

ALEMBIC

PROVIDENCE COLLEGE



T. F. O'Daniel, O.P.

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Number 1

THE DIGNITY OF MAN . *Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen*

CORVO, SINGER IN SOLITUDE . . . *Robert C. Healy*

THE KETTLE *George V. O'Brien*



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THE ALEMBIC

VOLUME XIX

OCTOBER, 1936

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DEDICATION

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

To the Very Reverend John Jordon Dillon, O. P., Ph. D., S. T. Lr., we of THE ALEMBIC wish to express in behalf of ourselves and the undergraduate body our most sincere felicitations on the happy occasion of his appointments as fourth president of Providence College and Superior of the Dominican Community.

Father Dillon was born September 2, 1898 in the town of Derby in Connecticut, where he received his early education. Two other members of his family wear the black and white habit of the Order of Preachers; a sister is a Dominican nun and a brother, Brother Justin Dillon, O. P., a former professor of English at the College, is at present preparing for the priesthood.

After serving in the United States navy for the duration of the World War, Father Dillon entered Providence College in 1920, remaining here two years and receiving his A. B. degree from this institution for affiliate work in the Novitiate and the Dominican House of Studies. He then attended the College of the Immaculate Conception in Washington. Here he took the degree of Lector of Sacred Theology. Father Dillon was ordained in Washington, June 17, 1927.

Subsequent to his ordination Father Dillon attended Catholic University of America where he became a Master of Arts. He was then sent to Rome to study at the International Pontifical University for his doctorate in philosophy. After receiving his doctorate he spent six months on the continent and in the British Isles in the study of educational systems.

Upon his return to the United States Father Dillon's first post, a professorship in philosophy at his Alma Mater. Soon after his arrival here he was appointed assistant dean, which position he held at the time of his appointment as president. For the past three years Father Dillon has also served as Vicar Superior of the Dominican Community of the College.

To the performance of his new office Father Dillon will lend those qualities of mind and character, of simplicity, dignity, understanding, and true scholarship which graced his term of office as assistant dean, and which, Deo volente, presages for the College and its beloved and gifted leader, the happiest and most brilliant of futures.

Ad Multos Annos et Felicissimos

Our Guest Author

The Right Reverend Monsignor
FULTON J. SHEEN

Ph.D., D.D., LL.D., Agrégé de l'Institut Supérieur
de Philosophie à l'Université de Louvain.

Doctor Sheen is today widely recognized as one of the foremost of the Catholic apologists in the United States. His many volumes on philosophical and theological questions, together with his many brilliant successes on the radio and the lecture platform, have earned him a very definite and authoritative position in academic circles, where he enjoys the reputation of being one of the most outstanding and successful of the protagonists of Thomistic thought.

With the firm conviction that the philosophic principles of the medieval Schoolmen, especially those of St. Thomas, can offer a very positive contribution to the solution of modern problems, Doctor Sheen has labored ceaselessly to interpret these principles and to introduce them to the schools of modern science and social studies. Less the opportunist than the optimist, he envisages the time when, with the barriers of language and misunderstanding removed, Thomistic Philosophy will be welcomed as the only true remedy for modern social problems. He reasons, and rightly so, that the problems of today do not differ in essentials from those of the thirteenth century, and what scholastic principles have accomplished once, they can do again.



H.F. O'Daniel, O.P.

THE DIGNITY OF MAN

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Fulton J. Sheen

THE interpretation of the parable of the prodigal son is this: The younger son may be likened to Western Civilization which left the Father's House and squandered its spiritual capital of eternal religious truth. It finally sank so low that it would fain have filled its belly with husks; and this philosophy which fills bellies and mobilizes souls for secular ends is Communism. The choice before the world is between a philosophy which makes society a god, and a society which seeks God.

Today, we begin the inquiry into the first of the four conditions which civilization must fulfill if it is to recover peace and salvation. Returning to the parable for our guide, it will be recalled that while the prodigal was delighting in his new-found pleasures and false liberty, there was very little thought of his spiritual destiny. It is a very interesting thing that he did not begin to reflect until he was reduced to dire need and misery. Our Blessed Lord speaks first of the return of the prodigal in these expressive words: "He entered into himself". This implies that up to this time he was "outside himself", or "beside himself"; i. e., all his enjoyments were something external to himself: such as food, pleasure, and dance, and in general what some men call "life". In this he was like the beasts of the field, for they seek things outside of themselves. The animal in quest of food and the flower lifting its face to the sun, the bird dipping for the worm—all of these have no other end or purpose in life than some object

outside themselves. They can never enter into themselves, for the very simple reason that they have no rational soul. Man is the only being in the world who can reflect, and hence the only one who can turn back upon himself, be angry with himself, be pleased with himself, contemplate his own thoughts, perceive the difference between what he is and what he seems, between his own worth and what others attribute to him. He is the only creature in the universe who can look upon himself as in a mirror, and see himself as others see him, and even sit, as it were, on another planet and let his feet hang over, contemplating off in the distance another person which happens to be his very self.

Now to continue the historical application of the parable: Civilization will return to peace and order when it "enters into itself"; i. e., reflects upon the end and purpose of being a man. We cannot talk of building a social or economic order for man, unless we know the purpose of a man, any more than an architect can build a house unless he knows the nature of the one to dwell in it. If a dog is to live in it, it will be a dog house; if a criminal is to live in it, it will be a penitentiary; if a Malthusianite is to live in it, it will have no nursery. In like manner, the kind of social order we will build will depend upon the nature of the man for whom it is made. If he is only an economic animal, then we will let Communism give him a bed in a factory; but if he is a rational creature, made to

the image and likeness of God, then we will have to build something else besides a factory for him; e. g., a house which will be a home, a school which will be the arsenal of truth for his children, and a church where his soul can escape the servitude of the earthly and mount to eternal union with God.

Hence, I say the *fundamental* problem facing civilization today is not the problem of unemployment, nor finance, nor free trade, nor gold standards, nor even property rights. The problem of the hour is the problem of man. What is a man? Is he an economic animal, or is he a rational creature composed of body and soul, and capable of entering into communion with the triple environment which surrounds him, namely, nature, fellowman, and God? The way we answer the problem of man is the way we will solve our social problem.

Two powerful influences in our civilization have done much to degrade, mechanize, and depersonalize man, and keep him from entering into himself. The first is false economics, which says that the primary end of business is not consumption, but production. Start with this principle and it follows then that the purpose of a machine is not to supply human needs, but to make profit for its owner. The price then becomes more important than the *man* who pays the price. It is then only a step to say that the produce of God's bountiful land may be destroyed in the midst of starvation for the sake of an economic price. Man becomes subordinate to economics, instead of economics to man, and this means a degradation and impoverishment of human dignity.

Secondly, a false education is to be blamed for destroying the true nature of man. A bad psychology told man

he had no soul, then no mind, and finally no consciousness, but that he was only a complex machine made up of actions and reactions, ganglia and gland oozing. Biology told him he was evolving to the state of a god, then Physics contradicted this and told him that in view of the greatness of the universe he was only a "crustal phenomenon floating on an insignificant planet". Robbed of God by the error that God was only a symbol for "the ideal tendency in things"; robbed of will by the behaviorist and gland psychology; robbed of his intellect by theories of knowledge which doubted his capacity to know; robbed of his soul by the subconscious, the subliminal, and sex—he became only an atom dissolved in the mass of a two-dimensional universe of space and time, with no other purpose than like an ant to pile his contribution of economic wealth on the great ant-hill of the State and then to die and to be seen no more. Such is the end of the Renaissance which began by exalting man without God and ended by slaying both.

These are the two forces which destroyed traditional man, and sought to break the mould in which God poured him. They have created for our times the problem stated so clearly in the parable, namely, whether man is to seek material things wholly outside himself, like husks, or to enter into himself and recognize his eternal destiny. This problem must be solved before any economic problem can be solved, for what is the use of constructing an economics for man unless we know the nature of man? The problem of man must be solved first because it is on his account that the social problem must be solved. When the world was living on the spiritual capital given to it by the

Church, systems of economics and government and finance acknowledged the true nature of man. But now that the nature of man is challenged, and human personality is absorbed by the state as in Russia, Mexico, and Germany, and when economic rights precede human rights, the problem of man must be settled first. And if it is not settled, then all our solution will fail, for souls are being born into the world every minute, presenting the riddle all over again. Our problem today then is the problem of the Forgotten Man—not the forgotten man in the sense of the man who is unemployed, or hungry; not the forgotten man who is economically dispossessed, or socially disinherited; not the forgotten man of the bread lines, but forgotten man in the sense of forgotten human dignity, forgotten human worth, forgotten divine destiny, forgotten personality, forgotten power to rise above the state and the collective to commune with the Life and Truth and Love which is God. This is the real Forgotten man of our day—the man who can enter into himself and find down in the depths of his soul that he was made for God and only God can make him remembered—even for eternity.

Now, we ask, how can a prodigal civilization rediscover its last harmony? Only in the same way the prodigal son discovered his, namely by entering into itself; i. e., by recognizing the simple but forgotten principle that man has a final end. One of the first questions in the penny catechism is: "Why did God make you? God made me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him forever in the next." These words which sum up the wisdom of Aristotle and St. Thomas and the best thought of

the world, both pre-Christian and Christian, are worth more than all our modern prophets who have not yet discovered why they are men. They reveal that this world is a stage of character-making wherein all our actions have tremendous consequences; where happiness like art must be won by effort, by struggle and practice; where a soul is at stake in the living of a human life, for we are not only creatures but creatures of our eternal destiny. This fundamental concept of rational and moral relations between God and man involving the eternal happiness of man with God, must penetrate the whole of life. At every moment from birth to death man is envisaged as seeking the realization of the "ought to be". For this end he has been placed here. Hence none of his actions is insignificant; nothing is indifferent, nothing is trivial; everything he does, thinks, or chooses brings him nearer his goal or away from it. According to this philosophy every economic, political act of man is in a certain sense a religious and moral act. Man's final end is God and all proximate ends must keep this in mind. But once God as the goal or purpose of life is lost there is nothing left but scepticism and pessimism and a complete conversion to the earthly things which is the *sign of mortal sin*. It was just such a blindness to the final end of man which produced our modern cry that "business is business", implying that ethics and morality and religion have nothing to do with business. Business is *not* business—business is either *good* business or *bad* business, and it is good or bad because it helps or does not help man to attain his final destiny which is God. Forget the ultimate destiny of man and a new god will be created for him—a cruel god, which is the

tyrannical State, as modern history is so well proving. When Rome forgot its religion it deified its emperors; when Western Civilization forgets its Christianity it begins to deify the State. This is Communism, the Moloch devouring men who forgot they had an immortal eternal tryst with undying Love who is God.

But once start with the true dignity of man, namely, by recognizing that he has a final end; that he is a personality living his complete life in society with obligations to his neighbor and to God; and finally that this world is only a prelude to the next—then we shall have the basis of true social reconstruction. Then "production is on account of man and not man on account of production, then the object of profit is that a man may provide for himself and for others according to their state, then the object of providing for himself and others is that they may be enabled to live virtuously. The object of the virtuous life is the attainment of everlasting glory with God." Then the world instead of being the storehouse of our mounded dust, becomes the scene of our greatest victory; then wealth is not something to *acquire*, but something to be used to increase virtue; then man becomes primary and economics secondary; then the material is the channel of the spiritual, and the universe becomes one great scaffolding up which souls climb to the Kingdom of God—and when the last soul shall have climbed up through that scaffolding then it shall be torn down and burnt with fervent fire, not because it is bare, but because it has done its work—it has brought us back to where we started—the very heart of God.

In conclusion, if we doubt that the problem of man is primary, then let it be recalled that never before in the

history of the world has there been so much power and never before have men been so prepared to use that power for the destruction of human life; never before has there been so much gold, and never before has there been so much poverty; never before has there been so much wealth, and never before has there been such an economic crisis; never before has there been so much food, and never before has there been so much starvation; never before have there been so many facts and never before have there been so many unsolved problems; never before has there been so much education, and never before has there been so little coming to the knowledge of truth. It is therefore not the material and the economic which has failed us, but the moral and religious inspiration to direct our material resources for the common good and the glory of God. This does not mean that there must not be political and economic and financial solutions; but it does mean these are *secondary*, and that they cannot be ultimately attained until we have "entered into ourselves" and discovered the end and purpose of being a man. This does not mean that anyone who interests himself in political and economic matters has played false to the Kingdom of God; but it does mean that while due weight must be given to mass legislation as an instrument of reform, these things can be accomplished only by bringing God's breath upon the face of the earth. As Leo XIII stated in his *Rerum Novarum*: ". . . The things of earth cannot be understood or valued aright without taking into consideration the life to come, the life that will know no death."

The note of this encyclical is: Spiritual and moral regeneration is the condition of political and economic re-

construction. Both economics and politics are doomed to unreality and failure unless grounded on the recognition that man is a spiritual being with ideals beyond this world. To recommend only political and economic panaceas for the world problem of dehumanized forgotten man, is like recommending face powder for someone suffering from jaundice, or an alcohol rub for someone suffering from cancer. It is not our bodies that are ill; the soul of civilization is sick. The world is in a state of moral sin and it needs absolution.

Vain platitudes about "regeneration", "the Constitution", and "progress", are not going to save us even though we do go on shouting then louder and louder. We need a new word in our vocabulary—and that word is God. We need a new standard of judging men than by the wealth they acquire, and that is the virtues they practice. We need less emphasis on the Five Year Plan and more on the Eternal Plan, for what doth it profit a man if he fill the world with tractors and lose his immortal soul?

PERCEPTION

*A sturdy bush
Of rambling roses,
Feminine delicate,
Flowered
(Rather defiantly,
I thought),
Beside a broken fence.*

*It blossomed eagerly,
Fiery budlets popping out,
Scrambled
One over another
To hide the rotted boards.
Insinuating
Its many soft arms,
It gingerly caressed
The stubborn wood.*

*He saw
A fragile beauty
Striving to find expression.
He said:
"That fence needs fixing."*

E. RILEY HUGHES, '37.

The Kettle

George V. O'Brien, '38

"**B**UT," said the Rev. Mr. Hobart, "the Lord said, 'Vengeance is mine; I shall repay,' you cannot get away from that."

"I don't think that's as exclusive as you think," objected a fussy little member tapping his pipe in the ashstand. "You certainly can't deny that the state has a right to make a man pay the debt for his mis-doings. And what the state makes a man do in punishment is in way of being called vengeance."

"And besides," put in a cool-eyed gentleman on a sofa, "the state's punishment of a crime does not always atone for everything suffered by one wronged by the miscreant."

"But that's just my contention," hastily objected the clergyman, "the Lord repays all that, in his own good way."

"Do you not think that a man who for legal reasons has escaped punishment for a wrong that lasts through the life of another, should be punished by those nearly concerned?" asked the cool-eyed sofa-user.

"No I don't," snapped the clergyman.

"But you will allow that, if legal means fail to obtain reparation in the case of something having been stolen, the one injured has a right morally to secret recovery of the thing or its value without doing greater injury, as far as possible?"

The clergyman pursed his lips. "I hesitate to make any general statement that would cover all cases," he said.

"That's just it," went on the last objector, "Particular cases always go outside of general rules. If there is no dissenting voice, I shall relate a parallel case which I myself know to be fact."

