disposal. Never can the matter be conclusively and satisfactorily settled, for the approving stamp of authenticity will always be lacking to any opinions that are advanced on the subject. Whether or not the authentic account is preserved in the possip of Clerkenwell and Newgate, I do not know. Perhaps they have forgotten, in these places, with what mastery a former citizen parried the thrusts of a splenetic pen and how the same one (if speculation is correct) proved most eloquently that she was as skillful with blows as she was with words. Perhaps, on the other hand, the story of the affray, like the record of their good deeds, is interred with their bones. Experience, certainly, would incline us to the latter opinion, and it may be that the names of these ladies are as little known in the cities that gave them birth as they are in our own land. It is idle to decry the irreverence of posterity, for it brings no glory to the memory of these two departed. But it is not idle and there can be no fault in an expression of good-will, to say, for instance, "Resolute Elizabeth and doughty Hannah, fighters of the good fight, peace be to your ashes."

*John C. Hanley, '29.*

## Ejus Amore

### I.

**L**UCIUS DOMITIUS NERO, the last of the Augustan dynasty and the most formidable of the Roman Emperors, sat upon a richly tapestried dais and gazed emptily into space. He gave not a thought to the many attendants who awaited to do his bidding, least of all did he notice the stately fan-bearers who stood on either side of him and beat off the discomforting heat of the mid-day sun. The Emperor was visibly troubled. The deep furrows in his brow clearly demonstrated that a war was being waged within the man. Yes, it was those accursed Christians! How was it, he argued, that no matter how rigid his laws and how dreadful the punishment, they still persisted in clinging religiously to their idolatrous superstitions? Had he not tried to win them over by kindness, nay, by the promise of handsome gifts? They had refused. He then tried threats.

“Abandon these nonsensical practices willingly or I shall quickly find a means to force your will!” he had menaced.

But for some inexplicable reason they still persisted in clinging to their services. And Nero had delivered them up to the torturers, condemned them to a living death and finally to the ravaging horrors of the amphitheatre in a desperate effort to curb their obstinacy. Surely they were fools who would face death rather than yield to his will!

And yet, the Emperor was now sorely distressed.

“How is it that these Christians are so unswerving in their fidelity to their absurd belief?” he had asked himself so many times.

They had rejected the powerful gods of Rome for one of their own, and for the offence they must die. Yes, he would force the dogs to offer incense in the Capitol if he had to put every Christian in Rome to the sword! Thus he had decreed! But they were sly devils, for, driven out of Rome by his threats, they had sought refuge in the very bowels of the earth, and there carried on their mad worship.

Nero, the terror of early Christendom, smiled contentedly as he rose from the diaz and paced the floor of the piazza adjoining his private apartments. Yes, another day of festivity had come for every true son of Romulus! Was it not the appointed day on which the worthless dogs were to enrich the soil of the amphitheatre with their very blood? He paused, and, leaning over the balcony, he listened to the noisy jabbering of the crowds below as they hurried in the direction of the arena. All Rome was astir, every fibre in her body was taut with expectancy as the appointed hour drew nigh. The Emperor smiled cynically as the remarks from the street were wafted to his ear. He realized what his position was in the matter. Emperor though he was, he could not pardon the offenders, even if he so desired. He feared the wrath of the people and he bowed to their will. How often had he heard that angry mob cry out as they beheld the Christians cowering in the arena: "To the beasts! Away with them! Down with the Christian dogs!" Besides, he must consider his mother, the shrewd Agrippina, to whom he submitted his every plan. She, least of all, would be likely to show mercy to the infidels. With these thoughts swirling through his mind, Nero hurried from the terrace and prepared to depart for the scene of the day's festivities.

## II.

In a corner of the dingy, poorly-ventilated prison beneath the huge amphitheatre of Rome lay a group of crushed men and women, nay, some were but youths. Here had they lain for a fortnight, their frames wearied, but their spirits undampened. These were the Christians who were soon to undergo the supreme test. One of them, a tall, young man, was endeavoring to lighten the weight on the hearts of a few who grew faint at the thought of the ordeal which they were presently to face, for, slumping down on the filthy ground beside an old man, he whispered words of comfort in the other's ear.

Yes, the young Flavius was their friend. Him they had looked to as their leader when they had crept through the streets of Rome. And now, to him did they turn for comfort in their hour of trial. He had been a Pagan. Why, he had only been in their company a few months, but in that short time they had learned to love him as well as if he had been born one of themselves.

The eyes of the young aristocrat grew hard as he pondered upon how cleverly he had been trapped. Within his very home and by the

act of one of his trusted servants, one to whom he felt he could have unburdened the secrets of his heart! And this last pained him most of all. His own Tito, whom he had ever treated as a brother though he was but a common servant, nay, a slave, had re-enacted the part of the Judas and delivered him up to the authorities merely to ingratiate himself with the Emperor. Ah! little did he know Nero; Nero, who had not a will of his own. Nero, who was trampling upon the Christians at the behest of his mother Agrippina. Slowly, the young Flavius revolved in his mind the happenings of the last few weeks which had resulted in their present calamitous position.

Driven out of Rome by the hostility of the Emperor, the Christians had sought refuge beneath the surface of the earth, and there, far from the prying eyes of their enemies, they had daily offered a "Clean Oblation" before disbanding to enter the city where they were wont to meet at the homes of their various friends, such of those who had succeeded in evading the notice of the authorities. And very often, when they had assembled again, many familiar faces would be missing. Discovery was inevitable. Sooner or later it would come for all. And, though the labor of the times was great, they realized that the promised reward was still greater and this thought kept their spirits revived.

On that eventful morning, which was to be their last passed in freedom, they had agreed to meet at the home of their own Flavius who, though a Christian, still was attached to the religion of his ancestors to all appearances. He was loathe to do it, but he realized that it was for the convenience and safety of his friends, his new-found brethren.

Having emerged from the Catacombs in the early hours of the morning, Flavius and his friends, to the number of about thirty, separated, to meet again later in the morning at his home. To enter the city in a body would have been a mad act. The suspicion of the authorities would have been aroused immediately. So it had been customary with them to travel with a single companion. Noon found them all together again safe, as they thought, behind the massive doors of their benefactor. They had gathered around a long table in the centre of the banquet-hall and were refreshing themselves out of the hospitality of their host. The latter had raised a fine-wrought cup of silver in the depths of which sparkled the red wine, grown mellow by years of aging in his cellars.

"As a token of thankfulness for our present safety and as one of

success for the furtherance of the Master's fold." The words came slowly and as a prayer.

Scarcely had he spoken when a heavy curtain at the far end of the room parted suddenly and there stood revealed an officer of the Roman Guard. Flavius dropped the goblet to the floor and grasped the table for support, so amazed was he. Immediately there arose a cry of consternation among the others. Nevertheless, the young Christian determined to put up a bold front. Perhaps, after all, the intruder had no proof.

"By what privilege did you gain entrance to my home?" he demanded curtly.

"That is of little moment," the other broke in. "I overheard all, and, by your very words, you have sealed your own death. You will be carried hence at once, the prisoners of the Roman Government, by order of the Emperor."

Flavius was speechless. He could not explain the presence of the Roman legate. But the answer he sought was immediately forthcoming. From the outer chamber came the clanging of steel. The men were coming! Presently they appeared on the threshold and among them stood a cowering figure. The eyes of young Flavius opened wide at the sight. He heeded not the soldiers. He saw but the lone figure and he understood all. The man was his servant, Tito. The latter stood cowering behind a group of the others who scoffed at his temerity. But the sight was too much for him, for, under the bewildered gaze of his lord he wilted and fled.

Gradually Flavius regained his composure, and with it his wrath arose against the terrible treachery done him by the man. Then, in the midst of his mental confusion, they were seized and hurried through the portals out into the street. A crowd had gathered and they scoffed at and abused the huddled group even as the first Captive had been humiliated. In a fit of frenzy, one of the prisoners, a woman, burst from the guard and ran a few yards only to be hurled to the ground by the force of a javelin which buried itself in her back. With this sight of horror seared into their very souls, the unhappy victims were hurried on and thrust into the dark pit amid the jeering of the mob.

### III.

For two weeks now, Flavius had weighed the matter in his soul, and, as he sat there brooding, his anger rose and fell as the waves of

the sea. Ah, he knew Tito too well. How the wretch must be eating his very heart out for the dreadful injustice he had done to the friends of his master! Day after day, the young Roman was consumed with longing for a sight of the one who had wronged him. He cared not for himself, but, what of these others? And yet, Flavius was willing to forgive the injustice if Tito would only acknowledge his wrong. Yes, he would go to his death contented if he could but hear the words of contrition there in the presence of the wronged ones.

But the last day had dawned and, as yet, no sight of Tito. And now, the great moment was at hand. It must have been about noon when the gate of the prison was thrown open and a body of soldiers stepped in. From without was heard the clamorous voices of the mob ringing in acclaim as the Emperor entered with his attendants. A panic ensued among the captives. Now that the test had come, some struggled vainly as they were seized by the guardsmen; others steeled themselves for the ordeal. Urged on by the soldiers, half-carried, half-dragged, they were hurried out to the floor of the sun-baked arena. The glare of the sun blinded them, so long was it since they had beheld the light. But it mattered little. The unfortunate victims of this mad thirst for blood lay huddled there on the ground, clasping each other in their agony. Once again did they look to Flavius for comfort.

"Just a little while now and our labors will be no more. Pray for the strength to persevere now. The promised reward is at hand. Let us die with joy for the love of Him," he counseled them.

A commotion had arisen at the gate and the Christians could not refrain from inquiring as to what new menace had presented itself, if menace it was. There, beyond the gates, a man was being restrained from forcing an entrance, by one of the guards.

"Out of my way," he cried in a shrill voice. "I betrayed them. Now let me pay the penalty for my sin with them."

Flavius half arose from the ground. With joy he recognized Tito, his Tito, the object of his heart's longing. Ah, he was not yet too late. But the crowd was frenzied by this unexpected turn of events and they took up the cry of the intruder.

"Yea," they fairly shrieked, "cast him with the other dogs. Let loose the lions."

And all eyes were centered on Nero for his approval. But he said not a word. The mob had decreed! Tito, the unfaithful, now dragged himself to his master's side.

"Oh, my lord," he groaned, "tell me that I am not too late. Take me back to your heart and I will die in peace. Let me hear the gentle words of forgiveness."

And Flavius said not a word but pressed him to his heart.

Almost at the same moment, low growls from beneath the Emperor's balcony were intermingled with the howling of the thousands. The prostrate forms in the centre of the arena dared not turn their eyes in the direction from which the sounds had come. The bars which imprisoned the beasts were suddenly drawn and the tawny forms burst forth! The maddened mob rose to a man and Nero—averted his gaze.

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The day of festivity had passed. The huge amphitheatre which only a few hours previously had rocked to the surge and cry of the thousands who lined its hills was hushed in the stillness of the evening. Nothing remained of the spectacle which had been witnessed save the discolored and pawed sand of the arena. Darkness descended and Rome slept.

*James J. Sheridan, '30.*

## In Old Vienna

**I**T WAS a spring day in the early part of the 19th century. The morning sun shone upon the little town of Wien, Austria. He revealed its busy diligence which would one day make it one of the most brilliant capitols of Europe. Each tiny shop, its windows radiating the good cheer of its proprietor, was already open for business.

Our attention is first attracted to the sole inn-keeper of the village, Heinrich Bourne. He stood on the threshold of his establishment, with his friendly eye roving down the street, and with his portly bulk quite filling the door. Occasionally he would exchange cheery greetings with a passer-by. But as the sun rose higher, the savory odors of breakfast lured him inside, and soon he, (with his buxon wife), was presiding over a well-laden table.

A word about our friend. He was Prussian born, but had lived most of his life in Wien. Here his father had established a fine hostelry and a sound reputation. For years they had enjoyed a serene life, undisturbed by any spectre of poverty or death. But time had since passed, and now it was Heinrich who was master of the inn. He bent his solicitous gaze on his wife, and asked:

“Well, my dear, and are you feeling better today?”

“Ach, no, Heinrich,” she replied with a sigh, “instead of working about the house happily, as I did years ago—remember—there are times that I must lay aside my work and rest. And then it is so hard to get started again. . . . But come now, eat your cakes.”

Indeed, Herr Bourne did not relish the thought of food. His sombre gaze shifted from his wife to his plate. He ruminated how yesterday Dr. Meyer had shaken his head in hopelessness to his anxious queries.

“To tell you the truth, Bourne, I don’t know what is the matter with your wife. I could, it is true, mention some sort of a cancer as the trouble, but . . .” and he broke off in scowling meditation.

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A gaudily dressed man, whose face was as shrewd and hard as his eyes were sharp, stopped one Herman Schaeffer on the street not long after, and asked of him:



“What was the meaning of that large procession that just now passed us? Who was so great as to afford such a funeral, anyhow?”

“Why, Herr, that was the funeral procession of Frau Bourne, the wife of our inn-keeper. Indeed, old Bourne was rich enough for an even larger funeral; he even had his wife buried in all her best clothes, rings (and she had plenty) and everything.”

“Mmm, so that’s it, eh? Well, thank you for your information, my man.”

---

Herr Bourne was having a hard time of it. His house seemed desolate. He could not eat; he sat the rest of the day in his back-door, thinking, as we all do, of the excellent qualities of his departed spouse. Every so often he was disturbed by the neighs of his two fine running mares, in which his wife had taken so much pride. It was as if they sensed their master’s grief, and tried, in their dumb way, to offer meager comfort to him.

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It is night. The clock nears twelve, and a lone man steals between the gates of the cemetery. What seeks he? That is all too evident. He approaches the vault. He cleverly forces the door, and stealthily slips inside. His foot carelessly crushes the flowers about the wall, the last earthly gift the poor corpse would ever get. Ah—the ghoul is examining the device of the vault. He pries this way and that, and soon, with a click, the slab falls. It is but a moment to pull the coffin into the open. Foul wretch, can no earthly thing but money touch your cruel heart? He grumbles now because of the stoutness of the coffin. Already he has spent thirty minutes at his dastardly work. Outside it has begun to rain. Gleams of lightning tell of heaven’s wrath. Then, a loud clap of thunder. The robber pauses, frightened. But what more awful moment can be conceived than midnight, and a hideous vandalism amid the quiet, accusing stillness of a burying ground? Smothering a curse, the man wrenched off the top of the coffin. His feverish imagination noted that the corpse lay—oh, so naturally. But his greed drove him on; he seized the limp hand of what was once Frau Bourne. He jerked and twisted at the valuable rings thereon—would they never come off? . . . God. . . . God<sup>\*\*\*</sup> . . . Is this your punishment? The corpse opened its eyes and gazed vacantly at the ghoul, who was petrified with dread. His eyes were bulging; his breath came in labored gasps. His mouth hung open; fear clutched at

his heart with icy fingers. Human endurance could stand but little more; he fainted.

Presently, as if in a trance, the lady stirred, sat up, and finally arose from the imprisoning box. She stood in front of the door, swayed a bit as confused thoughts and disturbing memories clashed in her befogged brain. She remembered being ill—that was all. But how came she here? She ventured a step, then another. The damp, chill wind of night enveloped her, dizzied, and then strengthened her. Soon she could walk with little difficulty, and started towards town. At times she wondered if she were not in a dream. The rain, the souging wind, the night itself, and even the muddy road underfoot, seemed unreal.