A scratching of matches and a gurgling sound of poured liquids accompanied a general settling into comfortable positions. The speaker raised himself from his lolling position and sat bending forward, his elbows on his knees and his hands clasped before him.

A stranger answering the gruff invitation to come in, stamped the snow off his heavy boots and entered the one room of the cabin on the out-skirts of Camp Threeways. His casual glance took in the room as a whole: the bed, the table at which the man sat, the desk in the corner and the couple of chairs. He answered the gruff "Howdy" that greeted him, and the inquiring look by asking, "Will you please tell me where Zeke Fuller's cabin is?"

"Why do you want to know?" The man at the table eyed the stranger warily.

A quiet smile appeared on the latter's face. "I reckon, friend, Zeke Fuller is the only one who has a right to ask that question."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"Well—he's asking it."

Zeke Fuller, looking into the stranger's eyes, saw there a look slightly surprised and at the same time slightly

amused. His own eyes held their accustomed bold look—the look with which he handled the six hundred men singly and en masse for the government at Camp Threeways. There was a moment's pause.

"Well, that's lucky," said the stranger seating himself uninvited opposite Zeke. "I've been hearing so much about you, I've wanted to meet you."

"Just what do you mean?" The wary look was still there.

"Well, for instance, I heard how you handle the job you're on now."

"Well, what about it? What're you here for? Why do you want particularly to see me?" The questions followed each other in staccato order, and there was an overbearing tone that required patience to overlook.

"I'm a mixture of story-writer and newspaper man. I smelled a good story up here and came, that's all." He smiled good-humoredly. "I'd like to hear a few of your experiences, if you don't mind. Good material your life up here." Zeke Fuller got up and opening the door of the stove threw in a small block of wood from a box full near the stove. He sat down in silence.

"For example," prompted the stranger, "I'd like to hear how you handled that negro lynching." The other turned quickly and flashed an angry look at the stranger.

The latter smiled apologetically. "I heard of it in the next county from a hand who used to work here, I'm not so much interested in the details as in your reactions. Do you mind giving them to me?"

Zeke bent over and lifted a large kettle full of water on to the red hot stove top and shoved it towards the center. There was silence again for

about three minutes. The kettle began to hum a little and that was the only sound in the room. Zeke at length broke silence.

"Well, I suppose there ain't no harm in telling my reactions." He laughed. "My recollections on them are somewhat confused." I was pretty drunk, I guess."

"He glanced at the stranger who was looking interestedly at him and went on.

"You see I hated that negro; he used to pull funny wise cracks before them about me. The men liked him for them. I could never catch him, but I heard about them. Well, he pulled a boner when he attacked one of their daughters and he was caught before he could make his getaway. They took him out to River Fork and were about to string him up, when I came in the scene. I had heard about it and beat it there as fast as I could." He paused.

The kettle had now begun to sing busily and the stranger's eyes turned casually to look at it.

Fuller continued, "It flashed into my mind that here was my chance to get even."

"With the men?" The stranger's eyes remained on the kettle as he asked the question.

"No," scornfully, "with that negro. I didn't have any thoughts in particular, except to get even as I pushed through the mob. My mind, curse it, it's been always like that—the stranger looked at him quickly, and turned away as quickly—flew back to a shell-hole in Belleau Wood when three Germans jumped me and I thought for a moment I was going west. If I didn't show any sign then, I knew my heart almost stopped there and then.

"Well, a parley with the leaders convinced them I ought to have charge of the lynching, and then I turned to the cur. He fell on his knees before me and slavered for mercy. He knew I was getting even." He laughed reminiscently and the kettle sang joyously as if echoing his pleasure. The stranger's face took on a drawn look and into his eyes stole a hard look. His eyes were still on the kettle.

"I put the rope around his neck and motioned the crowd back, but as I turned to pull the rope, the negro turned and made a bolt for the crowd. The rope rushed through my hand. Man! my hands almost sizzled; it reminded me of the sizzling of—" His voice died away and he paused, his eyes for a moment staring into the past. The kettle was now sending our great clouds of steam.

A snarl from the stranger pulled him back to the present, and he leapt to his feet to find himself staring into a pair of glaring eyes. The stranger had him covered with a steadily held revolver. They stood so a moment, the kettle's low bubbling sound an accompaniment to the tenseness of the situation. Fuller knew the jump was on him.

"So it reminded you of a sizzling, did it?" barked the stranger.

"Put your hands up—now!"

Fuller lifted them above his shoulders. The stranger stepped around the table, the gun never wavering a fraction. Fuller's gun was flung into a corner in a second, and the second after the stranger, stepping back a pace, threw his own in the same direction.

"So it reminded you of a sizzling, did it?"

Fuller met the accompanying onslaught of the furious stranger, met it with flying fists and panting breath, for

his attacker was no mean aggressor. Round and round the cabin the battlers clawed and bashed their bloody way. Through it all the kettle poured clouds of steam into the room. The stranger seemed to know then they were near the guns and forestalled any effort of Fuller's to reach one of them. Fuller went down a few times and his breathing and the kettle's bubbling were the only sounds as the stranger waited for him to get up. A sudden uppercut caught Fuller on the chin and he went down like a falling tree. The stranger stood looking down at him, his lips drawn back in an ugly snarl and his lungs dragging in breaths in gulps. But only for a moment he stood. Turning to the bed, he tore the sheets into strips and twisted them into rope-like bonds. He next stripped Fuller to the waist, and lifted him onto the bed, binding him to it face down. Then he dragged the bed over to the stove so that the head of the prisoner was directly opposite the glowing door. As the man showed signs of recovering consciousness, the stranger took the last strip of sheeting and turning Fuller's face towards the stove he bound it to the bed so that his mouth was gagged and his head immovable. Then he waited until Fuller's eyes opened. A convulsive movement from the bound man showed consciousness fully recovered. A succession of such movements showed Fuller the uselessness of trying to get free.

For the third time, the stranger standing where Fuller could see, rapped out, "So it reminded you of a sizzling, did it? A sizzling you heard twelve years ago—twelve years it took me to find you. I'll go over it for you; you'll like to hear it; it's something you're proud of, I'm sure." The

figure on the bed moved convulsively, and lay still, its eyes fixed in terror on the stranger. The latter went on, the steam from the kettle almost hiding him in mist.

"They were branding steers and you were boss of the outfit. My brother, young and a new hand at the game, was awkward and injured a steer with a hot branding iron. You saw how the steer's bawling in pain seered his very soul—ay, he was too tender hearted for your game. You,—brave man!—taunted him with his awkwardness, beat him up for that; but you weren't satisfied. No!"

He paused and the kettle's busy hum was again uppermost in breaking the silence.

The stranger went on.

"Don't think that because you were drunk there's any excuse for what you did when you overpowered him one day alone on the ranch and having stripped him to the waist, bound him, and heating a branding iron, you planted it on each shoulder blade. How you laughed at his squirming body; he told me."

A stifled groan broke from the bound man and the shudder that went through him shook the bed. The snarling voice went on relentlessly.

"You drove him out then terrifying him by threatening to repeat it, if he came back. He told me his flesh sizzled and smelled of burning and you laughed."

He turned towards the steaming kettle, the eyes of the bound Fuller following him with a foreboding look. Then he turned back to the bed.

"Well, I'm going to give you a chance to know what a burn is, a good big one, as long and as broad as your back."

The convulsive movement of the body on the bed told of the agony of mind reflected in the eyes that stared up at the stranger. The lid of the kettle chattered loudly as if applauding the resolution of the stranger and the steam seemed to envelope him lingeringly.

The stranger. "When I came in here first, I intended only to thrash you within an inch of your life. To do that I had to feel the gorge rise up in me. You had to make some remark to rouse me to fury. Your story of the lynching was asked for deliberately. It was your undoing."

"When you spoke of your mind's habit of reverting to past events, I determined you'd live through the terror my brother had lived through before you branded him; and, when you threw the wood into the fire and the kettle began to sing, I thought of this plan."

For a second the eyes of the bound man turned upwards in his head and the stranger thought his prisoner had passed out; but it was only momentary reaction and the stranger smiled sardonically and bending over he ran his fingers slowly down the naked back, and from the bound man broke forth a groan of such sheer despair that the damned in hell must have envied.

"You, too, will know the agony of a peeling back, of a raw skin and the hell of sleepless nights. You, too, will be on your belly for days—if you survive—until you are sick of life and wish to die."

The eyes of the bound man closed and opened again with the look of terror changed to piteous pleading. The stranger bent down into a sitting posture and with eyes level with those of the prisoner, he snarled, "Yeah?—So did my brother plead with you to spare

him. He told me you answered by saying his skin was so white, it would take a nice brand. Well—your skin is not white, but it will blister just as well as if it were as white as the snow outside.”

The stranger stepped around the bed, and the eyes of the bound man losing sight of his enemy involuntarily turned toward the kettle. It still chattered though not so loudly: “I’m going to get enough water to fill the kettle a second time.” He lifted a large jug standing near the door and went out. In a moment he was back with it filled to the brim.

Walking to the stove, he lifted the kettle and laughed harshly as he noticed the eyes of the prisoner still fastened on the utensil as if having seen a chance for mercy from the human, he would ask nature to be not natural. The stranger stood for a moment, the jug in his left hand, the kettle in his right with its spout turned toward the face of the bound figure but far enough away so that the steam would not injure him. The stricken look in the man’s eyes flashed from the kettle to the stranger’s face and back again and a succession of shudders rattled the bedstead. For the last time the stranger spoke.

He said, “I’m going to stand behind you and you won’t know when I’m go-

ing to begin. I hope you’ll enjoy the wait—and the arrival—and *the sight of a boiling kettle all the rest of your life.*”

He walked to the other side of the bed, paused a moment. Then lifting his hand he let a thin stream of water fall on the middle of the man’s back. A fearful and dreadful groan frightened the silence of the cabin; a long shudder convulsed the body of the prisoner, and then the muscles relaxed; he had fainted. With a solemn look on his face the stranger replaced on the stove the kettle from which he had not poured a drop. What was left in the jug after the thin stream had fallen on the man’s back he spilled onto the cabin floor. Setting down the jug on the floor, he bent over the unconscious man and having taken a knife from his pocket, he cut the bonds on the prisoner’s wrists. Then having straightened his clothes as best he might, he recovered his hat and went out quietly and quickly.

The member who had told the story paused a moment, and walked quietly to the door. He turned there and spoke to the still silent audience. “I wonder if I collected the whole debt? Good night, gentlemen.” The door closed as quietly after him.

GOOD INTENTIONS

—*Buds, blossoming forth in the Spring,
Give fruitless beauty through the Summer.
In the Autumn . . .
Having borne no fruit . . .
They fall to the ground
And wither away into nothingness.*

WILLIAM DENIS GEARY, '39.

Corvo, Singer in Solitude

Robert C. Healy, '39

"He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude."—*Shelley*

CORVO today is a mystery. Since his death he has been a mystery and to the last days of a mysterious world he will remain one of literature's great enigmas. The few who have entered the Corvine shrine have come away baffled by the man's life but enthralled by the artist's creations. Did such a person ever live? Yes, Frederick William Austin Lewis Mary Serafino Rolfe, Baron Corvo, lived from 1860 to 1913, almost in our own day; yet so archaic was his life and so esoteric his works that he seems almost a reincarnation from the Italian Renaissance.

Middle-class England produced Corvo. He was born in 1860, the son of a Dissenting piano-manufacturer. Artistically bent, the child was weaned at an early age to Catholicism. There amidst medieval pageantry and sonorous Latin he found a vocation for the Catholic priesthood. At Orcutt College, a Jesuit school near Manchester, he tried to subordinate himself to this vocation. It was impossible. Too many things occupied his time and attention. He was an amateur artist and his room was filled with weird archaic creations; he was an amateur photographer who tried to make his photography help his painting by flashing slides on his canvas and then painting in the outlines. Perhaps most destructive of all, he loved good things, and the plain fare, the dirty rooms, and the plebeian commonness of Orcutt and its students disgusted him. He left, sullen in hatred for the college authorities, but convinced of his own righteousness.

The next few years of Corvo's life were rambling and incoherent. Wandering from city to city, he impressed many a gullible Catholic, Bishop or layman, with his ability. They took him in, clothed him, fed him for a year or so, and then as nothing eventuated, thrust him forth with mutual recrimination. Corvo was forever dreaming of paintings never painted, inventions never financed, and masterpieces never written. These angels of kindness were temporarily induced to support the honey-tongued dreamer. Thus his travels were strewn with broken friendships and most of his days were spent in hopeful search for lodging and aid. Even amidst such stress he tenaciously maintained his vocation. Finally his earnestness persuaded the Bishop of Edinburg to send him to Scots College in Rome.

It was the same story repeated. Corvo with his niceties of clothing and food, his overbearing manner, and his hatred of the common horde ruined his own chances. He demanded, and often received, special privileges. At last he was dismissed from Rome for 'lack of a vocation'.

Frederick William Rolfe returned to England as Baron Corvo, alleging that an Italian Duchess had conferred the title on him. It is known that an Italian noblewoman for a time supported him, but it is more probable that his sudden accession to nobility was but another expression of his megalomania.

After this second reprisal Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo, was bitter against all Catholics. He had a persecution

mania and his dealings with Catholics were tinged with fear. Back in England he continued old tactics. Daily stacks of vituperation were posted to erstwhile friends; new assaults were made on the publishing lions. This was the period of *Hadrian the Seventh* and the *Chronicles of the House of Borgia*. Both of them netted him nothing and his days were a series of spongings. Nevertheless he could not be called a parasite. Those who befriended him enjoyed his brilliant conversational powers. It was always his own vanity and mania which severed many profitable connections.

The last years of Corvo's life were dreary and decadent. Another of those merciful friends invited him to visit Venice as his companion. There, in languorous and exotic surroundings, Corvo lingered. Money gave out, and he was continually dunning old acquaintances in England. Venice, the courtesan, the voluptuous, captivated his spirit and he sank to lowest moral degradation. Writing was not forgotten at this time and his beautiful handwriting embossed the pages of *Hubert's Arthur* as he wandered the lagoons, a gentleman Gondolier for hire. Nights he spent in the boathouse of a deserted Boating Club; days he whiled away under the Adriatic sky. It could not last, and in 1913 Baron Corvo died. They saved him from a pauper's grave and buried him in England. There has he lain, forgotten by literature, but still haunting those who read his books.

Here at last I had the details of this Corvo's career, literately written, and filled with strange inhibitions from the subject. "Quest for Corvo" is itself a strange work. It relates in a style at times bizarre, a search for material on the enigma. The author, A. J. Symons,

spent several years in the quest and his appreciation of the strange Victorian is the only comprehensive work on the subject. Even the publisher, Grant Richards, with whom Corvo had many pleasant and unpleasant contacts, does not even mention the author in his recent autobiography. Such lack of material makes Symons' work the more interesting. Perhaps "Quest for Corvo" will not introduce a new method into interpretive biography, but it did lead me into a passionate enthusiasm for Baron Corvo and his works.