At last the resurrected Frau Bourne reached the town. In a few moments she came to the front of the hotel. How to get in? . . . she must. So she stood on the porch, her garments thoroughly wet and called, "Heine, oh Heine!" Silence. Then again, "Heine, Heinrich Bourne!"

Upstairse in bed, Herr Bourne awoke from a restless sleep. He had dreamed of his wife, and had heard her crying out piteously, "Heine—my husband, awaken!" With a distinct shock, then, he heard someone's voice outside the window. He rushed to the window, tore open the blinds, and holding a spluttering candle high above his peering head, he saw in the rain, a figure, ah, just like his dead wife's.

From below came a hopeless sobbing. He distinguished a few phrases—"will no one help me—I am so tired—alas!"

"Ho, down there!" he shouted, "what do you want? What ails you?"

"I want to get in, Heinrich; I must get in. I am your wife," came the reply.

"Ah, if only you . . .," for a moment hope sprung up in the man's breast, but as quickly died, for had he not seen his wife, sealed in her tomb? "No, no!" he shouted almost angrily, "don't you know my wife's dead? You are but her spirit."

"Don't be silly, Heine. Won't you believe me?"

"No, no, no, I don't!" he yelled down in reply. "Why, sooner my two mares would come from their stables into this room and look down on you. Now, will you go?"

"No! Oh, God, I implore you, come to my aid."

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It is recorded that, simultaneously with these words, the prayer was registered with a flash of lightning, and Heaven sealed the plea

with a crash of thunder. In the quiet that followed, one could hear a great thumping and squealing from the direction of the stables, and soon, though it sounds absurd and untrue, the heads of the two horses pushed their way out of the window, and regarded the woman below with blazing eyes.

There is not much more. Frau Bourne, a victim of sleeping sickness, had been providentially saved from a death of suffocation and despair by the soulless quest of a grave-robber. Naturally, she never forgot her experience, and during the remaining seven years of her life spent her time preparing for her final end and in making altar linen. It is also said that she smiled not once in those years. But, when she finally did die, you may be sure that she was not buried until pronounced dead through and through.

However absurd this tale may sound, it is true. This may be proved by inspecting the old quarter of the town of Vienna. There, guided by an old guide, one may see the "Inn of the Horses' Heads." It may be identified by the story-high figures of the heads of two white horses.

*Richard Murphy, '30.*

## Alchemy

In April she is clad in meanest dress,  
Like Cinderella left alone she weeps;  
She bravely tries to smile, but loneliness  
Her heart in deepest melancholy steeps.

Behold in May the change the faery makes:  
The whitest robes and brightest flowers are hers;  
Her merry laughter ripples o'er the lakes,  
And not a gnome of darkest sorrow stirs!

*James J. Sheridan, '30.*

## The Great Patron of Columbus

**W**ITHOUT intimating that Christopher Columbus was not worthy of the praise and honor which has been showered upon him, we may with truth say that some of the credit must be given to those who were his mainstay in the trying times before the acquiescence of the Spanish monarchs. Like other famous characters, he had his friends to whom he could unburden his soul during the years of Spain's procrastination. Not the least of these was Diego deDaza, Prior of St. Stephen's at the time of Columbus' sojourn in Spain.

Diego deDaza was born of rich and noble parents, at Toro, in the province of Zamora, Castile, in 1444. Brought up in deep piety, and afforded an education wholly uneffeminate, he soon heard the call of God and entered the Dominican Order at the age of sixteen. Displaying a marked aptitude for the study of philosophy and theology, he became one of the most eminent theologians in Europe. His talent was recognized and rewarded. He was appointed professor of theology in the University of Salamanca, the flower of Spanish intellectual life; while there he was named preceptor to the Infante Don Juan, heir apparent to the throne.

He occupied successively the Sees of Samora, Salamanca, Palencia, and Jaen, and served as Inquisitor General from 1498 to 1507. Appointed Premier Confessor and Chancellor of Castile during his occupation of the See of Palencia, Bishop deDaza became, after the King and Queen, the most influential personage in the Court. From 1505 to 1523 he was Archbishop of Seville, and while there, founded the famous University of St. Thomas. In 1523 he was appointed Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of all Spain. He died on June 15th of that year before he had assumed his enew office. This brief sketch will give us the background in which to place our claim to the importance of deDeza's services in aiding the discoverer of the New World, services which impelled the Admiral himself to write to the King, "If your Catholic Majesties are masters of the West Indies you are indebted for the rich possession to Father deDaza."

It is not the intention of this article to represent the Friar as the sole instrument, or through his instrumentality the sole reason for Columbus' discovery of America. Yet his rôle was indeed an important one. He entered at once into the reasoning of Columbus and his keen mind perceived that the mariner's deductions were strictly logical. For almost twenty years he befriended Columbus, pleaded for him, encouraged, advised, and defended him.

When and where Columbus and deDaza first met is not certain. It was probably in 1486 at Salamanca, whither Columbus had come to present his theories and arguments to the professors of astrology and cosmography at the University. During his sojourn in Salamanca, the mariner lived at the Dominican Convent at St. Stephen.

We can picture Columbus as he stood in St. Stephen's, the world dreamer, having wandered from one city to another, bewitched by the luminous vision of the terrestrial globe, spurned by the courts of Portugal and England, looked upon as an upstart mariner, misunderstood by all, except the friars, by whom "he was kindly and hospitably received," and especially by deDaza who, "from the first hour of Columbus' arrival at the convent, offered him a friendly hand" and an understanding heart.

Through this Friar's influential efforts their Majesties called the most eminent savants of Europe to a junta for the purpose of examining and considering the conclusions of Columbus. Fr. Talavera was placed in charge of this conference, and, unable to fill his board with a sufficient number of geographers and cosmographers, he called in the most learned professors of the other sciences. This was a serious handicap to Columbus, for the worst judge possible is a learned and scientific man trying to pronounce on a question with which he is but slightly acquainted; because he carries into his decision the same certainty and authority which he knows he is entitled to in his own field and supplies the defect of argument by the weight of his own authority.

Such was the assembly before which Columbus had to plead his cause. Columbus and deDeza, with the authority of St. Thomas, produced the following arguments from Albertus Magnus: (1) "If the earth were not spherical the section of the eclipse of the moon would not be constantly circular. A spherical body alone produces a circular shadow." (2) "If the earth were flat, every one would see the same heavenly bodies. These facts show us that the terrestrial globe is not very large. If it was otherwise, a slight change of place could not make

so great a difference in the appearance of the stars." (3) The third proof of the sphericity of the earth was based on the earth-measuring operations of the ancients and the conclusions of the Arabs. Their arguments, brilliant as they were, went for naught. Tarducci tells us, "Vain were all the efforts against the ignorance and superstition too deeply rooted in the examiners' minds, the pedantic pride of many of whom made it seem like a humiliation for them, who had passed life in study and were esteemed the lights of Spanish learning and science, to yield to an obscure mariner without even the recommendation of an academic title."

On their part his opponents entrenched themselves behind a bulwark of Scriptural texts, casting the authority of saintly commentators into the ring with the mathematical proofs of Columbus. History has preserved these ridiculous arguments, preserved, let us hope, on account of their absurdity. The first was taken from a text of Holy Scripture, "The heavens extending as a skin." The second and third were taken from Lactantius and St. Augustine, concerning the absurdity of the antipodes. To answer and refute these follies with arguments drawn from the Bible was an easy task for Columbus. Faith in the truth of his conclusions warmed his discourse by degrees, into enthusiasm. "What must have been the majesty and force of his words," says an understanding and sympathetic biographer, Washington Irving, "as, casting aside his maps and charts, and discarding for a time his practical and scientific lore, his visionary spirit took fire at the doctrinal objections of his opponents, and he met them upon their own ground, pouring forth those magnificent texts of Scripture, and those mysterious predictions of the prophets, which, in his enthusiastic moments, he considered as types and annunciations of the sublime discovery which he proposed." Yet Columbus was forced to admit, "I was joked at by all except two monks who were always constant to me."