Chronicles of the House of Borgia was the first volume I tried. The Borgias, a Spanish-Italian family whose pedigree includes Popes, Saints, and Queens, were an infamous group, if we may believe most historians. But Corvo disagrees and sets out to free the entire family from the smirches which history has thrown on it. Methodically he gives the entire history of the Borgias, discrediting all the crimes of which they have been accused. His arguments are ingenious and often he has authority for his statements. Yet in spite of the silken texture of his words, his ponderous displays of an over-healthy erudition, and such brilliance as 'undulated in inconstant curves' Corvo as an authoritative historian to my mind is not a complete success. His is a fanatical Catholic viewpoint, and he seizes on such obscure points as phrasing in documents and letters to prove that the Borgias were a model family. Lucrezia Borgia, by many considered the most infamous of the Borgia clan is to him an innocent woman, a loving wife, and a benevolent ruler. It is impossible to hold that all the accusations against the Borgias were untrue but Corvo does hold such a stand, and very creditably.

Aside from historical technicalities, the *Chronicles of the House of Borgia* presents a problem to the modern reader. With his archaic spellings, his capitalization of relative pronouns in the middle of sentences, his mania for exactness even to the point of superfluity, and his fondness for the grotesque and unusual in words, Corvo is difficult for the swift-tempoed modern reader. Such hideous monsters as 'xanthomeirikon' and 'gymandopais' clutter and crowd the scene but Corvo rises above mere display and projects his own personality and style into this polemic discussion of the Italian Renaissance.

As much as I enjoyed the *Chronicles* I found *Hadrian the Seventh* much more startling and pleasing. It is an autobiographical novel, a novel tinged with intense feeling and simmering hatred. Concealed under the pseudonym of George Rose, Corvo here dissects his life with a fine etching pen. Friends and enemies are given shrines of love or sarcasm and the whole is filled with over-wrought emotion shouting against the injustice of the world. Impersonally, the novel is unusually rich in plot. The newspaperman Rose, accepted into the priesthood and taken to Rome under the wing of a kindly Cardinal, becomes a dark-horse Pope. That is the situation which Corvo presents, and his Hadrian becomes a socialistic reformer of the Roman Court. The Vatican art treasures are sold for the poor as Hadrian embodies all his previous dreams into reality during his Papal rule.

With such an intriguing plot Corvo blazes. His opaque patterns of words are intertwined with acid portraits of those who had thwarted his real existence. There is the same profusion of

archaic words, unwieldy pachyderms which seem to dance rather than drown under Corvo's command. Hadrian is a true work of art, an achievement of its century. It has plot, color, and emotion in proper quantities, and yet it has lain neglected, gathering the dust of the years.

Finding the rest of Corvo's works was not so easy. Some of them like *Hubert's Arthur* have never been published while others like *Don Tarquinio* were taken off the publisher's lists when no sale developed. I did, however, have the good chance to find most of Corvo's shorter works, *Stories Toto Told Me*, in a small volume. The versatility of Corvo is further demonstrated in this work, a collection of short tales, macabre and natural, which the young Italian Toto relates to his English master. Unlike the *Chronicles* and *Hadrian* they sparkle and coruscate for their short length, leaving the reader amused and often stunned. In a small way they approach Poe's short masterpieces, but their style is completely Corvine. The "Tale of Some Cherubim" is a sweetly satirical study of men and their curiosity; the "Key and Purgatory" is a scintillating bit of etchwork while "About Doing Little, Lavishly" is a riotously impressionistic study of an Italian festival. There is in the latter very little plot but much sensual description, and there always remains to the reader the impression of one long parade of glittering caparisoned figures wending along the cobblestoned hills of the walled town. Besides these outstanding tales there are many more, each with an arresting title, all with the earmarks of the individualist Corvo.

It cannot be maintained that mere profusion of gorgeous words makes style. Style is an intangible substance,

reflecting the personality of the writer and offering a pleasing presentation of the author's ideas. Corvo certainly did have a personality. It was so vibrant that acquaintances were immediately attracted or repelled; indeed, it suited more ancient Greece or Rome than it did the mechanized efficiency of a modern England. Out of place in a strange environment, Corvo became an introvert, completely absorbed in a personal world. The need for self-expression crept out in such idiosyncrasies as the persecution mania and dabbling in art and undersea photography. It more obviously influenced his style and made his works an intensely personal expression.

Appreciation of Corvo's literary ability may easily be colored by his strange life. With a knowledge of his life we may trace the origin of the style, but it is only when we separate legend from fact that we will obtain a real insight into the man and his work. Corvo is neither a symbolist nor a teacher. He does not seek to upset society with his ideas or to build a larger, a greater world. What he did

wish was to express himself. Therefore, he is subjective and should be read with his own sufferings in mind. Thus there may be some ground for the allegation that he sought to justify his own checkered career by defending the House of Borgia. But in spite of textual criticism and biographical interpretation Corvo remains an intense individualist and a masterful artist of words.

In today's literature there are many writers whose only claim to fame and royalties is the fickleness of a sated public. While other more deserving souls sink into the dusts of oblivion these crackpots wax on a short profitable popularity. To my mind, there are many, living and dead, who merit a sustained popularity, and as one of these I humbly submit Baron Corvo. Some day a clarion voice, more inspired and fitting than mine, may rise to herald the greatness of this same Baron Corvo, but until then I fear that he will rest as he has rested since his death, a haunting spirit, scorned and forgotten by a calloused world.



On the Psychology of Hosiery

Walter F. Gibbons, '39

THERE is a great deal to be said about hosiery much more than appears on the surface. Why does so-and-so wear such a sock, why does this man always insist on stripes, that on checks? Is it mere chance, or a simple expression of personal taste? Ah, no, dear reader, it goes much deeper than that. It concerns the very character of the wearer. The study of socks and their relation to the man, though so long neglected, is now rapidly coming into its own.

The history of the sock is rather difficult to trace, but it is believed by most hosierologists to have had its beginning in that notable sock so oft referred to in connection with the Greek venerables, Aesculus and Euripides. Even at this early date the sock had a particular significance. At a later date the Romans, on special occasions, also wore hosiery, though of a different nature. From fragmentary records unearthed at Pompeii we read, "... et homo soxa alba gerebat".* For a time the sock apparently disappears. Then in England, just after the Norman conquest, it is seen again in still another form. "Shoes ful moiste and newe with hosen of silver shene" were worn by one of the "doctours of the lande, y-mette at London". In the fourteenth century the Wife of Bath proceeds to Canterbury with "her hosen of fine scarlet reed". Two centuries later the Elizabethan courtier proudly displays his legs encased in full length stockings. And so, by gradual modification and reduction, was produced the gentleman's sock of the present day.

Most interesting are the psychological reactions produced in certain individuals by various colors and styles of socks. A man shows certain characteristics present in his make-up by his inclinations to certain colors or color combinations. Since the greater part of the gentleman's apparel is generally exposed to view, these tendencies express themselves in the more or less hidden hosiery.

By way of explanation, let us consider the various types of hose, drawing conclusions from them. Here, for example, is a gentleman wearing black silk socks, as we perceive when he lifts his foot. From this we may safely deduce that this man is one who is cold and calculating in his business dealings, a Republican politically, (since black is generally the color of conservatism). He is undoubtedly a big capitalist, (we use "big" in preference to a more popular modifier of the noun) and probably a banker. Such a man as Hoover or Rockefeller would wear black.

On the other hand here is a young man sporting bright red checkered socks. The appeal of red is purely emotional. It is the color of fire and blood. It denotes life, action. Mars is painted red, the color of warfare, and red is inseparably associated with passion, heat, and anger. In socks it has these same meanings and associations. This gentleman is, as we have said, young. He is afire with ambition, glowing with health. He probably does calisthenics every morning with the radio announcer—you know, one, two, three

up, one, two, three down—gulping oxygen gluttonously before a wide open window. The fondness of the Scot for this type of hosiery is easily explained by these mental associations. Here, however, we pause to take exception. Oftentimes, it will be found that a person with an inferiority complex will, as a last resort, adopt the red sock in a final attempt to gain some degree of self-confidence. This complicates matters, but by close observation we can discern this imposter. He will wear the socks securely hitched up by garters; they will not droop and hang over the shoe-tops as will those of the martian disciple.

The green sock denotes tranquillity and serenity. It is suggestive of hope, of confidence, and of high endeavor. The wearer will be of an aesthetic nature. In the more extreme cases, there might even be a penchant to poetry. I have no doubts, personally, that Rupert Brookes wore green socks all through the War, (not the same pair, of course). Keats undoubtedly wore green socks with, perhaps a yellow clock, signifying loftiness of thought.

A blue color scheme in the sock would predict truthfulness, wisdom, order, and lack of imagination. Pallas Athene, the "blue-eyed maid", probably

wore blue stockings also. Foreign diplomats almost invariably prefer blue hosiery.

And so we could ramble on endlessly. We could give various color combinations, stripes and plaids. But for the average sockologist these fundamentals will serve the purpose. From these he can infer the character of any man, however complex. Mark you, I say *man* not *woman*. I disclaim all responsibility for prediction by this method (or any other, for that matter) of a woman's character. It cannot be done. Women are of an opinion that a stocking should match the leg—I believe that's the general idea. We men realize the absolute folly of such an idea, but we know better, by experience, than to try to correct them. Let ill enough alone. But in a psycho-analysis of a male of the species, this method is not only simple and direct but complete and almost infallible. You can even tell the wearer certain things which he himself does not know. So take heed to the study of socks and you will find yourself a wiser and much more tactful man—and then *you'll* be wearing blue socks!

* Cf. "Latinity". Daniel Joseph O'Neill, Ph. D. 1935.)

FIRST CITIZEN

*We knew him for a man of world renown.
A distant nod, three fingers in a wave,
Were all the wealth he e'er bestowed the town,
Whose pregnant answer was the coolness of a grave.*

E. RILEY HUGHES, '37.

Present Day Art

Francis J. King, '39

THERE are many and varied definitions of art. Logicians define art as a collection of rules to direct action. Here the term is used in relation to a science. An art may be manual or liberal according to its direction of physical or mental action. The popular term "fine arts" includes such studies as poetry, music, dramatics and drawing and painting. It is within this group that I place my subject. Fine arts are often defined as a reflection of the beautiful, a representation of the beautiful. Some contend that the fine arts are the author's own interpretation of the beautiful or the beautiful tinged with his own personality. Such connotations can be properly applied to drawing and painting which I speak of here.

This particular subject of drawing bears the popular but most comprehensive term "art". It differs from the other fine arts only in its means of portraying the beautiful. A poet utilizes the swing, rhythm and smooth-flowing grace of words together with specific mental action to attain his end. The artist employs physical objects such as pen, pencil or some of our new synthetic compounds. Both appeal to the intellect but through different avenues of sense perception.

Present day art may be divided into "art for art's sake", surface design and form design. I might say that the first of the three is most properly a fine art. Surface design and form design of the present are not true fine arts because

the artist is cramped by the money factor. The designer is working particularly for an individual other than himself and in this premise he can no longer instill his own individuality into the subject. Then again, the needs which must be satisfied in industry such as usefulness and methods of production often result in a change of design wholly distasteful to the artist. In "art for art's sake", the author can do exactly what is pleasing to himself. He can draw a rhythmical line here or leave bushy eyebrow off in order to attain a more beautiful composition. He is his own client. However, as soon as he does jobs on commission, where the buyer dictates to him, he becomes a commercial artist and his work drops a peg. I do not mean by this that all artists who are receiving remuneration for their work, are inferior to the "fine" artist. Many times, as was true in other periods, the artist is left entirely on his own and is subject to his own dictum. This is the case with Charles Hawthorne, nationally famous portrait painter, who did this work for a living. He stoutly refused to accept a commission unless his patron agreed beforehand to accept the work as Mr. Hawthorne wished to do it. This is true of many architects and industrial designers who have attained fame. Norman Bel Geddes is designing stage sets in his own fashion. Through his cleverness not even the problems of set handling, building or removal hamper or hurt his style. The buyers are apt to have faith

in an artist of repute and in this way he gains the inside track on the novices.

Thus, it is readily seen that commercial advertising, industrial design and architecture may be fine arts if the artist is permitted to work independently of his customer in the actual execution of the job and if the wolf at the door can be chased away long enough to permit him to work freely.

The function of our present day art varies according to the type. For instance, portraits are still being used as memories. In the graphic arts, art is employed to represent a subject. In the industrial field, modern design lends itself to the beautification of the product of building as the case may be.

Today, portraits, murals, illustration and landscapes are the subjects in which the artist is permitted the most freedom. In these fields there is a greater chance for the study of true design. Here the artist is working with just brush and paint and he can devote his entire time to the representation of beauty saturated with his own personality. Portraits serve to represent a model but at the same time, the artist employs his own color system, modeling and composition of the entire subject. In the past few years murals have become increasingly popular. With the advent of new types of building with plain severe lines, some form of decoration was necessary. Murals satisfy this need. In these wall paintings the artist combines his knowledge of portrait painting with the most important factor, composition. Usually the murals depict some moments of the American scene. It is treated more or less in a semi-abstract fashion, so that the proper thought is conveyed without sacrificing good design.

Illustration is a type that dovetails with commercial art. However, illustration is more restrictive. The artist deals particularly with figures. He is not representing a product as the graphic artist is. He illustrates the writings and ideas of an author. The demand for illustration has become exceedingly great in the past few years. Keen competition and the horde of illustrators on the market have resulted in rockbottom prices. Today in New York artists are doing illustration work for little or nothing.

Many art students are painting landscapes, still-life groups and other such subjects and then placing them on exhibition for sale. These serve only as a means of beautifying the home, office and the like.

With increased rivalry in the advertising field in the past few years, the graphic artist has a great opportunity. More time is being devoted to the layout of an advertisement. In some of our magazines of twenty or thirty years ago, a page was crammed full with useless words. Today the layout man uses a knowledge of practical human psychology to get his idea to the customer. Even packages are being redesigned. The manufacturer is aware of the effect that good design has on the buyer. Hence he employs a commercial artist to design his package, whereas in former years this was the job of the printer.

Another specific group of modern artists is the industrial designer. These people are divided according to the particular line in which they are working, such as architecture, jewelry or textiles. The architect of today works in the same manner as Michelangelo. With new materials, better machines and tools, his product is far superior to

many of the older forms of architecture. His job is to create buildings suitable to such present day needs as proper lighting, air conditioning and heating, comfort, et cetera.

One of the largest fields in art today is that of designing small accessories and implements. Manufacturers are becoming, day by day, more aware of the importance of good design. Such an improvement has always been a boon to sales. It is a well known fact that when a carpenter is about to buy a hammer and has the choice between a plain one and one with a red band around the handle, he invariably picks the latter.

This field of product design goes hand in hand with jewelry design. The jewelry industry depends entirely on design. It is in this field that the keenest of competition is present. And because of this fact, some of our best designs are found on bracelets, rings and pendants.

Textile designing, i. e. print and jacquard designs has reached a new high because of the creation of cheaper type of manufacture. Here again rivalry among manufacturers has resulted in a better type of design.

People are quick to criticise the modern trends in art. Many times they are justified but all too often they are at fault themselves. I admit that many artists go to extremes in their work and in these cases the *laity* is quick to criticise. In the matter of portraits some painters abstract so much likeness from the subject that the result is entirely unsatisfactory. In murals the same effect is often apparent. The artist may so pattern, design and compose his piece that the entire thought is lost. Some extreme modernism is found in architecture and smaller objects. Here

the designer is apparently aware of nothing but his own designs, forgetting entirely the utility and manufacturing methods. Such criticism is proper.

However, many might say the majority of people enter an exhibition of contemporary artists and the first words out of mouths are, "Oh! that's modernistic". A new candlestick is shown and the word streamline invariably creeps in. Let us pause with these two terms, streamline and modernistic. The average American "art critic" has not the slightest conception of either one. Streamline refers to the mechanics of hydraulics. It is the line or general direction that the water or fluid takes during operation of a hydraulic machine. Since water always chooses the easiest course, the term streamline was used to describe the motion of any object designed to take the path of least resistance. Thus the word streamline is applied to objects that are made so as to cut down on air resistance. It is absolutely proper to say that an automobile is streamlined because it has been designed so that air resistance will be at a minimum. The word "modernistic" was coined to strengthen the idea of modern. Essentially it is no different.

A large amount of the criticism of the laity is due to ignorance. They fail to realize the end that the artist or designer is attempting to accomplish. Let us take for example a picture I saw in a recent exhibition. It portrayed a farm house with the conventional barn and hen house, a few apple trees in the foreground and an old dirt road running along the side. The house had been done in a flaming yellow, the other buildings in a reddish hue and the apple trees in a myriad of colors. The whole scene bordered on the popular notion of

"modernistic". On top of it all the artist had called his piece, "Eggs For Sale". This naturally brought forth criticism and caustic comment. The majority of people standing before the picture were entirely ignorant of the artist's point of view. He was trying to gain a perfect color harmony throughout an interestingly designed composition. For such a scene no other colors would have had the vibratory relationship that the raw yellow enjoyed with the reds. Then the slant of the house projecting on an apparent mistake in perspective on the barn created a perfect pattern of line and mass.

Consider the form design of today. With intense study on this subject, designers have changed their points of view. They have found that good design lies in the fact that a material should be made to appear exactly as it is. Thus, a good designer will no longer attempt to make metal look like wood or vice versa. Design, therefore, should be implied and not applied.

Art is becoming more and more dependent upon the age that surrounds it. The art of today is associated with a machine age and so affected. We are dealing with form at all times and this

concept of form has harassed the artist so that in his work one can see the predominance of good form. Our industrial designers are allowing the machine to govern a type of design. Scrolls, bow knots, and whatnots are no longer applied to a smooth flat surface but the form is left exactly as the tool that shapes it.

Present day art ranks just as high as the old Greek or Roman. Its future depends upon the education of the buyers, upon the education of the masses. This can be attained through careful planning of school curricula throughout the fields of art for the mass of buyers. Only when the rank and file understand art in its present form will art make headway.

When comprehension is attained, then appreciation follows and the trend flows smoothly. Art is complex and it is not unlike other subjects in that the more you learn, the wider the fields opens to grasp more. It is a subject which affords great pleasure and enjoyment without the necessity of a personal talent. The sooner this is realized, the sounder will be our understanding and enjoyment of present day art.

MODERATION

*Love is everything that's fine.
It is pleasing to the lip,
But drugs the soul like crimson wine
Durst it take too full a sip.*

WILLIAM DENIS GEARY, '39.

One Fleeting Hour

John A. Graham, '38

LUELLA NEWELL, a frail, slightly stooped old lady of singular delicate complexion and pale blue eyes, sat behind the muslin drapes of her cool living room. She was searching impatiently through a pile of yellowed sheet music. "Here 'tis at last," she murmured a little excitedly, "I allers could do this uncommon well."

She arose hurriedly and stood before a frying-pan suspended from the chandelier. She would have been pretty had not her face been too thin, and her shoulders bent weakly forward. The hand in which she held the music trembled. Taking a short breath, Luella began to sing.

"When the twilight of eve dims the
sun's last ray
And the shades of the night gather
fast—"

The clear soprano voice lacked volume, but the tone was sweet and expressive.

"There is one fleeting hour that I've
prayed would stay,
Full of joy and of pain that's
passed.—"

The chords in the thin neck seemed ready to burst, and the loose white bob dangled unsteadily as she strained to reach the last note, and made it.

"And emotions arise that no words
can tell,
As you look back o'er the years."

Luella stumbled backwards into the chair, holding her hand over her heart

and breathing spasmodically. Between breaths she said defiantly, "I'll show her. . . . I'll show her I'm not too old t' sing. . . . That old cat call me an old fool, will she? I'll show . . . her. Why . . . Oh, my heart." Her eyes closed; her hands lay limply in her lap. She sat there exhausted for several hours.

In all her sixty-two years of life, Luella had never been really happy. Never very well herself, for forty-five years she had cared unceasingly for a complaining, invalid father. When at length the old man died, Luella found herself weaker than ever. "It's your heart, Lou," old Doc Grey had mumbled through his rusty white beard. "You'd best not excite yourself, or you'll be the next." He pointed knowingly toward the churchyard.

Now throughout all these years of patient sacrifice Luella had had but one ambition. She wanted to sing in public, to show folks that she could sing as well as Martha Cowell. She was slightly jealous of Martha. As school-chums they had both taken lessons in voice. But while Luella was being drawn into seclusion by her sickly parent, Martha had become famous as a singer in all the surrounding villages. Every Sunday as she sat in the family pew and listened to Martha, who was leader of the choir, Luella longed for an opportunity to display her talents. One day she met her friend on Main Street.

"Marthy," said she timidly.

"Yes, Lou?" She was a short, stout woman with fiery red neck and hands.

"Marthy, do you suppose . . . do you think . . . will you let me sing in the choir?"

"Why, Lou, you're too old," she replied with evident surprise. Then she added proudly, "Of course, ef you had been singin' regular like me, 'twould be different. Why, I do believe you've even forgot how to sing."

As Luella departed deeply hurt, she heard Martha mutter to herself, "The old fool. I think she's gettin' queer." That was too much. Her sorrow turned to anger, and she began to plan revenge. In her determination she forgot the doctor's warning, and finally, overcome by excitement, suffered the heart attack.

The next morning Luella arose weak and dazed. But she put on her best clothes, packed a small travelling-bag, and started slowly for the depot. As she walked, she seemed to regain her strength, and by the time she reached Martha's shingled bungalow, she was humming merrily. Seeing her friend's unshapely form bent over the zinnias in the side garden, she called out pleasantly. A strange expression of jealousy, mingled with contempt, mystery, and glee, overspread her pallid countenance.

"Mornin', Marthy!"

"Mornin', Lou. You're out early, ain't you?" She gazed curiously at the bag.

"I'm agoin' to New York."

"Y' ain't stayin' long, are you?"

"A week or two."

"Oh, Lou, ain't you comin' back for meetin' Sunday night? Rev. Sturdy's agoin' to demonstrate the new radio. I shouldn't think you'd care t' miss that."

"Guess I'll have to." She chuckled.

Martha's long, sensitive nose wiggled. It always did that when she was vexed. "Goin' for a visit?" she asked meaningly.

"Nope, on busness." She chuckled again.

"Well, I hope I'll be ahearin' from you real soon."

"'Bout Sundy, maybe. Goodbye, Marthy." She laughed bitterly, and as she set out once more, she said through gritted teeth, "I'll git even with you, Marthy Cowell, ef it's the last thing I do."

Luella was still chuckling the following morning as she entered a towering granite building on ——— St., and began to climb the stairs. She never rode on elevators because they made her heart "skip." Half way up the second flight of worn slate steps, she stumbled against the bannister. The flushed cheeks bespoke exhaustion, but her small, dimpled chin was tilted defiantly. "I'll show *her* she ain't the only pebble on the beach," she gasped. She started up again, staggering a little on each step. "Jest six more little steps an' I'll make that proud old peacock set up an' take notice." Luella nearly fell. "Only two more . . . ah, I made it. Now we'll see, Marthy Cowell, now we'll see. Call me an old fool, will you?"

Falteringly she entered an office, and faced a gum-chewing secretary, who, with dexterity that bespoke practice, hid a copy of "Film Fun" beneath a pile of papers.

"C'n I see Captain Rounds, please?"

"Who shall I say is calling?" She gazed critically at the stooped figure. "Luella Newell to see you, Sir Go right in, Miss Newell."

Luella's body was tense with excitement. She seemed to have recovered from her spell. A tall thin man, gray of hair and eye, advanced to meet her. "Lou! It's been a long time since I've seen you. What can I do for you?" he boomed.

"'Member years ago you told me ef I ever wanted a favor done, t' come to you? I've come. I want ta sing on yet amature hour."

"Why, Lou, you're fooling. Ho . . . ho . . . ho . . ." His whole person shook with merriment.

"No, I mean it, Jim. C'n I? Say yes," she pleaded.

"Well . . .," he hesitated. "All right. I guess I can make an exception in your case."

"Thank you, Jim," said she pleasantly, but there was a light in her eyes like that of a naughty child about to do mischief. "I guess Marthy'll find she ain't so smart now."

"What's that, Lou? Why, Lou, Lou!" She had fallen lightly from the chair. Her face was pale and drawn, but a little smile of triumph played about her mouth.

For three days Luella was confined to her bed. The doctor, the nurse, and Captain Jim Rounds pleaded in vain with her to give up her plans. She replied firmly, "You ain't agoin' to stop me. I'm agoin' to sing. I'm agoin' to sing, do you hear?" Strangely enough her determination seemed to give her strength.

Sunday night she stood backstage in the huge auditorium in the Beaumont Building. She payed no attention to the program, but kept saying to herself over and over again, "I ain't agoin' to fail now. Wouldn't Marthy laff ef I made a fool of myself! But I ain't agoin' to. I ain't!"

"Luella Newell is next," called out Captain Rounds. "Application states 'am sixty-two years old. Would like to sing 'One Fleeting Hour'. Go right ahead, Miss Newell."

A slight murmur passed through the vast audience as Luella, dressed in lavender silk, stepped nervously before the "mike." "I c'n just see the look on Marthy's face when my name was called out," thought she. "Her an' all the rest of them choir members a settin' there in church alistenin' to *me*. Oh, I missed the chord. Stop shakin', Luella Newell. What are you afeard of? Jest think of Marthy back there in Baltic . . . Now!"

"When the twilight of eve dims the
sun's last ray
And the shades of the night gather
fast;—"

Her voice shook a little on the first notes, but grew steadier as she sang.

"There is one fleeting hour that I've
prayed would stay,
Full of joy and of pain that's passed
. . .

"You may be important around Baltic, Marthy Cowell, but you ain't never sung to the whole world. So . . .

"And perhaps you may know of its
wondrous spell,

Its smiles and its bitter tears; . . ."

She steadied herself by grasping the rod that held the microphone. She began the second verse, the rich soprano tones rising and falling sweetly. The knuckles of the clenched hand grew white.

"Then 'tis well to forget and go
bravely on

With a smile spite of tear-dimmed
eyes . . ."

"So I'm an old fool am I? I don't know how to sing. You'll regret the

day you said that, Marthy. . . . I wish that pain would leave my heart . . .

"And then every day shall be one glad song

Full of love that conquers all."

The last few words were drowned out by the thunderous applause. The audience was on its feet, shouting, cheering, whistling, stamping. "Well, Marthy, what do you think o' that?"

But Luella's fleeting hour of triumph was ended. As she left the stage she stumbled and fell into the arms of the announcer. She was carried to an ante-room, where she lay scarcely breathing until Captain Jim came.

"Jim." It was barely a whisper.

"Yes, Lou?" He bent closer.

"I've been an old fool acarryin' on like this . . . there ain't no good agoin' t' come of it . . I ain't hurt nobody but myself." She lay still, scarcely breathing. After a while she opened her eyes. "Jim . . please ask . . . Marthy to . . . sing at my fun . . ral . . . she allers was . . . better'n me. . . That's . . . that's why I was . . . jealous . . . I guess."

"Lou . . ."

"G'bye, Jim," she gasped, a quiet smile lighting up her drawn face.

FLIGHT

*I fled the city crowds this afternoon.
I fled the beauty of the galleries,
And found the beauty of the fields and woods.
I fled mankind beset with woes and wars,
And found the birds and fish in harmony.
I fled skyscrapers tantalizing God
And found the verdant trees all praising Him.
I fled the mundane cares, and when I came
To where I sat upon an old stone wall
O'erlooking speckled field and that clear lake
Which plagiarized the sky and all the scene
Beyond its length . . . I found contentment there.*

WILLIAM DENIS GEARY, '39.

Races Are Fixed

William B. Plasse, '38

BEFORE this story is told I suppose I should tell you who and where I am. I'm just an old chestnut gelding eight years old, Note Boy, by name, that has been racing since I was a two-year-old. I've won my share of races, but lately my right fore leg has been bothering me quite a bit. My owner, F. T. Boards, has me down here at Fedora Gardens, a beautiful track near Grainger, Kentucky, in the hope of dropping me into a couple of spot races so that he can retire me and put me out to pasture.

Well now, that's enough about my drab, spottedly interesting history, so let's get down to the real issue. My faithful friend, Bill Plasse, has asked me to give you a full report on the coming Freakness Stakes to be held here at Fedora. Ordinarily I wouldn't do this, but Bill has given me moral support in all my races—he never failed to slap two bucks on my nose—so I feel that I owe him a chance to make up part of the money that he's lost on my account. (He says my story would be worth plenty.)

We'll start with the stable gossip and work right up through the big race.

The horses being prepped for the big race are (a) Dishonest, I Wonder, Never Did, (b) Laughing Stock, Malt, Blood Red, Whoa, Action, (a) Kidding Ewe, Totalisator, Memories, Can't Lose, (b) Running Backwards, Leap Year and Skipsit. (Dishonest and Kidding Ewe is the Backwater Farms entry

and Laughing Stock and Running Backwards is the combination sent to the post by G. W. Candlehilt.)

The future bookings have made Malt the favorite, giving odds of nine to five on him on the basis of his brilliant showing in the Alaskan Derby last month. That's the only name you here around here—Malt. Malt is quartered diagonally across from my stall, and while he was cooling down after a race the other day he told me he had an awful sore side where he bruised it against the starting gate. In fact, he said it was so bad that he knew he wouldn't be in shape for the big race. He hopes his trainer will discover the injury, which doesn't show on the surface, in time to scratch him from the race.

Personally, I like little Leap Year. About a week ago he was entered in a race against Dishonest, Whoa, Action, Remarkable and several other horses not entered in the stakes. As the field was rounding the far turn, Dishonest, a whopper of a horse, slammed into Leap Year, jarred him to the hocks, and knocked him completely off stride. Now Leap Year is out for revenge and, believe me, that little son-of-a-gun certainly can run when he's got a peeve on. He made a pretty poor showing after being bumped and as a result the future books give him odds of twenty-five to one.

Dishonest, the foolish bully, just about ran himself out winning that race

and now he won't be able to justify anything but his name in running poorly as the three to one second favorite.

Today I overheard gossip to the effect that I Wonder and Skipsit were going to cooperate and try to pinch off the rest of the field at the start. Even if they do try, I'll still choose Leap Year, because he'll start so fast that those two will gasp for breath.

Aha! the fast-breaking Running Backwards is going to help out Leap Year, (his blood-brother), by literally running interference for him and holding back any horses that try to overtake him.