For six years this junta continued and Columbus, despondent but not despairing, left Salamanca for a time. Apparently all was in vain—lost! In vain until deDeza arrested his departure from the city. Lost, until the Dominican absolutely prevailed upon their Majesties to accept Columbus' proposals. Columbus confirms this in most decisive terms. Writing to his son in latter years, he says, "Two things require particular attention. Ascertain whether the queen, who is now with God, has said anything concerning me in her testament, and stimulate the Bishop of Palencia (deDaza), he who was the cause that their

Highnesses obtained possession of the West Indies, who induced me to remain in Spain when I was on the road to leave." And Lefevre, an unquestionable historian of facts, but on account of his radical tendencies in no way over lenient to Religious, does not scruple to quote from "Fontana in Monumentum" that "Christopher Columbus, by the intercession of Fr. deDeza, set out under the auspices of the King in the month of August to discover the New World and to navigate for the sake of the Holy Gospel."

The story of his discovery of America is well known to all of us. His subsequent voyages are not unfamiliar to us, and his ruin and disgrace in the eyes of the world is a matter of universal pity and sympathy. But if readers of history see nothing but failure, they know nothing of his success. If they lament his short-lived glory, they know nothing of his friendships. His desire for the glory of God's Holy Name, the spread of the Church, and the friendship of deDeza optimistically colored the dark and gloomy scenes of his last years.

From his letters to the king and to his son Diego, we find one of the main sources of his consolation. "The Senior Bishop (deDeza) ever since I came to Castile has always favored me and has always desired my honor." And again, "Tell the Bishop of Palencia how much I have been gratified by his prosperity, and that if I come I shall lodge with his grace, even though he should not invite me, for we must return to our ancient friendship." And once when the king was perplexed as to whom he should appoint, Columbus writes, "Who could be better than the Archbishop of Seville (deDeza) since it was he who was the cause of your Majesties' possessing the Indies." On the other hand, we have deDeza's personal expression of friendship and esteem for Columbus. For Las Casas, the historian, tells us that deDeza after his consecration as Archbishop of Seville was pleased to recall with a certain pride that his greatest title to glory lay in the fact of his having been able to convince their Catholic Majesties to accept and patronize the enterprise of Columbus.

It would, perhaps, be interesting to speculate on the conditions we would be living in at present had not deDeza arrested Columbus' departure from Spain. Yet, interesting as it would undoubtedly be, it would still be purely theoretical. We have before us the fact of deDeza's intervention and we also have the abundant fruit reaped by the realization of Columbus' scheme. To the reader it may seem that



we have ascribed to the Dominican a far too important rôle, yet Columbus himself goes still further when he says, "The priest deDeza is the cause of your Majesties possessing the West Indies."

*David F. Anderson, 30.*

## Catapulting Through

**H**AVE you ever had the pleasure of meeting the "Catapulters" of Providence College? Of course you must have met them, for every class and every section of the college has its quota of this strange brotherhood. They are in the Science, the Philosophy, the Arts, the Pre-Medical sections; they are in with the Freshmen, with the Sophomores, with the Juniors and even with the worthy Seniors. In fact, they are here and there and everywhere about our school.

These fellows constitute that group whose ideals concerning extra-curriculum activities are open to condemnation in the most vigorous of terms. They are, in short, that element which believes in racing, or catapulting, through college and gaining a degree without the inconvenience of entering into any activity whatever beyond those necessary to complete the meagre classroom requirements. To them college life is a grand march, bag in hand, from the front entrance to the locker room, from the locker room to the lecture, from the lecture back to the locker room, and from there out the front entrance.

It would seem rather difficult to discuss as personal a subject as this without figuratively treading upon many individuals' toes, but since the type it concerns is highly immune to criticism, and since it is also above reading the school paper, there can be no great harm in commenting upon the existence of such an unspoken attitude toward institutional loyalty.

In the first place we must assume that every college is composed of two general fields of activity—that of the classroom, and that of the campus. And, as we may deduce from observation of the student who is fortunate enough to have established a sane balance between his classroom and campus activities, both are essential and equally remunerative. On the other hand, the narrowing influence of abolishing one of these branches of college life may also be deduced from observation of the particular type we are here discussing.

It is hardly necessary to consider the evil of too much extra-curriculum work, for in this direction the frequent examination requirements

act as an efficient check. Hence the tendency at the present time is toward producing the typical classroom grind, whose whole existence and effort are directed toward the acquiring of academic subjects. Whatever leisure this species might have is spent in the current form of selfish recreation, and not in building up a manly, unselfish character by means of participation in college activities.

The task of organizing debating clubs, literary staffs, orchestras, or other such branches, often causes the unfortunate organizer to admit that perhaps sixty per cent of all students have the ambition of octogenarians. How a perfectly normal young man can put forward every known excuse in order to avoid accepting an opportunity for free tutoring is certainly puzzling. No doubt this same student can throw up a mass of superficial reasons to show why he should not engage in outside activity. But all these reasons when sifted down, usually are based upon that one great plea—lack of time. Perhaps such a condition exists, if besides the ordinary study, he must include attendance every week at two or three theatres and as many dance halls. Although it might seem harsh to condemn this form of recreation, nevertheless condemned it must be. These diversifications are perfectly legitimate for those not having college ideals, but not for any one striving for a degree. Therefore they cannot and do not represent a valid excuse from engaging in more educational pursuits. And if this is true, we might, then, bring all delinquency from extra-curriculum work under the head of selfishness.

Of course, to classify all students in this category would be evidently unjust. There are certainly circumstances which do excuse many from blame on this count. If, for example, financial conditions make work during spare time a necessity for the student, he cannot and should not endeavor to keep too many irons in the fire. Such an excuse as this is entirely logical and requires no bolstering to free the student completely from all obligations.

This passiveness on the part of young men seems to increase annually. It represents a regrettable condition, and sooner or later the result of this indifference will manifest itself in politics, medicine, law, and religion, for the atmosphere of our present institutions of learning will invariably be carried into as many professions as the student of today enters. It logically follows that if the student cultivates selfishness during his training, he will continue that selfishness in whatever field he may choose. In other words he will carry self centered ethics into the higher professions.

*John R. Perkins, '30.*

## RESIDUUM

A certain member of one of the upper classes of this institution (we have authority for this pronunciation) owns a car, at least he calls it a car and we are inclined to agree with him, for car is defined as a wheeled vehicle, especially one having two wheels, and the one in question certainly fills the bill (in both respects). But this person, whom we shall call Felix so as to keep his identity a secret, fears that he shall have to get rid of his little plaything because of the trouble it causes him. He has always observed the speed laws, and has never driven over twenty miles an hour (it is a second hand car), but still every time that he parks said car in the downtown district it is always the source of much interest and he invariably finds it surrounded with people. Felix was at a loss to explain this (for he paid cash for it), until one day last week. He parked in a secluded part of Exchange Place as was his wont and when he returned from his shopping tour in that department store on the corner of Dorrance and Weybosset Streets, he discovered the usual group of bystanders around his car. He edged his way through the throng and started to step down off the curb stone into the driver's seat when the mystery was cleared up. "Say, buddy," drawled one of the onlookers calmly appraising the vehicle, "did you report the accident." So Felix, his feelings ruffled, is going to sell his car.

### HEARD IN HUDDLE

Clinks: "I've got a play up my sleeve."