Jumpin' steeplechasers! That's what I call sportsmanship! The gang found out today that Never Did is going to be sold to a junk dealer as a cart horse if he doesn't win the big race. Never Did is a rather ordinary horse and her owner has run her so much that the poor girl is all tired out. The chiseling owner does grudgingly admit that he'll retire Never Did if she wins—darn nice of him, he wins about fifty thousand dollars and condescends to spend about one thousand dollars on the nag that made it possible. The gang feels so bad for her that they—believe it or not—shelved their own selfishness and unanimously agreed to let the worn-out mare win the race. Her odds are forty to one.

Today's the day. The Freakness is going to be run and Bill's got the tip on Never Did, but I warned him not to plunge because the poor old horse is apt to head back to the stables when she passes them on the backstretch. Or one of the other uncertainties of racing is apt to pop up.

Laughing Stock, Action, and Totalisator were the only three horses scratched and the betting public's still staunchly support Malt, the idiotic fools. Don't they realize that the poor fellow is miserably sore?

The race is over. Never Did managed to run the full course and she won, thanks to Leap Year. Dishonest, the lousy punk, tried to pass the slowly moving Never Did, and Leap Year charged him up against the rail. The move was so unexpected that Dishonest crashed into the rail and ripped his flank, throwing him out of contention. Running Backwards took the place award and Leap Year sprinted into third money.

There was also a touch of humor that the betting public didn't know about. That was when Jockey Ipswich, the apprentice up on Whoa, became so excited he shouted the horse's name and Whoa up and whoa'd!

All this just goes to prove that races are fixed; yes, fixed by the only ones that know—the horses themselves!

Note: The general public took a licking on Malt. Dishonest lost some of his bullying ways along with that patch of hide off his flank. Leap Year ran on to even greater triumphs. Whoa had his name changed. Never Kid, er—pardon me, Never Did was retired to green pastures. Bill had a substantial enough bet on Never Did to even up for most of the dozens of deuces that he had laid on my snout and so . . . Is everybody happy?

Gosh! Hope I can win that one thousand dollar claiming race tomorrow!

Fair Ireland



H.F. O'Daniel, O.P.

Joseph McTigue, '39

THE huge anchor is hauled on board. Slowly and majestically the ocean liner slips through the water and turns its prow to the open sea.

The small, seemingly insignificant tender is now but a mere speck in the distance. A few moments before it had brought the passengers from the mainland to the seaward bound vessel. Now it was returning with the few sad and weeping relatives of those who were leaving home.

Home. What a significant word in this particular scene. There is nothing strange about a boat leaving for the open sea or even in the return of a tender with lamenting relatives as its occupants. It is a daily occurrence in the many ports of the universe. Yet, this scene is different. There is always a different feeling and even a different atmosphere at this particular port. The green hillsides, the neat thatched cottages resting complacently amidst the green, and the ever-abiding peace that seems to prevail both on the land and on the surrounding sea, all these things are present. These are the last views that the emigrant and the traveler behold as they depart from Ireland.

As the Irish coastline begins to fade into oblivion there is many a tear brushed hastily from the eye. Here, for example, is a woman in her early forties. See how intensely and eagerly she is absorbing the natural beauties present on both sides of the moving boat. She is leaving home now, perhaps for the last time. Her parents are

old and grey; it is quite possible she may never see them again. Possibly too, she will never see the land of her birth. These are the thoughts that are passing through the mind of this daughter of Ireland. That is the reason for those tear-filled eyes, the saddened face covered with and controlled by a spirit of complete helplessness as she bestows a long, lingering and loving farewell look upon the land of her people.

In another corner of the deck is a rather elderly man, a tourist, judging from his appearance. He had come back to visit the country of his people and was now about to depart. He, too, had been captivated by the charm of the land and its inhabitants and was now loathe to leave it. Yet leave he must and so it is that we see him blowing his nose furiously and striving desperately to maintain a look of unconcern upon his countenance. His efforts fail repeatedly, and, as before, his face reveals the inward sorrow, regret and misery that he is experiencing in departing from the land of his ancestors.

Meanwhile, these unhappy individuals are surrounded by the ordinary travelers who warmly praise the beauty and the people of that fair country, yet do not experience that bitter, all-possessing spirit of sorrow and grief at seeing the coastline disappear over the horizon. Here is a young Irish lass leaving home for the first time, bound for the States to seek the fabulous pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Needless to say, she is heartbroken and, like a true Irish colleen, keeps her feelings to herself. And so it goes. Year after year, thousands of the faithful sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, even grandsons and granddaughters return for a visit or to remain amidst the memories of their forefathers.

The love of a child for its mother is tender, fervent, warm, something we cannot truly explain. This is the love bestowed upon Erin by her children. She is their mother and in turn, is the grandmother of the offspring born to her departed children in all quarters of the globe. This love is universally renowned, admired, felt, appreciated. As the years and the centuries fade this fire of love will increase its cheerful glow, spreading the warmth of good cheer to men, proclaiming aloud that there is always a waiting welcome for those who come to Ireland's shores.

And so the hidden propellers of the trans-Atlantic liner increase in tempo, leaving that haven of cheer in the distance and proceeding with its many passengers and Godspeed to its faraway destination.

Meanwhile, what of Ireland? Why do these people, both native and foreign, love that country so sadly? What magic, unseen power does this country, minute in comparison to other countries of the world, wield over the minds of its people conquering them body and soul? It must be something deep, something spiritual, something inherent, that enables it to weave a closely-knit web of loyalty and devotion drawing the people together no matter the flag under which they live.

Ireland is a small country, very small. To be exact, it is only three hundred miles in length from Fair

Head in the Northeast to Mizen Head in the Southwest. But what beauty, joy, tradition and fable is enwrapped within those few miles of land completely surrounded by water!

The people themselves are poor, desperately poor, in the possession of worldly wealth. This is the reason why many of our modern Americans and Europeans have the opinion that Ireland is a backward nation still living in past ages. The so-called modern philosophers of life are amazed to discover that the Irish people actually know such things as electricity, the radio, refrigerators, automobiles and many other "necessities" of life are actually existent.

Could one find more up-to-date and progressive cities than Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick and Galway? These cities are models of advancement and achievement, comparable to any of the world's greatest cities. It is in these cities, too, that the traveler loses sight momentarily of the true Irishman. The inhabitants of the cities have adopted American and continental modes of living. Large apartment houses are prevalent; styles in manners of dress clearly show the influx of patterns from the style centers of the world; the food, superior to other countries because it is always fresh, is marketed according to the American system.

However, there is one feature in the line of food that the outside world has, thus far, unfortunately overlooked, and that is the delicious Irish pastry and tidbits served with afternoon tea. No words could adequately explain the intense feeling of pleasure and contentment that enwraps one having afternoon tea in a trim little tea-shop situated off the beaten track of the window shoppers, tradesmen and working people. In short, it is a joy supreme!

The Irishman, as he is known the world over in fiction and verse, is not found in the cities. Ireland is agricultural rather than industrial. It is the clean, white-washed cottages and farm houses dotting the hillsides throughout the Island that add that particular attractiveness to the natural scenery. The fields surrounding the homes are divided by hedges and cobblestone fences which, combined with the varied colors of the crops and the pleasing deep green of the grass, present a striking picture when viewed from a hilltop.

The method of passing from one field to another or from the roadway to a field is by a stile. A most appropriate definition of a stile has been given by John O'Keeffe: "three steps, a small flat, and then a perpendicular narrow stone, about a foot high, which you (stepped) over on the other flat, and then three more steps on the other side, so that the milkmaid might poise her pail upon her head, and cross over the stile without fear of spilling her milk; and the old weary Boccaugh (beggarman), and the poor woman bringing fruits and vegetables to market, might sit down and rest themselves." Even in the fields the simplicity of life is readily seen.

A variety of crops are raised by the peasants, a supply being stored away for family use and the remainder carried off to market in the two-wheeled carts drawn by horses or donkeys. The latter are more commonly used in the South, the Irish Free State. Flax is the most popular crop of the North. It is taken to the mill, bleached and dried and then sold in the large cities, principally Belfast. The next time one sees it, it is displayed in the showcases of a linen store and very soon will find its way to all parts of the world. The

crops are pure and plain, a reflection of the character of the Irish people.

Who has not heard of the Irish cottage? Well have its praises resounded these many years. There is no more picturesque scene in all the world than the thatched roof, haven of shelter reposing restfully at the foot or on the side of a hill. It sends its signal of welcome to those far and near by the thin curl of smoke lazily floating upward from the chimney usually situated in the middle of the house.

The cottage is small indeed but it has an atmosphere of comfort, cleanliness and peace which is impressed upon a visitor as he passes through the half-door. The principal room in the house is the kitchen and is, in general, the first room leading directly to the outside. The floor, in most instances, is made of stone, which is most suitable to the pounding of leaden shoes during the jigs and reels on a Saturday night. On one side of the room is the large, open fireplace with its sods of turf blazing cheerfully on the hearth and heating the kettle, which hangs from a crook attached to the wall of the chimney, making it whistle merrily that tea will soon be served. Then the bread, made from rich buttermilk, will be sliced, and all will gather comfortably around the open fire and chat of days gone by or perhaps to tell a few ghost stories or fables that have been handed down from past generations. A large cupboard containing the family chinaware is on one side of the fireplace and next to that, in the back of the room opposite the door, is the kitchen table. On either side of the kitchen and composing the left and right wings of the house, are the bedrooms, which are small but snug. The windows in each room are small too, but since the Irish believe in plenty

of fresh air, the door is left open all day and the windows are forgotten. This is the typical Irish cottage as it exists today.

Outside and near the house are the stables and barns wherein the peasant keeps his cattle. It is common knowledge that much of the finest live stock in the world is raised in Ireland. It is also of interest that, as John O'Keeffe says: "all through Ireland, whenever they see a good-looking cow, they say, 'A fine cow, God bless it!'"—except to the human, this is the only animal to which they say, "God bless it".

The occupants of these homes, the peasants, present an interesting character study. The men of the country are tall in stature, with broad muscular shoulders and large firm hands which indicate hard, industrious work in the fields. They are simple in their speech and in their manners, jovial with their companions and kind at heart; they are, in short, the backbone of the agricultural progress and achievement of Ireland.

The Irish peasant women present a picture of all that is simple, tidy and sweet in life. Their dress is a model of plainness and is only one of the many exterior signs that characterizes the true simplicity of Irish peasant life. Although these cheerful, industrious women follow no guide book on the subject of etiquette, their politeness and courtesy toward inferiors, equals and superiors is irreproachable. They are the perfect housewife and the trite saying prevalent today: "if you want to eat well for the rest of your life, marry an Irish woman," is undeniable. No task is too difficult, no hardship unbearable for these true women of the soil. Willingly do they aid in the work of the fields during harvest time; lov-

ingly do they devote their time to the raising of large families; sadly do they watch the home break up, their children disperse to other climes far away from mother and home.

These are the people who comprise ou'ld Ireland that we read about in stories and poems. These are the people whose ancestors endured hardships, suffering, and death in defense of their country and faith. These are the people whose fathers fought off famine, plague and oppression at the hands of tyrants. And these are the people who, today, by their daily, exemplary profession of their beliefs, spur on and encourage those who are about to drop by the wayside.

Is it not an inspiration while traveling through Ireland to see the sincere faith and devotion manifested by the peasant woman as she humbly blesses herself with the sign of the cross when passing the residence of her Maker? Does one not feel a thrill of joy and admiration upon hearing those simple, yet profound words, "God bless", uttered by the peasant as he enters the door of his neighbor's cottage? What a wealth of meaning lies behind those two words? They summarize all that life is to an Irishman; that is, love of God and love of neighbor, peace of mind, soul and body, and contentment in the things of the world around him.

In the year 433 A. D. a priest named Patrick came to the Island as a humble missionary. Little was he to know that in centuries to come he was to be hailed as the patron saint of that same Island, that the country in which he labored would one day be hailed as the Isle of Saints. That one time pagan country controlled by one of the most powerful of pagan religions, Druidism, seemed to be composed of good ground upon

which was to fall and to flourish the seed of the one, only true Faith—Catholicism. When, on the Hill of Tara, St. Patrick applied the spark, starting the blaze which served as a signal for the people throughout the land that a great pagan festival had begun, it was, figuratively speaking, the spark which served to ignite the light of Faith that was to increase into a brilliant glow through the passing centuries. It is a Faith that has filled the men of the Island with the spirit of asceticism and self-sacrifice. It is a Faith that has sent the Irish missionary to the far and distant corners of the earth to extend to others the joys that can be obtained in this life through the medium of a staunch, enduring religion.

It was a Faith that inspired St. Kevin to seek the solitude afforded him in the valley of Glendalough, a valley surrounded on all sides by peaceful and stately hillsides. Down through the ages his work has been preserved in the ruins of the famous Seven Churches, St. Kevin's Kitchen and Tower, and the rock bound bed upon which he rested his weary body at the close of the day. Glendalough, the scene of St. Kevin's labors, is frequented by the tourists in their search for the beauty spots of Ireland. It is here that the tourist hears one of the many fables concerning Ireland's past. In the valley there is a lake over which a bird has never been known to sing. The fable attempts to account for the presence of the lake.

It seems that there was once a well at which St. Kevin was wont to go to obtain water. One day as he was filling his bucket the devil appeared on the scene and there ensued a fierce battle which ended in a draw. The following day saw the same incident occur but St.

Kevin was on the road to victory. The devil, taking fright, jumped into the well and St. Kevin, filled with intense anger, followed him. Down, down, far into into the bowels of the earth they traveled. The velocity of their bodies was so great that it forced the water up through the well and over the surrounding land, thus accounting for the presence of the lake in Glendalough. Needless to say, St. Kevin returned from his adventure the victor.

The reader may believe this account or not but it is given only as an illustration of the wealth of stories, fables and tradition that exist in Ireland today and afford a means of recording the historical events of that beloved country. These same stories encircle the ruins of Blarney Castle, in which "there is a stone, that whoever kisses, oh! he never misses to grow eloquent"; the Lakes of Killarney with their tales of giants, and the "devil's hole", a crevice in the top of a mountain, and the ruins of the "round towers" throughout the country "whose origins are lost in the mist of the past, but they are thought to have been places of refuge against the 'proud invader' ". These are but a few of the many localities in Ireland that reflect the charm, the grace, the beauty and the lore of the country.

It is the personal and deep-rooted belief of the writer that the scenic beauties of Ireland are but an outward reflection of the Creator's benignity towards a race that has proven true and a living example of unwavering patience.

Ireland has seen many centuries slip into sweet oblivion. Yet, it has preserved its antiquity in the names designated to individual localities. Here follows but a few of the many intricate names that offer defiance to the traveler

and reader alike: Aghleim means the Horses' Leap; Bacloughadalla, the Town of the Lake of Two Swans; Bal-lynabraggit, the Town of the Ale; Booleynasruhaun, the Milking Place of the Little Streams; Cahirnamallaght, the Fort of Cursing; and Drimminowee-laun, the Ridge of the Sea Gulls. They give tangible evidence of Irish imagination destined to remain alive in the form of nameplaces.

In America, the Irish and their descendants have the tradition and example of the first Irish emigrants. It was the Irish pioneer who helped build America with his labors, money and blood. It was the Irish working girl who contributed greatly to American industry in its early beginning. These same Irish emigrants contributed wholeheartedly to any call for aid from their homeland. Consequently, an Irishman need never be ashamed to acknowledge the country that gave him birth.

The flaring torch of antiquity with all its ideals and achievements has been handed down to the Irishmen at home. Let them handle this frail torch with caution and care. Let them add a little to the glow of this torch and pass it on to the next generation. Let them remember that Ireland cannot live on the events of yesteryear though they may serve as a basis upon which to build and plan. Ireland must live today and prepare for tomorrow. The country possesses the qualities necessary to in-

sure her success; her people have proved their ability many times in the past. The task is difficult but not impossible.

Ireland can advance and will advance. The Irish Free State, today, is accomplishing a worthy feat—the preservation of the Gaelic language. It is taught in the schools and spoken in public whenever the opportunity presents itself. This should be only the beginning.

The one final step, although it seems dark at present, is the welding of the North and the Free State into a united Ireland. When that day dawns, Ireland will be able to take her place among the leading nations of the world. So, let there be peace, unity and concord in Ireland and let the sons, daughters and grandchildren of that ancient land be proud to point to it as the land of their ancestors.

Once again the anchor has been hauled aboard ship. The propellers commence their rhythmical, whirling motion which pushes the liner out to sea. We behold the green covered hillsides dotted with cottages and farms, the city in the distance, the curls of smoke floating upward, this time, bidding a sad farewell.

The boat draws away rapidly from the land and, in a very short time, is out at sea. Across the expanse of water we take a final look and there but a mere speck on the horizon stands the Emerald Isle — THE HOME OF MY ANCESTORS.

PRAYER

*Give me not reason for my faith, O Lord
Against the stress of time and season
Faith is enough for weal to hoard—
But let my faith support my reason.*

E. RILEY HUGHES, '37.

The Bore the Merrier

Walter A. Hughes, '39

ARE BORES PEOPLE? What types of bores are there? These and like questions are pertinent to intelligent beings in our civilization. The first question may be answered by defining a bore. Some hold that a bore is a person who will not let you talk longer than he does. Others believe him an apostate from reason. Either definition concludes, however reluctantly, that bores are our fellow human beings.

The second question requires a cataloging and description of each. The many classes might be listed without significance, but to expose them to their victims and themselves is both momentous and a public service.

The first type that springs to mind, the "Stop me if you heard this one before" bore, is generally conceded to be the most jovial when aroused. Although he has been thoroughly domesticated, this particular bore often breaks loose to plague his victims with a dull story. He may exasperate fifty people, but his own temper is always placid, if not pleasing. He maintains, at no little expense, a whimsical sneer which seldom deprives his cheeks of its support. He is a perfect stoic on the rare occasions on which some one mentions something too trivial for him to discuss, and he contents himself with mumbling and grumbling at the gross stories of other bores like the "famous people and places I know" bore, his closest rival for the baronetcy of boredom.

The "famous people and places I know" bore is really quite closely related to the "muchly travelled" bores, but has long since been disowned by them because he bores them. He knows intimately all his famous contemporaries, whether they be sweep-stakes winners, theologians, lion tamers, or historians. He has been toasted in all the courts of Europe, been given personal audiences with most of its kings, and has inspected all the boilers. Surprisingly, he admits that he spent only one day in London, but oddly enough, about eight-thirty in the morning of that day, he was walking down St. James Street when he met a slight grey haired gentleman, who, passing him, inclined his head: "Fine morning, fine morning" George the Fifth. His reasons for spending only one day in London are legion. Principle among them is that his time was occupied in the monumentary literary places in the rest of England. The literature student's dreams are commonplace to him. The Lake country is rather damp and the station master has a bad disposition. The Avon is not navigable, and the Malvern Hills have no good pasturage. He never could understand how any of these could inspire anyone. And thus does he cite his intimacies with greatness much in the fashion of the "inside information" bore, who sees all evil, hears all evil, and tells all evil.

The "inside information" bore acquired his staple of knowledge as Ethal Allen "acquired" Ticonderoga—

by stealth. His special knowledge begins where everyone else's leaves off. He can tell you where the cabinet split; he even remembers the time they agreed. He solemnly pronounces the judge's personal opinion of Sludge, the murderer. He happens to know the inside story of Jorkin's making his money. And by the way, did you see Jerry last week? You did? Did he say anything in particular? No? You surprise him. He understood that Jerry had come to tell you something important. He would be glad to tell you, but he is bound by his honor. He hopes that you will hear from Jerry soon. Perhaps you have not heard about Jerry's wife's sister. Ah, maybe that explains it.

Akin to this mentally ill bore is the ailing bore. If you innocently remark that you are well, or that you are not well, he, prefacing his remarks with the history of medicine, recalls his illness, its symptoms, treatment, and results. It usually pains him right here, sometimes it changes to a jabbing pain over here. This strange malady might have imperilled society at large had he not offered himself as an example. Once society saw, it resisted both the disease and its victims.

The querulous bore is a combination of the mentally and physically ill bores. He is not exactly the same, however, since he supplants perversion by peevishness, bilousness by bickering. His predilections are numerous and deep-rooted. Even without the aid of his trusty almanac, he concludes that New England weather is damp. He has vigorous ideas on the social position of people who eat hamburgers. To jest with him on this or any other issue, is to invite an incessant tirade. He admits no defeat. His is the bliss of always being right though ignorant. He de-

parts in triumph, leaving his victim gasping at his impregnable arrogance.

Equally self-assured is the "in my Freshman year" bore, a distant cousin of the "they were giants in those days" bore. He can relate glib anecdotes of his struggles and social successes in the past to new and gullible fellow students. At the drop of a conversational hat he regales his hearers with stories artfully depicting his constant imbroglio with everybody from co-eds to pawnbrokers. This type of bore shows a startling stagnation not found in the itinerant bore who has been in every nook and corner of the globe looking for the nooks and corners.

The "muchly travelled" bore, having completed a preliminary course through a travelogue, and ventured forth around the world in eighty ways, relates his adventures at the slightest provocation, inevitably adding a dash of local color with a few phrases of every language. If you want to be talked at, through, over, and under for a couple of hours, just mention places at home or abroad. He knows them all.

This particular bore's garrulity is by no means confined to local travel. He had been abroad when we were unaware. While in Italy, for example, he discovered an unusual painting. He had been enjoying a stroll, enjoying the balmy, winey air of a rustic resort when he came upon *una piccola chiesa*, a little church, the smallest you can imagine, and, curious about the interior, he ventured-forceful-action-within. The place was absolutely empty except for *una cieco*, a blind man, and an *avecchio padre*, an old friar. On the wall to the left of the altar hung a painting of the Virgin and Child. Divinity was in the expression, vitality in the features, variegation in the shades. He exclaimed

with finality—and without seeing another picture throughout his visit: "That, sir, is the finest picture in Italy." If anyone evinces the slightest doubt he launches forth on a detailed account. So nobody ever evinces the slightest doubt.

With equally unusual fortune the in-nerant bore, during one of his stays in Switzerland, discovered a quaint Swiss chocolate-producing town nestling in the lap of the Alps of happy memory. The details will no doubt enthrall you. He had been wandering about for some time when his guide, Pancho or something—the French names bothered him, pointing out the strongly walled town said: "*La, monsieur, c'est le ciel*",—"there, sir, is heaven." The two made a forced march toward the burly gates.

The whole town came out to bear him into the square in triumph. How he struggled through a blizzard, endured cold, starvation, and an endless vigil is written in the town chronicle for all to read, but would encumber these pages were it included. Men drank his health, benevolent old women shed tears copiously in the joy of seeing *l'Ange Anglais*, the English angel, and a peasant girl was selected to kiss him for the town. He was convalescent for

three months, during which the old ladies doted over him, and the young ladies did all they could at a modest distance. His stay was cut unfortunately short by an urgent call demanding his presence in his homeland. And when he left he took with him the only dry eyes and satiated heart in the whole town, the peasant girl's, now Mrs. Bore.

On all our bore's jaunts about the globe, he had the distinction, not always enviable, of being on the best or the worst trip the Line has ever made. He usually anticipates the lowering of lifeboats by being in one beforehand. To hear him tell it, he has often heard the Captain wring his hands and utter the historic cry of the sea: "We are lost." Since the time of the Crusades the non-stationary bore has been a problem not easily capable of solution. He has been the prince of boredom owing allegiance to only one.

And who, I hear you make moan, is the king of all bores? Who is he whose reign, like Flecknoe's, is never ended? That, my lords and gentlemen, is as obvious as a police summons. King of all ponderous pachyderms of unsharpened wit is he who writes of bores. Are bores people? Ah, that is another story.

VIA CRUCIS

*The Tree yet stands. Though centuries roll away,
Golgotha's bitter fruit is tasted still.
Tormented men toil up the gibbet hill
To die around Him every day.*

E. RILEY HUGHES, '37.

Catholics, Child Labor and the Amendment

Thomas Flynn, '39

MUCH criticism, mostly by indirection, is placed at the door of American Catholic sentiment because it opposes the so-called Child Labor Amendment. For the defense of the Catholic name it seems proper both to investigate the truth of the charge and to weigh the arguments which justify the Catholic action. The task thus undertaken opens on a vast field; so that this report will simply be an impression culled from sources.

Evidence supports the charge that representative Catholicity resists ratification of the Amendment giving Congress "the power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under 18 years of age." Spokesmen for Cardinal O'Connell, dean of the American Hierarchy, recently protested any approval of the proposed Amendment by the Massachusetts state legislature. "This Amendment," they said, "is redder than anything that ever came out of Red Russia". Alfred E. Smith, probably the foremost American Catholic layman, has entered his objection to it. The practically complete accord of Catholic journalism against the measure showed itself several months ago in its denunciation of an organization styling itself the "'Catholic' Child Labor Amendment Committee".

But this strong disapproval of the Amendment does not mean that American Catholics favor Child Labor exploitation, if by that term is signified the placing of immature children into harmful employment. To maintain the affirmative of such a proposition would be to go counter to the dictates both of religion and of citizenship.

Child Labor exploitation must be self-evidently contrary to the spirit of Christianity—surely no one thinks that Christ could have approved of children being sweated in mills or dried up on plantations. When Pope Leo 13th fashioned "Rerum Novarum" in 1891, he had this to say of Child Labor: "No child should be allowed to labor, until it is sufficiently developed in all its physical, intellectual and moral forces; for otherwise, like a tender plant, it will wither." In "40th Year" Pope Pius 11th renews the law: "it is wrong to abuse the tender years of children and women."

Enlightened self-interest stands out against Child Labor exploitation, since the practice is totally unprofitable.

Thrusting children into industry, whether in factory or field, is fraught with grave danger to homelife, the foundation of the state. The absence of children from the supervision of the father and mother relaxes parental discipline. The long working hours dull the intellect, and a ruinous effect on the moral sense follows. Where industrial "homework" exists, the home becomes a quasi-factory and as such must be both distasteful and harmful to the exploited. At any rate, normal character development is impossible and youth strongly tends to become brutalized.

This employment of children by a perverted Capitalism introduces economic disturbances, the effects of which are not merely local but also extend to other sections of the country. Locally, the children supplant their parents on the payroll; or at least seriously depress the market value of

their parents' labor. This unnatural turn-over of labor creates a large body of unskilled unemployed in a particular vicinity. The evil does not, however, end there. Since the products of child labor and adult labor compete in the same market, employers of adults even in distant parts of the nation feel compelled to meet such competition by cutting wages. This competition is of serious proportion. It was this factor of wage differential, among other things, which impeded the passage of a thorough-going minimum wage law in Rhode Island recently.

It used to be argued against substituting children for adults that, while a child costs less in wages, he produces less. With the merely mechanical specialization in industry, this argument seems largely invalidated. As a result of this entire situation, Unionized labor receives only trials. The ignorance of workers in sweated sections prevents their appreciating the benefits of labor organization. Closely connected with this problem of child labor and labor organization is the wildcat "industrial homework" question.

Perhaps the chief sufferer from child labor exploitation is the very civilization which hesitates to abolish it. Boys and girls in the child labor group seem more inclined to crime than normally-raised children. Various investigations have shown the tendency of the children to be recidivists—"repeaters"—in petty crime. Girls were found to be arraigned most frequently on immorality charges. Moral ruin, or at least injury, invariably flows from environment such as child labor provides. The fear expressed in Papal social encyclicals on this point certainly is substantiated by the whole history of working children from the domestic spin-

ning of the pre-Industrial Revolution era down to our own day.

Where use of children, whether in mill or on farm predominates, a marked degree of illiteracy is noted. This condition is inseparably associated with child labor. Schooling, in many states, is not compulsory beyond the age of 14 years, and some loopholed school laws permit even earlier discontinuance. Among the chief murturers of illiteracy is the farm tenacy situation which requires children—cheap and docile—in the field, if the tenant is to secure only a bare profit. Attention was drawn to this aspect of farm tenancy by the United States Commission on Industrial Unrest as early as 1915. Since tenancy has not substantially decreased and no material changes have been introduced in some school laws, this illiteracy may be presumed to exist still. The textile mills, of course, explain a large degree of the illiteracy. South Carolina, for instance, which harbors both farm tenancy and cotton mills, has most illiteracy of all states in the United States, according to the returns of the 1930 census.

A sure by-product of child labor and illiteracy is an incompetent electorate. The citizens in general do not understand and appreciate national needs and even tho they may, they are generally leaderless. They are the mainstay of a political aristocracy and are easy victims of rabble-rousers. Thus, they bore, as in Georgia, the much-storied concentration camps; and, in North Carolina, approved the governor's attempted intimidation of the Assembly by use of the militia. Intelligent understanding of such situations would surely have invited different reactions.

What the consequences of this practice are to the men and women of the

country is imaginable. The men are enfeebled from too early labor, and the women are ill-fitted for motherhood. Their offspring cannot but be susceptible to disease. Proponents of child labor legislation would seem well warranted in urging the danger of this evil to the national security.

In the United States, however, the practice is abating, according to the figures of the last four decennial census. In 1900 there were 1,750,000 boys and girls between the age of 10-15 working—eighteen percent of the entire child population of 14 million. This advance is more appreciable if it be said that, had conditions of 1900 continued unchecked, approximately 2,400,000 children now in school would be laboring for a living. The child labor group is composed of both sexes and all races, but the principal race engaged is the Negro. Actually, there are more white child laborers than Negro, but, nevertheless, the proportion of working children to total population is greater among the Negroes. About sixty percent of the enslaved group are in agriculture and the remainder are absorbed by various industries, chiefly the mechanical and manufacturing.

It is important to note that children under ten are not tabulated by the census, but it is believed that numbers of such children do labor. (A witness before the Commission on Industrial Unrest, 1915, declared she saw 3-year-old children shucking oysters in Biloxi, Mississippi. The company employing the tots provided them, she said, with boxes to stand on to reach the table on which the oysters were piled.)

The census of 1930 furnishes an index to the identity of guilty states. Mississippi works one-fourth of its child population, and South Carolina, Alabama,

Georgia and North Carolina follow next in order. The majority here are employed in agriculture. In Pennsylvania is concentrated another great user of child labor—the manufacturing and mechanical trades. Of cities of 100,000 population and over, Reading, Pennsylvania, is the greatest proportionate employer of child labor in the United States; and Atlanta, Georgia, is the second among cities so listed.