Ted: "That's nothing; I've got a run in my stocking."

### CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES

Stude: "What do you call a man who drives an automobile?"

Second Ditoo: "That all depends upon how near he comes to me."

Cash: "Don't you find it difficult to live within your income?"

Rash: "Yes, but it would be harder to live without it."

Hec: "What's the matter?"

Joe: "Oh, the manager put us on the bill after the monkey act and the audience thought that it was an encore."

Charlie: "Is she very dumb?"

George: "Is she? She's so dumb that she thinks the middle ages are from forty-five to sixty."

You have all heard about the travelling salesman who died and left the enormous estate of two hundred towels and sixteen pieces of soap; well this week's bale of hay goes to the college student who died and left twenty-six nicely engraved spoons, two "no parking signs," an old pipe, and a pawn ticket.

Billie: "I hear that you are troubled with insomnia."

Goat: "Yes, my room-mate has it."

Sy: "Have you got an inferiority complex?"

Co: "Yes, but he is away at college."

W. E.: "What would you say was the most expensive car on the market?"

Jawn: "The used car."

#### OUR BRIGHT LOWER CLASSMEN

Prof: "What was the direct cause of the Revolution?"

Louie: "The Declaration of Independence."

Prof: "Why do they pack ice cream in salt?"

Bright Youth: "To keep the ice from freezing."

Our Scotch stories seem to be harder to get since prohibition but the latest one is about the Scotchman who wrote a song and dedicated it to his girl, entitled, "Am I wasting my time on you?"

C. W.: "I hear that the new addition to the school is going to be five floors instead of four."

John E.: "Oh, that's just another story."

## WHAT NOT TO SAY

He: "You look sweet enough to eat."

She: "I do; where'll we go?"

Another story is told about the Scotchman who had nothing but admiration for the pastor when it came time for the collection.

Little Junior was brought to a concert to hear a noted singer. When the performance was about half through Junior pointed at the orchestra leader and said to his mother,

"Why is that man trying to hit the woman with the stick?"

"He's not," said the mother; "keep quiet."

"Well, then," answered the boy, "what's she hollerin' for?"

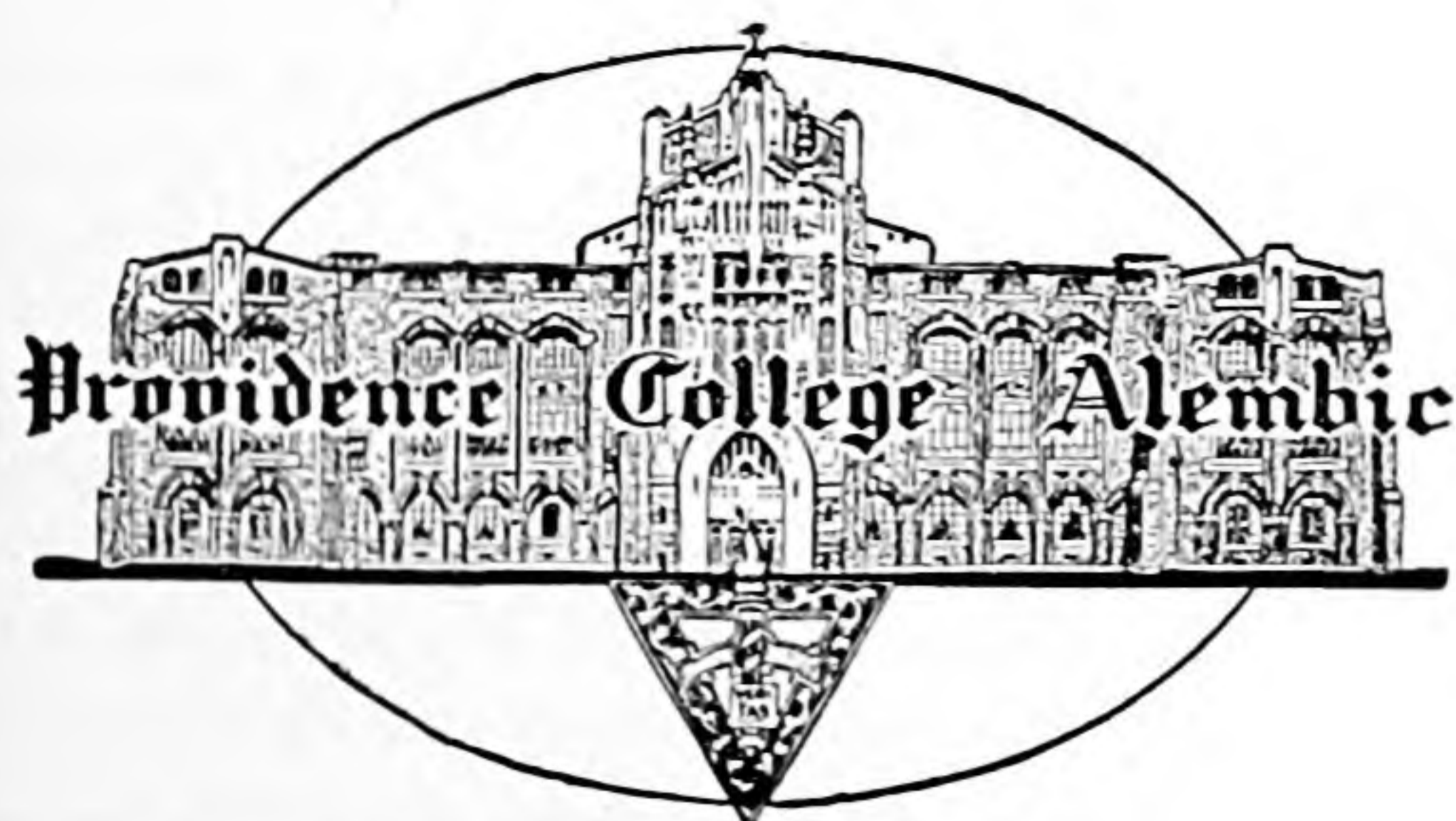
"Does he do much studying?"

"Well he ploughs through his work."

"Ploughs?"

"Yeh, he turns it over in his mind."

*Philip B. Hearn, '28*



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## VERITAS

In a few short months the VERITAS, the first year book in the history of Providence College will become an actuality. The establishment of such a precedent marks another milestone in life at Providence, and the ALEMBIC deems it a pleasure to extend publicly hearty congratulations to the sponsors of this project, the Class of

nineteen hundred and twenty-eight. Moreover, the ALEMBIC considers it a dutiful pleasure to assist in whatever manner it can towards the successful achievement of this noble enterprise.

Therefore, we sincerely urge every son of Providence to support the VERITAS. There are several sound reasons which we might well advance in behalf of this appeal. Primarily, any college year book, from its very nature, commands a sacred respect. The poetically inclined have termed it a "repository of jeweled memories," a "chest of treasured happiness," etc. When Collegiate pins and tokens die the death of the forgotten, the year book remains a living thing. Any college year book then, from its very nature, is worthy of deep respect. But the VERITAS is not *any year book*. It is the Providence College year book. Accordingly, it commands not merely respect but also co-operation from every son of the institution it represents. We might indulge in pages of adulatory phrases picturing the beauty, the splendor, and the practical value of the book itself, we might attempt to tell of the enormous amount of rigorous labor expended in the production of the VERITAS and ask you to show your gratitude by lending support to it; we might dwell interminably on the significance of the fact that the VERITAS is the initial year book in the history of the College.

But for none of these reasons do we ask your co-operation with the Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-eight. We do ask you to subscribe to the VERITAS. Why? Simply because the VERITAS is a Providence endeavor. A true son of Providence does not distinguish between this or that activity. His only concern is for the welfare of his Alma Mater and, knowing that every college activity makes for just that purpose, he unhesitatingly lends his support wherever he is able. The greatest menace to real, honest-to-goodness college spirit is the man who will do nothing unless he expects to derive some type of personal gain therefrom. The VERITAS is a Providence College activity, and if you are a true son of that institution, you will subscribe to it, at least, on this consideration.