Since this condition is not being eliminated expeditiously by state action, the national government seems bound to act. States are generally too sensitive to the voice of their manufacturers who protest child labor legislation as putting them at a disadvantage in the market. Accordingly, the minimum regulation tends to be the maximum. The national government, however, has no constitutional power to legislate against the evil. In 1918, and later in 1922, federal laws to this purpose were voided by the Supreme Court. (The same fate befell the child labor provisions of over 500 NRA codes when the National Recovery Act was nullified by the Supreme Court last year. The increase in child labor permits after this action was very marked, according to the U. S. Children's Bureau.)

Consequently, an enabling act was agitated and it took the present objectionable form. It was overwhelmingly passed by the Congress and signed by the President, Calvin Coolidge, in 1924. The proposed 22nd Amendment was submitted to the states, and thus far has been ratified by twenty-four of them. Thirty-six ratifications by state legislatures are required to incorporate the measure in the Constitution. It is interesting that once a state has accepted the Amendment, it may not later repudiate it. But a state which has re-

jected it, may reconsider its action as often as it pleases.

Now, then, if Catholic Americans oppose child labor exploitation both because they are Catholic and because they are American, why do they impede the Amendment whose ostensible aim is abolition of all Child Labor exploitation? They oppose it not at all because Catholics enjoy the company of reactionaries in the midst of whom their opposition puts them.

Nor does Catholic sentiment insist too strongly on certain arguments which, while they are indeed considerations, are of varying worth. The Amendment may not be called, for instance, an invasion of States' right, since by ratifying the Amendment the states surrender any such rights. It does of course centralize government, but an imperative situation requires centrally-located authority. A widespread argument that the proposed age limit of 18 is unthinkable is countered by the claim that some state labor laws exercise already this very same power. It has been argued, too, that the working of this Amendment would displace the Negro labor situation in the South; but such an argument, though its solution invites serious remedial action, is unworthy of a Christian. There has also been some assertion that the Amendment may be found to be not ratifiable now because it is not contemporaneous with the electorate and sentiment which submitted it 14 years ago.

The chief Catholic objection lies in the ambiguous meaning of the word "Labor" in the text of the proposed Amendment. Any dictionary defines "Labor" as "any work activity, whether physical or mental". Thus, the Congress could go so far as to prohibit

farm chores and even housework for one's parents. This interpretation, tho violently resisted by protagonists of the measure, is supported by eminent lawyers. Since this may be so, what would become of the natural and God-given right, indeed, duty, of a parent to rear his own children?

Again: Education as such seems a right reserved to the States. But if "Labor" means education, then the States would have yielded this right to the national government. Now, it is a popular saying that Congress exercises to the limit any right given it. Thus, Catholics might expect a legislative battle some day to kill a bill crippling or destroying the Catholic School system. After 1928 Catholics will be chary of protestations to the contrary. Accordingly, Catholic sentiment resolutely opposes ratification of the Amendment by the several states. The Church will never refuse to support a real measure to abolish child labor exploitation, but she will resist the usurping of the natural rights of parents and she will refuse to aid a proposal which could be so convenient a means to the stifling of her school system. She believes that a remedy which cures one disease but which brings in germs of several others far more serious, is to be avoided.

Proponents of this measure would be well advised to initiate another and more satisfactory amendment. Catholic sentiment in conjunction with their own strength could probably make such an Amendment part of the Constitution; whereas now, with the understandable opposition by Catholics, with the selfish opposition of the Tory capitalists to all progressive legislation, and a strong Southern landowner bias against relief of Negro child labor—their chances of securing ratification are scarce.

THE COLLEGIATE WORLD

George T. Scowcroft

AN ANALYSIS OF TODAY'S COLLEGE STUDENT

Perhaps it is idle gossip, but nevertheless, to us to whom it pertains, it is somewhat disturbing. I refer to the disparaging remarks concerning the average American student in college. It has been stated, not infrequently, that the college boy of the present generation fails to measure up to the high standards of industry, behavior, attitudes, and ambitions established by the student of the "good old days,"—the latter phrase probably referring to the past one or two generations. The charges rightfully exclude the question of mental capacity, for who can say accurately and positively that the people of the 18th century were intellectually stronger than those of the 19th. However, it has been charged (1) that students today are less industrious than formerly; (2) that their moral and ethical codes are lower; (3) that their attitudes and outlooks on life, and particularly on government, are becoming radical; (4) that they are not fired with the zeal to accomplish, and the desire to succeed as were the "old fashioned" types.

In this brief article, it is my purpose merely to examine the typical modern student in an attempt to discover, what he does, how he acts, how he thinks, and what he wants. Perhaps the charges against him are true,—but you must know and understand him before you condemn him.

What Does He Do? — You say that he is not industrious, and yet he fights his way through greater difficulties than any student in American Collegiate history has had to face. Years ago, when a boy entered college, he did so with a feeling certain that there would be a place for him in the world when he finished. Business men, engineering agencies, school superintendents and the like stood with open arms waiting for the boy with a degree. The boy in college knew this. He knew also that it would not be necessary for him to be among the leaders in his class in order to secure a position after graduation. But today the student studies against odds. When he becomes temporarily discouraged, he has not that feeling of future security to bolster up his spirits. He knows that he must have either influence or genius in addition to his degree. It is psychological handicap which he must overcome before he can study with maximum efficiency. The professional, the business, the scientific, and the industrial fields have been so tightly jammed for the past few years that only an exceptionally brilliant or an exceptionally fortunate student stands a chance of breaking in.

The second difficulty which the student must face is financial. It is that which causes him to divide his time between study and work. Students of all ages have had to contend with this problem, but it has never been as prominent as it is today. According to statistics compiled by a professor in a

western university, there is a greater percentage of students today working their way through college than at any other time.

Another interesting point I wish to touch upon at this time is that of initiative and originality. The general conclusions drawn from a survey published in a recent issue of the Bulletin of the Association of Colleges are that the college student of today is displaying more initiative than students of previous periods. Left to his own resources, with the doors of industry closed against him, he has, in numerous cases, broken into new, unheard-of fields of endeavor. The Bulletin cites several instances where graduates, finding themselves without work, have invented new types of business,—pioneers of industrial adventures.

Thus we see the student of today, struggling against psychological adversities, dividing his time between study and labor, displaying the admirable qualities of originality and adaptability, and at the same time matching the mental accomplishments of any other scholastic era, and yet you say that he is not industrious.

How Does He Act—The charges against the student's moral code are general, vague and therefore unjustified. Chief among the unfavorable comments concerning the student's behavior is, "Oh, he's a college boy! They all drink now-a-days". Such a remark is unjust, both in itself and in its implications. To say that they all drink is an exaggeration, as may be seen from a poll taken in 36 colleges and universities in April and May, 1936, on the question, "Do you indulge in alcoholic beverages". The results showed that slightly less than 50 per cent of the male students did drink, and the large

majority of them would drink nothing stronger than beer. Moreover the implications of the comment above are entirely unjust to the student. To say that a person drinks, is not to say that he is a drunkard. A recent article reprinted in "The Reader's Digest" from a Federal survey, says that the college boy drinks occasionally, but seldom to excess, and states rather bluntly that, "he never gets tight until exams are over". The fact remains, however, that whether the charges against the student's moral code be of the nature of sobriety, Church attendance, sexual indulgence, profanity, etc., you cannot condemn the innocent with the offenders. Moral behavior is a personal matter to all. If there are charges to be made, it is necessary that they be directed at the individual and not at the group.

How Does He Think? — You say again that he is becoming radical, particularly in reference to his attitude on government affairs. I say that he is as conservative as students of any era. That may sound like a sweeping statement, but I have the facts to prove it. I have the facts also which substantiate the following statement, namely, that the college student is as conservative as the voting population of the country. Today there seems to be more radical propaganda present in the country, than at any other time in the history of American government. And yet the student of today has resisted and combated the influences of this propaganda to such an extent that he has not been ensnared by it. A presidential straw-vote taken in 41 typical American colleges last year showed close to 90 per cent of the students voting either Democratic or Republican. This figure compares favorably with the percentage of

conservative ballots cast by former students as well as with those cast by the voting population of the country.

Moreover, I say that he is a more intelligent voter than the AVERAGE citizen. His political knowledge gleaned from partisan newspapers and insincere speeches, is supplemented by competent classroom guidance and authoritative political readings. His powers of judgment and analysis have been sharpened by years of study and training. He is less apt to be fooled by political trickery and insincerity, than is the AVERAGE citizen. Thus you see, he knows his politics, he is half smothered by false propaganda, but he votes conservative,—and yet you say that he is becoming radical.

What Does He Want? — In the midst of all the turmoil strife, and belligerence with which the student must cope there is burning within him one desire, one hope, one ambition,—and that, to attain success so that he might take his place among his fellow men;—so that he might contribute something constructive to the world in which he

lives. He has battered his way through financial hardships, steeled his emotions against psychological hazards and bit his lips in the face of political oppression. He has won his fight for education, and now he wants a job. Four years of conscientious preparation have qualified him to take his place in life. He is fired with the spirit of youth, and filled with the vigor of man. He feels that he is better equipped than the average, and is determined to take advantage of it. Realizing that he must be one of the strongest to survive in the war of intensive competition, he steps calmly into the world to conquer,—or to die.

He DOES work hard, and he DOES behave well, this college student of to-day. His thoughts ARE conservative and normal, and his desires ARE firm and legitimate. And yet you say that he fails to display the qualities of diligence and industry. And yet you say that his moral standards are low, and that his attitudes on government are radical. And yet you say that he is not spurred on by the sword of righteous ambition,—or, do you?



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EDITORIALS

RELIGION AND GOVERNMENT

As another autumn descends upon the earth the Catholic Church must again view a world torn by civil and religious strife. It is not an unusual situation. For two thousand years the Church has always found the world in turmoil, sometimes through war, sometimes through heresy. Now more than ever there is need of a firm guide through the paths which lead to destruction.

The world today is in mental chaos. The false prophets have spread their seed and are trying to reap their harvest. False doctrines, theories that undermine the family and state, are secretly forcing their way into the thoughts of unsuspecting people. The terrible insidiousness of these doctrines, the serpent-like way in which they impress themselves on untutored minds makes them all the more dangerous and vitiating.

No, this picture is not drawn in heightened colors. Witness the world today: blood runs in the streets of fair Spain. The world shudders at atrocities as internecine strife weakens what was once the most powerful country in the world. It is not entirely a question of religion. The Spanish struggle partakes of the aspect of a battle between salient ideas of government. But the main feature of one of these ideas is the suppression of religion. Communism as practiced today postulates the non-existence of a higher spiritual Ruler. It is a doctrine entirely incompatible with man's own instincts and the world's history, but it has succeeded in planting itself in many governments. In France and Mexico these same pernicious doctrines allow the usurpation and control of the government by a minority of the people.

What is the Catholic remedy for all this turmoil? It is not a doctrine compounded of bitterness and strife. It is

not an espousal of any one system of government. It is not even a system limited to any one type of government. But it is the idea of a sane adherence to the principles of Christian morality and Christian justice. Social justice is a term which has been much misused and much abused but in a strict sense it is a full consideration of the ideals and principles of a Christian social justice which the Catholic Church would see implanted in every government.

What are the main points in such a program? Above all and dominating all is this idea of a True God, Judge and Creator. To Him must all men rise and to Him are all men accountable. No man, king or peasant, dictator or president, can err in the fulfillment of his duties if he keeps this thought in mind.

The Russian experiment has shown that God cannot be removed from the minds of men. No matter what repressive measures of persecution are taken there is always that innate striving of human nature towards God. Ephemeral theories may find fashion for a time but with a little thought man always wishes to rise out of his own base state. It is only when rulers recognize this religious urge and incorporate its practice into their rule that we shall see the approach of the perfect government. That day may seem far away, but it can only approach if men, and especially Catholic men, see the necessity of educating the world towards this policy of Christian humanity and social justice.

GREEK

A careful perusal of the catalogues reveal that a knowledge of Greek is no

longer required in many of our colleges. It is to be regretted that educators are losing sight of the immense cultural value to be derived from the study of Greek, or of the great assistance a knowledge of this language gives to the student of Law, Medicine, Science, and Sacred Scripture.

EXAMINATIONS

It is fast becoming the practice for colleges to ask that their students submit at the completion of their four years to a comprehensive examination in all studies. It ought to prove an accurate barometer of the scholastic attainments of the student.

A Philadelphia professor suggests that all college graduates be made to return to their Alma Mater after an absence of five years in order to be re-examined in the studies for which they were given a degree. If they fail to pass the examination, he suggested that the degree be declared void.

These practices may seem extreme, but undoubtedly they make for an increase in the quality of degrees if not in the quantity.

BOTANY

The Reverend Paul J. Redmond, O. P., Ph. D., Professor of Biology at Providence College has just returned with the Reverend Hugh T. O'Neill, O. S. B., Ph. D., Professor of Botany at the Catholic University of America, from a botanical expedition to the British Honduras. They were engaged in research work for the famed Langlois Herbarium of the Catholic University of America. Although their specific interest was in tropical sedges, they gathered a large and varied assortment

of flora specimens. Many of these specimens were dried and shipped back to Providence College and the Catholic University. Much of their exploratory work took them along the Belize River from Haul to beyond the Boom and Pine Ridge, from Maskel Bank to Oragne Walk.

HARVARD TRICENTENARY

*Tricentenary Days, Wednesday-Friday
September 16 - 18.*

On Wednesday, delegates representing 500 Universities, Colleges and Learned Societies, were presented to the President of Harvard. Fr. Brennan represented the Universidad de Santo Tomas, Manila, Philippine Islands. This university was founded by the Dominican Fathers in 1611, antedating Harvard by 25 years, and actually the oldest institution of higher learning under the American flag. Out of 500 universities, Santo Tomas ranked 26th in the order of seniority.

On Thursday, meeting of the associated Harvard clubs, to which delegates were invited. Evening: illumination of the riverfront. Undergrads marched.

On Friday, formal closing of the tricentenary year. Sixty-two honorary degrees conferred on scholars of international repute. To cite a few:

Sir Arthur Stanley Eddington; a student of the cosmos who peers within the atom and surveys the expanding universe.

Kiryoshi Shiga: the discoverer of the cause of epidemic dysentery.

Bernardo Alberto Houssay: a physiologist noted for his studies of the ductless glands.

Bronislaw Malinowski: an anthropological explorer who initiated a new movement for the study of the gregarious habits of the human race.

Pierre Marie Felix Janet: a pioneer in studying the multifarious phenomena of mental pathology.

Karl Landsteiner: master of the science of immunology, the discoverer of those fundamental principles that made blood transfusion possible.

Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins: the discoverer of vitamins.

Hans Kelsen: a leader of juristic thought, professor at Vienna, Cologne and Geneva, his teaching shapes the jurisprudence of a continent.

Etienne Gilson: an expounder to these chaotic days of the serene and ordered philosophy of the Middle Ages, that great synthesis of faith and reason.

Said President Conant, in his formal address: "For the development of a national culture based on a study of the past, one condition is essential. This is absolute freedom of discussion, absolutely unmolested inquiry. . . . It is no longer possible for some bigoted Protestant to object if any person within the universities expounds sympathetically the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. It is no longer possible for a member of the Roman Catholic Church to take offense at a critical discussion of Galileo."