When the VERITAS makes its appearance on the campus shortly, there should not be a solitary student or alumnus without a copy. If you have not yet subscribed, do so now. Any Senior will gladly care for your wants.



## THE "INDEPENDENTS"

A college is or should be a place where friendship, comradeship, and good-fellowship assert themselves. There we should expect to find a healthy natural social tendency keenly manifested; there we should expect to see exemplified a spirit of fraternity.

Such is not always the case at Providence. Of course, it is not expected that an intimacy of relationship should exist between every student. Nor is it to be expected that acquaintanceship should exist between every student. It is expected, however, that a spirit of good fellowship, of fraternity, should permeate the atmosphere of college society. For instance, one would expect to observe the exchange of social salutations;—the jovial greeting, the pleasant smile, the restraintless freedom especially common to men enlisted in the same cause and imbued with a single underlying impulse. That is, one would expect youth, in such circumstances, to act naturally.

Yet the fact remains that there are many in our College who seem to care not at all for the little niceties of life. Happily, the majority of students cannot be listed in this category. Nevertheless, the number of what we might term, "independents," is sufficient to render their type more than mere exceptions.

Whatever the reason or reasons for such a condition there can be no doubt that such a policy is foolish and absurd. It is wrong in principle and horrible in effects. It narrows the individual and weakens the social structure of which he is a part. It subverts personal betterment, and college spirit as well.

Lest the point we have been attempting to forward be missed, let those to whom it applies heed this suggestion: When you meet a fellow student on the drive, on the campus, or at a social function, or wherever you be, act naturally. Extend to him a natural, "Hello," or better, a wholesome, "How are you?". Do not wait for him to give you the "high sign." He may be waiting for you to do that and, before you realize it, you will have passed by, conscious of that guilty, unnatural feeling. Furthermore you need not know his name nor care a whit whether he be a Senior or a Freshman. We are sure that no upperclassmen will "high-hat" the lowliest Frosh. If he should, then he is merely acting improperly when you are acting properly. Incidentally, it might be well, in such an event, to report him to—well, let us say,—report him to Elmer!

# EXCHANGE

## THE TRINITY COLLEGE RECORD

The February Number of the "Record" is a literary treat. Indeed, this issue fairly breathes forth that intellectual atmosphere characteristic of the Capital City, especially of the vicinity of Trinity College. Anyone who peruses the magazine cannot but detect the superior note of the essays, stories, and verse. This number, which it has been our happy privilege to review, is public manifestation that the intellectual status of the students at Trinity is far above the average.

The first article, "The Young Catullus," is a rather lengthy essay, and treats of the life and poetical compositions of this youthful Roman. The author manifests an intense interest and acquaintance with this "fiercest of haters and lovers." It has been some time since we beheld anything savoring of the unique originality displayed in "An American Symphony." The words of expression and the fourteen "movements," the rendition of which is thus guided, give splendid interpretation to each "theme."

Miss Swiney has contributed a splendid essay to the cause in "Are We Ready for a Catholic President?" The article bespeaks a well informed mind and a sane understanding of the issue that confronts the nation.

"Newman and Augustine" is a comparison drawn between the two lights of the Church, and epitomizes the life and influence of each. The sheaf of sonnets entitled "Women" is but another example of the originality that individualizes the "Record." The two dedicated to George Eliot and Florence Nightingale are deserving of special mention. We believe that the author of "In Defense of Canaries" would soon crowd Neal O'Hara off the pages of many dailies should she care to submit this bit of satire to the newspapers. We hope that she will keep us informed as to the growth of her society.

Of the short stories we consider "First Love" the best. Miss Cook

has skillfully interwoven in her theme a vibrant psychological vein that runs throughout the entire story, and manifests the author's knowledge and understanding of child psychology. The Editorials contribute a goodly share to the high character of the entire magazine. Many a student might well take to heart the sentiments expressed in "Glass Armour" and "Public Opinion."

On the whole it is a splendid number embodying all the fine qualities that a college magazine should possess. We anxiously await the succeeding issues of the "Record."

### THE OZANAM

This exchange comes to us from St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio. Our acquaintance with it was made through the January number which presents much to please and impress. The first contribution entitled "Al Smith for Dinner" is semi-story, semi-essay and, in our opinion, lacks the true conception of the issue at hand. The airing of views by the different characters fails to bring out the true nature of the question which, we believe, is admirably done in the "Trinity College Record" for February. "Unavenged" is a story of some merit in development of plot, although we think the scope of action too extensive.

"Lest We Forget" is truly representative and presents a well constructed historical novel. Our early relations with Mexico, cordial and otherwise, are considered in an unbiased manner.

The Editorials present topics of timely interest. "What Price Graduation" is worthy of note and expresses the sentiments of every serious college man. The department headings are novel, and give the "Ozanam" an air of individuality which the worn-out titles fail to impart.

### THE FORDHAM MONTHLY

We spent many pleasant moments perusing the February Number of the Monthly. The heavy atmosphere that has characterized many of the previous issues has been dissipated in this number, with the result that the reader is presented a pleasing collection of stories, essays and verse. The initial essay is a study of John Galsworthy. Mr. Curry and the English writer are, no doubt, old acquaintances, for this critical treatise reveals a familiarity and knowledge of no casual nature.

Once again Mr. Diffley scores in his "Portraits in Gray." "The Nocturn Portrait" is exceptionally well done both in character sketching and in the deft touches of descriptive settings. There is no doubt but that "The Yankee Princess" eclipses the other supporting stories of the issue. 'Tis a simple tale with a setting of true Lincoln type. Then, too, there is a free and simple style which enhances the entire work.

An encyclopedic resumé of the life and works of James Clarence Mangan is submitted in "A Precursor of the Irish Renaissance." The author has given us the true side of the poet, and the influence that his reckless life has exerted on his works. "Concert" and "I Set the Chair" are verse compositions meriting commendation.

Indeed, the Monthly may be classed only with the elite, that exquisite coterie of college magazines which really solicits and merits attention.

*John W. Murphy, '28*

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE

## THE LACORDAIRE DEBATING SOCIETY

“Resolved: That, the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States should be repealed” was the question debated on the evening of March 8, 1928, at the La Salle Academy auditorium by teams representing the Lacordaire Debating Society of Providence College and the Marquette Debating Society of Boston College. A capacity audience of approximately 1200 persons heard the debate. Both teams displayed wide knowledge of the subject. While the Providence College representatives far surpassed their rivals in poise, delivery, and technique, yet the decision of the judges was against them.

Those representing the Affirmative for the Lacordaire Society were: Ambrose V. Aylward, '30; Richard A. O'Kane, '31; and Ralph S. Daniels, '30. The Negative side of the question, upheld by the Marquette Debators, was comprised of the following: Frances I. Bertsch, '31; Edward F. Connolly, '31; and John J. Wright, '31.

James E. Dooley, Esq., acted as Chairman of the Debate. The judges were as follows: Honorable Chester W. Barrows, Justice Supreme Court; Honorable Hugh B. Baker, Associate Justice Superior Court; and Honorable Charles A. Walsh, Associate Justice Superior Court.

The ALEMBIC takes this opportunity of congratulating both the members of the Lacordaire Debating Society and their moderator, Reverend Bernard A. McLoughlin, O.P., to whom fell the responsibility of training the young men for their appearance.

## THE FRIARS

March 15, 1928, saw the birth of a new society at Providence College, when eighteen members were organized to form the society known as THE FRIARS. Realizing the importance of courtesy

in maintaining a good repute among our collegiate visitors, the Friars have organized with the express purpose of offering gentlemanly guidance to visiting athletic teams. Just as in medieval days the friars connected with the monasteries welcomed with friendship and good-will all travelers, the new association, convened under the same name, will attempt to carry the quaint custom into modern life with specific reference to our athletic guests. Members of the FRIARS will be prepared at all times to serve with interest and good-fellowship those athletes who represent our intercollegiate rivals.

The officers for the present year are as follows: President, William F. Flynn, '28; Vice-President, Frederick T. McDermott, '28; Secretary, Joseph F. Watterson, '29.

## SENIOR- JUNIOR ACTIVITIES

Alas! We have again to confess the athletic inferiority of the Seniors before the constantly advancing Junior avalanche of victories. Continuing their sudden meteoric athletic rise, begun during the latest football season, the Juniors soundly trounced the laurel-seeking Seniors at the La Salle Gymn, March 2, 1928. Stve Nawrocki tossed them in at random and from all angles, for the Juniors; while for the Seniors, Leo Supple, the diminutive, prevented many more scores being registered. At various moments during the game, your correspondent was in a quandry as to whether he was privileged to witness a basketball game or a friendly game at Duck on the Rock as offered by the Blacksmith's Union. There were few major casualties, however.

## YES INDEED!

The particulars have been divulged to the final satisfaction and quieting of numerous flapping ears and popping eyes, in search of the truth concerning these figures of scurrying girls and dark-browed men who have been seen recently throughout the corridors by those late afternoon frequenters of the academic halls. The work on the Junior Musical Comedy, "Yes Indeed," has begun with a gusto which bodes ill for the approaching professional musical comedy openings during the oncoming spring months.

Through special favor, the ALEMBIC is privileged to announce the particulars concerning this new invasion of the domains of music, romance, and buffoonery.

The book was written by Frank E. Greene, '29, and was adapted

for the stage by J. Austin Quirk, '29, and James F. Hanaway, '29. The musical director of the production is William J. ("Slim") Dooley. The leading man will be no other than Edward T. ("Ted") Lewis, '28, while "she" of renowned pulchritude and daintiness in all such productions, the leading lady, will be played by James F. Hanaway, '29. Others in the cast at present are: William Dugan, '29; George T. Treanor, '29; Clarence A. Lyons, '29; Thomas F. Clyne, '29; Ralph S. Daniels, '30; Leo R. Hafey, '30; Mark J. McGovern, '31; and Malcolm H. Brown, '31.

The entire production, which will be staged sometime during April at one of the local theatres, is under the personal supervision and direction of Reverend A. B. Cote, O.P., moderator of the Junior Class, which is sponsoring the event. The production manager's position has fallen to the lot of J. Austin Quirk, while Thomas J. Curley, '29, will be the business manager.

Although, in the main, the cast has been selected from the Junior Class, recruits from all undergraduate classes are represented in the ballet (or perhaps, you prefer the title chorus). At any rate the "Chorines" are now having their troubles with frequent workouts under the callous and exacting ballet-master, Charles A. Gannon, '31.

## SOPH-FROSH ACTIVITIES

After a prolonged period of rest—or was it unrest?—in the opposing and not-yet reconciled camps, the call to arms reverberated once again, and the Sophs drew the first blood of the new semester, by winning the handball contests from the bewildered Freshies, by the score of 2-1. A year's campaigning amidst the intricacies of brick walls, radiators, steam pipes, and dust served the Sophs in good stead, contributing in a great measure to the victory.

The sweet victory realized upon one kind of court soon soured however, with the comeback of the Freshmen on the basketball court, March 16. They nonchalantly tripped the Sophomore five by the score of 33-29. Wineapple was the star for the first year men. The total score of the Inter-Class activities to date now stands 4-4.

*James E. McDonald, '28*

## ALUMNI NOTES

The recent basketball contest between Brown University and Providence served to bring forth many of the Alumni from apparent seclusion. When the contest in question is a Brown-Providence affair no exhortation is required to call out the Alumni to witness a revival of the healthy rivalry which exists between the two institutions.

'23—We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Fogarty on the birth of a healthy boy.

'24—By the time this issue goes to press William J. Connor, Ph.B., will have taken the examination for admittance to the Bar in the State of California. Bill likes the Golden State very much. He is, at present, connected with the law offices of Arthur C. Verge, 1275 Subway Terminal Building, Los Angeles, California. The best of luck, Bill!

'26—Thomas H. Cullen, A.B., made the trip from Albany, N. Y., to see the recent Brown-Providence game. Tom does not look one day older despite his many cares and worries. Tom stopped at the College to pay a call during his short visit in the city.

'26—We understand that John E. Duffy, B.S., is to be married on Easter Monday to Miss Catherine Collins of this city. The ALEMBIC Staff extends its congratulations to the happy pair.

'26—James N. Eastham, B.S., when last heard from was still hard at his studies at Catholic University.

'26—Congratulations are to be extended to John E. Farrell, A.B., for the attractive schedule he has arranged for this year's nine. If they complete it successfully, the boys who sport the White and Black will be strong contenders for the mythical Eastern Collegiate Championship.



'26—Redmond F. Kelly, B.S., called at the College recently and when the social visit was terminated betook himself to the girders of the new addition to Harkins Hall.

'26—From an interesting chat with William H. O'Conner, Ph.B., former editor of the *ALEMBIC*, we learned that he is teaching Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior English at Burrillville High. In addition, he is moderator of a journalistic club at the school. "Skip's" editorial worries did not end when he bequeathed the Editorial Chair of the *ALEMBIC* office to its next victim.

'27—James T. Boylan, Ph.B., has transferred from Georgetown to Boston University Law School.

'27—Thomas H. Bride, Jr., Ph.B., made the trip from Boston to see his Alma Mater defeat Brown at the new gym.

'27—Edward A. Connolly, A.B., was a recent caller at the College while home from Montreal.

'27—Albert R. Coyle, A.B., was seen in attendance at the recent debate between Boston College and Providence.

'27—Frdeerick J. McGarry, B.S., is teaching in one of the New Haven High Schools.

### THE YEAR BOOK

The Alumni will be pleased to hear of the forthcoming Year Book "Veritas," which is in the process of compilation by the present Senior Class. Inasmuch as several former classes had previously considered such an attempt, this announcement will be of added interest. Orders for copies of "Veritas" may be forwarded to the Business Manager, "Veritas," Providence College. The price is to be five dollars.

*James E. McDonald, '28*



## BASKETBALL

### PROVIDENCE VS. BROWN

at Brown Gym, March 3, 1927

Providence closed its second 'Varsity basketball season with an impressive 31-19 victory over its foremost rival, Brown University, at the new Aldrich Gym before a crowd of more than a thousand followers of the two institutions. The Dominicans played brilliantly, completely outclassing the boys from the hill in every phase of the game. The Black and White rooters filled the Bruin athletic plant to the rafters, and throughout the encounter showed their appreciation of the flashy exhibition of the indoor sport.

Captain "Chick" Murphy, the peppy Dominican leader, led the assault on the Bears in taking high honors for his club with three shots from the floor and six free tries. His speedy opponent, Capt. Heffernan, was the only Brown to score from the floor during the entire game, so impregnable was the Providence defence. Heffernan led the scoring for the night with five field goals and four free tries for a total of 17 points. Smith, with five foul shots to his credit, was the only other Brown man to score.

The Black and White exhibited the best team-work they have shown this campaign with the result that everyone in the starting line-up counted. Captain Murphy garnered 12 points, Kreiger 9, McCue 6, and Wheeler and Szydla each 2. Our Patterson forward line, "Broadway" McCue and his buddy, Johnny Kreiger, ran away from the Brown guards, and showed the spectators some fine passing and shooting. Larry Wheeler, although he collected but two points, was the outstanding player on the court. "Toadie" got the tap regularly, was the pivotman in most every scoring play, and in the last period showed his ability by dribbling through the entire Brown team.