Said President Roosevelt: "In the olden days of New England it was Increase Mather who told the students of Harvard that they were pledged to the word of no particular master, that they should 'above all find a friend in truth'. That became the creed of Harvard."

Said President Conant to President Emeritus A. Lawrence Lowell, presiding officer at the final meeting: "Mr. President, I move that this assembly of the alumni be adjourned to meet at this place on the 18th of September, 2036."

PHYSIOLOGY

Prompt recognition of symptoms and prophylactic treatment are necessary equally for both body and mind, since neither are immune to disease. Consequently of interest is the National Conference on College Hygiene to be held in Washington this December. The value of Mental Hygiene as an approach to the study and treatment of College problems is to be discussed. The value of Mental Hygiene and its usefulness in the College will depend upon the adequacy of the psychiatric services, or their equivalent, available in the College. The extent to which such a service is utilized will be correlated necessarily with the confidence of the student body in the integrity and practical judgment of those forming the staff.

* * *

A new method of lighting a building and ringing doorbells were inaugurated at the Marine Biological School, Woods Hole, Mass., this Summer. Instead of batteries there was substituted a marine dynamo, namely, a large electric torpedo ray (*Tetronace Occidentalis*). The ray was placed between two sheets of metal. Prodding of the ray's tail sufficed to elicit a flow of current and took the place of flicking a switch or pressing a buzzer.

* * *

Recently in the department of Experimental Physiology at Yale University an interesting problem was the occasion of study and experiment. The problem concerned the stubborn persistence with

which the odor of garlic and onion remained upon the breath. The investigators sought to determine why these odors are so long lasting and why the mouth wash is so helpless in their removal.

During their experiments the investigators sought first to discover whether the odors in question were caused by small particles left remaining in the mouth between the teeth or lodged in the throat, or whether the odors came directly from the lungs. Experiments showed that mouth wash of sufficient strength, if used vigorously, would dislodge any particles in the mouth or throat but would not overcome the unpleasant odor. Particles of garlic and onion were then placed directly into the stomach through a fistula and the exhaled breath was smelled as it escaped through an opening in the trachea. The possibility of the odor coming from the mouth was thus entirely eliminated. Result: the odor could be distinctly detected after about twenty minutes in the stomach and was still noticeable after twelve or fourteen hours had passed.

Further experimentation revealed the explanation. The odor was found to be caused by a volatile oil which is released when the food particles are broken down in the digestive tract. The oil thus liberated is absorbed into the blood stream, which carries it to the lungs, where it is converted into a vapor. This vapor easily mixes with the breath and is thus exhaled.

The experiment would seem to prove that the only way to prevent an unpleasant breath resulting from either onion or garlic would be to refrain from their use.

SOCIOLOGY

The Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference calls our attention to its special year-round program of Catholic Action. The program prepared for this year is to deal with the meaning, nature, scope and practice of Catholic Action. The purpose of this program is to consider the origin, growth, activities and interpretation of Catholic Social Action in present-day life.

Program suggestions, outlines, references, summaries and pertinent literature on some particular phase of the subject are sent out to subscribers during eight months of the school year. The success of these programs, which have been in existence for five years, is evident in the increased knowledge of Catholic social principles and social

service activities in our colleges, schools and study clubs.

Under the capable leadership of the Rt. Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan and his associates this national movement of Catholic Action continues to make its influence felt over an ever-increasing horizon of American social thought. Cooperation with this movement is becoming an essential part of Catholic Action in America.

With Communism and materialism threatening the very foundations of our civilization, it is time for serious thought to avert propaganda subversive of social order and morality that we might be prepared for a vigorous offensive of a constructive Catholic and American social order. The N. C. W. C. program is designed to offer invaluable assistance in thought and direction to the building of a better social order in our nation.



BOOK REVIEWS

THE CHURCH THAT CHRIST BUILT

Decidedly this is not just another book. "One of those books" is a phrase that does not apply. It is a book with a very definite purpose and significance. It is by and large the simplest and most readable explanation yet offered in English of the complicated organization known to the world as the Roman Catholic Church. It is likewise an appreciation of the labors and character of those personalities who are Peter's successors as head of that organization.

The authors are at pains to give a most careful description of the activities within the Church from the coronation of the Pope to the functioning of the least significant departments over which he rules. However, and most important, the reader is never permitted to lose sight of the significance of it all, nor the source of the power which makes it all possible. With this unfolding of the inner workings of his Church the subject begins to understand his place in the scheme of things and to appreciate the true meaning of the Holy Father's plea for Catholic Action.

To any reader this must be an instructive book, to most a revealing book. Here in this volume are laid before the reader in minute detail the legislative, executive and judicial departments of the Church government. He will understand, perhaps for the first time, the basic reason for the great efficiency displayed by this organization which guides and directs the destinies of more than three hundred and fifty millions throughout the civilized world.

He will possibly make comparisons, as is natural, between Vatican City and Washington, or London, or Paris. While the result may be surprising, even shocking, he will not put aside the book with less of admiration of his Church, for Vatican City today may easily serve as a model of unity, co-ordination and, in consequence, efficiency. Perhaps this is the result of having once been built upon a rock.

J. T. F.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ACTION,
by Michael Williams in collaboration with Julia
Kernan. Macmillan. 1935. pp. 349.

PSYCHOLOGY GROWS UP

This is perhaps the most authentic attempt, made within the past year, to give the student a definite foothold within the rather obscure terrain of mental science. Psychology is now able to lay claim to a large accumulation of well-substantiated data, which, when properly sifted and sorted, will eventually form the basis of a matured science. An attempt is made to present these data to the beginner in terms that are at once free of philosophic bias, and unencumbered with the strictures of any special school or system. Tenuous theory is completely abolished; but, wherever possible, an effort has been made to present a generalized statement of fundamental facts. The plan for the book was submitted to several competent authorities, with the view of securing specialized treatment for individual problems. Unfortunately, our knowledge is more extended and precise in some departments than in others;

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but the lack of balance which is inevitable under such circumstances is really the fault of the science, rather than of the investigator. Contributors: Editors: *Nature of Psychology*; Carmichael: *Response Mechanisms*, Chapman: *Measurements*; Purdy: *Vision*; Wever: *Hearing*; Zigler: *Taste and Smell*; Dallenbach: *Somesthesis*; Boring: *Intensity*; Brown: *Spatial Perception*; Tinker: *Temporal Perception*; DeSilva: *Motor Perception*; Feldman and Weld: *Perceiving*; McGeoch: *Learning*; Bray: *Imagery*; Beebe-Center: *Feeling*; Landis: *Emotion*; Langfeld: *Action*; Humphrey: *Thought*; Katz: *Personality*.

E. R. B.

PSYCHOLOGY, A FACTUAL TEXTBOOK. Edited by E. G. Boring, H. S. Langfeld, and H. P. Porter. New York: Wiley; London: Chapman and Hall. 1935. pp. xviii—555.

QUIET LODGER IN A NOISY TOWN

For perhaps the most productive period of his life, William Sidney Porter, known to millions as O. Henry, was a "quiet Lodger"* in Irving Place in New York City. It is pleasant to note that the quiet street was named after the equally beloved Washington Irving. O. Henry in one of his letters mentions that the hold the place exerted over him was somewhat due to the lingering ghost of our first great American writer.

This gentle book reveals O. Henry as a "Mr. Porter" known to the members of "The Club" at Healy's Cafe, where the chronicler of "Bagdad upon Subway" spent many a quiet hour, as the reserved gentleman who would at times haunt park benches ever with a practiced eye for material.

When the author of this book was a "cub" for the "New York World" he was assigned to track down O. Henry,

about whom little was then known other than the elusive fact that his real name might be Porter and that he had written one or two stories under the nom de plume of "Oliver Henry". Thus started the long stories of weekly tales about New York City that appeared in the "World" to the time of O. Henry's death.

This is by no means a definitive biography of the man; indeed no such work will ever be written, so successfully did O. Henry build his wall of reticence and reserve. It does reveal, however, Porter's attitude toward his work, that it was a way of "makin' a livin'", and that throughout his life in the city he immortalized he maintained the even tenor of his way.

E. R. H.

*THE QUIET LODGER OF IRVING PLACE. By William Wash Williams. E. P. Dutton & Co. pp. 251. \$2.50.

PUBLIC HEALTH

One of the records set up by the Italians in Ethiopia was that the casualties from disease were less than those occurring from actual fighting during the campaign. Since the campaign took place in a tropical country where plague, dysentery and fever run riot this is a reversal in form, as witness our own losses in the Spanish-American War, and even the late World War. As Hans Zinsser pointed out, sanitary inspectors are more important than generals, that soldiers have rarely won wars, the campaigns usually have been won by plague, cholera, typhoid and dysentery.

Likewise it is the health doctor that deserves the credit for making possible the recent advances in civilization. World-wide commerce opened up the channels for universal spread of infectious diseases through immigration and

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trade and the disastrous effects of disease on man. Standing guard at the portals of infection are the Doctors in the health service the world over, Asia, the Tropical Islands, European countries and our home ports. Back of the lines are the sanitary inspectors mopping up infections whenever and wherever they occur.

Real romance in the last generation has thus been found in the health service. Wherever hookworm, smallpox, malaria, cholera, the plague, etc., have prevailed there has been the health doctor fighting and hunting the micro-organism and crusading for better living conditions. In this war for public health no one has played a more active part than Dr. Heiser of the Rockefeller Foundation and no one has succeeded in telling a better story of the battle,—adventure after adventure, projects, anecdotes, successes and failures, in the Philippines, Siam, Sumatra, India and around the world.

S. M.

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR'S ODYSSEY by Victor Heiser, M. D. W. W. Norton. pp. 595.

KALEIDOSCOPIC EUROPE

The long-awaited second volume of the author's two-volume "introductory survey" of modern Europe is now completed. It is more than a mere revision of the author's earlier masterpiece, *Political and Social History of Modern Europe*, it is a completely new work, containing approximately one-third again as much material as the earlier work.

The kaleidoscope that was Europe of the past century, a "century of predominantly industrial society", is here analyzed in all its essential parts by one of the leading historian-philosophers of today. The analysis is detailed and complete. It is no "quick-lunch" survey, or summary of some events in

European history, rather, it is a leisurely, unhurried "full-course dinner" examination of the forces and factors at work during the past century in Europe. The author has made it "purposely long". For a text-book, in fact, it borders on the encyclopedic. The eager student of modern history will be delighted at the author's generously long treatment of scores of diverse topics usually given but passing, if any, mention, in other texts. This is true particularly of topics in the field of "cultural history", education, philosophy, literature, art, science, music—all of which and more are here shown with something approximating the appreciation due their place in a story of the life of mankind. In addition, political events are recorded in the light of the latest historical researches.

Mechanically, the book is a masterpiece of the book-maker's art. The typography is excellent, there are 43 original, and exceptionally clear, maps, designed by Mr. Thomas H. Thomas, and 80 full-page plates, with reproductions of pertinent photographs, paintings and drawings.

Undoubtedly Professor Hayes' *Political and Cultural History of Modern Europe*, now completed, will become what his earlier *Political and Social History* has been, the standard college text-book in modern European history, and by far the best book in its field.

A. T. E.

POLITICAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE by Carlton J. H. Hayes. Volume 2. Macmillan Company, N.Y., 1936. pp. xiv—1215. \$4.50.

A MOST UNUSUAL BOOK ABOUT PHYSICS

This recent work has been described by Professor E. U. Condon of Princeton University as "a most unusual book".

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To this description we might add that this text fills a place long vacant in the catalogs of physics textbooks. It is true that the average student of mathematics and physics experiences considerable difficulty in negotiating the gap between the elementary courses in these fields and the more advanced presentations of theoretical physics. The great majority of texts in theoretical physics are prone to plunge headlong into advance topics in such a manner that the beginner, acquainted though he be with the elements of the mathematics and the facts of the physics, encounters so much difficulty that his enthusiasm is damped and his progress delayed—or even stopped.

It is refreshing to encounter a book in which the point of view of such an one is recognized, and here we have it. Beginning with an excellent discussion of the nature and development of a physical theory, the book continues with an adequate treatment of the concepts of space and time, the foundations of mechanics, probability and some of its applications, the statistical point of view, the physics of continua, electron theory, general and special relativity, quantum mechanics, and the problem of causality. This comprehensive list indicates the range of subject matter treated. The formal schema of theoretical physics is well treated together with unusually complete discussions of the ideas and methods involved. *Foundations of Physics* can be recommended to anyone desiring an introduction to the methods and achievements of this branch of physical science.

A. Q.

FOUNDATIONS OF PHYSICS. An Advanced Textbook. R. B. Lindsay, Brown University and Henry Margenau, Yale University. pp. 537. John Wiley and Sons. \$4.50.

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR ACCOUNTANTS

Accountants, Auditors, and business men in general are, or should be, ever concerned about the conformity of the financial statement with the records from which the figures are derived. Frequently it happens that proper values are not able to be given to the various items in a Balance Sheet—not because of any attempt at fraud, but because dollar values do change, and at times very rapidly. Particularly is this so, in our own present day and age, in the upset of economic principles of the past and the almost dictatorial changes in our dollar's purchasing power. With genuine pleasure, therefore, we welcome one of the latest additions to Accounting.

The text has for its purpose the elimination of accounting errors due to the persistent fluctuations of the dollar. Well qualified for his task, the author, in this pioneer attempt, has given us much valuable information. The book is an asset in any accountant's library. The figures in the many examples could have been made a little larger; as they are now we find them a strain on the eyes.

J. A. M.

STABILIZED ACCOUNTING. By Henry Whitcomb Sweeney. Harper & Brothers. pp. \$3.00.

LITERARY CRITICISM

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erature and human experience, and defines the province of the literary critic.

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E. R. H.

A BOOK ABOUT BOOKS. By Daniel J. O'Neill. Providence: Oxford Press. pp. 246. \$2.75.

SUPERNATURAL SOCIOLOGY

The Reverend Paul Hanly Furfey, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Sociology and acting head of that department in

the Catholic University of America, sounds a call for a more complete treatment of man and his social problems in his most recent book.* Not content with a treatment of man and society simply from a natural point of view, the author plunges enthusiastically into an apologia for sociology on a higher plane. Man and society viewed simply from a natural aspect is not complete. If man is raised to a supernatural order with a supernatural end, man and his relations with his fellow men must be treated with that end in mind. Thus the study of this social being, man, should be guided by supernatural principles which Doctor Furfey calls "Supernatural Sociology".

Having established the need for supernatural sociology, the author considers the many supernatural situations in which man and society are found: the influence of Divine Grace is considered; the Mystical Body, the World, and Poverty are considered, both from the "theoretical" point of view with conclusions drawn from the Scriptures and from the "applied" or empirical point of view with copious examples taken from the lives of the Saints.

The idea of supernatural sociology will not meet with whole-hearted approval from sociologists; it sounds too revolutionary even in this the youngest of the social sciences. Too much is presupposed for the argument to be convincing to a non-believer. But to one who realizes that the Church is the voice of Divine Authority, the argument used in Doctor Furfey's book is difficult of refutation.

W. R. C.

* FIRE ON THE EARTH, by Paul Hanly Furfey. The Macmillan Co. 1936. pp. 158. \$2.00.

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