Showing a fine passing attack from the start of the fray, the Smithhillers had no difficulty in rolling up an early lead. In the first ten minutes they were on the long end of a 13-1 score. Captain Heffernan then started his long-range activities by sinking three goals from the floor in rapid succession. At half-time the score-board read 17 to 10 in favor of Providence.

The summary:

PROVIDENCE				BROWN			
	G.	F.	Pts.		G.	F.	Pts.
Krieger, l. f.....	4	1	9	Smith, l. f.....	0	5	5
Forrest, l. f.....	0	0	0	S. Heller, l. f.....	0	0	0
McCue, r. f.....	1	4	6	Marvin, r. f.....	0	0	0
Allen, r. f.....	0	0	0	Heffernan (C.) r. f.	5	4	14
Wheeler, c.....	0	2	2	Weatherby, c.....	0	0	0
McGovern, c.....	0	0	0	Tyson, c.....	0	0	0
Murphy, (Capt.) l. f.	3	6	12	Greenlese, r. g.....	0	0	0
Fleurent, l. g.....	0	0	0	Mills, r. g.....	0	0	0
Szydla, r. g.....	1	0	2	H. Heller, r. g.....	0	0	0
Totals .....	9	13	31	Totals .....	5	9	19

Referee—Cody. Umpire—Kelliher. Time—20 minute halves.

### SUMMARY OF BASKETBALL

Providence closed its second Varsity basketball campaign with an impressive victory over Brown University. Although in point of games won and lost the season could not be called a very successful one, the Dominican basketekers derived a great deal of satisfaction in winning the objective game of the season from the Bruins.

The final result was seven games won and nine lost, but we must not overlook the difficulties under which the squad worked. Lack of a gymnasium forced them to practice evenings at the La Salle

Academy Gym. Then, the schedule contained but two home games, the team had the "pleasure" of playing away from home in all but the Springfield and Brown encounters. In the face of these handicaps, the team made a very credible showing. The most notable victories, aside from the Brunonian win, were those over the quintets representing Boston University, M. I. T., Clark University, and New Hampshire. Three of the games, lost by the narrow margin of a single basket, were Trinity, N. Y. Teachers, and Union.

Much of the credit of the showing of the team was due to Capt. "Chuck" Murphy" and to Coach Al McClellan. The Dominican leader, with his "line of pep," built up a fine team spirit which was commented upon wherever the Black and White showed its wares. With the graduation of "Chuck" the 'Varsity five loses an excellent player an da real leader.

## FOOTBALL

The re-appointment of Archie Golembeskie as coach of football at Providence was announced by Graduate Manager John E. Farrell. This year will mark Golembeski's fourth as mentor of the Dominican gridders. The former Holy Cross athlete will have his worries in building an eleven capable of successfully withstanding the onslaughts of some of the strongest elevens in the East, in William, Army, Temple, Springfield, and Holy Cross, all of whom will be met on enemy territory.

Golembeski will have eleven lettermen, including Capt.-elect Steve Nawrocki, to form a nucleus for this year's aggregation. His most difficult task will be to develop a centre capable of filling the gap left vacant by the graduation of retiring-Capt. "Chuck" Connors, who for four years has been an almost impossible barrier to opposing backs. Other mainstays lost to the team are Leo Smith, baseball captain, and brilliant end for the last four years; Allen and Lewis, elusive half-backs; and Fanning and Sullivan, scrappy tackles.

Archie has the well-wishes of the alumnae and his host of friends in this section, and in behalf of the students the ALEMBIC takes this opportunity to extend to Coach Golembeski its desire for his continued success as mentor of the Black and White eleven in the coming campaign.

## COMPLETE FOOTBALL SCHEDULE FOR 1928

Sept. 29.—WILLIAMS	.....At Williamstown
Oct. 6.—NORWICH UNIV.	.....At Northfield
Oct. 13.—ARMY	.....At West Point
Oct. 20.—MANHATTAN	.....At Providence
Oct. 27.—TEMPLE UNIV.	.....At Philadelphia
Nov. 3.—ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE	.....At Brooklyn
Nov. 10.—COAST GUARD	.....At Providence
Nov. 27.—SPRINGFIELD	.....At Springfield
Nov. 24.—HOLY CROSS	.....At Worcester

## BASEBALL

With the approach of favorable weather over seventy baseball candidates reported to Coach Jack Flynn on Hendricken Field to start training for the most ambitious diamond schedule ever listed by the Dominicans' athletic authorities. Work during the past few weeks has been of a conditioning nature, consisting mostly of handball and basketball.

Thirteen lettermen form the nucleus for the 1928 nine. Among these are Harraghy, and Murphy, catchers; Capt. Leo Smith, Hal Bradley, Moran, Danis, and Whelan, pitchers; Duffy, McLaughlin, and Allen, infielders; and Fleurent, Cummings, Flynn, and Lally, veteran outfielders.

Recruits from the Junior Varsity include Koreymo, Durham, Quirk, and Carr, all of whom are eligible for pitching duty. Other infielders who are expected to make a good showing are Wheeler, McGovern, Main, Fay, Rzeznicki, while Jim Zande, Bill Norton, and Brennan will again provide opposition to the catchers. In addition to these there are a number of untried Freshmen who will come under the scrutinous eye of Jack Flynn.

With this array of talent on hand prospects for a successful season for the Black and White are exceptionally promising, and with "Silent Jack" at the helm, we can readily predict that a majority of the games will be won by the Smith Hill Collegians.

## BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Providence College will open the 1928 season against the Northeastern University nine of Boston at Hendricken Field. The schedule includes three intersectional tilts with Notre Dame, Spring Hill College, of Alabama, undefeated during the past two seasons, and Georgetown University, southern champions, all three of which will be played on

Hendricken Field. In addition to these games other fine teams to oppose the Dominicans are Brown, Dartmouth, Yale, Boston College, Fordham, Villanova, Connecticut State and Springfield.

The complete schedule is as follows:

April 7, Northeastern University at Providence; 12, Upsala at East Orange, N. J.; 13, Manhattan at New York; 14, C. C. N. Y. at New York; 20 Fordham at Providence; 21, Springfield at Providence; 24, Spring Hill College (of Alabama) at Providence; 26, Colby at Providence; 28, Connecticut State at Providence.

May 1, Dartmouth at Hanover, N. H.; 2, Lowell Textile at Lowell, Mass.; 4, Bowdoin at Providence; 5, Northeastern at Boston; 10, St. Michael's at Providence; 12, Trinity at Hartford, Conn.; 16, Villanova at Providence; 18, Dartmouth at Providence; 22, Boston College at Boston; 26, Brown at Providence; 31, Georgetown at Providence.

June 2, Brown at Providence; 6, Boston College at Providence; 9, Yale at New Haven, Conn.; 12, Alumni; 14, Notre Dame at Providence.

### JUNIOR VARSITY SCHEDULE

May 12, Assumption College at Worcester; May 17, Yale Junior Varsity at New Haven; May 19, St. John's Prep at Danvers, Mass.

*Walter T. Dromgoole, '28*



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### TYPEWRITERS AND OFFICE SUPPLIES

Neilan Typewriter Exchange, Inc., 43 Weybosset St.

### UNDERTAKERS

Daniel F. O'Neill, 125 Pine St., Pawtucket

C. P. O'Leary & Son, 603 Broadway, Providence, R. I.

### VOICE CULTURE

Kathleen C. O'Brien, 110 Lauderdale Bldg.

### WHOLESALE GROCERS

Brownell & Field Co.

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